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ON THE COVER:

Photo taken on the arrival of the Chinese Delegation in the city. The leader of the Delegation is seen along with Sri C. Subramaniam, and Mrs. Tara Cherian.

All communications should be addressed to the Editor, SWATANTRA, 2 Brodies Road, Mylapore, Madras 4. Manuscripts for publication should be typewritten on one side of the paper only and must be accompanied by a stamped self-addressed envelope. The editor cannot accept responsibility for loss or damage.

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SWATANTRA

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Vol. IX. JANUARY 1 SATURDAY 1955 No. 48

DISEASED LIMBS OF THE CONGRESS

THE united front of democratic parties in Andhra is apparently not faring well. In forming this front the Congress leaders made a serious blunder. Till recently there was no love lost between the Congress, the Krishikar Lok and the Praja Socialist parties in the legislature. It was indeed the failure of the Andhra Congress leaders to command the confidence of the non-Communist democratic parties that led to the downfall of the Prakasam Ministry. The protestations of amity now between the Congress and these parties, only till recently at loggerheads with each other, are not convincing and they will make no sense to the electorate. People are not quite such fools as the Congress leaders seem to be convinced they are. They will attribute the present electoral alliances to the desire of the Congress leaders to recover power and to their dread of Communist victory at the polls. These anxieties of the Congress leaders are quite understandable, but by indulging in them they do not advance their electoral chances. People are not interested in restoring the Congress Government nor can it be said that all of them are competent to envisage the eventual consequences of Communist rule and act with wise caution against it before it becomes too late. People are interested in good government, and in the improvement of their economic condition and they will back with their votes only those candidates who give them promise of

these benefits, unless of course they are stampeded by communal passion to act otherwise.

It was colossal folly on the part of the Congress leaders to plead for support (as they have been doing) irrespective of the character and qualifications of their candidates. Such talk is clear proof that the character and qualifications of the candidates do not speak for themselves. One can understand this kind of talk had the credit of the Andhra Ministers while in office stood high. But such is not the case. The Congress in Andhra is in the unenviable position of having to live down the discredit it heaped on itself in its twelvemonth tenure of office. The only way in which this can be done is cutting out the discredited elements from the organisation as a humane surgeon would cut a cancerous cell from a diseased body to save the life of the patient. The surgical operation should have begun with the ex-Chief Minister himself. He literally handed over his portfolios to his son knowing him to be wholly unsuitable for the responsibility, and in consequence of this betrayal his administration turned out to be a scandal. By his past services in the days of the freedom struggle Sri Prakasam covered himself with imperishable glory, and in gratitude for them the Andhra State should vote him a generous pension. But his record as Chief Minister was miserable and it does not justify his being selected as a Congress candidate to represent the people in the

legislature. On occasions that were then and there pointed out in SWATANTRA Sri Sanjiva Reddi proved himself lacking in character to sustain the dignity of the Deputy Premiership. In sheer personal ill-will he went out of his way to withhold a passport *in time* to Sri T. V. S. Chalapathi Rao in order to prevent him from taking advantage of an invitation to visit the U. S. that the State Department had extended to him. In this he descended to an Under Secretary level. In these days when the Prime Minister is going to any lengths to make an example of Secretaries even *suspected* of corruption, it is strange that Ministers whose malpractices have become legends spreading from mouth to mouth should continue in enjoyment of his undiminished favour.

In the Andhra elections there is a material difference between the respective capacities of the Congress and the Communists for winning votes. It is hard work for Congressmen to sustain themselves in public confidence. They can do so only on the positive basis of proved achievements. But the Communists are in a position to gain, without any positive proof of worth on their part, merely in the revulsion of the dis-

illusionments suffered by people under Congress rule. The bad government of unprincipled Congress Ministers is responsible for the impressive party position of the Communists in certain legislatures of the country to a far greater degree than is commonly realised, and it is impossible for the Congress to recover lost ground unless it discards its old discredited elements and replaces them with more serviceable ones capable of competing effectively with the Communists for popular favour. The most depressing feature of the Congress electoral campaign is the persistent continuance at the helm of Congress affairs in the State of just the persons responsible for the decay of the Congress in popular esteem, just those that contributed with their records to the Communist upsurge. Without an interval of clean government and a complete change of party personnel and leadership the Congress in Andhra cannot contend with any prospect of success against the Communist Party. The Prime Minister should postpone the elections and extend Governor's rule to secure the bare interregnum essential for a salutary reorganisation of the entire Congress machinery in the Andhra State.

Sotto Voce

★

AWAY WITH PALACES AND POSH CARS



WHEN the Government of India issued their sartorial edict, tailors in the capital worked overtime converting thousands of fashionable open coats into closed coats. It was a process symbolical of our unceasing progress towards

the strait-waist-coat of bureaucracy and bahadurism. The Prime Minister's proclamation of the goal of "Socialism in our time" has likewise set the intellectual haberdashers phrenetically busy. The Vice-President has with high heart embarked

on the hunt of the Snark Yclept Socialist Religion. And Mr. T. T. Krishnamachari, no less concerned for ethical idealism as he understands it, has decreed the doom of those who flaunt their pelf.

His demolition squad will be instructed to look out for men who live in palaces and loaf about in limousines. Except perhaps when he was in *statu pupillari*, Mr. Krishnamachari can have had no occasion to chase buses, unlike most of us poor plebs. And I am morally certain that he has never experienced at first hand the joys of a subordinate tenantry in a Triplicane street-house. So it speaks vastly for his power of imaginative identification that he should be able so clearly to realise the horror of that kind of life and the irrational but understandable spleen that such experiences should breed in the thousands of humble folk against those who ride in posh cars and live in mansions.

It shows more than imagination: it shows courage. Mr. Krishnamachari clearly sees that the Nehru gospel of Socialism must result in the abolition of cars and palaces—until such time, at any rate, as that golden future when every man will ride in his own car and dwell in his own eligible residence. But he cheerfully faces the prospect and is in fact vowed to work for its early materialisation. How early is a mere matter of detail. It would all depend on the earnestness that the people at large show, the rigour with which they tighten the belt round their fast vanishing middles.

Meanwhile, like that other good Socialist Bernard Shaw, T. T. K. and other *accoucheurs* of Socialism will go on riding in their harmless necessary cars and living in their not too meanly contrived palaces. It all reminds me of a story in *The Economist*. It speaks of a brand-new Rolls-Royce that was found in St. James Square carrying a notice in the window proclaiming the need for "Two Million New Savers". The journal

goes on to expose not only the basic if unconscious dishonesty behind much of the hot-gossiping for one cause or other which is so fashionable these days. It draws certain economic conclusions which are pertinent to our present condition.

It points out that the rate of taxation in Britain is so high that the money for such vulgar ostentation cannot possibly come out of current income; it must be the result of untaxed capital gains. It agrees that conspicuous waste is what gets the goat of Great Demos and makes it insist, however irrationally, on more and more levelling down. But there are very definite limits to the levelling down that is possible without bringing the wheels of industry and initiative to a dead stop. And these, says *The Economist*, have been almost touched in Britain. Further levelling down can only mean hitting "the skilled wage-earners, junior office-workers and the more poorly paid professions." Why don't we try levelling up on the American model for a change, it asks.

Now, America to our good Socialists is the proverbial red rag to the bull. And they will no doubt righteously urge that whatever may be the case in Britain, in India we have not so much as started on the fascinating game of soaking the rich. And they will point to the fact that there are not only enormous disparities in inherited wealth but also in incomes. "So let us have capital levy as well as estate duty and supertax, a ceiling on lands and expropriation without compensation as well as agricultural income-tax. Let us nibble vigorously at both ends of the cheese." So runs the argument.

I should have no objection at all to such a programme, if for no other reason than that "when everybody dies it is as good as a wedding", as the saying goes. But I see no sign anywhere of the palaces vanishing into thin air or of the limousines giving place even to tin-lizzies. There

(Continued on page 8)

SIDELIGHTS ::

ORDINARILY verbatim reports of legislators' speeches in or out of parliamentary bodies are not published in SWATANTRA. But an exception was made last week in the case of Sri H. D. Rajah. His speech in the Rajya Sabha on the Hindu Marriage Bill contains some home truths which cannot be brushed away and will have to be faced sometime or other even after the bill becomes law. Things are what they are and their consequences will be what they will be, and no Government can make them different with the operations of a legislative majority wielded without a proper sense of historical perspective. If the natural evolutions of the historical process are twisted arbitrarily in accordance with the set notions of individuals in possession of political power for the time being, the inevitable reactions will go on undermining the social structure until some wise ruler comes on the scene with cosmic vision enough to set right the mischief.

The development of multi-linguality was an essential feature of the historical process as it unfolded itself in India over the centuries. The unity of a large country with people speaking many languages cannot be maintained if regional administrative zones each dedicated to a separate language are set up in the country. In a mood of hectic linguistic patriotism Sri Kamaraj Nadar proclaimed the other day the aspiration of banishing all songs other than Tamil from the boundaries of Tamil Nadu. Nemesis was swift. Within a week it fell to his lot to have to sit and listen for near three hours to the music recital of the Chinese Cultural Delegation in which not a single song in Tamil was sung. If you repudiate your neighbour by closing your ears to Telugu, history will intervene by forcing on you Greek and Latin and Chinese.

The world trend is towards the mixing up of populations. It cannot

be opposed with safety. There is an element of *apartheid* in administrative policies pledged to discrimination on the score of language and innumerable Dr. Malans are bound to arise and spread havoc if the creed of linguistic division is not put an end to. The disintegrating sort of mentality cannot be kept within safety limits even when so powerful a Prime Minister like Nehru sits at the helm. It will run riot and destroy every cohesive force in the State as it did in Andhra within twelve months after separation from Madras. There is not a single leader in the Andhra State today who can speak for the whole population and inspire them with a sentiment of unity and common interests. The Ministers set up Reddis against Kammas, Royalaseema against Circars, one district against another, and finally ended by subordinating the interests of the State to motives of profit for themselves and their families. Now they speak of united fronts. A Chief Minister who united with the Communists in the attempt to snatch office cannot unite non-Communists against the Communists when it suits his purpose. The entire Congress campaign of democratic united front is dishonest, fraudulent and disgusting and its plan of fooling the public has failed miserably. It is equivalent to a free gift of millions of votes to the Communists, who already speak as though they have power in their grasp and have begun to make exciting promises of the confiscations they will enforce on the rich for the benefit of the poor. The revulsions of corruption have permeated the mind of the masses in Andhra and even the mighty organising genius of S. K. Patil may not be able to save the State for the Congress. The Congress in Andhra is going the way of the Kuomintang in China. Pandit Nehru should act promptly to help people to recover from the sores and disillusionments inflicted on them

by the unprincipled Prakasam-Viswanatham-Sanjiva Reddi clique.

In the matter of the Marriage Bill also, two points made by Sri H. D. Rajah cannot be easily disposed of and have to be taken into account both for the sake of social safety and constitutional propriety. The inter-communal balance in India is sure to be upset if monogamy is enforced by law on Hindus alone while the Muslims are left untouched. "A Muslim citizen," as he points out,

"can have four wives and produce 25 children" whereas "a Hindu will have a sophisticated wife who believes in divorce and will refuse to bear even a child." If monogamy is good for Hindus, it is good for all, and the exemption of other communities from the scope of social reform legislation is an indefensible violation of the vaunted secularism that is repeatedly proclaimed as one of the basic principles of our Constitution. SAKA

The Problem of Sleep

"WHEN we come to add it up, we spend so much of our lives in sleep that we may feel a little ashamed of ourselves. Suppose we sleep seven hours a night, then in seven days that's forty-nine hours and that again equals two whole days," said Professor Sir George Jefferson, C.B.E., F.R.S., talking in the BBC's General Overseas Service. Some people thought this a waste of time and felt badly about it but, said Sir Geoffrey. "What we really ought to do is to feel extremely proud of ourselves for having been awake for five whole days out of seven. So much have we changed since we were babies and were awake scarcely half a day in all our seven days." Physiologists, doctors and neurologists today were much more interested in the neurological mechanisms of awakening and remaining awake than in sleep alone for the investigation of arousal or awakening centres had replaced interest in the so-called sleep centres.

Sir Geoffrey listed the many physiological changes that occurred during sleep. The general impression that people slept "like logs" was quite untrue and all sorts of little movements were made quite unconsciously during sleep for it was uncomfortable to lie in one position for any length of time and the sleeper moved to reduce pressure on a given point. Only during the first two hours did people sleep really deeply and afterwards they were more easily roused.

Different times of year also affected the depth of sleep, and the early sunrise of summer, the noise of birds and animals or of people going to work all provided stimulations that aroused people slightly or completely. People did not sleep so well in hot weather because they perspired more freely and conditions were better for sleeping in winter, provided the bedroom was warm. Another interest-

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ing fact was that no one was at his best early in the morning. "Performance tests show a rise in ability from 10.00 a.m. onwards, reaching a maximum about noon and commencing to fall about 3.00 or 4.00 p.m. If these tests are to be believed, we are only at the top of our form for a brief period of the twenty-four hours, though obviously we are expert enough for many hours more," he said.

There was eternal controversy over how long people should sleep but some people needed more sleep than others did and the body adopted the routine that was natural to it. Experiments had been made to find out what happened if men were kept awake artificially for very long periods. After thirty-six hours subjects had to be constantly supervised for they experienced an almost irresistible tendency for the lids to droop

and close. "Now do we sleep because there are sleep centres in the brain which are stimulated by the waste products of our normal daily activities? On the whole the evidence is against it," said Sir Geoffrey. Healthy exercise was conducive to sleep but over-fatigue was alien to it. Scientists now believed that there were arousal areas in the brain stem and base of the brain and that these stimulated the millions of nerve cells in the brain, the arousal centres themselves having been tuned up by the arrival of messages from eyes, ears and other senses. It was probable that these arousal centres tired and then, when the brain was no longer alert, blessed sleep stole over it. "That sleep," said Professor Jefferson, "that Shakespeare called 'Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course, chief nourisher in life's feast.'"

HINDUSTHAN LANDMASTER

RANE (Madras) Limited introduced the new 14 horse power Hindusthan Landmaster to the Madras public on Monday, 27th December 1954. The managing director of the company welcomed the pressmen who were given a ride in the car and then treated to lunch.

The new Landmaster is the successor to the famous Hindusthan 14. The Landmaster is a big car. It is longer and roomier than the old model. The outside width of the car is unchanged but the interior width has been considerably improved by the adoption of a completely new mono-construction all-steel body of fully streamlined outline. There is thus room enough for three passengers in the rear and three in the front. The steering column is inclined slightly sideways to the right to provide more room for the two front seat passengers with the driver as third. The instrument panel is beautifully rearranged and provides a very nice look. A capacious glove box is fitted in each side of the instrument panel. The large one-piece curved windshield with narrow screen pillars gives the driver a safe clear vision of the road.

The 14 h. p. Hindusthan engine which has already earned considerable renown among the motoring public has been retained in the Landmaster. Hindusthan Motors have turned out several thousands of these sturdy and reliable engines from their well equipped and most up-to-date plant at Uttarpara. With the advent of the new Landmaster the Swadeshi automobile industry enters a new phase with bright prospects.

(Continued from page 5)

is a constant addition to the steel and glass suburbia consecrated to the newly rich who flourish on contracts, permits, *et hoc*. And the chromium-plated efficiency of our new bureaucrats, whose proliferation represents the one undoubted triumph of our new and free Republic, has to be sustained and reinforced by luxury vehicles of every variety. It is the junior office worker, the more poorly paid professions and the small mirasdar who are everywhere going to the wall. But let them take heart of grace: they die in order that Socialism may live.

VIGNESWARA

ATOMIC DEMOCRACY

By Dr. P. TIRUMALA RAO

WE are at the crossroads of civilization. The days of intrigues and diplomacy have gone. We have to believe in the ultimate survival of human welfare and act with boldness. We have to inspire ourselves from the pages of history—let us not repeat the history of folly but follow the history of progress. Unless we take a bold step by keeping our faith not only in the survival of the fittest but also the best in human thought, we cannot act boldly in a situation where we are feeling that we are losing ground in this battle for survival.

This world is dynamic today. Many systems of government have become archaic, and the world was forced to achieve certain ends by means which suited the conditions of the respective countries. In the middle of the last century Marx and Engels analysed the society of their time and reduced human values to labour and gave prominence to the toiler as the basic unit in the human set-up. No one had previously thought of his importance. Whether you talked of the industrial revolution, colonies, free trade, tariffs or opium wars all centred round one type of economy, the safety of the rich, and enslavement of the poor in the name of law, order, property and the rights of the rich. Hence the slogan, "The proletariat has nothing to lose except their chains," caught like wild fire. But today's proletariat of the industrially advanced countries has many things to lose. Any 'ism' achieves its objects completely only when it is wielded properly. It was Lenin who put Russia on the map with his acute thinking. He could successfully lead the country to revolution only because he did not sleep till Krensky's government fell, though it was much more liberal than the Czar's regime. The Communists believe that the proletarian path by mass armed revolution is the only way to achieve their aspiration. But no such revolution took place in Eng-

land; the Communists there had to grow under the democratic influence and dared not commit harakiri by adopting the sabotage methods advocated by the original protagonists of international revolution.

The threat of Communism has created a mass phobia in the United States. Even the isolationist American who had called back President Wilson from his League of Nations, swallowed the radical new deal of Roosevelt, slowly drifted from complete isolation from the arena of world politics to cash and carry, lend and lease, and finally an all-out war with the fascists and ultimately won the war (not peace!) by the atomic bomb in defence of democracy! Today the outposts of American defence are in Formosa, Berlin, Indo-China! Can these outposts be strong where the people have not seen for centuries what true democracy is and have no conception of American prosperity. For a real understanding of his psychology we must see the American at home in the true perspective. There he feels the Communist threat very real. Is there a threat of Communists invading America? In the American continent isolated from the rest of the world, there are Canada, the United States and the South American States. Canada is a well established democracy. South America is composed of several small States. The population is predominantly German, Italian and Spanish and the countries of its origin have been definitely fascist. Many of the clubs in these countries were maintained by the fascists to serve as centres of propaganda. Roosevelt saw the danger. He called for a conference of the South American States at Havana in 1940; agreed to purchase all the agricultural produce and export commodities from those countries, provided them with all the material that they were generally importing from other countries in Europe. He thus with his foresight

removed the need for them to be economically dependent on the European continent. When once the economic need was removed the love towards their fascist fatherland was successfully weaned. Thus the whole western hemisphere was made self-sufficient and interdependent by economic aid to the less developed areas in that hemisphere. The Havana conference was a feather in Roosevelt's diplomacy.

A hemisphere so well consolidated need be under no apprehension of invasion. Even if the highways of the world are closed, the countries of North and South America will not suffer in their economy as they depend for only 10% of their production on export markets. The real prosperity of the American is because he has the raw material in plenty, the means of production perfected and the capacity to consume 90% of the production in the home market.

Every invention has its impact on human existence and modified the people's mode of life. The industrial revolution and the advancement of science provided England and the European continent with empires, and invested certain classes with pomp and transient glory. With the liberation of the colonies the aristocrats of England had to sell their palaces and live in flats.

The French revolution shook the aristocrats and its echoes spread far and wide. Marx and Engels spread a new concept of revolution and class theory to capture the state as a means of securing power for the down-trodden, to have more organised production and equitable distribution. Now it is 12 years since the atom was discovered. When the architects of the human race plan to pool the atomic energy they will be laying civilization on a sounder and better footing. The purpose of revolutions will be achieved by more peaceful means. The next decade of atomic invention will take humanity in greater strides towards happiness. Then the need to use force, the spirit of hatred, suspicion, vengeance, which is developed as a cult will vanish from the Marx and Engels concepts. Thus the world, having at

its disposal the means to achieve its happiness through the atom, may discard its old ideas of revolution, and give up the proletarian path of the Russian concept.

Dr. Enrico Fermi, the architect of the atomic age said: "I believe truthfully that the conquest of atomic energy may be widely used to produce not destruction but an age of plenty for the human race."

Gold is slowly ceasing to be the incentive for American exports. The thirst now is for atomic material. Atomic material is slowly replacing gold as a medium of high exchange value. The explorations for atomic material in the African continent are to a great extent promoted by the American incentive. In this quest we should not forget the African people. We are now in the atomic age. Atoms are piled for destruction—but the warring camps realise that the atomic weapons are forcing us to prepare for the alternative of peace. The atom is to be split for peaceful purposes. With the human mind switched from war to peace, with atomic energy used for production and with equitable distribution spread all over the world, the human race will be blessed with plenty to enjoy. The philosopher and the scientist will then meet and question each other, What next? They may together solve the mystery of God who has to manifest himself in all-pervading human happiness!

Of the two camps that have the atom, who is going to democratise it for peace and share its utility for the peace and happiness of the world?

IS the American essentially democratic enough at heart to venture into this generous atomic democracy? Ike's success should not be taken as a reversal of the democratic fabric of the American mind. Americans are divided into Democratic and Republican families. For generations they voted Democratic or Republican. But many Democrats made an exception and voted for Ike. The American mind is fluid always, flowing in favour of Democrats. Just after the last Presidential election was over, I was in New York. I was

C.

having a haircut in a saloon. I presumed that all the working men are generally Democratic. I asked the saloon man why there was an upset in the fortunes of the Democrats, leading to the election of a Republican President. Straight came the answer: "These crazy women, you know! They say, We like Ike! We like Ike! I asked my wife why? She says 'I like Ike, I like Ike. I like him, that is all. I want a change. He promised to stop the Korean war and bring back all the boys and husbands home. I am tired of this Democratic administration. He will deal with the corruption in the administration. These crazy women voted en masse for Ike. My wife voted Republican and I voted Democrat. This happened for the first time. Ike says he is going to stop the Korean war. It is all nonsense. If he sticks his neck out they will cut him out. The Democrats during their regime gave us all a car, a house to live in, a bank balance, and international prestige. What more do these fellows want?' It was against this mass psychology and popularity of Ike that the Democrats had to fight. The majority of the Americans are essentially democratic in their heart whether they wore a Democratic or Republican apparel, to suit their convenience. Eisenhower, the President is a democrat at heart with a Republican nomination on his head to carry. We find that the Democratic Chester Bowles and the Republican Allen both practically made the same plea for increased aid to India before the foreign aid committee. The dividing line between a modern Republican and Democrat is very thin.

The human race must have the choice to choose its way of life and philosophy of living. It was an accident that the atom was discovered in democracy and not by Hitler. What would have been the fate of the world if the fascist Hitler had the atom bomb in his hands, is inconceivable. By the united action of the democratic world, the infliction of any dogmatic ideology on the human race could be prevented. That could be done only by all the democracies

of the world, sharing the atomic energy.

THUS, having plenty to distribute from what he has already produced, with atomic energy in his hand to lay foundation of progress in the under-developed areas, with allegiance pledged to the democratic process, the American, whether Republican or Democrats, has to promote the progress of human civilization. The average American is buoyant, with his cowboy spirit harnessed in democracy and with all the products of modern scientific civilization at his command. He is a democrat in the usual sense of being liberal, communicative, unconventional in his associations. Those who are human, bold and truthful need not be obsessed by considerations of results and rewards. The philosophy of *Nishkama Karma* practiced in politics in this troubled world, pays its own dividends. Sacrifice, leadership and philosophy, are reflected only in the human mind, and the inconceivable imprints it leaves on human thought have an influence on the progressing civilization of our time which is bound to lead to a better world to be enjoyed by unseen posterity—may be, even by ourselves in our own life time!

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TITO IS GREAT BECAUSE...

By J. VIJAYATUNGA

THERE are many facets to Tito's greatness. His qualities as a soldier and statesman are well-known. But those who read accounts of his life will find many other aspects of him which reveal a very complex personality the sum total of whose qualities make him so loved by his people. During the reception given in his honour by the Yugoslav Ambassador in New Delhi I had the opportunity of having a few words with Marshal Tito. I asked him, "And are you going tiger-shooting?" "No," he said. "I shall only be taking a few photographs of wild life." I told him that I was very glad to hear that because I was distressed when I heard that the Gwalior tiger shoot arranged for him with fifty "kills" tied to stakes to attract tigers and with telephone connections to let him know at which spot a tiger had been lured was not sportsmanship and was no tribute to an intrepid sportsman like him.

There is a pleasant informality about him. I noticed that a certain cadaverous politician buttonholed him and started to harangue him. Marshal Tito kept nodding and all the time stuffing olives into his mouth and sipping a drink.

Tito speaks English quite well. As he has confessed he is fond of smart suits and likes to dress well. His figure, erect and soldierly, lends well to uniforms and well-cut suits. These are only the external aspects of the man. Let us examine his past record to help us understand why he is today one of the world's best known statesmen. One quality about him stands out. That is his firmness in standing by his principles no matter how formidable his opponents. When he defied America and Great Britain over the Trieste issue, now settled, it was not an empty threat on his part. As the leader of the Partisans he successfully defied the Nazi *Wermacht*. As head of the

Yugoslav State he defied the wrath of Stalin. He is no sawdust Caesar. He defies what he believes to be wrong not because his country has unlimited armaments but because he articulates the will of the peoples of Yugoslavia who after centuries of oppression have liberated themselves at a great sacrifice and they mean to remain liberated.

When the Czarist Government exiled Vladimir Ilyich Ulianov to Siberia he adopted the name of Lenin because he lived close to the Lena river.

Josip Broz came by the name of Tito in a more adventurous way. Born on May 7, 1892 (though his official birthday is now May 25) in a humble Slovene village close to the Croatian border no one would then have predicted for the son of an improvident peasant such a high destiny as his is today.

He was the seventh child born to Franjo Broz and his Slovene wife, Marija. They had fifteen children eight of whom died in infancy. They shared a house with another family and the two rooms of the Broz family were eighteen feet by twelve and twelve by nine respectively. The kitchen was halved between the two families. The bigger boys slept in a garret upstairs and the younger ones on rags and blankets spread on the flat-topped stove. There was a double bed for mother and father and at the foot of it the cradle with the youngest Broz in it.

THE Brozes claimed descent from a Dalmatian ancestor, and Franjo's mother came from a family of free-born peasants. We of today may not be able to imagine what it meant to be free-born; but at that time it was a proud privilege, as in Roman times, to be free-born. The Balkan peasants were mostly serfs under feudal lords. The cruelty of some of the feudal lords particularly that of the Hungarian Governor-General called "Ban" was a byword. The whole

Balkan region was then under the domination of the Austro-Hungarian empire.

BUT the people, whether Moslem, Greek Orthodox, or Roman Catholic, were all Slavs. Because of their social position they were backward. In Serbia, for example, at the beginning of the century there were only 3,200 industrial workers. The land could not support all the peasants. Moreover they were all in debt to the nobility. The staple diet of a family like the Brozes was corn-bread, and there was never enough of that.

However, notwithstanding their poverty, woodsmen and hunters had woven many legends about their hills and valleys and peasant bards had composed heart-tugging ballads about their country. To young Josip the Croatian hymn *Ljepa Nasha Domovina*—"Our Lovely Land"—meant more than it did to his companions. After a schooling of sorts in the village Josip went to Sisak and became a waiter. But this did not last long, and he changed the servile uniform of a waiter for the greasy, blue overalls of a mechanic. He was then fourteen.

At that time there was a Pan-Yugoslav movement, and the annexation in 1908 of Bosnia-Hercegovina by the Austro-Hungarian empire drove this movement underground. Trade unionism was then in its infancy in the Slav countries, but the workers were gradually becoming aware of their rights. Greatly daring they held meetings and celebrated the annual May Day. In 1910, having completed his apprenticeship Tito left Sisak for Zagreb, where the following year he got his trade union card of the Metal Workers' Union of Croatia. But he was out of work. He returned home dressed in a second-hand suit of clothes and the reception for a penniless unemployed youth returning home was not a warm one. So shortly afterwards he went to Ljubljana. He had no luck there either, so he started for Trieste on foot. It was winter and the road was under snow.

Trieste offered him no welcome either, and once more he turned his

footsteps towards Zagreb. Here at last he found work in a machine workshop. By that time his father's wood-chopping had become even more casual than before and Franjo Broz made frequent visits to Zagreb in order to get money from his son. In 1911 Josip left Zagreb and found work first in Czechoslovakia, and next in the Ruhr. Here, for the first time he worked in large factories and acquired a skill in turning high precision instruments.

The next stage was Vienna where he was called up for military service. This did not mean that he had given up interest in his trade union and in the possibilities of social revolution. But the revolution which was precipitated by Prinzip when he assassinated Archduke Ferdinand at Sarajevo hastened the other. Josip Broz was attached to a Croat unit as a gunner and sent to the Carpathians to hold the line against the Russians.

It was desultory fighting and many regiments surrendered to the Russians. The men of his unit were themselves thinking of surrendering when they were flanked and attacked by a Circassian cavalry division. Josip got a nasty lance-thrust which kept him thirteen months in a hospital, a former monastery near Kazan on the Volga. It was during this time that he learned Russian and read Russian authors. This comparatively pleasant period came to an end when the prisoners were sent to Siberia. He worked on the railway line and he was also given charge of the correspondence with the Red Cross authorities. But the manager who appropriated most of the Red Cross parcels did not like Josip and denounced him as a revolutionary and he was thrown into prison.

IT was too critical a time in the world's history for an energetic, ambitious young man to resign himself to indefinite imprisonment. Josip escaped. After many hazards and adventures he reached Petrograd. Here the Revolution had dethroned the Czar and a provisional government with Kerensky at its head sat uneasily on the saddle.

Josip Broz was in Petrograd during the July demonstrations when the Bolsheviks had the worst of it. Lenin was forced to flee to Finland. Josip Broz too sought sanctuary in Finland where he was suspected of being a Bolshevik and imprisoned. After his release he went back to Petrograd where he was arrested and again sent to Siberia. Escaping from the train that was carrying him he reached Omsk. Lenin was back in power in Petrograd. Standing in the Red Square he addressed the crowds of soldiers and workers. "Now the power is ours, Comrades, and we shall build Socialism."

JOSIP joined the international Proletarian Brigade but the White Russians were still strong in Omsk and his Brigade was routed. A beautiful, seventeen-year blonde by the name of Pelagea (Polka as she was called by Tito) hid him and saved him from the White Russians. Polka became his wife and later came with him to Yugoslavia in 1929. She died in 1938 leaving behind a son, Zarko, who is now a civil servant in Belgrade. (In 1940 he married Berta Has, a Slovene, by whom there is a son, Misko. This marriage ended in divorce, and in 1952 Tito married Jovanka Budisavljevic, "a tall, dark Serbian" who had fought with the Serbians.)

In 1920 when twenty-eight-year old Josip Broz and his Russian wife returned to Yugoslavia the country was in the throes of a famine. Industrial workers were idle; wages low, prices monstrously high, farmers whose farms had been commandeered were in a desperate plight, and altogether the peasants were starving and miserable.

Josip was, however, luckier than most. His technical experience, in addition to the experience he had gained in Central Europe and Russia, stood him in good stead and he found work easily. In 1926 he was elected Secretary of the Zagreb Communist Party and of the Croat Metal Workers' Union. His organizing abilities were soon recognised and he was sent to shipyards and railway workshops to organise the workers. He

was arrested and imprisoned several times during 1927 and 1928. For his part in the Zagreb demonstrations against shootings following the murder of Radich in Parliament he was arrested and tortured for eight days. But he was light of it saying, "My head and chest and arms were all black and blue. But there was nothing to it really—not what you could call torture."

At his trial he told the court, "I do not recognise the authority of this court. You are applying a law that has no validity because it was never submitted to Parliament. This is a court of tyranny and usurpation." He was sentenced to six years' imprisonment. But his spirited conduct before the judge had created a great impression on the public and the newspapers gave great prominence to his trial and sentence.

After his release he plunged into political work with renewed zest. He travelled a great deal, using a false name each time. It was after his return from France in 1937 that he took the name of Tito. (Brigadier Fitzroy Maclean has a version of how this name stuck to Tito. He says that when assigning jobs Josip would say "Ti to"—You, that.) In that year the Comintern made him Secretary of the Communist Party in Yugoslavia.

THAT Tito's years of struggle and organising were not in vain were proved when Yugoslavia waged a war of resistance the like of which has not been before. The Royalist Government fled to London and the Germans moved in and set up quislings Pavelich, a favourite of Mussolini, was made dictator of Yugoslavia. The burden of organising and leading the resistance of Yugoslavia against German and Italian occupation fell upon the shoulders of Tito. When finally Yugoslavia got her freedom it was at a very heavy price—1,700,000 lost out of a total population of sixteen million. Her cities and farms were destroyed. But it was worth it. The Balkan States had been fighting against one foreign conqueror after another, against one oppressor after another. The six

Yugoslav States became a Socialist Federation at the end of World War II.

Tito became a legend. Himmler said, "I wish we had a dozen Titos in Germany." Germany had put a price of one hundred thousand Reichsmarks in gold upon his head.

When, during the War Churchill met Tito he proposed a toast to Tito, and said, "I am particularly happy today to be able to greet Yugoslav's Marshal Tito, the leader of the Yugoslav peoples in the struggle for the liberation of their country . . ."

In 1944 when he met Stalin in Moscow the latter asked him, "Tell me, Walter, what would you do if the

British really forced a landing in Yugoslavia?" "We should offer determined resistance," was Tito's reply. In 1948 came the breaking away from Stalin and Russia. Addressing members of the Central Committee on the reply which he had drafted to be sent to Stalin Tito said:

"The road and the incentive to Socialism are not incorporation in the Soviet Union, but the development of each country individually. That is where we differ from the Soviet Party . . ."

Tito's stature, already very high, will rise to incredible heights in the years to come.

BBC TALKS BY BERTRAND RUSSELL

BERTRAND RUSSELL, O. M., one of the most eminent of living philosophers, is to give a series of six autobiographical talks in the BBC's General Overseas Service beginning on December 30th. In his broadcasts, as in his writings, he expresses himself with force and extreme clarity. He has given many talks in both the domestic and external services and it was he who in 1948 inaugurated the first series of Reith Lectures with six talks on "Authority and the Individual."

Russell—mathematician, metaphysician and social philosopher—is still, at eighty-two, a vigorous exponent of his ideas. In this series he will describe the aims with which he set out as an undergraduate at Cambridge, the ways in which he was influenced by some of the philosophers he met, his experiences as a pacifist in the First World War, how he turned from the study of logic to social questions, and, finally, something of the development of his beliefs and hopes. The substance of what he has to say in his first broadcast is, in his own words, "I went to Cambridge at the age of eighteen and, before that, had worked mainly at mathematics. I was very anx-

ious to believe that knowledge is possible and, having realised that the apparent world about me might be a dream or a hallucination, I thought that the only place in which to look for indubitable knowledge was mathematics. Unfortunately the proofs that were offered me of many fundamental propositions in mathematics were full of fallacies, and I could not find either in books or from my teachers any reason to accept the premises of mathematical reasoning. When I got to Cambridge I discovered that philosophers had dealt with such doubts as mine and I thought that the study of philosophy might restore my faith in arithmetic." Summarising his last talk in the series he says, "Of my youthful hopes, some have been realised; some emphatically not. The one most fully realised is the ending of the subjection of women. I welcome also the growth of moral tolerance. I rejoice in the diminution of poverty in Britain and generally in the creation of the Welfare State."

Bertrand Russell's long career has been consistently eventful. He has published many books on mathematics, philosophy and other subjects and only recently he has surprised his admirers by producing his first work of fiction.

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THE MAKER OF MODERN YUGOSLAVIA

By H. R. VEDANTA IENGAR

THE President of Yugoslavia, now on a visit to India, has given a new word—"Titoism"—to the lexicon of post-war Communism and international politics, by talking back at Stalin, by claiming to be "more royalist than the king," that is, a more faithful and genuine follower of Marxism-Leninism than the supreme interpreter of the Marxist doctrine in the Kremlin, and by raising the standard of revolt against Soviet Communism and the Cominform.

It called for extraordinary daring, determination and spirit of independence to defy the Goliath in Moscow; and Josip Broz, as Tito was known in his childhood, showed early in his life that he had these qualities in abundance. He was born on May 25, 1892 in a Croatian village and was serving as an assistant in the village church when he was barely twelve years old. One day a priest cuffed him for a minor mistake. Joseph walked out of the church with his pride wounded and never set foot in a church again. Later when he was apprentice to a locksmith, his master accused him of a trifling fault but discovered subsequently that Josip was not to blame. But the touchy, proud and spirited lad quit the job for ever and refused to return. These qualities of daring and a remarkable determination, resourcefulness and political acumen stood Tito in good stead when later he was to measure his strength against that of Stalin when the latter tried to cow him down by threats into subordination.

Tito was indoctrinated to Communism when he was taken prisoner by the Red Army when he was fighting as a soldier in the Austro-Hungarian Army during World War I. He became the Secretary-General of the Central Committee of the Yugoslav Communist Party which was then under a ban. He was in jail for five

years for "illegal activity." After release he went through a refresher course in the Lenin School at Moscow. He also learnt a great deal about Communism from Moshka Pijade who is the chief intellectual of the Yugoslav Communist party and the chief exponent of the Yugoslav theory and practice of Marxism. During World War II after the Nazi invasion of Yugoslavia Tito organised guerilla resistance against the Nazi forces. By the time the war ended things worked themselves out in such a way that the monarchy was overthrown and the Yugoslav Communists were left in control of the country. The Yugoslav people have always been strongly nationalistic and individualistic and hence were most unlikely in normal times and by democratic means to go Communist. But according to Communist teaching, war provides the ultimate opportunity for revolution and thus did the Yugoslav people find themselves liberated from their monarchy and the Nazis into the "dictatorship of the proletariat," a dictatorship, however, which turned out to be different from the Soviet type.

Paradoxically enough, Tito owes more to Churchill than to Comrade Stalin. He became Churchill's man during the war and the British Prime Minister put all his money on what he used to call "Titoland" and supported Tito, the Partisan leader, as being the man who would deliver the goods as against his rival, Mihailovich, the Chetnik leader. Tito was disillusioned about the attitude of Stalin who gave no help either during the war or after. Churchill became the chief architect of the pro-Tito policy of the Western democracies.

IN his manifesto in 1942, Marshal Tito promised the Yugoslav people true democratic rights after liberation and specifically assured them that private property rights would remain

inviolable and every possible scope would be provided for individual initiative in industry, commerce and agriculture. This showed that there was no Communist on the approved Stalin pattern. When Tito and Churchill met in 1944, the former was asked if he would set up a regime on the Soviet pattern. Tito's reply was that "while Soviet experience would be helpful, we will also take into consideration our own conditions." In 1945 the Constituent Assembly, in which the Yugoslav Communists were in overwhelming majority, proclaimed the Federal People's Republic of Yugoslavia. Marshal Tito began forthwith to implement "Marxism-Leninism" according to his lights and this brought him into conflict with the great Communist law-giver, Comrade Stalin, who had other ideas on the subject of what Marxism meant insofar as it applied to Yugoslavia.

OUT of a population of 15 million, 70 to 80 per cent of Yugoslavs live on land and Tito energetically set about introducing agrarian reforms and promoting industrialisation of the country. Tito is not a mere man of action but a good planner without being too theoretical. He drew up a 5-year plan in 1947 which envisaged "industrialisation, nationalisation and collectivisation" and contemplated the construction of factories, hydro-electric plants, irrigation systems, oil refiners and a network of modern highways. The plan specially provided for the development of heavy industry, metallurgical industries and production of desperately needed consumer goods.

The energy and speed with which Tito set about implementing his plan were not to the liking of the Soviet Communist leaders who considered the plan too ambitious. According to the over-all plan of the Russian leaders, Yugoslavia was intended to continue to play the role of supplier of raw materials, supplying Yugoslavia copper, zinc, manganese, lead and molybdenum ores for industries in Russia and other Soviet satellite States. But Marshal Tito was too nationalistic to agree to subordinate the interests of his country to those

of others or the Cominform and set about industrialising his country with determination. But as he depended on Soviet technical and financial help and as these were not forthcoming, as he did not toe the Moscow line, he had ultimately to turn to non-Communist countries, for the required aid. This aid he obtained without compromising Yugoslavia's independence from the International Bank, the International Monetary Fund, the Export-Import Bank and the British Government. Apart from the difference of opinion between Tito and "Grandfather", as Tito used to call Stalin, in regard to the industrialisation of Yugoslavia, for which Tito was accused of being nationalist and a "Left Deviationist", there were other matters about which the two Communist leaders did not see eye to eye. For example, Tito did not approve of the suggestion of Moscow to take political power from the peasants and give it to the industrial workers, since, according to Marxist doctrine, it is not the peasants but the minority of urban industrial workers who are the most progressive and revolutionary class and hence they must play a predominant political role in all Communist societies. He did not also use Soviet methods to collectivise land as that would have led to violent clashes between the authorities and the peasants. The attempt to make the Yugoslav army a mere auxiliary of the Red Army was also resented. Tito's firmness, independence and determination and nationalism soon brought matters to a head and in 1948 Tito and the Yugoslav Communist Party were expelled from the Cominform and the split between Tito and "Grandfather" became complete.

IT is refreshing to know that the Yugoslav Press is free to present foreign news, and intercourse in ideas between Yugoslavia and the outside world is possible. The Yugoslavs are thus in a position to understand the policies and conditions of other countries, unlike in other Communist countries. In Yugoslavia opponents of Socialism are not per-

mitted to stand for election because Marshal Tito believes there is no room for two political programmes in the country.

In the industrial field what is called the "Kardelj Plan" of 1950 made significant departures from the Stalinist conception of a centralised and beaureaucratic dictatorship. The idea behind the plan was to decentralise the control of heavy industry and broaden the responsibilities of State governments and local plant managements and to increase group and individual initiative. The phrase "individual initiative" was till then entirely unknown in the vocabulary of Marxists. Under the plan the control of heavy industry was decentralised; the ministries of mines and electro-economy were wound up; six committees were set up to supervise the decentralised industries, two functioning as coordinating committees on a national basis, the others dealing specifically with the four principal branches of heavy industry. The responsibility for industries having only regional importance were transferred to the governments of the six republics of the Yugoslav Federation. Finally an elected worker's council was set up in each factory and mine to share in the responsibility of running the enterprise with the government-appointed manager. The plan was expected to result in increasing production by giving greater independence and initiative to those familiar with local conditions, to reduce the measure of control exercised by the central planning and administrative apparatus over the whole economy to the absolute minimum, and to invest industrial enterprises with wide latitude in adapting the general economic directives of the central government to their particular local circumstances.

TITO abolished the many special privileges in food and housing enjoyed by party and government officials and army officers, thus ending the inequality between the rulers and the ruled which is characteristic of Communist rule elsewhere. Enthusiastic youth brigades and labour brigades have come into

being in Yugoslavia rendering voluntary manual labour in building roads, digging irrigation canals and constructing drainage projects. The average wage for an employee or clerk in a government office or shop is three to four thousand dinars a month equivalent to sixty to eighty dollars. Though prices are high, it is stated that more wheat and sugar are consumed by the Yugoslav people now than before the war.

THE agrarian reforms in Yugoslavia provide both for the socialised sector and the private enterprise sector. A peasant can join a collective in the former sector or continue as an independent peasant proprietor working on his own land subject to land taxes and a levy on the produce of his land to be surrendered to government. The collective farm in Yugoslavia is called *radna zadruga* or "working cooperative." Joining a cooperative is voluntary, not compulsory. Though no orders are issued to a peasant to join a working cooperative as in other Communist countries, observers say that circumstances make it eventually impossible for him not to join it. The number of these cooperatives which was 1318 in 1948 rose to 5,000 in 1949 and in 1950 there were 6,500 of them. The proportion of cultivable land which had been brought into the "socialised" sector of the economy was about 25% by 1950.

Those who elect to work on government farms or working cooperatives are for all practical purposes factory hands and are paid for the hours of work they put in on what is virtually a great outdoor government factory. They are not free to work as they please and receive a price for their produce. A peasant who enters a co-operative may retain his title to his land though this is nominal since he is not necessarily allowed to work on his own land. Those individualist peasants who do not wish to sign up and enter a working cooperative to work as hired labourers but prefer to work their own farms have to sell to government, at prices fixed by the latter, prescribed quotas of their produce.

Often these quotas are said to be high and the prices of the government buy-up low. The peasant who is unable to fulfill his quota goes into the free market and buys often at high prices to make up the deficiency on his quota or draws from his family food reserves in order to avoid the fines payable for failure to comply with the quotas. These circumstances, added to the high taxes (the tax on a twenty-acre plot works out to 1240 dollars a year) often make the peasant's independent position as a peasant proprietor so irksome that he finds he would be better off by joining a working co-operative. Thus the collectivization of land is proceeding in Yugoslavia on a voluntary basis.

Yugoslavia has the largest single land force in Europe after the Red army. The Yugoslav army excels in guerilla warfare. Tito has under arms 30 to 35 highly trained divisions each of 10,000 men. Including militia and other units, there are nearly 500,000 men in a state of

war-readiness. There are also over 750,000 trained reserves. In the event of war Tito could mobilise a total of a million and a quarter men.

Tito is a believer in the principle of co-existence, of live and let live. In the Prime Minister of India, the Yugoslav leader will find a man who, like himself is proud, sensitive and independent; who though a Socialist would like to adopt Socialist principles to suit Indian conditions conserving all the desirable elements of the private enterprise system; who would like to obtain foreign aid for his plans without compromising India's self-respect and independence; who believes, like himself, in the doctrine of co-existence between the Communist and non-Communist worlds; who is also a good planner like himself; who above all depends on the democratic method (as Marshal Tito himself favours the persuasive and voluntary method even in his country's Communist set-up) for realising his social objectives.

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INDIAN AND YUGOSLAV FOREIGN POLICIES

By G. S. BHARGAVA

WITH the President of the Federal People's Republic of Yugoslavia, Marshal Tito, and other front rank leaders of the country in India and high-level talks taking place between them and our leaders, it is natural to draw parallels between the two countries and their policies in different fields of activity.

When the U. S. Secretary of State, Mr. John Foster Dulles, was here two years ago, a similarity between India and America was sought to be proved by emphasis on adherence to the democratic way of life which the two nations shared. Last June, during the visit to Delhi of the Prime Minister and Foreign Minister of China, Mr. Chou En-lai, the fact that India and China were both Asian countries just free from colonial yoke and struggling to build themselves up was held up to engage public attention.

So it is with Yugoslavia. But Yugoslavia is neither an Asian country nor such a champion of the democratic idea as the U. S. Nevertheless, there is much in common between India and Yugoslavia and there is much which each of them can learn from the other.

Being militarily weak and industrially backward, both the countries lack the two time-honoured instruments of foreign policy. They have only the psychological weapon, of course in abundance, Yugoslavia on account of its break with the Soviet system (it is the only chink in the Russian armour) and India by virtue of her being the largest and most important non-Communist country in Asia.

The two countries are nearest to each other in foreign policy. They have both refused to align themselves with either of the power blocs. More often than not, they vote identically at the United Nations, the only notable exception being the

Korean issue. When the U. N. General Assembly considered the South Korean complaint of aggression from the north and sanctioned U. N. intervention to stem the same, Yugoslavia did not vote with the Western nations, while India did. The Yugoslav stand at the time was that North Korea should be given a hearing before being condemned *ex parte* as an aggressor and that measures other than military intervention should be taken to resolve the problem.

Western critics of India's foreign policy, who accuse the Prime Minister of overlooking the Communist threat to the free world never level such a charge against Marshal Tito. It is not merely because Yugoslavia has burnt her boats as far as the Soviet world is concerned, for, the whispering campaign that Marshal Tito has made up with Russia or that there never was any real rupture between the two has been going on all along, at least in America (The latest example is the book, "Tito's Promised Land," by Alex N. Dragnich, former Cultural Attache at the U. S. Embassy in Belgrade.)

WHY then is Marshal Tito not accused, in responsible quarters, of aiding, even indirectly, Soviet designs, while India is? The reason is perhaps the definite, more than consistent, attitude of Yugoslavia towards the Cominform countries abroad as well as their protagonists, if any at home in contradistinction with Pandit Nehru's friendliness for Russia and China and hostility towards Indian Communists. Having tasted the fruits of Stalin's wrath in the shape of massing of satellite troops on Yugoslav frontiers and daily border incidents and provocations, Yugoslavia needs no reminder that in her own inherent strength lies her safety and survival as an independent country, whereas we, in

this country, give the impression of having been lulled into complacency by slogans of peace.

It was against such a background of mounting hostility of her East European neighbours that Yugoslavia accepted military aid from America. Possibly due to the absence of a military threat such as confronted Yugoslavia we, in India, are shy of defence preparations against possible attack from outside. The fear that such assistance fetters the freedom of the receiving country has been shown to be baseless by the Yugoslav example.

On the issue of defence alliances also, we and Yugoslavia differ. When, in 1948, the Burmese Prime Minister, U Nu, suggested a kind of defence arrangement among India, Burma and Indonesia, Pandit Nehru rejected it out of hand on the ground that it might be looked upon as a *bloc*. Yugoslavia, on the other hand, is a signatory to the Balkan Pact, officially described as an "agreement of alliance, political co-operation and military aid," with Greece and Turkey. Till a few years ago, relations between Yugoslavia and Greece were no more cordial than Indo-Pakistan relations today. Greece and Turkey are members of NATO, while Belgrade is opposed to it in its present form. In respect of internal economy, Yugoslavia is a Socialist country, whereas the other two believe in the primacy of private profit.

MORE significant even is Yugoslavia's perseverance to see the Balkan Alliance through in the teeth of Western indifference, if not antipathy. Though a defence arrangement to checkmate Soviet expansion in the Balkans, the Pact failed to evoke favourable response from America, while Italy, another NATO power, viewed it with suspicion and hostility. It was an open secret that between July 17, 1954, when the Foreign Minister of Yugoslavia, Greece and Turkey were scheduled to meet for formal signing of the Pact, and August 8, when the treaty actually materialised, pressure was brought to bear on Yugoslavia to

settle the Trieste dispute with Italy earlier.

THE Balkan Alliance thus represented a double victory for Marshal Tito but he did not view it in that light. He was conscious that consolidation of the Balkans would be incomplete without restoration of friendly relations between Yugoslavia and Italy. Hence followed the Trieste agreement which involved appreciable sacrifice by Yugoslavia. Like the Kashmir problem, the Trieste imbroglio was further complicated by superimposition of cold war politics on an intricate territorial dispute. After Marshal Tito's excommunication from the Moscow church, the Italian Communists, at the instigation of Russia, made an election issue of Trieste, reversing their earlier stand on the problem. It was a double-edged weapon, for firstly, they could exploit Italian nationalist sentiment for party purposes, and secondly, it would make any Italian Government think twice before coming to terms with Yugoslavia. Loss of Trieste would weaken Tito's position at home, they thought, and were bent on promoting it.

In other words, the resemblance between the Trieste and Kashmir problems is striking. Also, just as consolidation of central Europe remained a paper project as long as Trieste continued as a festering sore, so are peace and security of this sub-continent dependent on an amicable settlement of the Kashmir problem. Here is perhaps a tip we can profitably take from Yugoslavia.

Like India, Yugoslavia also believes in and advocates peaceful co-existence of rival nations and social systems. But in the Yugoslav approach to this question is glaringly evident a gradation in emphasis, small nations receiving preference over big ones. Its policy is that if the "small many" compose their mutual differences and develop bonds of association, especially in the spheres of common defence and economic development, they can compel the "big few" to live at peace with one another and spare the world an atomic holocaust. This is, in fact, a mod-

fied version of the "Third Force" theory, made more practicable and less doctrinaire. To quote the British Labour Party leader, Mr. Clement Attlee, without this adaptation, it is "third weakness," not force.

The difference in emphasis between the Indian and Yugoslav policies can be illustrated by reference to the latter's efforts to build herself up before trying to play an active role in world politics. Yugoslavia thinks that to be able to compel truce between giants the small nations should be strong and be able to defend themselves from aggression. It is very significant that though the present shift in Soviet foreign policy is nearly two years old, not till the consolidation of the Balkans was achieved a few months ago, not till Yugoslavia was free of direct threat from Russia and her satellites did Marshal Tito interest himself in the co-existence theory. Again, a sentimental desire for peace of the Soviet people, as of people elsewhere is not one of the reasons Marshal Tito adduced for the change in Soviet policy but a tangible achievement of balance of military power between the two blocs.

In other words, Yugoslavia believes in peace through strength, while we seem to take it for granted that if once the Big Powers are induced to

live at peace with each other, weakness or strength of individual nations is immaterial. This perhaps explains the gulf separating our domestic and foreign policies as exemplified by the difference in attitude towards the Cominform countries and the Communists at home. As for the effectiveness of this dual policy, one can look at the picture of India drawn by Mr. Ajoy Ghosh, General Secretary of the Communist Party of India, in his recent rejoinder to Pandit Nehru. Mr. Ghosh was not far wrong in his conclusion that "the opening of the window into People's China and the closer liaison that is growing between India and U. S. S. R. . . . is inevitably provoking in the minds of our people the question as to the path of development that we should follow in our country." To put it less discreetly, a psychological atmosphere favourable to the Communists and detrimental to the growth of the democratic and peaceful method of social change is being created and developed to its logical conclusion.

Here then lies the importance of Marshal Tito's visit to our country. If, as a result of the present exchange of views and experiences with the Yugoslav leaders, the existing imbalance in our policy is corrected, the visit will remain a landmark in our history.

National Drama Festival

BY F. G. NATESA AIYAR

HAVING chanced to visit New Delhi and being an ardent devotee of the dramatic art for some fifty years, I took the opportunity to witness the Marathi drama "Bhanbandaki" staged at the Sapru Hall, by the Munibai Maharathi Sahitya Sangh, under the auspices of the National Drama Festival, 1954. The drama occupied a full four-hour period. The house was full mostly with ladies and gentlemen of the Maharathi community. The theatre itself is a splendid one, air-conditioned, with fine acoustic properties which enable the actors to speak

without the aid of mike, a roomy stage and lighting arrangements, and on the whole, with an atmosphere aesthetic and of subdued cheer. The troupe which staged the drama on this occasion consisted of veteran actors of both the amateur and the professional stage and screen such as the famous Durgabai Khote, and Raghoba Dada, claimed to be the leading artiste of the modern Marathi stage. The credentials of the author and of the director, Shri Khadilkar and Keshavrao Date, respectively, left nothing to be desired. One therefore was justified in expecting a first-rate and magnificent rendering of the great historic drama of the period of the great Peshwas.

But it was a disappointment on the whole. No doubt the costumes and the make-up of the characters were good and appropriate—except in one or two scenes when the Peshwa Raghoba looked like a Pathan—and the sets, throughout elaborate, were chaste and appropriate, (and that was all one could reasonably expect from any troupe coming to Delhi from some thousand miles away and taking part in the Festival for just a day or two) and the lighting effects too were quite suggestive and pleasing. The actors and actresses were one and all word-perfect and the dialogues in several places were greeted with applause—a tribute to the author of the play. The actors with the exception of the humorous characters went leisurely about the stage, speaking their lines with studied measure and slow tempo and making their entrances and exits equally leisurely. Most of the actors addressed themselves to the audience as if they were lecturing to them. There was not a single moment when any actor or actress thrilled the audience and kept them spell-bound; not that there were no situations capable of such thrills. There were plenty of them. Only none rose to the occasion. Raghoba as Peshwa's uncle and pretender to the throne was a tame figure with several changes in costumes only—looking more a dandy than a virile hero. Master Dattaram, as the great Ram Sastri, the Chief Justice, "hailed as the prophet of the new epoch and who becomes the hero of the play, assuming the leadership of dynamic public opinion" and "who supplied moral strength" to the political leaders lacking in it, looked like a *bacha* in spite of his make-up and he was a tame figure throughout, even at one or two of the tensest moments of his life as when he sentences the usurper to death and resigns his job and when in the finale, he implores for the cessation of internecine strife in the interests of the peace and prosperity of the Maharatta kingdom. Durgabai Khote is deservedly acclaimed as one of the country's greatest actresses and is entitled to be referred

to with the greatest respect and defence. In her role as the scheming wife of the usurper, she had before her a splendid opportunity of rising to the height of a Lady Macbeth. But those who saw her in this drama wondered whether this was really the great Durgabai Khote of *Amar Jyoti* fame! She acted with precision, but she did not rouse the audience. Her role was that of the "beautiful and youthful wife—the evil genius"—of the hero, but she was neither "beautiful nor youthful" and as for her being an "evil genius" her lines indicated her role but not her acting. It was not her fault though. Durgabai is too old for the role and she was unquestionably a mis-cast. Among the minor roles, Nana Abyankar, who played the priest and Sudha Amonkar who took the part of Durga were excellent and they almost stole the picture—one almost wished that Sudha Amonkar was given the role of the "beautiful and youthful" heroine; she was both.

Everyone felt that the drama would have been all the better for some music and dance in some select scenes. There was room for them and they would have helped to enliven the drama and tone down the monotony and tediousness of four hours of spoken word. Earlier in the day, at the discussion about the place of "music and dance" in drama, I expressed the opinion, based on my long experience of the stage that as per Indian traditions and practice, a drama should entertain and a drama without "music and dance" in appropriate situations would be a body without soul—a veritable corpse on the stage—and the Marathi drama I witnessed the same evening proved the correctness of my opinion.

I have written in no carping spirit—I have written at this length to provoke thought and make those responsible for the great National Drama Festival see to it that in future years the plays presented are worthy of the highest and best traditions and capacity of India in the field of drama.

JUST NUTTING

By ANDREW ROTH

THAT was not Britain changing its policy on China and Formosa. It was just Nutting . . .

Anthony Nutting undoubtedly dropped a gold-plated brick when he suggested, in an off-the-cuff interview in New York, that Britain might join in defending the Kuomintang-held island of Formosa in case it was attacked by the forces of the Chinese Communists. Britain recognizes the Chinese Communists and, while it would hate to have them attack Formosa, which means so much to American strategists, it would hate to be committed to its defense.

Technically, as the Foreign Office has hastened to point out, Anthony Nutting was right when he answered a hypothetical question on Britain's position in the event of a Communist attack on Formosa:

"A Chinese Communist attack on Formosa is an attack upon a member of the United Nations and would no doubt call for collective action by the United Nations in which we would, of course, be involved as a member of the United Nations."

But the Foreign Office would be much happier if this young Minister had observed the "golden Rule" of junior Ministers and not answered such a hypothetical question. The British Government does not mind the attacks of Bevanite John Baird, who has described Nutting as "a little American lap-dog." It does object to creating unnecessary problems just as President Eisenhower is moving toward a truce with Communist China and Britain is moving toward expanded trade with Peking.

Can Anthony succeed Anthony?

The question which somewhat interests political observers here is whether dropping this gold-plated brick will interrupt the forward march of the "Golden Boy" of the British Foreign Office, at 34 the youngest Privy Councillor.

For long it has been clear that Anthony Nutting has had his eye on the chair of that other Anthony. A "pallid understudy of Anthony Eden,"

"Anthony's pale shadow," are descriptions used by Conservative and Labourite. And, until the particular brick, he showed a possibility of making the grade. At 34 he is Minister of State for Foreign Affairs, a position which is held also by the Marquess of Reading and second only to that held by Sir Anthony Eden himself.

In point of fact, Anthony Nutting's ambitions do not even stop at the Foreign Office. According to the *Sunday Express* of October 10, 1954 "he confides to friends that he fears the British public may no longer readily accept a man of inherited title at 10 Downing Street."

Master of the Hounds

Anthony Nutting must therefore find it a misfortune that although he is the youngest son of Sir Harold Nutting, he is the only surviving son—the other two having died on active service—and will become the third baronet on the death of his 72-year-old father.

Although young Anthony's father will leave him a politically disadvantageous title, he gave him most of the other advantages for progress as a Conservative in Britain.

The family fortune is solidly founded on bottled beer and the baronetcy was created as recently as 1902, by the Conservative Government of that period.

Anthony's father has done his best to live up to the title. After serving in France in World War I and becoming Captain in the 17th Lancers, he became Master of the North Shropshire Hounds. He then went on to become Master of the Meynell Hounds and finally, from 1930-39, Master of the Quorn Hounds. In short he is rather interested in hunting. He has also been Aide de Camp to the Governor-General of Australia.

Young Anthony was sent to Eton like so many members of this Government, including Sir Anthony Eden and Sir Winston Churchill. He then went on to Trinity College, Cambridge.

When he was 19, in July 1939, he joined the Leicestershire Yeomanry as a trooper. He was invalided out

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in 1940, which enabled him to survive his two elder brothers who died on active service.

For a few months he served as an attache at the British Embassy in Paris. With the fall of France he assisted at the evacuation of British women and children. He eventually left with the last of the Embassy staff in a small merchant ship which was attacked by torpedoes in the Bay of Biscay.

He continued to work at the Foreign Office until 1941. Then he went to Spain to organise intelligence and escape lines for Allied personnel. After this he returned to the Foreign Office where, at 22, he was Head of the Scandinavian Section of the Northern Department.

His emulation of Anthony Eden is said to date from 1942, when he acted as Private Secretary to the then Foreign Secretary, then at his busiest wartime best.

In 1944 Mr. Nutting was transferred to the British Embassy in Rome where he remained until 1945.

It was while he was on sick leave in Britain in 1945 that he was adopted as Conservative candidate for Melton, in Leicestershire. Despite the Labour landslide of that year he won the seat, and has retained it.

He spent his years as a new Conservative M. P. during the out-of-office years building the Conservative Party. In 1946-7 he was Chairman of the Young Conservatives, doubling its membership during his term of office. He was then made Vice-Chairman of the National Union of Conservative Associations, becoming its Chairman in 1950. In April 1951 an election made him Chairman of its Executive Committee. He resigned in 1952, under the pressure of Foreign Office work.

From the outset of the Conservative Government in October 1951 he held the post of Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, jointly with the Marquess of Reading. They were jointly promoted to Ministers of State in October 1954 when Selwyn Lloyd left that post.

Although Mr. Nutting has led the British delegation to the Council of Europe since 1952 and accompanied

Sir Anthony Eden to the Berlin Conference in 1954, his chief function has been in the House of Commons. There his main task has been to answer questions and speak in debate in defense of the decisions of the Foreign Office under Conservative administration.

All observers agree that his manner is modelled on that of Sir Anthony Eden. "After twelve years of almost continual political association," writes the political correspondent of the Conservative *Daily Express*, "the younger man has adopted many of the mannerisms, tricks of speech, and gestures of his chief."

"Shut your eyes when he is addressing the House of Commons and you can imagine it is Sir Anthony speaking. Open your eyes and you may well believe that the clock has been put back 20 years and the young Mr. Eden is at the dispatch box."

But Mr. Nutting's charm has not the warmth of Sir Anthony Eden's. It has too synthetic, too brittle a character. He is "a graduate of the charm school," according to the *New Statesman's* parliamentary correspondent, Wilfred Fienburgh, M. P., and, according to *Punch's* parliamentary reporter, he "does not smile easily."

The young Mr. Nutting is aggressively Conservative, while Sir Anthony makes people feel his Conservatism is an afterthought. This aggressive Conservatism was demonstrated on November 1. In one of his first performances in the House of Commons as Minister of State, he was summarizing the settlement of the Persian oil problem.

A Conservative M. P., Mr. Mott-Radclyffe, asked him whether he would "not agree that the reaction of the stock market would indicate that this agreement, after many months of patient negotiation on the part of all concerned, is highly satisfactory from the point of view of British industrial and commercial interests?"

Eager young Mr. Nutting replied: "The reaction of the stock market is, indeed, remarkable, for immedi-

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ately after the Abadan evacuation in October 1951, Anglo-Iranian £1 shares stood at £5. Now, on 1st November, 1954, after ratification of the present agreement, they stand at £18, an all-time record."

He was attacked for this, first by former Labour Foreign Secretary, Herbert Morrison, who wondered whether this "swelling of share values" was an adequate "test of well-being." He asked whether it was "not the case that if we had gone to war about this, as some people wanted to do in 1951, the situation would not be as good as it is at the present time?"

Mr. Nutting bounded back to point out that "the Government are a 50 per cent shareholder in the company," and also insisted that the Conservatives had repaired the damage in Persia as a result of "a little resolution and determination."

The next day the *Manchester Guardian* wondered at "the gusto with which Mr. Nutting has launched himself as Minister of State . . ." It joined the Labour and Liberal parties in doubting "whether the change" from his predecessor, Selwyn Lloyd "will assist the discussion of foreign affairs in the House."

Mr. Nutting has a way of making enemies on the Conservative side as well, particularly Lord Beaverbrook's publications, the *Daily Express* and *Sunday Express*. They refer to him as "that very superior person." "No mute is Mr. Anthony Nutting," complained the *Sunday Express*. "An

occasional flash of silence would become him."

The Express group complains largely because Anthony Nutting defends the British Council, which the Express papers attack unmercifully. Here are some samples of their spleen:

"He hurries to defend the money-wasting British Council."

"He declares he has 'no objection in principle' to a British contingent in a European Army being under the command of a German General."

"About 18 months ago Mr. Anthony Nutting . . . when pressed in Parliament to tell us what was happening to those Foreign Office officials who had let us down so disgracefully over Burgess and Maclean replied with asperity, 'I am not prepared to lend myself to a witch-hunt of this character.'"

They are even saying now that Sir Anthony Eden is annoyed with young Anthony Nutting, on whom he was said to smile as a possible successor. This may well be so because Sir Anthony Eden wants above all to remove Anglo-American differences over China. He is now said to be leaning toward a solution in which Formosa is recognized as a separate sovereign country, with both it and mainland China separately admitted to the United Nations. Certainly the last thing he wants is to infuriate Peking and encourage Kuomintang provocation by the sort of gold-plated brick dropped by 'Golden Boy' Anthony Nutting.

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Thoreau's *Walden*—100 years

By H. B. GARLAND

"WHEN I wrote the following pages, I lived alone in the woods, a mile from any neighbour, in a house which I had built myself, on the shore of Walden Pond, in Concord, Massachusetts, and earned my living by the labour of my hands only. I lived there two years and two months. At present I am a sojourner in civilized life again."

With these quiet words, Henry David Thoreau, one of America's great writers, begins his slim volume of outdoor life and transcendental philosophy, "*Walden; or, Life in the Woods*," published in 1854, 100 years ago. It has been called one of the greatest books of the 19th century. It has been said that for beauty, precision, richness, faith, and profundity no book of American literature equals it.

Thoreau was the son of a pencil-maker. He was born in Concord, Massachusetts, educated at Harvard College and became a school teacher and surveyor. His *Walden* is first of all a straightforward account of how, at that time 28 years old, he built himself a hut of white pines in the woods and lived in it comfortably and happily on a diet of beans, potatoes, peas, corn and turnips. But the book also records his thoughts as he roamed the woods and read many books.

Of the 18 chapters of *Walden* each is devoted to one topic. Some of them, like "The Ponds" or "Spring," are largely descriptive. Others, like "Economy," are argumentative. But in every line of the small volume one can sense Henry Thoreau's love of life at the pond, his intense religious feeling for nature, his protest at the waste of life through misdirection by the pursuit of success, his feeling for his friends, his interest in men and animals. From the door of his cabin he could see the sun rise, watch the moon shine over Walden, and on quiet evenings, in his boat under the stars, he could play his flute. He could search devotedly for

images and phrases to describe the songs of birds. He could cultivate his philosophy and a patch of beans, peas and turnips. He could continue to study his friends: the otters, the foxes, the workers on the railroad. Frequently he visited the town, where he called at the house his father and he had built. Almost daily he wrote in his journal on his discoveries, on books, on his adventures with people, on life and its purpose.

The result is a book which describes how a man by his own efforts managed to feed, warm and shelter himself. But to compare *Walden* with *The Adventures of Robinson Crusoe* is to belittle it. Thoreau's book is more many-sided than Daniel Defoe's famous book. What he chiefly accomplished was to convey better than any other writer the sense of a special American experience. He knew the meaning of the impact with unspoiled wilderness, and how it seemed to confirm the hope of a world that was all to be begun anew. Thoreau embodied in the symbols of an independent forest-dweller the American dream of an open frontier and of unlimited expansion. *Walden*, like Walt Whitman's *Leaves of Grass*, brings to imaginative fulfilment the New World promise of dignity to the individual man. "It marks a culmination," one of his critics said, "of the faith implicit in the Declaration of Independence."

Reassured by Nature of the things most of us distrust, and likewise distrustful of the worldly things we accept as inevitable, Thoreau dared to believe in the healthiness of life, in the possibilities of man, and in the existence of God not only as a remote Deity, but as an immediate impulse in daily life.

There were two chiefly significant aspects of his writings. The first is their connection with Nature. Thoreau's love of the outdoor world and all its creatures impressed his friends more than any other characteristic. But by nature we must understand not merely the landscape and its creatures, but natural living, as contrasted with the complex and artificial life of a society. Thoreau

proclaimed: "A man is rich in proportion to the number of things which he can afford to let alone." So to him "life in the woods" was typical of freedom from the drudgery, the blind money-getting and money-spending, of the great part of mankind. And after thinking a good while about the things that one "can afford to let alone," he put his theories to the test by building his little hut on the shores of Walden Pond.

But besides being a great naturalist, Thoreau was a great idealist. He said: "I found in myself an instinct toward a higher, or as it is named, spiritual life; and another toward a primitive one: and I revere them both." Like his friend, the great philosopher Ralph Waldo Emerson, he lived by faith. "Why should I feel lonely?" he wrote. "Is not our planet in the Milky Way?" He believed that the qualities of his happiness lay wholly within himself. He blamed neither people nor circumstances. He believed that being good was more important than even doing good. "Man's capacities have never been measured," he said. "Nor are we to judge what we can do by any precedent, so little has been tried."

He was drawn to solitude by what was deepest in his nature. He could no more tell what it was than a lover can set down in words the reason for his devotion. "I went to the woods," he wrote later, "because I wish to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I would not learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived. I did not wish to live what was not life, living is so dear; nor did I wish to practise resignation, unless it was necessary. I wanted to live deep and suck out all the marrow of life, to live so sturdily and Spartan-like as to put to rout all that was not life . . . to drive life into a corner and reduce it to its lowest terms, and if it proved to be mean, why then to get the whole and genuine meanness of it, and publish its meanness to the world or, if it were sublime, to know it by experience, and be able to give a true account of it in my next excursion."

Thoreau was not setting up at Walden a model community of one, with the thought that others might go and do likewise. He did have a message for the discontented and the maladjusted, but it was concluded in general terms: "Simplify your life." What form the simplification should take was for each to decide. "*Walden*" was not the work of a philanthropic social theorist, nor of an idealistic reformer, but of a philosopher and a great nature lover and this has increased Thoreau's fame since he wrote *Walden*.

What did Thoreau learn in the two years and two months of his lonely stay at Walden Pond? He writes in "Conclusion," the last chapter of *Walden* about it—and it sums up his whole philosophy:

"No face which we can give to a matter will stead us so well at last as the truth. This alone wears well. For the most part, we are not where we are, but in a false position. Say what you have to say, not what you ought. Any truth is better than make-believe . . . However mean your life is, meet it and live it; do not shun it and call it hard names. It is not so bad as you are. . . If you have built castles in the air, your work need not be lost; that is where they should be. Now put the foundations under them."

The man who wrote these wise words died in 1862 at the age of 44, after a life which has been called "uneventful." It was highly eventful for Thoreau because his was a life "in which the picking up of an arrow-head or the discovery of a richer blueberry patch were events."

It seems he was never really unhappy. "I am convinced," he wrote, "both by faith and experience that to maintain one's self on this earth, is not a hardship but a pastime, if we will live simply and wisely; as the pursuits of the simpler nations are still the sports of the more artificial. It is not necessary that a man should earn his living by the sweat of his brow, unless he sweats easier than I do . . . There can be no very black melancholy to him who lives in the midst of Nature and has his senses still."

After all she was ten and she must be brave . . .

.....Short Story.....

GROWING UP

By M. Sivaramakrishna Rao

★ THE girl paused at the edge of the road. The road was dark and silent and at a distance ahead of her she could hear the tinkling bells fading away. Twilight hung over the misty air, and the morning star shone brilliantly over the confused past out of which she had run away. She shivered in her scanty garments, and resumed her walk. A little while later she looked back again expectantly.

The bunk to her right was coming alive with stirring figures; and she could hear the water simmer in the kettle and smell the odour of welcome coffee. There was a dog sleeping over the slabs that led to the bunk doorway. She walked some distance and looked back.

The tinkling bells drew nearer; morning had not yet obliterated the twilight from the earthbound mist; and the driver peered closer into the gloom to make out the shadow.

"It's only me."

"What do you want?"

"Give me a lift; I have a far way to travel."

"Where are you bound for?"

"Maraikuppam."

"But it is twenty nine stones away."

"I know."

The man glanced at the back of the cart. His wife was asleep on a heap of straw and there were the ballast stones at the other end.

"Hop up behind," he said briefly.

The whip cracked lightly over the backs of the oxen; the long beams creaked, and bits of brick and straw sprinkled over the road. Then the wheels groaned and the cart began to move.

The first beams of morning fanned out in the sky as the cart went up the gradient at the water works and turned to the road high above, with open spaces all round, and the wind shouting across the dunes of dark grass and mounds of earth in pure joy.

The girl drew up her legs nearer to get warm. She almost rolled herself into a ball and pulled up some straw to cover the exposed parts of her body. Her arms were plump, dark and shiny, her face glowing with health. The hair on her head was of an earthen brown, downy and soft like cotton, unruly as the wind that began to laugh through her tattered dress.

THE woman stirred, and was awake. She sat up and yawned. The cartman looked back briefly and nodded. The girl looked at the carts following a long way behind, indistinct in the twilight.

"Who is she?"

The man grinned. "She is going to Maraikuppam."

"But we are going to Uppur."

"Let us drop her at the Kundram. She might find some other cart there."

"All right."

The woman adjusted her hair into a knot afresh, and drew the *selai* over her shoulders. Satisfied, she turned to the girl.

"Why are you going to Maraikuppam, dear?"

"My father and mother and everybody are there," the girl said, still staring at the receding road. Trees marked with the numbers of the government swept past the ramshackle buildings here and there, past

the bushes and the little ditches by the roadside—all these were receding, receding from her, from the cart, running away, never to return.

But the girl turned around to the road ahead, and there were buildings too, far in the distance, and trees and bushes and ditches; these were everywhere. But they were coming nearer too and would not stop, but were running back to be swallowed up into the past. Only the cart was real, static and yet mobile, the massive segmented wooden wheels, the iron collar as it clanked on the tar macadam; the lashing whip, the flick of the oxen's tails and the dung on the road, fresh and smoky, punctuating the road that was running away from her into the past. She sighed.

IT was getting warmer now as the sun rose higher in the sky. The cart was trotting along, alternately briskly and with lethargy. Soon the road became dusty; at the place where the tar and the dirt joined, the cart gave a jolt. Then the dust began to swirl in clouds in their wake.

The woman got out some food from a bundle. Then she passed on a bowl to the girl.

"No, you eat. I am not hungry."

"Don't be silly. Take a bite. You must be famished."

The girl took a morsel.

"Take some more. See, there is plenty here. Him, he had his *nashta* at the bunk near the level crossing."

The man looked back again, and said with a wide grin:

"Woman, leave a bite for me too."

"For shame! Hadn't you had enough already?"

"No, Latchi, it is tough work driving these oxen. They make me crazy. See, you have to keep prodding them always. I am getting hungry," he added. But the woman tied up the bundle. And the man said with mock solemnity, eyes flickering with mischief: "Oh, well, you want me to starve. Very good then. Eat it all yourself."

He began to sing. The song began with a whistle, the whistle changed into a hum, and the hum swelled to

its crescendo. The girl caught the tune too, and began to croon in a low voice.

"But why were you in the City, dear?" the carter's wife asked.

The girl did not answer.

The woman asked again: "Were you with any relations in the city?"

"Hm!" the girl turned around in confusion. "Yes, yes," and began to stare again at the stones fleeing from under the hoofbeats of the oxen.

The sun was midway between the zenith and the horizon when the cart rumbled to a stop. Nearby was a little pool, slimy and green over the upper half, but tolerably clear at the lower. The woman got down to give some exercise to her cramped legs. The man untied the grass bag hanging in a hammock from the axle-tree and began to feed the oxen. Then he went to the pool with a vessel to fetch some water.

The water was brackish but clear; the girl shuddered a little before she took the proffered bowl from the kindly man for she was used to better water. She looked down at the dirty ragged *pavadai* she wore; the vessel leaked, and there were wet patches on her dress. She seemed pensive, as though some secret grief had weighed down on her, but found then that she did not know what grief was, and therefore could not feel it to the full.

THE woman noticed it. "What is your father doing in Maraikuppam, dear?" she asked.

"He is not employed now." There was silence. Overhead, a bird flew past, screeching loudly. The girl continued: "But he has got some land there. And then my mother and sister are there. My mother sells *dosais* and *iddlies* there."

"What were you doing in the City?"

The girl pretended not to hear. She moved about on the road, stamping her feet. Then she walked to the edge of the road and collected some flowers. She gave some to the woman, and kept some to herself. The man yoked the oxen on again, and shouted cheerfully. The sweltering animals

and the three human beings began to move again.

The wayside was decked with wild grass dancing in the wind, with wild flowers in heavy-scented clusters; and now and then the man stopped at the wife's bidding, and brought them bunches of flowers, some pungent, some heavy-sweet, some with thorns, and some gay-coloured.

"Put them in your hair," he said to the girl. She plaited her hair again, and removed the flowers he had brought previously.

"Too many flowers," she said and smiled, her white teeth flashing in her swarthy face.

"You look like a princess, child," said the cartman and grinned. Then he cracked his whip again.

"Are you sure you want to go to Maraikuppam? Why not come with us to our village?" he asked her at the cross-roads. The girl shook her head, and got down. She waved to the cart as it moved away, creaking, and then of a sudden she found herself alone with the road again.

THE stones began to hurt her little feet, and now and then she had to sit down beside a tree. Her village was still nearly twenty miles away, and there was no cart in sight. She began to walk.

Two hours later she felt tired and hungry. What meagre food the woman had given her tied in a cloth and pressed into her hand despite her protests could not last for ever. She was thirsty. She walked on eagerly in search of water. A mile away she found another pond; the water was not so slimy here, but she had to overcome her mental fright to drink. Necessity triumphed, and she rose with a dripping forehead, cool and refreshed. She slept in the tree-shade gratefully.

When she woke up it was afternoon. The hot sky beat down mercilessly on her back, and she walked on, with a weary step. Two hours more fled past, and now all feeling was dead in her. No longer did the stones hurt her naked feet, and she only knew that she had to go on, endlessly, till she reached her village. It was too late to turn back.

Her right foot was bruised badly when she stubbed against a sharp-edged stone on the road, and she limped awhile, till the limp grew more painful, and she had to walk with a straight leg again.

The sun declined in the west; it grew less warm, but stuffy. Miles away in a little village, seven miles from Maraikuppam, a couple beside a hut watched someone staggering along the road.

"Bless me, who is that?"

The girl came forward, lurching and staggering, her head down, shoulders drooping, and her body encrusted with dirt and sweat. She drew up alongside the hut, and with an effort raised her head. "Have you some water?" Her voice rose hardly above a feeble whisper.

THE woman stared at the girl. Her husband rebuked her. "Didn't you hear the poor girl ask for water? Why are you staring at her?"

The woman went in, took a pot and went to the well. The man led the girl by the arm, and drew her near the hut. "Sit down, child," he said. "You are tired." She sat on the ground limply. The woman came back with the pot of water.

Slowly, brokenly, the girl told them that she was going to Maraikuppam because her people were there.

"But child, your village is still seven stones from here. Why not stay here tonight?" said the man. The girl wanted to go on. "What nonsense!" scoffed the woman. "Come inside and wash up. Sleep here tonight and tomorrow I will send word to your parents to come and take you home." She would brook no refusal.

That night, after food, she felt tired and sleepy as she lay in a corner of the hut on the warm mud-floor. Half-asleep she dreamt she was going to the cinema again . . .

She was running to the theatre on that Sunday afternoon when her mistress said she could go if she wanted to. Yes, she wanted to, she said emphatically, her little face glowing up like a lantern in a storm. It was already two-thirty. Her mistress's son had scoffed at the idea.

"Why not send her in the evening?"

"Then will you go in the night and bring her back after the show is over?" The boy squirmed. "All right, let her go with the bhoyi."

"Bhoyi, not at all. Will you fetch her back or not?"

"What an idea! I have to go all that distance just because the silly thing wants to go to a picture?" he said. "Let her go to the matinee if she wants."

And there she was, already late, and maybe the picture would have started, but she did not mind and she would not mind, running, running, heart beating faster and faster in joyous anticipation. The cinema, really the cinema, what joy!

THEN he had run after her on his bicycle. He caught up with her flying feet, and said: "Come back, Amma wants you to come back."

Her heart leapt to a flutter and sobbed to a stop.

"You can go in the evening with the bhoyi."

She looked up with wide eyes, with a trace of disappointment.

"Why not I go now, ayya? I have already come near the theatre."

"No. Nobody is there to take you back home in the evening. Besides, there may be visitors at home today. You can go with the bhoyi to the evening show."

She began to walk back slowly, mincingly slowly.

"Shall I carry you on my bike?" he asked her whimsically.

"No, ayya," she said amazed at the offer, "I shall walk back home."

"Better come back soon."

"Just behind you, ayya."

That evening she had finished her cooking soon, the rice was boiled and strained. What a long time it took to boil! She fidgeted and fretted, and asked a hundred times the mistress's son what the time was, but there—it was over!

"Amma, Amma! the rice is ready," she cried from the kitchen.

The old lady of the house, the mistress's mother, laughed at her

excitement. "Hold your horses, little woman," she said. "It is not yet time."

"No, Amma, there will be so many people there already."

And the son had grumbled and said: "What is the hurry! Let her finish cleaning the dishes before she goes."

But the mother scolded him. "Don't be a heartless wretch. Let her go early. She must get the tickets." She turned to the girl. "All right, serve the bhoyi his food and then finish your meal."

On the way the girl stopped at the place by the bus-stand where the old woman sat selling flowers. There were jasmines, chamelies and all gay-coloured flowers in the basket.

"What have you got," she asked.

The old woman removed the wet cloth covering the basket and chanted the list of names. The girl's heart gave a leap at the sight.

"How much is that?"

"Two annas a *mozham*."

"And how much is that."

"One and a half annas."

"And that?"

"One and a half annas."

The girl looked into her palm where she clutched some coins, and said: "Too much. Don't try to fool me. Give me that for one anna a *mozham*."

"No."

AFTER much haggling the old woman gave a *mozham* of jasmine and red flowers twined on a string for one anna and three pies. The bhoyi stood by, not saying anything, only smoking and coughing all the time. She twisted her plait into a whorl, and tucked up the garland into it as best she could. The bhoyi spat, and said: "Time to move." The old woman helped her with the flower-string.

At the picturehouse she nagged the bhoyi and ran away to where the women sat. She sat on the bench, little legs drawn up and clasped in her arms, and watched the film with rapture. She could still remember the fried groundnuts she bought with her last nine pies at the stalls in the

interval, and which she had exchanged in part with her neighbour for some sweets.

Half-asleep she felt in the tiny pocket in her blouse instinctively. It was empty, and she sighed in her dream.

In a dream too, she felt the tangy night air rub against her skin as she walked back with the bhoyi, his *beedi* glowing in the dark like a firefly. She heard her mistress ask: "How was the picture, girl?"

"Its name was Lashmi, Amma, Lashmi. There was a big elephant that came and pushed down the tree and then everybody ran away and cried and then the lady—she was a nice lady, she was saved. It was very nice, Amma," she cried as she went to sleep on her jute mattress. The bhoyi began to complain how she ran away from him in the crowd to the other side. The mistress of the house said nothing. She, the girl, had curled up to sleep on the floor with a smile on her face.

The dream faded to sleep, a troubled sleep where the eddies of misery whirled dark and threatening.

Suddenly she cried in her sleep: "I want to see my father and mother. I want my mother!"

The woman in the hut woke with a start. She went across and bent over the girl.

"What is the matter, child?"

She woke up.

"You were crying in your sleep, child. What is the matter?"

"Nothing. Did I cry? I must have dreamt," she said tonelessly and went to sleep again.

The stars were still in the sky when the woman in the hut awoke and roused her husband, for it was time to start for work. She went to the mat where the girl was sleeping, but the girl was not there.

THE morning twilight stealing across the still sleepy earth found the girl going back by the road she came yesterday, eyes fixed rapt on the fading glory of the morning star on the brightening eastern sky. After all, she was ten, and she must be brave.

HAPPY NEW YEAR

THE new year, the happy new year is born!

Father has shed two more of his pyorrhoeal teeth,

Mother has silvered more strands in her hair.

My sixth sister, the last of her tribe

is a nuisance in her nubility—

moping at nothing, tearful for nothing—

small bag, her throat, to hold the adolescent storms;

Father has no money to buy her a groom,

the other five having pauperized him:

(in place of his heart is the insolvent's badge).

Nevertheless, mother and he have connived to bring

another mouth to feed in this world;

while I, their eldest, born in their prime,

the apple of their eye, the candy forever,

the hope of the family, the perpetuator of the line,

on whom the manes look on with hungry eyes

for the annual balls of rice and water,

have run into seed for a decade deployed.

The new year, the happy new year is born!

MANJERI S. ISVARAN

New Books

NIGHT IN BOMBAY

By Louis Bromfield

Penguin Books

2s 6d

HOMER MERILL was a strong and beautiful and vigorous young American. He was meant by God to attract women, to live with women, to people the earth with offspring. God made him as he was for that purpose. After brilliant years at College, he chose to leave his homeland where he could have climbed to the top of any ladder he liked, and to devote his life and gifts to village work in the Deccan. Laboriously, giving his work all of his immense vitality, he changes the face of that bit of India which he has adopted as his second home. The villagers love him, and passionate men working for their country like the scientist Colonel Moti, have come near to worshipping the man. Even the British officers of the Indian Empire see his usefulness as a local antiseptic to the spreading rash of nationalism. That would have been the story of Merrill, an intense but obscure life in villages buried away in some part of the vast Deccan plain, and at last, an end in one of them through malaria or cholera.

But there was Mrs. Merrill, the daughter of a missionary. She was pretty enough but had some odd and perverted ideas which are so frequently natural 'to the background of every Westerner, where lurks evidence of the mean, unnatural spirit of Zwingli, of Calvin, of John Knox.' One of her ideas was that no Christian woman should sleep with her husband except when they decided to have children. Let Colonel Moti speak about what she did to Merrill:

... for ten years that woman perverted Merrill's whole life—his mind, his health, his body. She would not live with him and Merrill is too decent a fellow—and too much of a fool—to take an Indian woman into the house with his wife. And he was too kind to hurt her. For ten years—this boy, who



Louis Bromfield

was meant by God to breed—lived beside this monstrous woman in absolute chastity. That ... has wrecked his health ... That woman was a monster, and as time went on she became more and more unsatisfied and dry and querulous. She blocked him and annoyed him, and even intri-

gued against him, until mercifully, she died. But Merrill himself is nearly wrecked, and Colonel Moti knows that he will die unless something is done very soon.

Merrill comes to Bombay to see his son off to school in America, and makes the acquaintance of Carol Halma on the train. Carol (as everyone calls her) was a farmer's daughter who won the title of Miss Minnesota and from then on had been running on the wrong track. She cuts loose from the simple and honest existence of her early years, and enters the slippery and dangerous world of men who wanted nothing much else from her except to be allowed to buy her superb body for short periods of time. Bill Wainwright rushes her off her young and inexperienced feet with his good looks, his bonhomie, his knack for 'a good time,' and the absence of malice or unkindness in his character. She marries Bill, to slowly discover that in spite of him being so likeable, there is a lack of depth and an absence of moral fibre in him which leaves her deeper woman's nature unsatisfied. Bill's oil-millionaire father puts pressure on him to

get rid of 'that Halma woman,' and Bill finds that he too is bored, now that his skin-deep exploration of Carol is over. After a settlement, they take a divorce, pleasantly agreeing to continue as friends.

Thus Carol is launched into that fantastic world of young and not-so-young playboys, gold-diggers of varying ability and looks, maharajahs potent and impotent, blondes, brunettes, owners of brothel chains, gambling fiends, hotel servants who know no night or day, polished pimps, rich widows, shrewd business men, fading women with their gigolos, crooks, swindlers, and such like who float through the super-smart hotels of the more pleasure-loving of the world's cities. Bill Wainwright's settlement gives her an income which makes her independent, so that 'no man can buy her,' but by the time our story begins, she is nearly broke, and is drinking heavily to drive away loneliness and the years that lie ahead menacing her with the loss of her youth and vitality. She had gone listlessly from the States to Europe, drifting from country to country, and come to India, seeking for something satisfying, enduring and sincere in that world with which she was now familiar—seeking and never finding. It is when she is on the brink of disaster—when she is publicly insulted by the unmentionable Mr. Botlivala of Bombay—when she is offered a 'job' in one of her superior houses of ill-fame by the Baroness and knows that she can do worse than take it—when she is deported from India for improper behaviour—that Carol is saved. She is saved for herself and for Homer Merrill.

Colonel's Moti's prescription for Homer Merrill is to find him a beautiful woman, and to send her away when she has served his purpose of bringing Homer back to health. The cure works beautifully, but alas! for the Colonel, Homer and Carol discover themselves to be mutually complementary creatures, and Homer, for the first time in love and what is more important, for the first time allowed to love with all his body and soul, finds even his lifework

insignificant when he is threatened with the loss of Carol.

The base for all these operations is the Taj Mahal Hotel of Bombay, in whose corridors and rooms the light is definitely blue even in broad daylight, and gets bluer and bluer as life begins round about midnight, and goes on in seas of champagne and the pneumatic bliss of voluptuous and buyable women till far into the morning. We meet the Maharajah of Jellapore, the Father and Mother of his people, who is returning to his State after a long stay on the Continent, and who keeps on playing a record on his gramophone called 'I will always be lonely', because for six months now he has been impotent. We meet Mr. Botlivala, mean, vain, hollow and dangerous, fabulously rich and fabulously despicable, who is delighted to give a fortune in jewellery to Carol just to parade her by his side, and let it be thought that he had got possession of the most beautiful blonde in India. We meet Mrs. Trollope whose sister, the pensioned-off wife of a dead Maharajah, fires a gun at her and whose husband is in jail for embezzlement. We meet the Baroness, with the body and face, and perhaps the soul, of a turtle, priding herself on her chain of 'mansions' and her brains, perennially reeking of patchouli. We meet Colonel Moti, honest, devoted, fierce, and lovable, an infallible scientist and a very fallible man. We meet Carol herself, with her magnificent bloneness, and a body of which Bill Wainwright, who ought to have known, held the opinion that there was not another like it in the world. And hiding behind that body, a soul the existence of which she had to deny to herself till she met Homer Merrill. And the overblown Marchesa, who started as one of the 'girls' of the Baroness and married a very old Italian General, who allowed her to have young men two months in the year, provided she had them far from Italy and he could retain unimpaired his reputation for virility!

The crowd is so colourful, so violently colourful, that now and then

we suspect Mr. Bromfield to have written the book with one eye on Hollywood. But even that criticism might be unjust, since Mr. Bromfield can make almost any character out of his mixed, peculiar and often outrageous collection, come alive. The evil glitter of life in the Taj is set against the chronic misery of the Indian village. The incredibly futile characters who people the Taj are set against, the health, sanity and depth of Homer Merrill and Carol Halma. So there is definitely a moral to be drawn. But perhaps the moral would have been more impressive if there were more of tragic possibility in the novel. The dangers from which Homer and Carol are saved are more nightmarish than tragic in quality. The activity around them supports this impression.

However, the narrator himself is a charming person. A journalistic style, however polished it might be, has limitations, as the late Mr. Wells found when he wrote novels, but Mr. Bromfield chats to us so easily and intimately, that we become peepers at his keyholes, looking on at scenes that easily bring about a suspension of disbelief. He is always at our elbow, effervescing with humour and satire and tolerant comment, hating where we would hate, liking where we would like. Mr. Bromfield is, in short, such good company that we heartily recommend to you a night in Bombay with him.

The Evolution of Diplomatic Method By Harold Nicolson

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36 A, Mount Road, Madras 2
10s 6d

THE art of negotiation which avoids conflicts or at least postpones them is an age-old invention. Mr. Nicolson suggests that even the anthropoid apes had discovered the usefulness of diplomacy. Though the twentieth century descendant of those wise apes may not be utilising the art of diplomacy to the fullest it

is at least likely that he may benefit by a knowledge of the successes and the failures of diplomacy and of its evolution.

Mr. Harold Nicolson's Chichele Lectures at Oxford on *The Evolution of Diplomatic Method* trace the history of diplomatic method from Homeric times to our own troubled era. The author discusses in the course of four lectures the Greek and Roman methods, the Italian system, the French system, and what he calls the American system. The success of the Greek system to a large extent was a matter of the oratorical powers of the ambassadors and they were responsible to the entire assembly, and failure in negotiations with neighbouring states was likely to be met with dire consequences. "And their insistence that covenants should be openly arrived at did preserve them at least during their period of liberty from the curse of secret treaties", says Mr. Nicolson. The Romans introduced order and the sane principle of setting a time limit to the negotiations. The Italians introduced into diplomacy much that was pernicious and cumbersome and Europe had to wait till France brought order and coherence to diplomatic method. Much of modern diplomacy is owed to the French and the wise precepts of Grotius the jurist, Richelieu and Callieres quoted by Mr. Nicolson might with benefit be followed by some of their modern counterparts. In the last lecture the author talks of the transition from the old to the new methods of diplomacy and considers that all that is new is embodied in the "American system."

The graceful periods and the fine prose which we have learnt to expect from the author render the study of this interesting subject fascinating. But the stress which Mr. Nicolson lays ever so gently on the importance and success of negotiation may lull the reader into the belief that European history can be rewritten as the history of its famous diplomats. As a matter of fact it is only on laying down the book after a few entrancing hours that the reader re-

lapses with a thud to the violence that was characteristic of the growth and expansion of that continent. With a naivete which is as charming as it is unexpected Mr. Nicolson assumes that "It was not the fault of the old diplomacy, by which I mean the professional diplomats of the pre-war period, that the supremacy of Europe was shattered by the First World War. The misfortune was that the advice of these wise men was disregarded at Vienna and Berlin, that their services were not employed, and that other non-diplomatic influences and interests assumed control of affairs." Television, radio, and newspapers have made the task of the modern diplomat very unenviable and many times more difficult than that of his Greek counterpart. The diplomat has been a favourite horse with the fiction writer and Hollywood also has not spared him. But negotiators from strength and wielders of atomic weapons may not find much use for such antiquated concepts as diplomacy and a third world war may well render diplomacy superfluous.

TAMIL

Kottumelam

By T. Janakiraman

Kalaimagal Prachuralayam, Madras 4
Rs. 2

JANAKIRAMAN'S collection of a dozen stories enriches the treasury of the modern Tamil short story. Cast in the pattern of some of the masters in the line like Pichamurthi, Ku Pa Ra and Pudumaipithan, the stories have an individuality of their own, reflecting the author's keen awareness of the peculiar facets of human behaviour. His deft handling of the language embroidered with the nuances of the dialect of the soil endows his creations with an extra dimension.

While his characters represent recognisable types, every one of them displays traits that go to make them sometimes abnormal and super-human. The narrative skill of the author reduces some of the seemingly non-realistic episodes to everyday occurrences.

Three stories stand out from this bouquet for the brilliance of their colour and design. The breathtaking beauty of the girl whom sudden widowhood leaves unmoved, the poignant tragedy of the unwanted old lady whose sons and daughters spurn her alike, and the rugged faith of Pottai, the Vettian, in his own destiny are examples of the mastery which the author exercises in delineation and description. The heavy overtones that focus the voluptuous innocence of the girl in the second story are so designed that they tend to distract the highlights of the almost inadequate but negative assessment of the accomplishment of the girls' husband. Even the references to her too frequent visits to the home of her birth are likely to be passed over by the average reader who is intoxicated with the lavish fragrance of the girl's personality. What might have turned out to be a well-kept secret is given away only at the end by the old woman's clinching comment. The reader would be loth to withdraw his sympathy which the author had canvassed for the physical perfection of the girl. If the story appears to be a problem one to some, it would only add to the enigmatic characterisation. The author's detachment competes with the girl's cynicism; the development is not sought to be justified by the aid of emotional maladjustments which form the stock-in-trade of the ordinary story-teller.

The atmosphere pervading the story of the old lady whom her children neglect is of a very profound order. The author is at his best in this piece which he shows up as a product of circumstances over which the characters themselves seem to have little control. The poignancy is increased by the seemingly inevitable fate that dogs the ageing lady. She seems to be present everywhere in every domestic circle of all levels, a standing monument to helpless dotage. The readers' anxiety is shared by the author who is merciful to the character at the end.

Pottai's blindness is an eye-opener to all whose physical vision is unimpaired. His lone fight with fate

and his sense of inner strength seems to reject any attempted sympathy we may extend to him for his handicap in life. He does not stop to brood over the loss of his eyesight. He has accepted the challenge of misfortune and turns it into an advantage whereby he serves his community much better than others with perfect pairs of eyes.

The wife of the temple-priest whose frustration leads her to the point of imaginary romancing, the professional songstress whose sense of proportion is not spoilt by the life she leads more by force of tradition and the emigre from Singapore who wastes ten precious years of his life yearning for an ideal which he believed would be real when achieved—all these play their parts before an emotional backdrop which does not distract the reader. The author knows where to stop in order to lend permanency of impression. He refuses to play to the gallery when he checks the wandering impulses of the priest's wife and the vicarious anticipation of the readers with the appearance of the unsuspecting and tired husband. Like Pottai, but in a different way, the priest's own handicapped faculty saves him and his

wife. The appreciation of beauty on the part of the vidwan who goes to the Thyagaraja Festival is shown up for its sensual basis when the woman bristles at the outrageous comparison. The sincerity of the returning native from Singapore is well rewarded by the ex-beauty queen who hands back his hard-earned money.

A technique in which the author has achieved a good measure of success is his placing in juxtaposition contrasting characters and watch the development in reaction to one another. The stories of the firewood merchant whose success in public life leads to chairmanship, the elder of the village who refuses to die to suit the convenience of the inhabitants and the episodes in the life of the banker who acquires property are all told through the reactions of other characters whose fullness of life is pleasant to watch. The other two stories, one dealing with the pranks of the urchins of the village and the other with the poor girl who travels far away in search of a livelihood are studies in child behaviour and are told with delicacy.

The selection is representative of Janakiraman's attainments in the field of the short story.

NEW YEAR SONG

I REMEMBER: it was December

when dew-drops danced on mango leaves like the spotted tail of a playful cat,

and the-meadow-mice-minutes nibbled at night's beguiled bait.

A dream at soul's crossroads trespassing on wake's domain,
came December to offer a farewell gift—
token of short-lived friendship.

Eyelids heavily laden with sleep-bird's unhatched eggs,
I struggled. On doorstep stood Mister Time don in black
waving eviction-warrant.

Half-asleep I whispered: "Hello, leave your teardrops
bottled and labelled: *Once A Lady Lived Here*;
for the present that'll do."

When the new tenant enters this apartment jubilant
I will sing this welcome song:

*Smile awhile, smile awhile, darling girl,
hearing her own tetrful tale.*

M. GOVINDAN

... OVER A. I. R."

By M. KRISHNAN

"THERE is nothing that the popular newspapers enjoy more than a crack at the B. B. C. Teams of listeners . . . wait patiently for something on which to pounce. It may be a nervous announcer, a mildly rude word in one of the never-ending quiz games, a fade-out during an exciting moment in a football commentary. Next morning another glaring case of B. B. C. inefficiency or lack of taste is pilloried all over the front pages."

This excerpt, from a recent article by the London Correspondent of *The Statesman*, deserves to be considered by everyone doing any sort of review or criticism of broadcasts. Admittedly A. I. R. is not the B. B. C. and SWATANTRA is not a "popular newspaper," but it is the very pettiness of such distinctions, this pouncing down upon little things, that the London Correspondent objects to. I hope I have not been carping in anything so far, but must confess that I had meant to point out, very early in this review, that on the third day of the recent Anglo-Australian Test, the 9 o'clock news gave England's lead as 140 runs when it was, in fact, only 130. I withdraw the intention, unconditionally. In future I shall emulate the Law. *De Minimis non curat lex*.

Having made this quite clear, let me give you another excerpt, this time from A. E. R. Gilligan's review of the aforesaid Sydney Test, which, hereinafter, shall be termed 'the Test' (you can't emulate, you know, without being somewhat like what you emulate.) Gilligan titles his review 'The Game of the Century' and begins with this sentence:

"England won the most sensational, exciting Test match I have ever seen in over 30 years."

What made such a seasoned cricketer and cricket-writer go in for two redundancies in his first sentence was nothing but the game itself. As Gilligan points out immediately

afterwards, "The whole match gave spectators and players alike thrilling moments, giving a tremendous uplift to cricket everywhere in the world, because there was never a dull moment in the whole five days of play." Every sports writer and commentator all over the world, excepting the A. I. R. news, acclaimed the Test.

Thousands of listeners in India sat through those five mornings with their ears glued to their receiving sets, listening to the relay over the commercial service of Radio Ceylon, sponsored by the makers of a hair-dressing, of the ball-by-ball commentary from Sydney—even listeners, like me, who have no longer any use for hairdressings. And as the Test progressed, the commentary grew more and more interesting, not only with the mounting excitement of the game but also with the sharp wit of the commentators who realised that this was the Game of the Century. One remark, in particular, I shall always remember, for it conveyed the situation more graphically than words usually can. Tyson was bowling to Burke in the Australian second innings shortly before the close of the day's play; a wicket then would have meant much, and it was obvious that the batsman, who could make little of the sheer pace of the ball, had still the will to resist it somehow. And this was how the commentator summed up things:

"Tyson to Burke, I almost said 'Bison to Turk . . .'"

A. I. R. missed all of that, and was very laconic over the scores. The loss, undoubtedly, was All India Radio's.

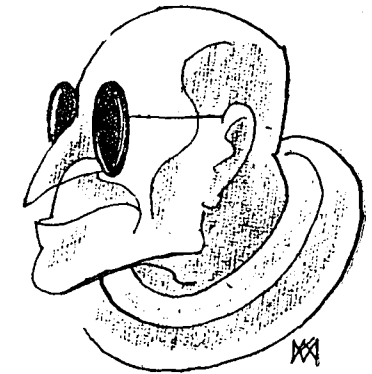
About this time of the year I always find it easy to appreciate A. I. R., even to feel sincerely grateful to it, for thanks to its relays from concerts in the city I can listen to the best classical music in the comfort and economy of my cottage.

"Music has charms to soothe a savage breast."

IT is not often that one differs strongly from a critic while agreeing with his findings, but that was how I felt on the night of December 23, after listening to J. Thangavel's talk from Madras on 'Recent developments in Tamil.' I agree with Mr. Thangavel that modern Tamil is dominated by the figure of Subramanya Bharathi (whose contributions to the new literary medium, prose, he hardly mentioned), and that today we have not too many talented writers—rather, not many that are known, for with the profusion of magazines and writers that exists now, no one who is such an occasional reader of contemporary prose as I can say there is no unrecognised talent. I quite agree with him that 'Kalki' helped to popularise the new prose, but I am afraid that when he said 'Kalki' "bridged the gulf between spoken and written Tamil overnight," he said that without thinking of long-dead verse-writers like Villippan, or even the prose of men like Bharathi and Madhaviah. That may be, to some extent, a question of opinion, but I differ emphatically from Mr. Thangavel's opinion that our short story writers today owe their inspiration and form to the Western short story (as if there is any such thing!), and I was surprised by his omission of K. V. Jagannathan from his list of leading contemporary story writers. Mr. Jagannathan, a singularly versatile writer, has a style that is flexible but which is always truly Tamil, and has both undoubted verve and craftsmanship. Nor could I think, with Mr. Thangavel, that *Panchalisapatham* was Bharathi's masterpiece.

However, his talk was marked by sincerity and courage, for the tendency to form cliques and mutual admiration societies (strictly limited!) has developed unfortunately among Tamil writers in recent years. It was time that someone said that the style popularised by our leading magazines had no pretensions to

literary merit or craftsmanship, and that there was much too much complacency among writers today. Mr. Thangavel said these things.



C. R.'s recorded talk on 'The origin of the short story' (Madras, December 26) had strength and charm. He posed the question, 'Who made the first story in the world?' and answered it by saying that it was the dream of a child—the child being antecedent to its parents on the basis that "the child is father of the man", and no less given to dreaming. C. R. said he did not know if others had remarked upon the likeness between dreams and stories, but that long before there was any written literature, even before there was any oral literature, there were dreams, impressions of experience and perception and hearsay (it is well known that the human mind cannot think except in terms of the known) strung together "in a tiny bit of time", which had "for the time being, complete reality and flawless coherence."

Yes, others have said it before. It has been said of certain subjective and imaginative writers (like Ambrose Bierce) that their stories have a powerful, dream-like quality. But it has always been recognised that there is a difference. All literature (including the ancient short story) is written with words. And words are slow, they have nothing like the instant and comprehensive communication of dreams. Furthermore, though there is faultless coherence in it, a dream makes no sense very

often—if I may be permitted three hackneyed words, dreams are made of 'atmosphere' and 'detail' rather than of 'plots'; they are free from the tyranny of sterile logic and morality. Realising this, surrealists (both painters and poets) have never tried to explain their communication; story writers, unluckily, have often to contrive an explicit plot.

Especially are the folk-tales that C. R. mentioned very tight in their structure, delightfully pointed in their humour. In illustration of his thesis, C. R. told us an old tale, and I must say he told it well. It was the story of blame for a capital offence being passed on by delegation till finally it was assigned to a sadhu who was under the vow of silence, who could not talk himself out of it. " 'Silence is acceptance', said the King. 'Take him away and chop off his head.' In those days justice was not delayed."

I have quoted (correctly, I hope) C. R.'s own ending, to show what a

fine sense of irony and form he has. He said he knew many such stories, heard at bedtime in his childhood, but would not write them because he had forgotten bits here and there and felt it was wrong to interpolate, especially in the telling of folk-tales. As one who has sometimes tried to collect the tales of the countryside, may I assure C. R. that it is rarely that one hears a story without interpolations, for oral traditions are always subject to changes, as the brothers Grimm realised when they set out to collect the fairy tales of their native countryside? We have not many today who have heard these old tales as long ago (and therefore as purely) as C. R. has, and none that is better at the difficult art of telling a story with a true appreciation of its point. There is no more worthy or patriotic cause that one can take up in the evening of one's maturity than to record these old tales for posterity, with such interfillings as are inevitable.

FILMS

By V. P. SATHE

THERE was scarcity of raw film again for the last few weeks. This scarcity was caused by the delay in supplies owing to the clock workers' strike in England. This delay mainly affected supplies of Kodak, the chief and most sought after importers of raw stock.

Naturally, the shortage of raw stock in all the principal centres of production in India upset the shooting schedule and once again emphasizes the need of manufacturing raw film in India itself. It is a great tragedy that though India produces more films than most of the other nations barring U. S. A. and Japan, it is solely dependent on 'imports' for all its equipments and even for raw film.

Before World War II, the problem was never realized as both Agfa and Kodak could supply the raw film in abundance at a very, very cheap cost. It was during the war that the scarcity was first felt and the supply was rationed. Yet during the war the controlled price was not so high as it is today. For the money spent on raw stock-negative sound and positive prints today a producer could make the entire picture in pre-war days.

Now the raw stock is mostly supplied by Kodak with Du Pont and Geavert as other competitors. Now there is a possibility of Japanese raw film also being imported in India. Mr. OHARA of Fuji Films of Japan has come to India to study the Indian market for 'selling' the raw stock.

Meanwhile, there is hardly any development regarding the proposed manufacturing plant in Mysore. After the initial announcement by the Government of Mysore and India, there has been no activity on this front. If no interest is taken by the

Government, perhaps this plant for manufacturing raw film will just remain a scheme that will not be fulfilled.

If the Indian film industry is to progress on correct lines, it is very necessary that the Indian film industry should become self-sufficient in every aspect.

Picture of the week

Acharya Atre has done it again; and though one cannot predict whether like *Shyamchi Aai*, his new offering *Mahatma Phule* will win the President's Award, there is no doubt that this picture is the most significant contribution to the Indian screen.

Biographies on the screen are still a rarity in India; and seldom has an effort been made to bring to the screen the stories of great men of the last century. Only in Bengal the biographies of Vidyasagar and Swami Vivekananda have been filmed. In Maharashtra, *Mahatma Phule* is perhaps the first biography of its kind.

After the advent of British rule, there was a new political and social upsurge in Maharashtra and such great leaders and literateurs as Mr. Chiplunkar, Agarkar, Ranade, Tilak and Gokhale dominated the public life not only of Maharashtra but almost all India. Jyotiba Phule belongs to the same era; but as his activities were confined to the social sphere, he was not perhaps as widely known as his other compatriots.

The film begins with young and educated Jyotiba's bitter experiences of casteism. As a result he decides that social equity and freedom are more important than political freedom. At this stage he meets Christian priests, and the teachings of Christ have a deep influence on him. But he does not become Christian. Like Gandhiji, he respects the Bible as well as the Quran.

Indeed, there is so much similarity between Jyotiba and Gandhiji. Jyotiba fought for untouchables; he started a school for them—the first

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school for untouchables probably in the history of India. He started a school for girls and fought for the emancipation of women. Jyotiba stayed amongst Harijans and just as Gandhiji went in loin cloth to attend the Round Table Conference, Jyotiba went in loin cloth to meet the Duke of Cannought to impress upon him the poverty of the people.

Most of the drama arises out of conflict with orthodoxy represented naturally by Brahmins; but the picture is not anti-Brahmin, though unfortunately it is on record that Jyotiba Phule's followers later became rabidly anti-Brahmin. Moreover Atre has developed this conflict emotionally rather than through any dry discussions. The scene in which Jyotiba's wife on her way to teach in a girl's school is persecuted by orthodox Brahmins and non-Brahmins is a classic illustration of Atre's human and emotional approach. Even in the climax when the title of Mahatma is conferred upon him

when Jyotiba Phule is accused of being pro-British, and anti-Brahmin, his defence is couched not in abstract arguments but in relation of incidents. Rightly, education has been made the theme of the picture; for Jyotiba Phule believed that only through education, the backward classes and women would be emancipated and so he led even a peasants march to the Congress session and asked Sir Phirozeshah Mehta and the other Congress leaders whether the poor peasants had any place in their conception of free India.

The dream of Mahatma Phule as expressed in his own words was of a family in which a Buddhist mother, Christian father, a Muslim daughter and a Hindu son could live happily together. Is this not the dream even today of our secular State?

Acharya Atre has done a distinct service by bringing to the screen the inspiring biography of Jyotiba Phule in so dramatic and ennobling a



Srimathi Sundari in United Film Arts' 'Valliyin Selvan'

manner. Many of us who are not aware of his life and work and who have not cared to study them because of caste prejudices will find this film a welcome revelation. Atre has been able to capture the atmosphere of the era which he depicts. There is no false note in the film: though at places it becomes stagey thanks mainly to the performance of Bapurao Mane as younger Phule. His voice is shrill and his diction is too artificial and stagey. It is only when Baburao Pendharkar replaces him that Phule comes to real life. Acharya Atre himself is rather stagey in his performance; but others, especially Sulochana, Damuanna Joshi, Amar Shaikh who sings two ballads give a good account of themselves. Incidentally the two or three songs by Jyotiba Phule also appear rather jarring and artificial. The music itself is nothing to rave about.

Directorially *Mahatma Phule* marks an improvement over Atre's previous efforts; even the production, though it suffers from the usual economic limitations of the Marathi market, is more lavish than expected. It is however the authenticity and sincerity that contribute to make *Mahatma Phule* a remarkable picture; and it is essentially a triumph for Atre the screenplay writer.

Personality of the week

Surprisingly enough the news of the untimely death of James Hilton at the age of 54 did not receive much prominence in the press, though both as a literateur and film-writer he enjoyed a front-rank position. If for nothing else, he will be always remembered for his creation of that memorable character Mr. Chips, the school-teacher, immortalized on the screen by Robert Donat.

Both the books "To You, Mr. Chips" and "Good Bye Mr. Chips" were truly great. Apart from Mr. Chips, James Hilton will be remembered for his wonderful fantasy "Lost Horizon" in

which he interpreted Indian philosophy to the West. Thanks to him, today Shangrila has become synonymous as an abode of peace and happiness.

The Indian film producers will remember him, however, mainly as the author of "Random Harvest." For, "Random Harvest" has been the source of inspiration of at least two dozen screen stories with the common twist of loss of memory and it paid great dividends.

Indeed, James Hilton was perhaps the only front-rank British author who made good in Hollywood. Others like Aldous Huxley and Christopher Isherwood stayed in Hollywood not to write any films but spread the cult of Geeta and write satires on Hollywood. James Hilton's novels—"Good Bye, Mr. Chips," "We Are Not Alone," "Lost Horizon," "Random Harvest"—proved quite a sensation on the screen.

But of late, he too had stopped writing for films and was content with writing such engrossing novels as "So Well Remembered." His death has removed one of the expert story tellers.

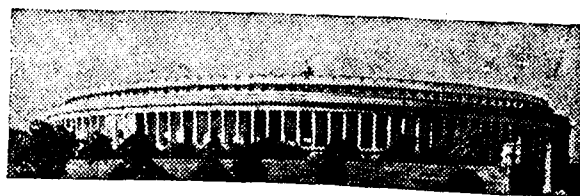
News of the week

Kamal Amrohi has completed the preliminary work for starting the shooting of his historical film "The Last Moghul," based on the life of Bahadur Shah. Meena Kumari and Ajit will play the lead. C. Ramchandra will give the music.

Confirming the report that she has agreed to work in Mehboob's "Mother India," Nargis revealed that it is not true that Dilip Kumar will play the role of her son. That role will be allotted to some other youngster.

Dev Anand and Shyama are likely to be starred in Gemini's next Hindi picture *Insaniyat*. This picture is scheduled to be completed in two months and released all over India in March 1955.

NEW DELHI DIARY



By V. V. PRASAD

PARLIAMENT just had one of its tamest sessions. If there was no motion of no-confidence against Speaker Mavalankar, it would have been tamer still. I am afraid the motion of no-confidence was not taken in good part by the Treasury Benches. The Prime Minister went off at a tangent by hurling abuse at the Opposition, simply because they thought fit to bring in a vote of censure against the Speaker. One rule must be observed in the parliamentary game. It must be assumed that each Member of Parliament is equally entitled to give expression to his thoughts without his *bona fides* being questioned. Simply because somebody brings in a vote of no-confidence either against a Speaker or against a Government, he does not become an enemy of the country. By seeking to secure discussion on such a motion, the member concerned is merely trying to put before the public a certain point of view. This is a fundamental right of democracy. It should not be throttled. The Prime Minister very often seems to forget this.

It is dangerous to comment on the conduct of the Speaker of the Indian Parliament, because our Speaker is the most sensitive Speaker in the world. We can comment on the judgment of a High Court or the Supreme Court after the judgment is delivered; but we cannot comment on a no-confidence motion against a Speaker, even after the motion is either passed or rejected. From the strictly constitutional point of view, it is worth arguing whether a Member of Parliament can be denied the right of free speech by the order of a Speaker, when it has been guaranteed by the Indian Constitution itself. There is a difference between

our Speakers in India and other Speakers elsewhere. Our Speakers seem to take their name too literally. But the Speaker is expected to speak very rarely. In other countries, the Speaker is there merely to intervene under very exceptional circumstances.

What the country needs is more Chief Ministers like Dr. Sampurnanand. Pandit Pant was a typical U. P. man. The so-called cultured people of U. P. suffer from *takalloof*, which is the Urdu word for old-world courtesy. Once you take a man as a Minister, you are not supposed to remove him under any circumstances. In North India, Dr. Sampurnanand was the first to drop a man from his Cabinet for other than personal reasons. Mohanlal Gautam is too well known in Indian politics as undesirable. But Pandit Pant kept him on because Gautam was a hot favourite of Purushottamdas Tandon. Tandonji had proved his unfitness to hold office as Congress President by taking Gautam as his General Secretary.

Gautam had the audacity to openly advocate in his weekly, *The People*, that only collective leadership of the three groups within the Congress Party—those of C. B. Gupta, Charan Singh and Mohanlal Gautam—would ensure the smooth running of the administration in U. P. What a fall for *The People*! Founded by Lala Lajpat Rai, and edited with distinction by Feroz Chand, *The People* has now fallen on evil days. Gautamji did not even have the sense of duty to clear the arrears of journalists to whom *The People* owed a lot of money—one of whom is the present writer to whom six to seven thousand

rupees are due! If people like Gautam are weeded out from the Congress Party—both at the Centre and in the States—the Congress has yet got a future in this country. But it is too much to hope for more than one Sampurnanand in the country from among Congressmen. Sampurnanand has started well. He has caught the imagination of the people by this bold step of sacking Gautam. Let us hope he will follow up by other acts of equal courage.

The unconscious humour-writer of the *Hindustan Times*, who pretends that Pandit Nehru's thought-processes are as crude as his own, always has some original theory or other. His cock-sureness is the envy of many an official of the External Affairs Ministry. At the same time, this perpetrator of Irish bulls has a good sense of news. He says: "Communists and communalists continue to provide a headache to the Nehru Government. In its fight against Communists, the Congress has for the first time been put on the defensive. Instead of the Opposition parties in Andhra forming a united front, the Congress has been driven to form one." This is the truth, well-spoken. But the comment, which is free, goes thus: "Of course, in a sense, it is a device to bring ex-Congressmen back to the fold. It appears that the P. S. P. also wanted to ride the 'united' bus. But its high power emissary contacted the High Command too late. However, sufficient latitude has been given to the leaders of the United Congress Front to accommodate the P.S.P. up to a dozen seats, should the Party wish to join hands with the Front." The truth is that in Sri P. V. G. Raju, Andhra has a politician who cannot be easily extinguished. Sri Raju has a burning sense of social justice, and will not let himself be made a tool of the Congress Party.

The Cultural Delegation from Soviet Russia, headed by the great Russian biologist Tsitsin, has just left for Moscow after three weeks' stay in India as the guests of the

Indo-Soviet Cultural Society. Tsitsin's name is a house-hold word in Soviet Russia. Dr. Lakshmana Rao, the biologist-member of the Indian Cultural Delegation which returned recently from Soviet Russia, told the Conference of the ISCUS that he had heard the name of Tsitsin for the first time in Soviet Russia when he first visited that country in 1937. It was not at any learned discussion that he came across the name, but from school-children who knew about the significance of Tsitsin's work.

The ISCUS has grown into one of the most influential organisations in the country under the able guidance of its President, the eminent surgeon of Bombay, Dr. A. V. Baliga. Dr. Baliga is one of the foremost non-political figures in India today. His interest in Soviet Russia and friendship for the Soviet people springs entirely from his knowledge of what the Soviet Government and the Soviet peoples have done in the field of medicine and health. It is because the Soviet Government has made good health available to the entire people of Soviet Russia without making them pay exorbitant medical charges that Dr. Baliga has developed his love for the Soviet Union.

It is often forgotten that Pandit Nehru's foreign policy owes its success at least to some extent to the non-official backing it has from the people of our country. The ISCUS and the ICFA (Indo-China Friendship Association) are two of the organisations that have helped in this manner. If Pandit Nehru's other ideas do not find ready acceptance in the country, it is because no effort has been made by him to organise public opinion. It must be said, in fairness to Pandit Nehru, that he is not in any way responsible for the organisation of either the ISCUS or the ICFA. These organisations are there by the efforts of less spectacular friends of the people of China and Russia.

Sambhu Mitra is one of the greatest actors and directors in the world today. His wife, Tripti Mitra, is

another actor of world-class. It was rather out of place for them, therefore, to appear as participants in the National Drama Festival, which was a complete fiasco. Sambhu Mitra's is a non-professional group, and is known by the name of "Bohuroopi". (He spells it "Bohurupee," but I think it is bad spelling). Sambhu Mitra superbly presented two plays, Rabindranath's "Rakta Karabi" (Red Oleanders) and somebody else's "Chenra Thaara" (Broken String). Tagore himself did not produce his "Rakta Karabi", because the play depended on the character of Nandini, "who is as soft as a petal and as hard as steel". Tagore did not find in Shantiniketan in a particular year any girl who answered this description. Sambhu Mitra found her now. The play is a powerful attack against the feudalistic and capitalistic system, and is a plea for overthrowing the existing order. The Bengal Government of Dr. B. C. Roy thought that Tagore had anticipated the B. C. Roy Gov-

ernment and attacked it. They therefore banned the play. Tagore similarly points out that his idea of "Red Oleanders" has been anticipated (and even stolen from the womb of eternity) by Valmiki. Tagore constantly harps on the theme of the supremacy of Man over Nature, and points out that the fire at the end of the tail of a mere monkey could set fire to the golden palaces of Lankapuri. That was because of the revolution caused in the mind of Ravana by the presence of the symbol of humanity, Sita. Nandini is cast in the mould of Sita, and is enacted with the utmost skill by Tripti Mitra. It is one of the most difficult plays that we know of. Sambhu Mitra as the King who does not appear on the stage until the very end, was only heard and not seen—but Sambhu filled the stage with the personality of the King. The sets, the voices, the direction, the acting—they were all incredibly well done. To see the play was a great experience.

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ON THE COVER:

Srimathi Ambujammal, chairman of the Reception Committee of the ensuing session of the Congress at Avadi

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ILLUSORY FRATERNITY

THE conference of the Prime Ministers of the Colombo powers that met at Bogor last week concluded with a resolve to sponsor an Afro-Asian conference at Bandung in Indonesia in the last week of April this year. Twenty-five nations are to be invited to the projected conference. With the five sponsoring powers they will constitute a meeting of thirty countries representing nearly 1250 million people, more than half the world's population. The conference, it is claimed, will be the largest of its kind ever held in Asia. Notwithstanding the impressive size of the conference as envisaged in the plans announced at Bogor, there does not seem to be much prospect of any concerted action of a harmonious or effective sort emerging out of its deliberations for the promotion of the common interests of the people represented in it. To begin with, the determination of the nations to be invited was itself a matter of controversy. Some of the Colombo powers did not wish to see China included. Some others, headed by Pandit Nehru, urged that if China were excluded, many more powers might be unwilling to attend. Pandit Nehru won this issue of including China, but he failed in persuading his colleagues to include Israel in the list of invitees. There were, of course, other omissions like Formosa, North and South Korea and South Africa, but in the case of every one of them a plausible justification could be adduced. It could be urged against Formosa that it is not an indepen-

dent State but a puppet Government created by the U. S. A. Likewise North and South Korea could be dismissed as countries depending too largely on outside assistance to be reckoned as sovereign States for the purpose of evolving independent policies. The same objection could also be levelled against North and South Vietnam, but for some unspecified reason the objection was waived and these two countries are to be invited. The most singular feature of the plan for the April conference is the omission of Israel.

Israel is an independent country that has made a grand success of democracy. Economic development in Israel has proceeded with astonishing swiftness. There is no moral ground worth notice that can justify the elimination of Israel from any conference purporting to represent the people of Asia. Israel is as much part of Asia as India, and Israel is as much entitled to be included in the Afro-Asian conference at Bandung as India or any of its other sponsors. Yet Israel has been shut out for the sole reason that the Pakistan Prime Minister wanted her to be shut out, and he pressed for her exclusion saying that, otherwise, every Arab country would boycott the conference. It is quite unlike Nehru to yield to a contention of this inglorious calibre, and we have no doubt that the exclusion of Israel will rob the proposed conference of moral stature and reduce its effectiveness for achieving its main objective, which obviously is the tackling of the

menacing racial issue that has assumed aggressive proportions in South Africa.

In South Africa the Government are guilty of excluding the coloured people from fraternal treatment. They attribute their policy to the wishes of the white community in the Union. The sponsors of the Afro-Asian conference are also guilty of excluding Israel from fraternal treatment. This policy is based on the wishes of the Arab States. Tarred with an initial injustice themselves, the Afro-Asians do not seem to be suitably equipped for putting down injustice in other quarters. It is perhaps wise to realise that no political or moral sources of strength can be gathered by the regional integration of contiguous areas mechanically for supposed common ends. Con-

cepts like justice and fairplay are of cosmic significance and concern for them does not admit of being compartmentalised among arbitrarily drawn sectors of the humankind. Colonialism and racialism are evils that affect Europe and America no less than they do Asia and Africa, and they call for the resources of strength and resistance that lovers of liberty can muster against them from any part of the world, irrespective of colour and continent. The attempt of the powers of Europe to deal with international issues in regional gatherings has caused tension in Asia and Africa, and the same process will be repeated if Asia and Africa were to imitate their methods and techniques. It is an illusory fraternity that regional contiguity can confer on nations.

Sotto Voce

★

HINDI-CHINI-BAA-BAA!



I WENT to see New China's cultural ambassadors at Annamalai Hall. The scene and the setting were magnificent. Official Madras was there in full force to do the honours, with our voluble and gregarious Governor at its head. The big and well-appointed Hall was full, so disconcertingly full in fact that for all my donor's ticket I found myself uncomfortably wedged in the seventh or eighth row, about a third of the way down the Hall. My cataract-bedimmed eyes saw the platform bathed in a haze. That may have partly contributed to the mental fog which I propose faithfully to report.

The vulgarians of our stage enjoy themselves sousing the panting artiste on the platform with copious drafts of coloured light, as if they were playing the water hose on unruly crowds. At the Annamalai Hall it was the audience that had to stand this visual assault. A battery of blinding lights deployed from the wings for the benefit of the photographers "shooting" the Chinese made my poor eyes ache. But there was merciful distraction in the profusion of rose garlands—each as thick and long as Vasuki girdling the Mandara mountain—which a bevy of fair women heaped on the visitors, from H. E. the Deputy Minister to

the last clown, making them stagger under the fragrant load.

Once the preliminary congees and genuflections, which seem inescapable where Excellencies are concerned, were over, the visiting artistes made the most of every minute of the two and a half hours they gave us. But for those who had hoped to surrender themselves to the exotic, there was a lion in the path. The rather brash "Hindi-Chini-Bhai-Bhai", which came by way of curtain-raiser, set my teeth on edge. The Chinese did their conscientious best with a lesson learnt by rote. But the metallic march of the tune and the mechanical pumping of arms reminded me of the long-forgotten torture of action songs at school.

The Lotus-Flower Dance that followed helped to take the bad taste out of the mouth. It was the best of the evening's entertainment. The young women draped in green skirts billowing upward at the edges like the leaves of the lotus, the artificial flowers that bloomed at the four corners of each moving stalk, the effortless ease with which the dancer flowed rather than glided in sinuous but not too obvious patterns, the small cramped feet, which you just glimpsed, moving in such swift progression that each movement was like the individual note of a musical chord—it was a masterpiece of rhythmic poise, of rest in motion. It was the *visraanti* which accompanies the *rasa sraava*.

To me the rest was anti-climax. The music, judging from the tenor solos, and the so-called bells and cymbals, had a pleasant tinkling quality—I recalled that classical Chinese music adopted the pentatonic scale—and the voice of the male singer had purity and charm. But the piano accompaniment, the high falsetto in which the girl singer in the "folk song solos" took the top register and the organisation of the orchestra all suggested the pervasive and anything but wholesome influence of Western music. The instru-

ments recalled some of our own ancient *vadyas*, particularly those which resembled the lyre, the *ek-tara*, the *sarangi* and the *tambura*-like thing with the gourd attachment.

"Picking tea-leaves and chasing the butter-fly" and "Red Silk Dance" were a feast to the eye. The strength of the Chinese aesthetic, it seems to me, lies in their colour sense and their feeling for pattern. Seeing these dances I could understand why her great painters are even more the authentic exponents of her genius than the makers of the Ming vases. They have a wistful eye for the shimmering beauty of Nature, a serenity that comes from living wholly in the enjoyment of the fleeting moment. But why, oh why, are they seeking to ruin this superb if limited art by weighting the feet of the Angel of Grace with the lead of ideology?

The Peking Opera is apparently an acquired taste. It was frankly antipathetic to me. I have a suspicion that the mechanical applause with which the two or three specimens of it were greeted was the result of partisan fervour rather than of discerning enjoyment. I, of course, relished the clowning, the deft play with sword and stick, the orderly movement of mimic battles, and the naturalism of the monkey-tricks. But "social realism"? The current shibboleths trotted out in the programme in indifferent English seemed strangely out of place. And such art as there was here belonged clearly to the circus rink. Happening to see a day or two later a Balasaraswathi dance-recital—that last word in civilised communion, it struck me that 'Hindi' and 'Chini' may be Bhai-Bhai as much as they please, but they live in wholly different worlds artistically speaking. And "the twain shall never meet," unless Indian art goes the way Chinese seems to be unhappily going, and gets submerged in a non-descript Eurasianism.

VIGNESWARA

SIDELIGHTS ::

I UNDERSTAND that the Government of India have almost decided to wind up the branch office of the Epigraphy Department now stationed in Fort St. George, Madras and amalgamate in with the main office at Ootacamund. A G. O. to this effect is apparently to be issued shortly. Scholars and researchers in the field of epigraphy will be gravely inconvenienced if the proposed transfer takes place. The Government of Madras should act swiftly to avert it.

South Indian history draws life and sustenance from epigraphy alone, which is the sole source of information as far as the South is concerned. In recent years, discoveries of new inscriptions and arduous researches on them by eminent scholars have led to the reconstruction of great periods of South Indian history like the Pallava and the Chola periods. It is of the utmost importance that increasing attention should be paid to this branch of activity by the Archaeological Department of the Government of India, but unfortunately the heads of the Department revealed a consistent incapacity to rise to the occasion. It was the Government of Madras that were the first to realise the value of epigraphy for the purpose of historical research. Prior to that, private bodies and scholars interested in South Indian history, used to collect inscriptions from all over the countryside by their own unaided efforts in a haphazard way, but the Government of Madras, recognising the need for some organised agency to help the scholars, deputed Mr. Robert Sewell, I.C.S. to study the subject in detail and submit proposals for the organization of a department. As a result of all this, the Epigraphy Department came into existence under the Government of Madras. It engaged itself in collecting inscriptions and editing them but the work was done on a small scale. Later, after the creation by the Government of India of the Archaeo-

logical Department, it was felt that if the Epigraphy Department was also brought under it, it would be complete in itself and the two were merged under a single direction. Thus the Epigraphy Department of the Madras Government was transferred to the Central Government and Mr. Hultzsch became the first Superintendent of the Epigraphy Department under the Government of India. He trained R. Vengaiya and H. Krishna Sastri who succeeded him afterwards and did some real constructive work by way of bringing to light new inscriptions and organising the department on a large scale with superintendents at the head of various branches. Subsequently, however, the Department came under persons who were mostly from North India. As they were quite unacquainted with the South, naturally the activities of the Department in the South slowly began to slacken. After the regimes of K. V. Subramania Sastri and C. R. K. Charlu there was no progress at all in South Indian Epigraphy. For the benefit of research scholars in history in Madras, a branch of the Epigraphy Department was set up in Madras even before the war in charge of a superintendent, and though it could not progress much in original research, it proved exceedingly useful to research scholars as a place where they could consult the reports and study relevant valuable material. It is this branch that is now sought to be wound up and transferred to Ootacamund where the main office is functioning.

This decision of the Government of India is very hasty and regrettable. Madras is the centre of research activities for every branch of knowledge. It is the seat of the university. All the great libraries are situated in Madras. It is but proper that there should be a branch of the Epigraphy Department also in Madras for the benefit of scholars interested in historical research. By removing

it to a distant place like Ootacamund the scholars most likely to utilise its facilities will be caused great inconvenience whereas very few others will be benefitted. The Epigraphy Department is not the concern of the Government only. It is not solely a branch of a department of the Government of India. Just like the public libraries and museums it is intended primarily for the benefit of those who are interested and engaged in study and research. The reported decision of the Central Government to transfer it from Madras will mean a great impediment to research work in this field by scholars and students of South Indian history. The authorities concerned should revise their hasty decision and let the branch of the department continue in Madras. In fact the Government must take early steps to see that the Madras branch is provided with sufficient staff and is more adequately equipped with all necessary materials so that it may prove a real research centre like the Oriental Manuscripts Library.

*

For forty years Sri Vakati Veera Raghava Reddi has lived inconspicuously in a humble dwelling in Akbar Saheb Street, Triplicane. He was a tireless and indefatigable caretaker of the sick. His working day began at dawn and till nightfall he was on his legs looking after patients, taking them to doctors or getting them admitted in hospitals. There was scarcely a doctor in the city whom he did not know. Experience and intuition taught him which doctor to consult for the ailment or patient on hand, and he tendered his expert counsel purely in a humanitarian spirit. He delighted in rendering succour and relief to the afflicted in distress, and the sick flocked to him from far and wide, confident of cordial greeting and efficient ministrations. Over the years he amassed an enormous intangible influence that awaited the appropriate opportunity to manifest itself. The opportunity came at last after so many years. The plight of the relatives of patients hard put to it to find proper accommodation at a cost not too burdensome for their means, was a

cause of continual distress and concern to Sri Veera Reddi and he dreamed of a resting house that would supply the need. His grateful beneficiaries have now contributed the funds and set up a *dharmasala* named in his honour as a lasting memorial to his kindly services. The inauguration on Tuesday was memorable in some ways. It exemplified *sampat dan*, the rich providing amenities out of their wealth for the comfort of the poor, in a manner that might well delight Vinoba Bhawe. It was also remarkable for the obliteration of exclusive linguistic partialities—the principal participants at the opening of this institution by Telugus were the intensely Tamil-spirited leaders Sri Kamaraj Nadar and the Raja of Chettinad. When we have a social worker of the stamp of Sri Veera Reddi it is clear people do not think of themselves as Telugus or Tamils, they are just fellow human beings.

*

The most dominant figure in the organising of the arrangements for the Avadi Congress is Sri Ramnath Goenka as everybody has come to know only too well. Sri Goenka is one of the acutest businessmen in the country today, and his reputation as such is equal to his capacity. He does not spend a pie except as investment for expected profit. As he has been spending lavishly over Congress arrangements, there has naturally been wild speculation over the prospective worth of the harvest to be reaped out of them. I have rarely gone in a bus without the weirdest surmises going round from mouth to mouth. Many have wondered whether he would become chairman of the reception committee; and what account he would turn it to. As somehow common people do not relish the idea of the Congress being converted into a milchcow for millionaire feeding, there has been much public relief over the selection of Srimati Ambujammal for the reception chairmanship. We have in her the pure gold of unalloyed social service unostentatiously rendered. She richly deserves the honour for which she has been chosen.

THE COMMUNIST PARTY OF INDIA

A Plea for a New Outlook

IN the life of every individual there is at least one moment, which if taken in proper stride, leads him on to greater destinies. Some men miss it, some utilize it. Introspective individuals later on muse: "That was my opportunity!" But the moment has been swallowed up by Time. This phenomenon is true not only of you and me but also of political parties and nations. Such a moment has come for the Communist Party of India.

If they have the courage and wisdom to change their present policy, they can achieve the following results: help in the reconstruction of India, strengthen the hands of the Prime Minister in his policy of peace, set up an example to the opposing nations of the world by establishing an inter-party co-existence inside one nation, and finally from that restricted co-existence to the greatest achievement of all, a peaceful merger of the form and content of both, evolving a new system which will stop the exploitation of man by man, but without the heavy price of single list elections and omnipotent control from a single authority.

To men who swear by the "Handbook of Marxism" or Lenin's "State and Revolution" all this might look an idle dream, petit bourgeois sentimentalism. But there is an unknown quantity in this world which defies dialectical materialism, all the neatly drawn conclusions of classics—the human mind. The human mind can always create new philosophies and new working propositions making obsolete all books written by old prophets.

Now let me relate one example where one human mind rose above dialectical materialism and the inexorable Marxist—Leninist deductions. A few years ago, there were three institutions holding the stage in Kerala. One of course was the Communist Party. The other two were individuals who by the tremendous influence they wielded at that

time were institutions in themselves: Sanjayan, the great humourist and philosopher and Changampuzha, the immortal lyrical bard. All the three were lashing at each other. Sanjayan with his inimitable wit was carrying on week after week in his journal a raging and tearing campaign against the Communists for what he called their un-Indian philosophy, unethical values and above all their stand on violence as a method for gaining political ends. The two together were attacking Changampuzha, the young poet-enchancer who kept the people of Kerala spell-bound by his peerless lyrical poems on love and all its nuances on decadence, pessimism, masochism and scores of other sins. At that time this writer was mentally somewhere between a fellow-traveler and a whole-hogger. But he loved and respected all the three—the Communists for their undoubted sincerity and spirit of sacrifice, Sanjayan for his lofty patriotism and the exalted manner in which he was using his weapon of humour against all anti-social elements of the day, and Changampuzha for his magic verses that played the ninth symphony on one's heart-strings. How was it possible for a man who believed in all the theoretical principles of Communism to achieve this mental poise, this lack of rancour? For the simple reason that his Communism was based on the solid bedrock of love, based on the foundations laid by Mahatma Gandhi, based on the sub-conscious layers of the mind that owed its composition to Buddha, and the seers who sang *Loka Samastha Sukrino Bhavanthu!* If one human mind could create and cherish a synthesis like this, why not others? A synthesis of the ideas of Marx, Lenin and Mahatma Gandhi! A classless society that assures the growth of all individuals, but brought about by Gandhian methods. Is it impossible? I, for one, do not believe so. Satyagraha was once the dream of one man. But that lit a flame that licked an Empire!

It is high time that the Communists realised that the methods of struggle formulated in a totally diffe-

rent era did not hold good for all time to come. This is not an era of feudalism. This is not an era in the wake of industrial revolution. The climate of the mind of man has changed. The mind of the new man is so conditioned that he is willing to try for the same glorious results but with different methods; not necessarily through the inexorable process of numberless class struggles, crowning the achievement on a pyramid of hatred.

Today in India the seeds of a new historic movement has been laid by the Prime Minister. His pronouncements of recent times deserve close study and a sympathetic appreciation. Those views have nothing in common with the views of an average Congressman, the type who ran away from the people the moment Independence was achieved to make a neat pile for himself through offices, permits and various other monopolies. He is struggling to find a *via media* not only to resolve the international conflicts but also to bring about a change in the life of the people here, without the process of hatred. He is not a conscious agent of the capitalists. Neither does he own "51% of the shares" in huge industrial combines. There can be a few good men like that and he is one. Such men defy dialectical materialism and Communists should realise that. If people support him, they support decent methods for decent ends.

What prevents the Communists, at least in between bitter opposition in Assemblies and public forums, to co-operate with the Government in making the Five Year Plan a real people's plan? The construction of a road peacefully is infinitely superior to the construction of a road after a bitter local conflict in which a number of people who would have benefitted by the road are killed. If more and more people participate in all the Five Year Plan activities the Plan would naturally become an instrument in the hands of the people. This could be achieved even if a die-hard segment of the top rung of the administration might be opposed to it. In constitutional structure at

least we have an essentially democratic government now. Should we wait for a bitter civil war before starting on reconstruction activities, just to fit the books? The administrative set-up after a civil war is always abnormal. And that has a tendency to remain so. Terror breeds terror. Even religions in which swords played a prominent part retain a legacy of cloak and dagger atmosphere even after centuries.

Let the Communists mobilise the people behind the Community Projects, the National Extension Service Schemes, local development works and all other Plan activities. The effect will be a broadbasing of the governmental structure which will thus gradually become democratic in content also. The diehards in and out of the Government would thus get either isolated or merge with the people.

If people start constructing roads, bridges, irrigation dams and canals, a sense of power surges through them. That power is invincible. It is the magic that strikes one in China. Right now the same can be done in India. Whoever takes the lead in that becomes part and parcel of the people. There is no question of losing one's identity. There is no identity apart from the people. If you become part and parcel of the people through love, through democratic processes, nobody will have any quarrels with you, except the enemies of the people. That way you will also break the grip of orthodox finance over the country. The "ways and means" man is an obedient servant of the capitalist class, who never thinks in terms of people's power to create wealth to increase production. He moves within the rigid confines of estimates and actual expenditure. For him everything should fit in with the mystic formula. The power released by the people unbalances him. But that is an infinitely superior way of breaking his power, to ceaseless mounting class struggles.

The Communists should also come out in unhesitating support of the Prime Minister in his foreign policy

—the policy of peace. He is engaged in a gigantic task. If he succeeds, a new chapter in the history of the world opens. War is a destroyer. It brings gloom and darkness in homes where once hearts in unison planned the future of their children. The Prime Minister is trying to stop that. It is the duty of every Indian to support him in that.

Above all, let the Communists close their books for some time and take all their inspiration from the people. It is impossible to find it in books written at a period when men, women and children were reduced to the status of slaves by industrial barons.

This is the land of Buddha and Mahatma Gandhi. How was it that

Mahatma Gandhi was able to organise an unprecedented revolution in India that shook the foundations of an Empire? And no study classes, no cadres no spies! Because he touched certain chords in the hearts of our people that vibrated in consonance with all the greatest traditions of our people—love, truth and tolerance. The character and traditions of a people cannot be ignored. Let us by all means create a classless society. No one holds a brief for a system that denies opportunities of human beings just because of the accident of their births under different roofs. But in changing it, let us not plant in its place another evil.—K. B. N.

DR. S. S. BHATNAGAR

By V. V. PRASAD

DR. Shanti Swarup Bhatnagar was one of the ablest men in India. The only positive achievement of the Nehru Government was entirely due to Dr. Bhatnagar's efforts. Only recently Prof. Bernal declared that the National Laboratories of India were among the best in the world—rivalled only by those in Sweden. Sir C. V. Raman had referred to this phenomenon as the Bhatnagar Effect.

For some of us, Dr. Bhatnagar's death is a personal loss. He kept me and a few others informed about his every plan and every move. He was intensely human, and perhaps he is even greater as a man than as a scientist. Once he showed me a letter from a scientific worker in America, which said that the contributions of Einstein and Bhatnagar had completely changed his picture of the world. The fact that Dr. Bhatnagar was a great administrator did not mean that he was not a great scientist. His work in the field of magneto-chemistry was of a pioneering nature, and special mention must be made of his work on adsorption.

From the very beginning of his career as a Professor of Chemistry,

Dr. Bhatnagar developed the habit of giving away his money for research. He used to go about in a tonga in Lahore when he got over a lakh of rupees for research work done by him for a firm—and he donated the whole of it for founding research scholarships.

Dr. Bhatnagar always used to urge me to learn Urdu so that I may read his poetry. He often burst like a schoolboy with enthusiasm. He proudly told me one day that T. S. Eliot was writing an introduction to an English edition of a collection of his Urdu poetry. Another thing which Dr. Bhatnagar urged me to do was to write a history of Indian Science. I hope to do that one day—only because Dr. Bhatnagar thought that I was capable of undertaking such a big task.

As far as Pandit Nehru is concerned, Dr. Bhatnagar's death must have been as much of a shock to him as Rafi Ahmed Kidwai's death only a few weeks earlier. Dr. Bhatnagar wielded immense influence with the Prime Minister, and the Prime Minister always listened to him, whether he spoke on politics or science. Dr. Bhatnagar enjoyed work immensely, and always succeeded in infecting his colleagues with his own enthusiasm. His death is a national loss.

THE MANAGING AGENCY SYSTEM:

Case for retention

By R. CHELLAPPA

JUDGED from a realistic and disinterested point of view, the managing agency system commends itself as best fitted to play a constructive role in the present phase of industrial and economic development of the country. The system has however gradually given rise to certain grave defects and abuses in regard to inter-investment of funds, financing of companies, remuneration of managers, etc., which have of late assumed prominence, placing it in serious jeopardy. These defects can no doubt be remedied and the system as a whole can be made fool-proof and placed once again on a sound and stable footing.

Unfortunately, since the advent of freedom, political considerations have come to weigh on several sections of the public with the result that stark economic realities are not examined in the manner in which they ought to be. Preconceived ideas of nationalisation, socialisation and overthrowing the *status quo* often obsess the minds of some political parties and associations. The plea for the abolition of the managing agency system is born out of such ideologies influencing public opinion in the country today. Before achieving any considerable advance towards industrialisation we cannot aim at regulating the organisation of private enterprise as is done in advanced countries where entirely different conditions obtain. It is to place the cart before the horse. This fundamental fact cannot be ignored in framing governmental policies or promulgating legislation on economic questions.

The case for the retention of the system of managing agency need not be regarded as based merely on the services it had rendered in the past. It arises only as a result of the recognition of the fact that the managing agents can rise to the present occasion and fulfil the huge

responsibilities entailed by planned industrialisation. It is important to note that the industrial pattern of to-day must be one in which the endeavours of men are so co-ordinated as to produce a driving force that will sustain and consolidate industry. In this task, vast responsibilities devolve on the managing agency system. "The managing agents, particularly the Indian houses, have been active in the past two and a half decades and have broadened the basis of the industrial structure", observes a brochure compiled by the Employers' Association of Calcutta.

Firstly, no alternative system has yet sufficiently developed, nor can it be created by a stroke of the pen or a magic wand. Dr. P. S. Lokanathan's pertinent remark in this connection is noteworthy: "An institution that has slowly evolved as a result of certain economic circumstances cannot suddenly vanish until the conditions that gave rise to it themselves alter". The system is capable of readjusting itself to the changing pattern of our industrial economy.

Joint stock enterprise in India is based on the general principle that executive powers will vest in the managing agent, that these powers will be exercised under the guidance and direction of the board of directors, the share-holders exercising their influence at the annual general meeting. This principle has worked satisfactorily over a long period and it must be accepted as the basis of joint stock enterprise in the country now.

At a time when there is a dearth of entrepreneurial skill and industrial leadership in the country, the managing agents with their rich store of business experience can very well be a valuable asset to Indian industry rather than a troublesome liability that can easily be done away with. Even the Committee on Company Law has recognised this and veered round to the view: "Having regard to all the circumstances, we consider that under the present economic structure of the country it

would be an advantage to continue to rely on the managing agency system." In their zeal to evolve the Welfare State and appease popular agitation against industrialists, the Government cannot be oblivious to the real place that the managing agency system should occupy in the present schemes of industrialisation of the country.

The managing agents should play a vital and constructive role in implementing the various recommendations of the Shroff Committee which recently went into the important question of financing the private sector of industry. The time is now ripe for accelerated industrial development and expansion of commerce. Hence there is ample scope for the managing agents to assume new functions and discharge additional responsibilities in the present economic set-up of the country.

As regards the improvement of the system, we may do well to recall the opinion of the Indian Central Banking Enquiry Committee which long ago deplored the vicious circle created by excessive dependence of the banks on the managing agents and their prosperity. If this vicious circle is to be broken it is necessary for banks to assume greater responsibility in the wider interests of industry and to rely less on the financial solvency of the managing agents and more on that of the industrial companies.

A no less important step is the

need for industry to secure more permanent capital. In the building up and expansion of American and British companies, the utilisation of reserves of profits has been a great factor. The automatic savings accruing annually to companies has enabled them to make extensions without resorting to the open market for capital. In the U. S. A., one third of the net earned income of business goes to make up the reserve. A similar plan can be adopted with great advantage in our country also.

The future of the managing agency system depends entirely upon the development of certain forms of control both from within and without. Independence of auditors from undue interference by managing agents should be ensured at all cost. A self-regulating organisation is the best insurance for the safety and permanence of the system. In the circumstances, the wisest course will be for managing agents to regard their firm purely as a business concern and to draw in continuously a fresh stream of outside ability which will infuse life and vigour into the business instead of maintaining an exclusive clique as at present.

It is essential to liberalise many of the provisions in the Companies Bill before it is placed on the statute book, giving due weight to the arguments for the retention of the managing agency system. The best thing now would be to adapt and modify the system retaining its virtues while removing its defects rather than abolishing it altogether.

A Rural Teacher of Mexico

By GEORGE YAMADA

EVERYTHING from counsellor, arbitrator and confidant to priest and lawyer—a man of omniscient knowledge—this is the rural teacher of Mexico.

Maestro Octaviano, principal of *Escuela Primaria*, "Vicente Guerrero" has taught in rural schools for fifteen years, the last four in the village of his birth.

Escuela "Vicente Guerrero" has an

enlistment of 360 pupils divided among seven teachers. The school house of *barrio* San Lucas has four instructors and an attendance of two hundred pupils while in another section of the village, Ranulfo Guzman teaches ninety pupils at Rancho Quemado.

From 1931 to 1936, Cuilapan de Guerrero presented an aspect of boisterous activity if not prosperity when an educational institution that has played an important role in the training of rural school teachers, the *Escuela Normal Rural*, was quar-

tered in the colonial monastery that dominates its pastoral landscape.

Maestro Octaviano taught four years before enrolling in this normal school which he attended five years in addition to five years enlisted at the *Instituto Autonomo de Ciencias y Artes del Estado*, of Oaxaca. From 1941 to 1947, he was a primary school teacher in the mountain village of Sola de Vega, south of Oaxaca. After teaching one year in Zaachila, the native returned to the village of his birth, Cuilapan de Guerrero, where he has remained since 1949.

A bachelor, Octaviano Moreno lives with his sister and brother and their children in the *barrio* or ward of San Juan, where he was born forty-three years ago. The Moreno household, eight all told, of whom only Maestro does not work in some phase of agriculture, was decreased during the first part of February with the departure of two nieces for Tamaulazapan, thirty leagues north, where they have enlisted in a girls' normal school. Now about twelve years old, both girls will attend three years of secondary school followed by three years of *Escuela Normal* before earning teachers' credentials. Exclusive of personal clothing, all expenses including tuition, books, board and room are paid by the Federal Government for the six-year course of teacher training.

Although the educational task in Cuilapan is formidable, if what has been accomplished is any criterion, the future gives reason for hope. (According to the 1950 census, 2462 out of a local population of 4500 were illiterate, but only four pupils from Cuilapan availed themselves of free secondary education last year.)

Not religious dogma, but positive and practical phases of life that will improve social and economic life, such as soil conservation and hygiene, are stressed by the rural teacher. Parental opposition to the enlistment of their children in school, as well as resistance to the teaching of science, is diminishing. In the *barrio* of San Juan a liberal outlook is apparent, due to five factors: the cumulative effect of the

rural school; the influence of *Escuela Normal*; local teachers influencing their families; families spreading influence to others; and, abuses of the clergy.

Escuela "Vicente Guerrero" is located on the premises of a former Dominican monastery whose construction was begun in the sixteenth century by Martin Cortes, son of the conqueror of Tenochtitlan, the present capital of Mexico. The walls of this imposing monastery remain in the same unfinished state when its construction was stopped by decree of the Audiencia of Mexico with whom the Marques del Valle, Martin Cortes, was engaged in a struggle for political domination.

Although the Federal Government pays the salaries of all teachers, school improvements and maintenance costs are met by the local community from a fund supplied by crops grown by village labour on property adjoining the school, which, before enactment of the reform laws separating Church and State, belonged to the Church. All three schools of Cuilapan have their individual cultivated parcels which are sown and harvested by local peasants as a public service. Known as *tequio* from Nahuatl *tequitl*, work, this indigenous institution of voluntary community work survives in Cuilapan as a heritage from the past.

Maestro Octaviano has a capacious skepticism of the clergy nourished by long experience as a rural teacher and the intimate friendship of many priests. He is well informed of the philosophical tenets of Catholicism: Augustine, Thomas Aquinas and Aristotle revised. The Priest fills his pockets invoking God, the politician fattens his purse in the name of country, the Maestro avers.

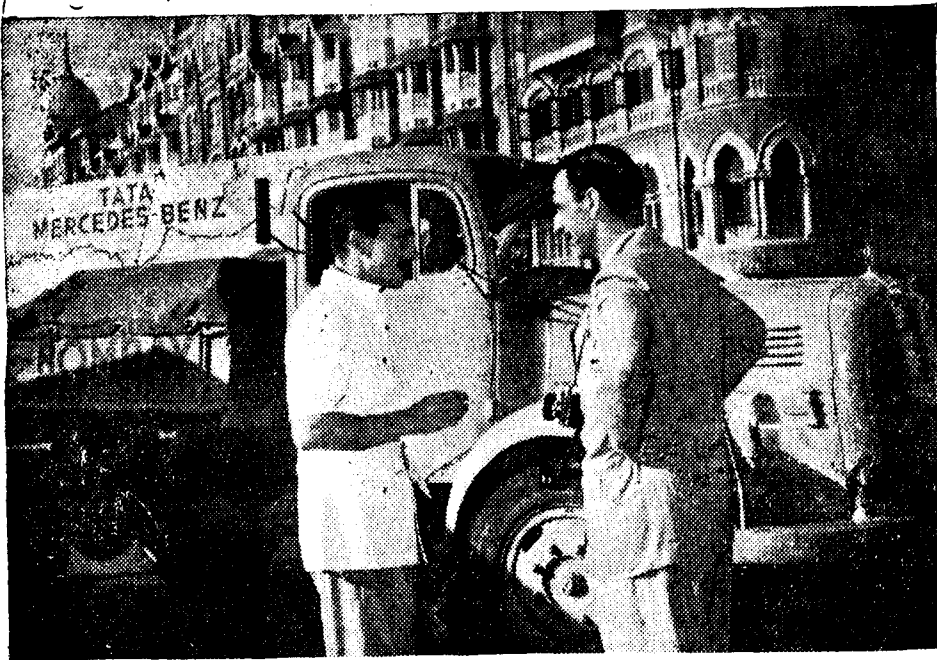
According to reliable sources, the local priest charges fifty to sixty pesos for mass, ninety to one hundred pesos for special mass—wedding or *mayordomia*—and five pesos for baptism. While some native newlyweds manage to evade the religious ceremony they can hardly avoid the traditional baptism of their children

—at which time the parents are married with benefit of clergy. Commuting by jeep over a wide territory from headquarters in Zaachila, there is not a day when the local priest does not collect two hundred pesos—twenty-five dollars, U. S. currency—for masses alone. The peasant, who cannot afford a kerosene stove, is also gouged by the politician who extorts his bite or *mordida* wherever he can.

Although Maestro visits Oaxaca every weekend, he prefers to live in Cuilapan—Cuilapan with cypress bending in the wind and stars shining intensely in the clear nights. An honest and perceptive if not severe critic of custom and tradition, the Maestro says the annual northward *bracero* migration harms local economy. He justifies the seasonal emigration to the United States only when one male member of a household of ten leaves the farm in productive order. Those with land,

however, abandon their families, who in the meantime contract debts which, when liquidated, leaves the *bracero* insolvent.

"They are very lovable, aren't they?" This was the rhetorical question posed by Maestro Ranulfo Guzman. One could not quarrel that the ninety pupils attending *Escuela Primaria "fasco de Quiroga,"* situated on a hill commanding a panoramic view of the section of the village known as Rancho Quemado, were a delight to visit. A veteran with more than thirty-three years of teaching experience in all parts of rural Mexico, the smiling teetotaler looks younger than his fifty-four years. His father, a Quicatecan Indian, taught forty years during the regime of Porfirio Diaz. While his eighty-nine-year-old mother, a Mixteca, speaks the language of her ancestors, Maestro Ranulfo is only aware that Quicatlan, his birthplace in Nahuatl means "Land of Song."



Mr. D. R. D. Tata who joined the Geneva-Bombay International Motor Rally at Istanbul drove one of the Tata-Mercedes-Benz trucks, reaching Bombay on Dec. 20, 1954. In the photo taken at the Gateway of India on the arrival of the team, he is seen speaking of his trip to Mr. J. R. D. Tata

THE FOURTH ESTATE: THE ETHICS OF JOURNALISM

By A. A. NAIR

THE ethics of journalism are essentially those of all professions. The first duty of the journalist is to tell the people honestly what is taking place around them or beyond their eye-sight or earshot. To quote one of the canons of journalism adopted by the American Society of Newspaper Editors in 1923, "Sincerity, truthfulness and accuracy—good faith with the reader is the foundation of all journalism worthy of the name. By every consideration of good faith a newspaper is constrained to be truthful. It is not to be excused for lack of thoroughness or accuracy or failure to obtain command of those essential qualities."

Every good newspaper aims at complete correctness. And in judging the accuracy of the contents of a paper and the speed at which the paper is produced, the time factor should be taken into account. The ordinary newspaper is produced within a few hours—eight to ten hours at the most—sometimes the best news is put out in a few minutes, and the reporter, or sub-editor who edits the news, has not the time to examine its sources or probe into its intricacies, and check any error in the disciplined manner in which a scholar or researcher with greater leisure works in his study.

He does investigate where the veracity of a statement is doubtful or where accusations are made, or claims of big achievements come from unexpected sources. Unless he verifies the charges and finds that it is justifiable to publish them, their publication brings him within the law of libel. He would be encouraging charlatans and imposters if, without scrutiny, he puts all kinds of stories into his paper.

It is acknowledged that front-rank newspapers in India maintain a high

standard of accuracy, and are honest and fair within the limits of human fallibility. The Press Commission, appointed by the Government of India, has recorded that in the very large number of newspapers studied by it, "there have been very few instances where a report has been twisted, and only some cases where the comment has been to some extent unfair."

Journals which indulge in sensationalism at the expense of truthfulness underestimate the capability of the general reader, who appreciates unbiased reports, and facts plainly stated. Objectionable writing is best prevented by restraints imposed by the journalistic profession itself. Associations representing newspapers and newspapermen are setting standards honourable to the profession. The All India Press Council, the creation of which is recommended by the Press Commission, is also intended to enable the Press, by censoring objectionable types of journalistic conduct, and by other means, to build up a code in accordance with the highest professional standards, and to apply it effectively.

NEWS of all kinds pours in all day and it is difficult for the news editor and sub-editors to make a selection or to compress all such matter into available space. For want of room they have to omit parts of long reports or some of the reports themselves if these are not of special interest. If facts about certain events and trends only were taken, and the rest omitted that would create a misleading impression in the minds of readers. Responsible newspapers avoid such partial treatment of news. Papers catering particularly for certain sections with special interests, may naturally devote more space to them. A labour paper, for example, gives fuller reports of the speeches of

labour leaders and of the activities of their organisations. But all papers must present in fair proportion all news and allow full freedom to their correspondents to express their views. They have to see that by any omission they do not conceal the truth, that no story they give errs in implications, that it does not emphasise any point unduly or fail to give any point due emphasis. Facts have to be presented objectively to enable readers to judge for themselves. The expression of views is confined to editorials, political or other special articles, cartoons and similar features. Information should not be coloured by opinion.

THE Press is not a branch of commerce. It is true that newspapers depend on advertisements. Without these, they would need to raise their prices, or reduce their size to bring down costs; either course might reduce their circulation, and possibly subject them to losses. Yet the necessity of securing advertisement is no threat to the independence of a newspaper. A journal may oppose certain forms of expenditure—for example, a champion of swadeshi may exhort its readers not to buy imported articles; or one advocating strict economy or austerity may denounce the use of what it considers luxury articles. And a business man dealing in such goods might think that it would not pay to advertise in that paper. Actually, it is very seldom that a producer or distributor is dissuaded by the policy of a newspaper from advertising in its columns. The integrity and popularity of a paper attract advertisers. Sometimes a big advertisement may be accompanied by a puff paragraph in a news column. It would be rather prudish to object to that. Against any such objection, it may be pointed out that good newspapers render a service to the public by refusing to advertise questionable claims or projects designed to defraud the unwary.

There rarely arises, as I have said, any sharp conflict between the business interests and the professional responsibilities of newspapers. Where editors have a good opinion of the

public, what they publish and what the readers want are in accord. The same thing may be said in reply to the question sometimes asked whether a newspaper should lead or follow readers. It should certainly follow reader interests, and readers on their part like their paper to lead them to an intelligent appreciation of significant matters. J. L. Garvin, Editor of *The Observer*, claimed that he had made the paper succeed by giving the public "what it did not want."

To lead the people is a more difficult art than to follow them. It calls for wiser discrimination. But an editor with talent, knowledge, experience and professional skill accepts the responsibility for leadership and tries to make his paper an educative force in the nation.

Comparing editors of newspapers with authors—though editors themselves are authors in a way—Bernard Shaw praised the qualities of the distinguished editor H. W. Massingham. Mr. Shaw, after remarking jocularly that he wrote for the papers to boil his pot, said: "Mr. Massingham was the perfect master journalist: the born editor without whom such pot boiling would have been for many of us a much poorer and more sordid business. A first-rate editor is a very rare bird: two or three to a generation, in contrast to swarms of authors, is as much as we get."

I HAVE quoted Mr. Shaw's words to illustrate the virtues required in an editor not only in the part he plays in literature, but in all spheres of usefulness which the Press represents. Those qualities were exemplified by the careers of founders and editors of many journals in India in modern times, from Raja Ram Mohan Roy, to Sunendranath Banerjee, C. Y. Chintamani and Dr. Chidananda Sinha, and others, in our own day.

A good editor knows, and should know, all kinds of facts, even facts which he cannot print. Such private knowledge is useful to him in assessing the value of what he must print, and in arriving at right conclusions thereon.

He scrupulously respects the confi-

dence reposed in him by his informants. If he did not, nobody would confide secrets to him any longer. Sometimes he is given a piece of official information or is entrusted with an important statement for publication on a date ahead. This is done so that he may see that his paper does not publish unfounded rumour or speculation about what is going to happen. And, till the specified date, he publishes nothing of what he was told. It is possible that in the interval the information is communicated to him from another source under no seal of secrecy, and he is forced with the problem whether he might publish it despite his undertaking to keep the fact secret for the time being. Some, placed in such circumstances, might publish the news after explaining the situation to the original informant. Others take a stricter view and refrain from divulging the information even though they think that it may be published by other papers which were not provided with it in advance, under any embargo on its publication. An example from Indian politics in the past may be given. In 1911 the British Government decided to revoke the partition of Bengal, effected in 1905 by the Viceroy Lord Curzon, and also to move the capital of India from Calcutta to Delhi. The Press was informed privately of this some days before the official announcement was to be made. In the meantime Lord Curzon in a conversation with Lord Burnham, expressed his bitter disappointment at the annulment of the arrangement which, as Viceroy, he had made and declared to be a settled fact. Lord Burnham, who was the principal proprietor of the *Daily Telegraph* could have secured a scoop for his paper by publishing the news on the basis of the talk with Lord Curzon, but he did not care to do so; and his paper, like the rest, kept the secret until the date fixed for publication.

IT is a function of newspapers to explain and support good causes. It is also their duty to expose abuses. The newspaper is the watchdog of the public. Its vigilance, and readi-

ness to bring to the notice of the public frauds and other evils have a great deterrent effect. They save the people from losses and suffering which otherwise nothing could have prevented. All criminals do not read newspapers, though some do; and the hardened may not care for what is said about them. But many others who are tempted to commit evil are dissuaded by the fear that the newspapers will bring such acts to light. History shows how great reforms in administration and public life took place, how important new laws were introduced or existing ones amended, as a result of criticisms and discussions in the Press.

Newspapers do not want, and do not aim at, government by the Press. But a good Press is needed to ensure good government. Each is security for the other. Three hundred years ago, Milton, protested against a rigorous system of licensing of printing obtaining in England at that time. He wrote: "Give me the liberty to know, to utter and to argue freely according to conscience, above all liberties." His words express the ideal of writers, including journalists. (AIR Madras Broadcast)

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BRITISH GIFTS TO OVERSEA TERRITORIES

THE British Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. R. A. Butler, asked in the House of Commons on December 21 for details of gifts of money made or promised since the end of World War I to British dependencies or mandated territories, including waiver of debts due by them and by Burma, replied:

"The total value of all such gifts made or promised since 1920 is £529,700,000. Of this, £107,300,000 represents grants to Palestine and Transjordan between 1921-22 and 1949-50, and £55,400,000 are waivers of claims on Burma arising from the 1939-45 war.

"The remaining £367,000,000 consists of gifts to colonial dependencies, etc."

"Rightists." Shri P. C. Joshi, leader of this group, was the General Secretary of the Party till the Calcutta Congress of the C. P. I. He bore the brunt of the "People's War" line during the war. But he fell from grace when he continued to advocate "All support to Nehru" even after World Communism had switched over to a new offensive in 1948. New situations demand new leaders. Joshi was sacrificed and was replaced by Ranadive.

(2) The Ranadive group or the so-called "Leftists." B. T. Ranadive, the stormy petrel of Indian Communists, was the General Secretary of the C. P. I. during the Telangana period of the Party. Within two years, however, he joined the long list of scapegoats when World Communism embarked on new tasks. A new group was then brought to the forefront.

(3) The third group has no line or tactical policy of its own. In the Communist Party they are known as weather-cocks and opportunists and are represented by Ajoy Ghosh and Dange. They replaced Ranadive and are still in the saddle.

THE political resolution put before Communist delegates at Madura following the official line, characterised U. S. A. as the Enemy Number One. But it met with a strong resistance from the Leftists, led by Rajeshwar Rao and Basava Punniiah. They agreed that U. S. A. was the aggressor in international conflicts and it was necessary to expose her. But they also maintained that as far as the Indian masses were concerned Britain still maintained a stranglehold on Indian economy and continued to be their most immediate and direct enemy. In support of their contention they pointed out at Madura that American capital constituted only 3 to 4 per cent of the foreign capital invested in India while British capital formed about 80 per cent of it. If, as a result of Anglo-American conflicts and struggle for supremacy, America was successful in driving out and replacing the British from India, they maintained, then, but then alone, America could be described as the Enemy Number One of the Indian people.

But at present Britain had to be resisted and ruthlessly fought by the people of India.

The official resolution was ultimately carried, but even Harry Politt's presence did not prevent Basava Punniiah from announcing that 87 out of a total of 294 delegates would not exercise their right to vote. These 87 were from Andhra and Bengal. Punjab delegates who were supporting the Leftists in the beginning decided to vote for the resolution when their amendment fell down. There was division on the official resolution on the Pak-U.S. alliance as well: 109:105.

Ajoy Ghosh was re-elected. True to his role, he was for the official line but soon came forward with a new formula to pacify the Leftists. What was this? That the U. S. A. was Enemy Number One in the international struggle for peace but Britain was Enemy Number One in the struggle for complete national liberation. But the Leftists were not satisfied and they insisted on a clear-cut exposition. In order to pacify them still further, Ajoy Ghosh wrote an article in the official organ of the C. P. I., the *New Age* on January 24, 1954 in which he declared: "The basic struggle is that struggle on which ultimately depends the fate of our people and the solution of their problem. And the basic struggle in our case is the struggle against British domination." According to him the C. P. I. should oppose the Government of India but support their specific policies and programmes.

These formulations satisfied the Leftists to a great extent but it was not possible for the Rightists to stomach them. They continued to struggle for the undiluted acceptance of the official line that America was Enemy Number One and that in their fight against this enemy they must give full support to the Government led by Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru. Dollar imperialism, according to them, was the greatest obstacle in the way of colonial liberation and the Communists could not but forge the widest possible united front against this menace. Nehru, they maintained, was trying to unite the

Asians on a progressive plane and was thus building up the most effective barrier against American domination over Asia. Nehru was leading a crusade and Communists everywhere must strengthen his hands in their own interests.

This internal struggle has passed through many phases during the past few months. When Chou En-lai and Jawaharlal Nehru announced their "Panch-Shilla" programme from New Delhi, Comrade P. Ramamurthy, editor of the *New Age* and a member of the Polit Bureau, pleaded for a "national programme for peace and freedom" on July 18. This national platform, in his opinion, should include the Congress also. Soon after, there was a clamour in the Party for a change of Party policy.

The Central Committee of the Party met for a number of days at Delhi in September and the *New Age* announced its decisions on September 19. The Committee had come to the conclusion that no policy change was called for. The Congress Government was a Government of landlords and monopoly capitalists and its foreign policy could not alter this basic fact. The question of not opposing this Government therefore did not arise. The Committee also censored Comrade Ramamurthy for his call for a national platform.

Moscow and Peking, on the other hand, continued to sing hymns in Nehru's praise and were naturally perturbed at C. P. I.'s policies. Comrade Ajoy Ghosh then fell suddenly and seriously ill and after a few days it was announced that he was taking a trip to Moscow for treatment. This was one line of treatment of the malady from which Indian Communists were suffering. The second line was started from London. Rajani Palme Dutt, Chairman of the British Communist Party and an acknowledged expert on India in World Communist counsels came forward with a searching analysis in the official organ of the Cominform, reprinted in the *New Age* of November 14, 1954. In this article he has, in clear and precise terms, advocated the need for a united national front for

an anti-feudal and anti-imperialist revolution and a new people's democracy in India. Rajani Palme Dutt has not only given a call for a national front but has praised Nehru's foreign policy in an unreserved manner. He has, in fact, gone to the extent of advocating unqualified support to Nehru. This is exactly the line advocated by the Rightists, led in the Central Committee now by Z. A. Ahmed.

THE Communist Party of India today is in the situation which faced them at the time of Hitler's attack on Soviet Russia. For six months after this attack the Indian Communists went on asserting that while Hitler's Germany was the Enemy Number One of the international working class Britain did not cease to be India's National Enemy Number One. But this balancing trick could not sustain them for more than six months. They had to oppose the national liberation struggle in order to give strength to the international fight against fascism. While recanting, the Indian Communists had to confess that patriotic sentiments had for a brief period blinded them to their international duties and obligations. Once again, for more than a year, it seems they have been submerged under "patriotic sentiments" to the detriment of their duty to the workers' revolution.

But for how long? The Communist Party of India, a part of International Communism, cannot for long afford to neglect its international duties and obligations. One can safely predict that before very long they would chalk out a new policy of all-out support to Nehru and his Government in India.

But this change will last only as long as Moscow deems it fit and advantageous. They will not, therefore, disband or wind up their secret, underground apparatus and organization. It will not only be kept intact but further strengthened, taking advantage of any cordiality of relations with the Government that may emerge out of this new policy.

KALKI: IN MEMORIAM Three Anecdotes

By G. RAMACHANDRAN

KALKI was one of the most tender hearted of men I have ever known. His inmost sympathy was like a perennial stream flowing out to all who were in suffering. Even animals in suffering or in pain would move him to tears. I have sometimes wondered how a man of such extreme sensitiveness to other people's pains could at the same time be such a normal good man of the world. But that was the rare combination which was Kalki.

Now this happened nearly 25 years ago. Kalki and I were residents in the Gandhi Ashram at Tiruchengode when Rajaji lived there too. Kalki had a little nephew and this little nephew was the very devil of a boy. Keen and intelligent he was full of the vitality of irrepressible boyhood. When he ought to be at school he would be on the tree top. His pet aversion was the stray dog anywhere. Quicker than thought he would pick up sharp stones and aim precise shots at any such. If he caught a puppy, he revealed the genius of Chinese torture in what he did to it. One day Kalki heard a series of shrieks from a dog in pain and he saw his little nephew flashing past aiming stone after stone at a little running dog. I suddenly saw Kalki doing an amazing quick-trick. He stretched out a hand and grabbed his nephew and turned him round about. I thought the next item on the programme would be a sound thrashing and some good boyish weeping. But No. Kalki gently pushed his nephew into the verandah and made him sit down and himself squatted in front of the little fellow like the Buddha on the lotus throne. I felt curious and went up and listened. The dog was still shrieking some where and Kalki closed his ears repeating "Ayyo! Ayyo!" The pain of the dog became the pain of Kalki. Suddenly he took a little stone out of the hand of his nephew and gave a gentle rap with it on the little knuckle of the boy.

The boy winced and added his little cry of "Ayyo" to Kalki's. Then followed a sermon worthy of the Buddha in the Deer Park. Kalki was not angry but gentle, firm and explanative. I never saw that nephew chasing dogs again in the old Gandhi Ashram at Tiruchengode. I have no reckoning how many dogs owed their release from torture to Kalki.

Kalki had immense moral courage. He always remained in the background. There was no bluster about it. It was, however, unflinching and unbeatable. It was like rock covered over by a depth of rich soft and fertile soil of human emotions.

It was the year of the Gandhi-Irwin Truce, 1931. It was a period of peaceful picketing, specially of toddy shops in Tamil Nad. Kalki and I did some cross country walks in the Salem district explaining to doubting people the glories of Prohibition. But what happened was in Namakkal. Abkari auction was on in Namakkal with some big official presiding over the nefarious ceremony and a petty police official holding the gate with a number of policemen armed with lathies. Kalki and I were at the head of a confused column of giddy and excited picketers. We wanted to go in. But the police would not let us. Even if we could not go forward, we decided we would not go backward. We held the ground. The police pushed and even started dragging. Kalki sat down and I did the same and the picketers followed suit. We started a song with the very legitimate intention of soothing and softening the police mind. We were amazed to find that the effect was exactly the opposite. We found out that nothing could irritate the police man on duty against the picketers more than a piece of innocent music. The police official started kicking. We found this even more unpleasant than the police found our singing. Kalki again, most unexpectedly, put up a new technique of Satyagraha. He caught hold of one of the kicking legs and hugged it as though it were a baby. I caught

hold of the other leg and put up a very brave imitation of Kalki's technique. But I found that what I was hugging was no baby at all but a rough black boot with hard nails under it. Each one of us proved to be a wee bit stronger than each one of the kicking legs. We got the police official firmly held to the ground. There were a number of bruises and two of them were on Kalki's neck. The situation was becoming tense. I let go, but Kalki would not. Then some one interfered and there was a temporary spell of peace and goodwill among men.

This event has stuck to my mind and now that Kalki is gone it will remain for ever. The unforgettable sequence was that Kalki later while addressing a big meeting on the Namakkal rocks never mentioned the incident at all. That was Kalki. Now Kalki was man and Kalki was a journal. This third anecdote is about the journal that was a man and therefore of a man who was a journal.

It was a Friday morning, hardly 7 a.m. It was some weeks before Kalki passed away. I was sitting at breakfast. My wife Soundaram was away but our two little daughters Sumitra and Kanaka were already sampling warm iddies. Suddenly Kanaka the younger and only less than 9 years old let out a yelp of joy and sprang up and ran down the narrow lane leading to the gate. Sumitra the elder and 11 years old repeated the same circus and was out after Kanaka in a trice. I saw a little boy coming up the lane and knew him for the little fellow who every morning brought me my copy of the *Indian Express*. But this was Friday, Kalki day. The children were running, each one attempting to get hold of their copy of the Kalki first. In a few minutes they came running back with a copy of the Kalki in imminent danger of being torn to pieces between them. Like a good father, I put up a bit of temper and asked them to hand over the Kalki and not to touch it till they had

finished their breakfast. I put the Kalki on a little shelf behind. The breakfast must have taken another ten minutes. But when the children went to look for their Kalki it had disappeared. There is an elderly woman, Suriamma by name, in the kitchen whose education is hardly worth the name. She had tip-toed to the shelf and was eagerly turning over the pages of Kalki. I asked the children to let her be for a few minutes because she was so absorbed with something inside the pages. But my troubles as a justice of the peace in my little house were not over yet. As Suriamma was eagerly reading something in Kalki, who should march up but our driver Subbiah, whose education also was not at all considerable. He began peeping over Suriamma's shoulder into the page of the Kalki she was reading. But the children were frankly getting out of hand. Just then my wife came in and without knowing anything of the detailed history of the events of the morning, she quietly took away the Kalki and went to her own room with the children following her hopefully.

I sat back and wondered what sort of a thing the Kalki journal was to bring together in a struggle for its possession the child of less than 9, a little school girl, a hardly literate cook, a very little educated chauffeur and also a highly educated "madam doctor". I realised with an inner glow how Kalki through the years had given in the pages of the Kalki what children, boys and girls, men and women sought for and on which they put such value. Some got fun, others information, and yet others knowledge but every one got joy.

Long live Kalki the man and Kalki the journal. A man like Kalki comes only once in several generations with all that tenderness, deep and abiding sympathy, crystal clear understanding, inflexible moral courage and above all with that supreme artistry of written words which hold the blossoms of thoughts and emotions that can touch the soul of uncounted men and women.

The Future of Graduates

By S. N. MOHINI KUMARI

"At present, unemployment is the greatest single defect in the capitalist system. Many writers, both radicals and conservatives, are convinced that capitalism cannot survive if recurrent or continuous unemployment is not eliminated."

—ALBERT L. MEYERS.

IN India mass unemployment gathers momentum to-day. India ranks among the first seven industrial nations of the world. It does not mean that all is well with our present industrial economy. The pace of industrialisation in India lags behind the growing unemployment. An increased sum of Rs. 175 crores has been allotted in the National Plan to combat unemployment. But instead of trying to tame this problem, we should put forth more concerted effort to solve it. The vast majority of people are still dirty, diseased, hungry, neglected and ignorant. The population lives at a bare subsistence level with no hope of rising above it. Poverty is amidst plenty. Resources in India exist only potentially. The discontent of the masses is intensified by the growing unemployment.

Unemployment is the result of a discrepancy between the supply of labour and the demand for it. In India, the main problem is neither cyclical unemployment nor a periodical one. It is chronic. Under-employment is our problem. Our task is to increase the per-capita-income. The pace of economic progress must be accelerated to improve the standard of living of the people. Under-utilization of labour must be absorbed in the maximum utilization of resources. Production must be augmented and equitable distribution secured. Development schemes in industry and agriculture have to be implemented. Small-scale industries constitute an important element in Indian economy. Cottage industries provide supplementary employment for the rural population. Community projects may actively be undertaken to evoke public enthusiasm. Rapid industrialisation with

simultaneous rational agriculturisation on improved scientific methods provides an effective solution to the problem of unemployment and will relieve the incessant excessive pressure of population on land. The stupendous spectacular progress achieved in China with man-power, at once commands the attention and compels the admiration of all the world. Great development schemes were implemented there by the use of man-power without heavy costly machinery. Our Prime Minister reiterated that this could also be done in our country.

True it is that capital is the life-blood of any industry. Finance is the burning need of our industrial development. No effort should be spared to stimulate capital investment, foster internal savings and encourage potential entrepreneurs. Deficit-financing may be resorted to with sufficient safeguards. Foreign aid, with no political strings, may be accepted.

Systematic thought must be specifically directed towards the serious problem of the educated unemployed. The bulk of people, unemployed or under-employed, constitute an enormous waste of potential wealth. The number of educated unemployed in India is rapidly increasing. The possibility of securing jobs for all, who now wait, is very remote. Some of them are found unfit by the employers. The terms offered are unacceptable to some others. Suspense hangs over everyone's head. Power politics have contaminated every field of national life. Corruption is rampant everywhere. How generous our elders are who advise our graduates to take to cooking and sweeping! It is a pity that many youths who glowed with high aspirations and ambitions when they entered colleges are filled with frustration and disappointment when they actually face life. An idle brain is the Devil's workshop. In fact, many youths have become professional robbers of a very high order in some States. The fate of arts and commerce graduates, in particular, is quite gloomy. Even the graduates in engineering and medi-

cine will have no better lot as days go on. There is particularly keen competition for seats in the engineering and medical colleges. Parents hope that their sons and daughters can find employment when they pass out of these institutions. But many, if present conditions persist, will be disappointed.

The faults are inherent in the educational system. The Public Service Commission is, of late, justly critical of the educational standards. The answers of many of our graduates at interviews are quite ludicrous and devoid of common-sense and practical knowledge. Our educationists should approach this problem without preconceived ideas and biased ideals. Education is necessarily a national concern. The future of our infant republic will rest on the quality of the education imparted to its youth. There seems to be no definite idea yet as to what should be the pattern of our national education. There is, at present, greater need, more than ever, for a radical re-organisation of our educational system. It must ensure equality of opportunity for all. The aim should be to train each child for the career to which he is best suited. Primary consideration must be given to the tastes and aptitudes of the pupils.

Evidently there is "mal-distribution of qualified employable personnel." The number of applicants for

certain posts is less than that required. Vacancies are sometimes unnoticed by qualified persons. Provincialism, nepotism and parochialism in administrative circles, should go. Corruption must be detected and punished severely. Vacancies in various services should be given wide publicity. There should be closest contact between the National Employment Services and other departments. Registration of names of the unemployed with the employment exchanges must not become sheer bogus. The Public Service Commission should cease to conduct examinations with a view purely to collect fees. They should try to get employment for the candidates somewhere. The Employment Services may arrange that "the bulk of educated unemployed persons should be trained in technical institutes and workshops for employment in such trades, industries and occupations as are now developing." Poverty, "the greatest of evils and the worst of crimes," is the effect of large-scale unemployment. Unless it is eliminated by all means, the nation cannot make much headway towards peace, happiness and prosperity. The evils of poverty should be mitigated to "sustain the nascent secular democracy of the nation." In the words of Bernard Shaw, security, the chief pretence of civilization, cannot exist where the worst of dangers, the danger of poverty, hangs over everyone's head."

twenty candidates entered by the various universities throughout the country.

The two other members of the team were Messrs Sultan Niaz and Santosh Mukherji from the universities of Aligarh and Osmania. I represented the university of Calcutta. Previous to this three British debating teams had visited India in the years 1949, 1951 and 1952. This was the first time an Indian debating team was being sent out and so this was in the nature of a pioneering venture.

Travelling Tongues in England

By N. VISWANATHAN

ALL too seldom can a university student in India put time, free travel and sightseeing in a foreign country together in one long vacation. Yet this is what happened to me in the winter of 1952-53 when I toured Great Britain as a member of the three-man debating team to the United Kingdom. The visit was sponsored by the Ministry of Education and we were selected out of the

We visited the students' unions of the various universities and university colleges in Great Britain and Ireland. We took part in 28 debates. The motions were chosen by the host debating unions from a list circulated by the National Union of Students. These were of a very wide variety but were mostly serious in nature and international in character. A number of them were flippant and it seemed to us that they were not quite in tune with the austere atmosphere of some of the universities.

Some of the motions debated included 'Nationalism is an anachronism in the modern world', 'Religion ends where logic begins,' 'U. N. O. is wasting its time and our money,' 'Famine is a greater evil than family planning', etc. All these were of a serious nature and deserved serious treatment. But even here I noticed that the tendency on the part of the British students was to treat such motions with levity and fun. It appeared as if generally more attention was paid to the form of the debates than the substance of the speeches. In India the subject is approached more from a "public speaker's" angle rather than that of a "parliamentarian". Here passion clouds reason and tongues wax hot, and at the end of it all dust flies from the feet of the fleeing crowd charged by the determined minions of the law. In England there is a marked contrast and there is a general restraint exercised by the speakers and the public alike. In the universities they take it easy and a debate is a time of relaxation for the students where verbal mudslinging is accompanied by an undercurrent of friendly understanding and good humour. Even the motions are framed to give everyone a chance to say what they will in whatever fashion they can.

An example of this was the Cambridge debate where we spoke on the following motion: "In the opinion of the house this house should be careful". Now I don't mind admitting freely to a sense of bewilderment when I first read the motion and

during the passage of the debate spent very uncomfortable moments. I got out of the difficulty by pointing out that the "house should be careful because Oxford is round the corner." The speakers from the other side had no difficulty at all in rattling off to order their laugh lines which they had presumably prepared in advance. At another university we debated on a very unusual proposition: "The English Channel should be abolished". It took great ingenuity on our part to wriggle out of this one, but I believe the American debating team made short work of this motion by offering to drain the said objectionable channel. In yet another university the motion was that the "house regrets its education." Needless to point out we regretted ever having to speak there.

But all the debates were highly enjoyable. During a certain interview with a columnist we were asked to name our individual preferences in the debates we participated in. Personally I enjoyed the debate at Oxford. The motion there was: "Partition is yet another injustice to Ireland." The highlight of the debate was the participation in it of the two rival statesmen of Ireland—Sean McBride from the Free Republic of Eire and Lord Montgomery from the county of Ulster in the north of Ireland. The latter speaker suffered terrible interruptions at the hands of Irish undergraduate hecklers, a large number of whom turned up to witness the proceedings. At one stage the speaker was loudly asserting his loyalty to the Queen and said, "We are sincere when we express our loyalty to the Crown . . ." Here the speaker paused to take a deep breath and then came the comment from some fiery undergraduate, "Rather half a crown!"

We too had our own share of heckling but I am happy to recall that we emerged out of them with sufficient grace. Debating in Aberystwyth (Wales) on the motion, "Ideology divides the world, not economics," one of our speakers who was on his

feet at the time was interrupted by a girl, a charming creature, who stood up and began to revile us in the blackest terms possible for our ingratitude to the British in turning them out of India when they had done so much for the prosperity of the country! When this girlish tirade was over, the speaker quietly turned to the chairman and said, "I did not think I would live to see the day when the lost prestige of the British has to be salvaged by a mere slip of a girl." On another occasion we were faced with the query whether it was true that lions and tigers still roamed the streets of Bombay. To this we replied saying that the only time we ever saw such animals in the streets of Bombay was in 1942 when the British tommies patrolled the streets on their mission of mercy.

The English students make very elaborate preparations for their debates. Their debating procedure is modified on parliamentary lines, complete with the mace bearer, cloaks and the formal procession to the house. Even the speakers don formal cloaks and during the cold winter evenings this arrangement is ideal. They hold mock parliaments and this is also a very elaborate affair. We have no such thing in our country. We attended one such parliament in Glasgow and the session lasted long into the night and did not end till two days later. All the pomp and splendour of the British Parliament is imitated on a miniature scale and no detail is omitted. The sergeant or marshal of the house is there to see that order is maintained. It is very necessary as I found out in the Glasgow parliament where more than one member was found uproariously drunk.

Debating in English universities is

a delightful pastime. It is a kind of gymnastic exercise consisting chiefly of clever manipulation of words and correct jockeying of phrases into position. The English student learns to speak with great facility on both sides of the issue and is eloquent and effective both ways. No wonder they are trained as diplomats. Laugh lines are studied and delivered with all the artistry of the finished actor. But I must mention with some regret that I searched for shades of Burke and Sheridan and Fox—in vain! In Ireland there are great speakers whose feats of endurance speaking can outdo the record set up by Pakistan's Zafrullah.

I cannot end without mentioning the wonderful hospitality we received at the hands of our hosts. Everywhere the proverbial red carpet was in evidence. We stayed in hostels and where this was lacking, in good hotels. It was a most enjoyable trip and at the end of it we emerged satisfied that we had come to England and seen things for ourselves. This visit helped us change our impressions of Britons. When in India, one is accustomed to think of an Englishman as a man living in a big house and going to an exclusive club, and usually associated with coercive authority, but we found the British people are just as good as any other people.

I feel that this pioneer venture has helped in an understanding of India by British students. In most places we were told we left the impression that students in India have a serious outlook on world affairs. We left behind the impression that to hear opinions from people of other countries was important, because our visit helped us to see and understand Britain.

Double take

A big-game hunter in Africa was on his way back to camp one night when an enormous lion walked out of the jungle not 20 feet away. As the lion was about to spring, the hunter fixed his last cartridge and missed. The lion sprang too far and landed 15 feet beyond the hunter, who then ran for camp and made it safely.

The next day the hunter went back of the camp to practice a little shooting at close range. He heard a strange noise in the brush and investigated. It was the lion—practicing short leaps!

The Strange Life of Barbara Hutton

BABS HUTTON is the second richest girl in the world—and the most baffling. Why, with \$100 million, can't she grab some of the commodity called happiness? Why won't her marriages work? Barbara takes husbands as coldly as if she bought them over a store counter. Then she treats her men contemptuously and seems to feel no qualms when the marriages bust up.

For example when the 42 year old heiress returned from Florida after her disastrous marriage to Porfirio Rubirosa, the new close friends who welcomed her back had every right to say, "I told you so." Yet none did. Not to spare her feelings, but because they well knew Barbara had already forgotten Rubirosa. The girl who from the age of five has been showered by all the world's gifts is today incapable of being disturbed by anything. "She's so spoiled it's a disease," says an ex-husband. Yet Babs' tragedy goes deeper than the fact that she's spoiled. Written indelibly in her life is evidence that she never stops trying to get even with men. Few remember that her mother—favourite daughter of F. W. Woolworth—died when Babs was five. Like any child, Babs turned to her father for consolation. But, it can be said Franklyn Laws Hutton was the first man to hurt Barbara. For instead of acting the father, he turned her over to Old Man Woolworth, a walrus-moustached man in his seventies. Grandpa Woolworth thought her the cutest toy his five and dime millions had ever brought him. He pampered her with endless gifts, at the same time telling her: "When you have money as we do, people just don't count."

When she went out, it was in his limousine, with the old man by her side. On city streets she saw other children playing. She naturally envied them and resented Grandpa—again, a man—for keeping her away from a normal life.

Grandpa died before she was ten, and once more her father let her

down. Instead of welcoming her home, he sent her to school on the West Coast. His few letters were detailed accounts of how wisely he was investing her money.

Babs was a plump fifteen when her father married again. She was outraged and, leaving school, raced across the continent to have the marriage declared invalid. This was impossible, so she sued for more money. Again a man harmed her, for in a decision inconceivable today, the judge allowed her \$60,000 a year, permitting her to live alone in a New York City duplex with only a governess.

Since her debut in 1930 (a year of deep depression) she has had bad treatment from the press.

She ordered men around like servants. Only one refused to knuckle under. Hard-drinking playboy Phil Plant married Connie Bennett and to get over this blow to her pride, Babs embarked on a trip around the world. In Paris, a glossy haired Russian prince named Alexis Mdivani set out to meet her half way.

They met in Siam and Alex easily won her hand. They were married in June, 1933 and for Babs it had a special thrill. Grandpa Woolworth always had a fierce hatred of foreign noblemen. By marrying one, she was getting even with him.

In Alex, she had indeed found a man she could not dominate. Trouble was, he made no effort to dominate her. Polo was his love. At first she watched proudly from the stands. Then she began drinking cocktails on the clubhouse porch with a Danish nobleman, Count Kurt Haugwitz-Reventlow.

But before she unloaded him, Alex left a terrible legacy. He got drunk one night, made fun of her chubby, 154 pound figure. Babs grimly set her lips. For three months she lived on coffee. By the time she married Reventlow, her figure was a chic 110. She had also injured her insides. The tearing pregnancy and birth of Lance, her son by Reventlow, completed the ruin. Since then she has had so many serious operations that her emaciated form is laced with

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hideous scars. Today for every hour spent on her feet, she must spend three in bed.

Babs married Cary Grant in 1942, and of all her matches this should have worked. When they married, Cary moved out of his lavish home for her more lavish one. Cary liked to reminisce about times when he was broke. Babs got angry.

Three of her husbands have tried

to make marriage work. Two haven't cared.

Friends who had hoped Babs might some day grow up gave up when she married Rubi. "It was the dumbest act in a life of dumb acts," says one. "She's so shallow she always confused sex with love. She just tried to buy the guy who considers himself the greatest lover in Europe." —P. G. Krishnappa's Service.

Ethics and Economics of Bhoodan Yajna

BY R. JAYAPRADA

NO institution is static, it grows and in its growth are sown the seeds of its destruction. This is true of economic institutions also. Even the new institutions are not permanent. They are in a trial-phase. There is a change in the field of thought as a result of which Marx became the first philosopher of the exploited. Previous to him the masses were neglected. The philanthropists and missionaries have spoken of charity, but they did not emphasize the dignity of work and the right of the common man to assert that right.

Marx's concern was not with poverty but with "surplus value". This was because in industrial countries poverty is no longer a social problem. India is mainly an agricultural country with more than seventy percent of its people living on land. In agricultural countries poverty is still a social problem; hence the need for reform. But if the reform is brought about by Government there is bound to be opposition from the possessors of wealth and power. The success of any economic change brought about by legislation depends largely upon the psychology of the people affected by it; such being the case every one, including the land-owners and zamindars should accept such a reform to make it a success. Hence the need for a moral movement.

Bhoodan Yajna started by Sri

Vinoba Bhave does not mean charity, for Vinoba Bhave himself said that we should feel ill at ease with the word "Dan" in the term Bhoodan Yajna because Sankaracharya had explained the word as equitable division and it has been used by Vinoba Bhave with the same connotation." He further says that the receiver of the land will not get his bread for nothing . . . He will have to work upon the land, improve it, and wet it with his own sweat before he can get his bread from it." Vinoba Bhave appeals to the donors to consider him as an additional son and as such to allot to him another share in the family property.

The ethical plea and basis of the movement is that every son of the soil has a right on mother earth. The movement has been launched mainly to eliminate the distinctions of high and low from society and to facilitate resort by everybody to physical labour. It is highly inconsistent that those who possess land should not till it themselves and those who cultivate it, should not possess any share in it. This in short is the significance of the speech which our Prime Minister made at Dalhousie: "We have to uplift our 36 crores of people. We and our country will be judged not by the condition in which the poorest of the poor finds himself. The time has come now for hard, grueling work and no longer can softness of any kind be tolerated. Eighty to ninety per cent of our people are backward and needy. We should

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uplift them all. Land should belong to the tillers."

Vinoba Bhave's aim in launching this movement, is expressed by him thus: "My aim is to bring about a threefold revolution. First, I want a change in people's hearts; secondly, I want to create a change in their lives; and thirdly, I want to change their social structure." What Vinoba Bhave wants is not arithmetical equality. "I do want equality or such equality as, for instance, the five fingers of the hand have . . .". The moral is that even if there cannot be absolute equality, there should also not be disproportionate inequality, but there should be equality even through inequality.

In the present circumstances the labourer works without any interest to produce the maximum, for his share amounts to very little, with fixed wages. He has no concern whether there is maximum production or minimum production so long as he is paid in coin and even then does not get sufficient food.

To make the labourer work with all his heart, he should be made to feel that he has a right over the produce of the soil and this is sought to be achieved by Bhoodan Yajna. It is likely that the problem of fragmentation will spring up in thoughtful minds; but if the evil of fragmentation is created by Bhoodan Yajna, an even greater evil is the prevailing system of absentee landlordism. This system, as the Floud

Commission appointed in 1938 to report on the working of the zamindari system describes it, "is an incubus on the existing agricultural society which finds no justification in the performance of any material service." According to the Central Government "taking India as a whole, about 80% of the land is in the hands of absentee landlords, or in other words, four-fifths of the land is cultivated by people who do not own it."

The evil of fragmentation is avoided by allowing a liberal figure of 20 acres as a permissible possession, and also encouraging co-operative cultivation.

Equality in all walks is the essence of democracy; as such economic equality is its life blood and without it democracy would be a mere mockery. The present distribution of wealth does not even come near to equitable distribution; on the other hand it is grossly unequal.

As Pandit Nehru has put it, "Old relations in the sphere of trade, industry and land are fast changing and it would be utter folly for some people to try to hang on to old relationships. People with the coat and neck-tie mentality would hardly have any place in this New India."

We have reason to congratulate ourselves and Acharya Vinoba Bhave on the glorious silent revolution achieved through Bhoodan and also give our moral support to its furtherance.

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Those who eke out a living from the sea are bound by the logic of that great grandmother. She is the matriarch . . .

.....Short Story.....

AMONG THE WAVES

By M. Govindan

★ **"KUNHAMMAD?"**

"Well, Pathu."

"Look."

"What?"

"The sea, how charming!"

"Of course." Watching the blue sea on the surface of which myriads of waves beat violently like boisterous children, Kunhammad said: "It is."

"What is beyond the sea?"

"An island, I suppose."

"Beyond that?"

"Maybe heaven." In fact, he did not know. But he bluffed in order to save his face.

"What is there beyond the heaven?"

"Look here, girl!" he said, rather irritated; "Your good old Grandpa."

"Ha! ha!" She laughed. And poor Kunhammad wanted to escape further humiliation. Therefore he said, "Pathu, beyond heaven, there is Almighty Allah, Bombay Halva and fried chicken."

"Will you take me to heaven?" the innocent girl asked, "When you are big enough?"

"No, I won't."

"Why not, Kunhammad?"

"I don't like it."

The boy is twelve years old and the girl just eight. These children of fishermen have come to the beach to gather shells. A few yards away you will find their hovels resembling a small poultry farm. There they live Kunhammad, Pathu and hundreds of others. To the inhabitants of this amphibian world the day breaks when the sun sets; night begins at the wake of dawn. When the sun goes down they emerge from the

water. Their world is a world of roaring waves, furious storms, small boats and big nets.

★ **"PATHU**, dear, you are no longer a child." Her mother admonished one day. Pathu understood the hint. No more playing with Kunhammad, that is what her mother meant. Well, Kunhammad too is not a child. What harm is there if she meets him? It made both of them happy. But Pathu did not like to disobey her parents outright. As soon as they were safely away she would step out of the house in search of her Majnu. The young rogue will be there somewhere, just behind the fence or under the shade of the coconut tree. The very sight of youthful Pathu would make him forget everything else. In her face he saw his bright morning. Stray dark clouds, dew drops, sunshine, freshness why, everything he found there. But, but . . . Yes, he knew that was a big but between them . . .

One day straight he went to her and said: "Hey, Pathu, listen."

"What Saheb?"

"I love you."

"Ha! ha!" she laughed.

"I mean . . . I mean I want to marry you."

"You must wait."

"What for?"

"*Kaneythe* is no joke. You know it. You must have enough money."

"Suppose I don't have."

"Then, no marriage. That is all."

Kunhammad could not believe those words came from Pathu. He

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felt shattered and beaten. After so much planning and forethought he opened his heart to her. Now . . .

Next morning Kunhammad's mother came to Pathu.

"Do you know where he has gone?" she asked.

"Gone? Who?" Pathu was terribly confused.

"Ah, you don't know! Since last morning my Kunhammad is not to be seen. Seems to have left the place."

So, that is that! Feeling the weight of guilt she burst into tears.

"Auntie, won't he come back?"

"My dear, who knows the will and pleasure of the all-powerful Allah?"

In the evening Pathu went to the sea-shore where they had played in their childhood days. The breeze that came all the way from Mecca riding over the waves like an Arab on camel-back, fondly stroked her. The disc of the evening sun as big as a country-made umbrella was going down. In the corner of the colourful horizon the crescent moon made a diffident appearance. There was a note of melancholy in the whole atmosphere as if the world itself was in a mood of excruciating agony. Spreading her *thattam* on the sandy beach Pathu knelt in prayer. Won't they bring thy blessing O, Merciful One? From the faraway horizon the crescent smiled at her. A good omen, she knew.

★ **IT** happened rather unexpectedly, and was dramatic too.

"Oh, my Bappa!" Pathu, drawing water from the well, cried frightfully.

Behind her, there stood a youth with a big moustache.

"Sh! You don't recognise me, Pathu?"

"Oh, you!"

"Why did you cry out, daughter?" Pathu's mother, alarmed by her shriek, came asking.

"Mother, mother I saw a ghost. O, it is gone now."

The old woman could not help laughing. What else could she do in such an embarrassing situation like this! The fish in the pan was getting charred. So she hurried to the kitchen.

"So you forgot me, Pathu?" he asked.

"No, how could it be possible?" Pathu said half-crying half-laughing.

Kunhammad was as happy as Alexander the Great. Why not? He had conquered an empire—an empire of love. On his clean-shaven head he fixed his silk kerchief, made it into a turban, lighted a *beedi* and hummed a song.

"They are deeply in love with each other," Pathu's mother warned the boy's mother.

"Yes, yes. I am aware of it. Let them have their 'wish'."

★ **THEY** had their "wish" fulfilled. Kunhammad and Pathu were united in the sacred bond of marriage on an auspicious day. Full of cheer and enthusiasm they lived in a world of their own. Just like the waves in the sea they laughed and played on the shore of celestial ecstasy.

"My child, father is getting weaker every day." Mothers' words brought Kunhammad to the real world. After all, he was not born with a silver spoon in his mouth. He should work, else his people must starve. How long could father be expected to feed them. One day Pathu vomitted. Mother said, it is symptom. Symptom of . . . aye . . . there will be one more mouth to be fed in the family soon! Good Gracious! the newcomer must have all the comforts.

That day onwards Kunhammad went to the sea. Early in the morning he went with the other toilers and returned only when all the world lay wrapped in the black blanket of darkness.

One day when he came back from the sea there was a new face in the house to receive him. He took the new-born baby in his arms asking, "You rogue, where were you all the

while?" Pathu smiled. Watching the scene the old woman said to her husband, "On the day I gave birth to our Kunhammad you were too shy to step into the room. Now look!"

"It was twenty-five years ago. Since then how many things have happened, you idiot!"

★

THOUSANDS of waves beat upon the sandy shore, break and slip into the bottomless sea. And years sink deep into the oblivion of time.

It was getting late. Kunhammad's father felt disturbed. The boy had not yet returned from the sea. Most unusual. He asked his wife in a tone that betrayed anxiety.

"Why, he has not yet come back?"

"Perhaps he might have gone straight from the fish market to the bazaar to purchase clothes for Ramzan."

"Is uncle Hydross back?"

"Yes."

"And Atheez?"

"He too."

"I had better go to the shore."

"Pathu has gone already."

"You did not tell me that. How could you allow that? How could

you?" He cried aloud and ran into the darkness.

Carrying Bappu on her shoulders Pathu went to the beach. The sea roared like a thousand devils. Darkness was all around. Stormy waves writhed like beaten cobras. She walked along the beach calling out: "Bappu's father!"

Something crashed on the shore. What? A boat. Kunhammad's boat. Without the owner . . . Kunhammad proved prophetic. Once, long ago, when they were children playing on this shore he had told her. "I won't take you to heaven."

Now he had gone, gone all alone without even bidding booyble!

★

THOSE who live among the waves should obey their laws. Bappu will grow like his father. He will also play on the shore with his mates. One day, he too may go to sea. His children and grandchildren. Those who eke out a living from the sea are bound by the logic of that great grand mother. She is the matriarch. Both men and waves are her dear children. At times cruel, though, she is usually kind. And waves beat on the shore while the children play.

(Adapted from his own original MALAYALAM story by the author.)

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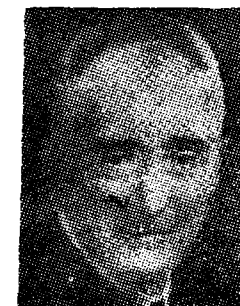
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"THIS book is written partly for the use of people who are reading Shakespeare, and partly to encourage the study of the plays. Though the plays are the greatest things ever made by the English mind it cannot be said that the English reverence their poet. There is no theatre in London set apart for the performance of Shakespeare. There is no theatre in London built for the right production of Shakespeare. There are not in the Empire enough lovers of Shakespeare, or of the poetical drama, or of poetry, to take the British stage from the hands of the ground landlords, and make it again glorious with the vision of the pageant of man." So wrote John Masefield in the course of a brief prefatory note to his original celebrated book on Shakespeare, *William Shakespeare*, first printed in March 1911. Grouped under "Literature," it was Volume 2 in the Home University Library of Modern Knowledge (Williams and Norgate)—a comprehensive series of specially written books edited by a distinguished quartette: Prof. Gilbert Murray, H. A. L. Fisher, Prof. J. Arthur Thomson, and Prof. William T. Brewster. The present reviewer still treasures a copy of this book which he read a dozen times, at a modest computation, during his student days, two decades and a half ago, dipping into its pages often after as the unrivalled illuminator, in so small a compass, of Shakespeare.

Much has happened to change the London theatrical landscape and in the fortunes of the English poetical drama since Masefield wrote the words quoted above; now after forty-three years, he has revised and rewritten his first Shakespeare book and in this long stretch of time—he is seventy-six today—he has done

great work in poetry, fiction, drama, criticism, autobiography, books for boys, matters military—and he has been the recipient of great honours: recognition, so well-deserved, has come to him by the award of honorary degrees, the crowning honour of all being the Order of Merit which Britain bestows on her distinguished sons,



John Masefield

and in the illustrious line of Britain's Poets Laureate he has been successor to Robert Bridges. His greatest achievement, in the words of one of his discerning critics is this: "He had made the great British public read contemporary poetry, an event which had not occurred since the death of Tennyson." In his prodigious output of verse there is much that is loose in structure, dull and wearisome, journalistic in hurry, and emotionally crude, but the pith and marrow of poetry is never in doubt. And as in the best of his poetry so in his prose, he has perfected an English which is beautifully suited to the fervour and clarity of his vision, abstaining from the infections of modern life, reverential to those virtues which the ordinary man instinctively reveres.

William Shakespeare is the golden fruit of a lifetime's rich and varied experience and reflection. This new book, like the original, begins with a general account of Shakespeare's life and genius under the heading 'Shakespeare and Stratford,' then it deals with the poems: *Venus and Adonis*, *The Rape of Lucrece*, *The*

Sonnets, The Passionate Pilgrim, and The Phoenix and the Turtle, discussing the date and source of each; next moves on to the plays, starting off with an Introduction that "A good many plays had been known in England before the time of Shakespeare;" and ends, with the same mode of treatment, of 'Plays Attributed to Shakespeare (wholly or in part).' Masefield's comments on each play—after a quick presentation of the dates, when written and when produced, the source of the plot and the pertinent fable,—are gems of clarity, combining the wisdom of the head and the wisdom of the heart in a single pure effulgence. His hand never once falters in its delicious simplicity; he has no need for subtleties of psychology or style: he is so open. However, the prose of the revised edition runs into a certain terseness, and for the intricacy of his perception, it has forfeited in a definite measure the poetic charm which uniformly characterised the original volume. Three and thirty will not come again!

But among the innumerable works on the genius Shakespeare, this the Poet Laureate's book has a place all its own, unique for its method and manner of treatment. It is infinite riches in a little room; it is a whole sensitive world of civet in a little casket.

Botteghe Oscure XIII

Edited by Marguerite Caetani
32, Via Botteghe Oscure, Rome
10s 6d

THIS issue of *Botteghe Oscure*, as usual, contains significant Italian, French, and English writing and runs to four-hundred and sixty-five pages. A highlight of it is 'Three Letters' written by Dylan Thomas to Madame Caetani—the second letter is reproduced in facsimile showing the rounded, almost feminine calligraphy of the poet—the third being among the last he wrote, and its recipient says that "It was brought to London and delivered to his agent, David Higham, by Ruthven Todd," and Mr. Higham forwarded it to her. In the first letter there is a refer-

ence to 'Llareggub. A piece for Radio Perhaps' which appeared for the first time in *Botteghe Oscure IX*, and was afterwards published posthumously under the changed title, *Under Milk Wood*. Also in it Thomas speaks of his urgent need for money, of the sale of his Welsh home by the sea, and his imminent departure for London:

"In the middle of next week, we finally leave Laugharne for London. I mean, we have to leave: the house is sold. But still, I cannot leave without paying the whole of the debts I owe to this town. And they amount to about a £100. If I can pay this, we can leave for London, where I have borrowed a flat, and I can get on at once, with the rest of 'Llareggub.' Oh, I want to so much. I can finish it in two weeks. But only if I can settle all up here.

I know the amount I am sending you of 'Llareggub' (and, of course, quite possibly the quality: you may loathe the thing) is not worth a £100. But what I want is to be paid now for the whole piece in advance. Is that possible? I am pinning every bit of faith on to that."

How touching! How revealing! Poets are born, not made, and a born poet needs must ask to be paid! "Peace, let me write. Gag the tradesmen, I must write. Alms, for the love of writing." The sea has always been a source of great happiness to Thomas and in his momentary disgust (which is also material for writing, he says), he "sees himself down and out on the sea's ap-blue bottom: a manacled rhetorician with a wet trombone, up to his blower in crabs." The three epistles have a morceaux-like movement in which Thomas lets his idiom and imagery lilt and dance along. Close upon 'Three Letters' comes 'Elegy for the Latest Dead' (for Dylan Thomas) by Vernon Watkins. In this piece Mr. Watkins who has the remarkable gift of writing long lyrical poems of sustained intensity achieves a kind of pathos which is beauty at its most pure and high. It is an eloquent tribute which swoons in its own tranquil eloquence. He concludes:

I take the watery glass of hours for theme

Fixed, where the heron stoops above the stream.

His quick imagination in that glass
Could make of every form that he saw pass

A timeless image in the living mind.

Each moment all is judged. No man can find

An exit from the circle he is in

Of time, for timeless vision to begin.

Yet, though all faded, still I count it pure

To have loved the valid fact, made that endure

Which held his heart and fixed the heron's eye

Who now says nothing says as much as I.

Whatever books men write, when all is said

There are no words to mourn the latest dead.

Other worthwhile items in poetry are David Gascoyne's 'Elegiac Improvisation on the Death of Paul Eluard'—Mr. Gascoyne, it must be remembered, spent sometime in France where he met certain surrealist poets and artists and wrote a book called *A Short Survey of Surrealism*, and also made many translations from Eluard—Isabella Gardner's 'Of Flesh and Bone', Robert Conquest's 'In the Marshes', and Conrad Aiken's 'The Walk in the Garden.' Among prose contributions 'The Tide' by John Hyslop is a fine bit of descriptive writing: David Stuart's 'Bird Man' is a very original story; and George Barker in his 'Letter to A Deaf Poet' takes an intellectual excursion into the individual loneliness, the silence, the isolation, the belief before knowledge that creates a poem and makes the poet known to the Unknown God. Barker's usual ferocity is controlled here, even when he goes at Housman.

One issue of *Botteghe Oscure* makes one eager for the next, for this New England woman who married an Italian and became Princess Caetani is never sparing in providing what is first-rate in the contemporary literature of the West.

New Word Writing:

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WITH this, the sixth volume, *New World Writing* completes the third year of its life. (The reviews of all the previous numbers have appeared in *SWATANTRA*). In an introductory note to the present issue, the publishers are a little apologetic about this book-cum-magazine, which they needn't be, for their slant, when they set out first was patent enough. "Although we take special pleasure in presenting writers and artists from other lands," they write, "we are fully aware that the center of gravity, that core, of each *New World Writing* must be the work of American writers. The immediate problems they are concerned with—of conscience, of form, of spirit and of style—are those we, as American editors, perhaps know and understand most clearly." Perfectly correct. And anyone who has been following this publication from its inception will not be foolish enough to dispute it. But when they go on to say that, "Just as one of the English languages can draw enrichment from another, so can a cross-fertilization from the peoples and literatures of other languages, in translation, frequently being fresh and usable ideas, insight, and even forms—to both reader and writer—no matter where he lives," one has to speak out, notwithstanding the good service they have been doing in the cause of contemporary literature, that they have not been very hospitable to the various Indian language writers. These too have very worthwhile things in ideas, insights, and forms to give, and except those writers from this country who have stayed for a time or continue to stay in the States, England or in Europe, others the Mentor men don't seem to have shown any particular inclination to contact.

Whereas a dozen and more countries were represented in the previous numbers of *New World Writing*, the sixth volume has only five. And compared to any one of its predecessors it shows marked deterioration in its contents. A strange debility appears to have come over its originators. Out of the undistinguished stuff three items stand out for their intrinsic worth. These are 'Dr. Mencken: Criticus Americanus,' by James T. Farrell, one of America's leading novelists and critics—he deals with the Sage of Baltimore with a balanced mind and a fine preception; 'The Garden of Groves and Ponds'—a selection from a forthcoming novel, *Homecoming*, by Jiro Osargi, most famous among Japan's older authors; and 'Eight Contemporary Japanese Poets' presented by Kitasono Katue, who is founder-editor of the magazine *Vou*, published in Tokyo, and whose work in English has appeared

in *New Directions*. The brevity of the Japanese *Hokku* is well known—brevity in beauty. Here is one from the current selection, 'Physique,' by Murano Shiro:

Corpulent maidservant of the soul!
You have a soft entry,
You are a flower vase
Incessantly leaking
—You are full of God's saliva.
You are an obscene shed
A couple of cattle sleep in;
Sometimes you are a chapel
Where no pastor presides,
And sometimes
You look like a lonely house
Where a nurse is seen.
Or
A hollow-stringed
Musical instrument,
Or a landscape
Drifting away through innumerable
wounded space.

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TAMIL

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Arabian Nights, Vol. II

Translated by A. L. Natarajan

Aruna Puttaka Nilayam,

Triplicane, Madras 5

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MR. A. L. NATARAJAN continues to do the good work he began in translating the Arabian Nights' Stories. In this second volume he offers three main stories, with fourteen sub-stories. One of the main stories entitled 'Koonan Kathai' (Story of the Hunchback) is on all hands considered as one of the best in the thousand and one nights' entertainments. Great writers and thinkers, wherever they are, represent the universal mind. In the stories under review many thoughts and ideas found in the Tamil classics are also found and Mr. Natarajan has pertinently and interestingly marked the parallels which would help the reader to ponder over the gems in our literature. Our delight is quickened for the third volume in this mammoth endeavour.

THE MUSIC ACADEMY CONCERTS

The Juniors

"MUSICLOVER"

THE Music Academy has been doing valuable service for the preservation of classical music by insisting on the maintenance of high standards in the art, by encouraging junior vidwans trained in the traditional method and by providing opportunities for veterans in the field, who have specialised in some branch like *tana*, *pallavi* or the rendering of rare pieces of composers. This year's concerts maintained a high level of excellence, especially

and revealed high musical potential. While some allured the audience by their mellifluous voice, others alerted them by their solid ideas and severe musical discipline.

The programme of R. K. Srikantan which included "Sadinchine," a Pancharatna, "Bajana Seya Rada" and "Enthundi Vedalithive" and a pada was widely appreciated. He possesses a rich and melodious voice capable of fine *sanchara* in the three octaves, backed up by traditional discipline, with an admirable and intelligent technique which kept the audience spell-bound. The *pallavi* in Todi "Manitha guna Sugnana," was the highlight of his concert.



R. K. Srikantan



Nirmala Viswanathan



S. R. Janakiraman

those by juniors. Among the new faces who won laurels must be mentioned Srimati M. L. Vasanthakumari, Mayavaram Rajam and T. K. Rangachari among vocalists, and Kumari Nirmala, the dancer.

Of the junior concerts, those given by R. K. Srikantan (brother of R. K. Venkatrama Sastri), T. N. Sivabramania Pillai (brother of T. N. Swaminatha Pillai), S. Narasimhalu, K. R. Ganapathi (flute), S. R. Janakiraman and Srimathi D. Syamala call for special mention. All these artistes maintained a high standard in their renderings of raga, kriti, *pallavi* and miscellaneous pieces

Tanjore Venkatesa Iyengar who shows good promise is a disciple of Tanjore Lakshminarayana Baghavathar and showed sparks of his master in his renderings of Ramamanohari, Sri Ranjani and Kalyani. His *pallavi* in Kamboji was warmly received by the audience.

FLUTE RECITAL

Among the instrumentalists—there was only one—K. R. Ganapathi's flute recital maintained high melodic beauty, balance and sanity. It was throughout pleasing and unhurried. His renderings of kritis in Navarasa Kannada and Ananda Bhairavi were full of bhava and sweetness.

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T. N. Sivasubramania Pillai is gifted with a rich voice which he has disciplined considerably. Music is in his blood, for his father Tiruppambaram Natarajasundaram was a great nagaswara vidwan, who has edited Dikshithar's kritis with swara notation. His renderings of kritis in Bilahari, Sowrashttra and Keeravani were replete with raga bhava. He also sang a rare piece of Dikshitar 'Rudrakopa.' His pallavi in Kamboji was noted for its crispness and polish. The concert of S. R. Janakiraman (a disciple of Tiger Varadachariar) was of a high order and revealed his erudite knowledge and the authentic voice of the great master. His varna in Janaranjani by 'Tiger' was full of tempo and a charming lilt. His Hamsadhwani and Atana were rich and pleasing, while his rendering of the Kalyani kriti "Bajare" exhibited his originality in *kalpanaswara* and *neraval*. His rendering of the Madhyamavathi kriti "Nannubrovradha" by Vasudevachar, sailed along in happy gait, so characteristic of the composer and his Pallavi in Keeravani was noted for its rich *manodharma*, cast in a traditional mould. He wound up with a haunting tillana in Kamas by Patnam Subramanya Aiyar, his master's master.

S. Narasimhalu revealed a high music potential in his concert which was noted for his *raga bhava* and *laya suddha*. His rendering of ragas and kritis in Sourashtram and Darbar was very good, while his pallavi in Saveri, was neat and crisp. He crowned his concert with a 'Purvi' tillana by Mazhavai Subbarama Bagavathar, which left a lasting impression on me, on account of its sweet cadence and melodic jatis.

DANCE RECITALS

Of the two new entrants who gave dance performances, the recital of Kumari Nirmala, a disciple of Tiruvalaputhur

Swaminatha Pillai was outstanding and was appreciated by the vast gathering which included several discerning critics. A traditionalist and a noted dance critic who was beside me, prodded me and remarked that the artiste had a bright future before her, after witnessing Nirmala's superb rendering of the Useni Swarajati, involving many patterns of *adavus* and *jathis*, lasting nearly 45 minutes. Nirmala who knows her music, combines the *laya kattu* of the Pandanallur School (having been trained by Chokkalingam Pillai) with the graceful *abhinaya* of Balasaraswathi. Her tillana in Kapi was a coveted item, while her other pieces were exquisitely rendered.

The recital of Srimathi Indrani, a product of the Pandanallur School (trained by Chokkalingam) was quite competent, if not completely satisfying. She has much scope for improvement, especially in the *abhinaya* portion of her recital, and requires careful coaching.

Altogether all these concerts were uniformly enjoyable and the credit for discovering this hidden musical talent in South India should go to the Academy and its Secretaries, Dr. V. Raghavan, C. K. Venkatanarasimhan and K. Soundararajan who spared no pains to see that these concerts were successful.



Dr. P. G. Krishnayya entertains Mr. M. Thirumalarao, the Andhra Member of The Indian Delegation to the 9th session of the U. N. General Assembly.

FILMS

By V. P. SATHE

THE new year was ushered in by the film industry in Bombay rather listlessly. For X'mas during which several new pictures were released did not prove propitious to the film industry, and after a year of strain and crisis the future did not hold any promise of prosperity.

True, some of the film personalities like Sohrab Modi and Mehtab participated in the gay New Year Eve parties and joined the revelries; but thanks to the absence of several stars who had gone to Patiala to participate in a charity show, even the presence of film personalities at such parties was not much felt. And stars like Raj Kapoor and Nargis, instead of joining any revelries, preferred to have a quiet celebration to usher in the New Year.

During 1954, the Government evinced more than usual interest in the film industry as was evident from its censor policy and the State awards. Now in 1955, the industry is still hopeful as manifested by Shri S. S. Vasar's statement that the Government will find a fair solution to the problem of the industry.

To a cynical producer, all the enactments and resolutions offer no practical solution. He feels that he can survive the crisis only if his pictures can achieve spectacular success, or failing that, if he can get money on easy terms. As long as the financial problem of the industry is not solved, the future is bound to be uncertain—at least that is the impression one could gather from the Bombay producers.

One of the results of the financial insecurity has been the formation of unions by different groups in the industry. Even the assistant directors have now formed an association of their own. All of these associ-

ations would have to fight for fair and regular wages; and their strength through their proposed federation will exercise great influence on the working of the industry. But even the members of the different associations appeared to be rather listless and uncertain about the future.

Truly, 1955 did not seem to hold any special hope for the film industry as such. It was just another year; and so no wonder, the film people were rather indifferent even to welcome it with any enthusiasm.

Picture of the week

The Filmistan formula does not always pay the same dividends; this fact was illustrated again in their latest magnum opus *Nagin* starring Vyjayantimala.

For this picture, they had chosen a different background of tribal life with their novel costumes. It is the story of Nagis and Ragis whose profession is catching snakes and selling their venom. The two tribes fall out over a misunderstanding and become sworn enemies. And so we have Mala, the daughter of the Nagi chief trying to kill Santan, the Ragi chief's son and falling in love in the process.

From here on things work according to the formula first set by Shakespeare in *Romeo and Juliet* and later perfected by Filmistan in pictures like *Shikari* and *Nadiya Ke Far*.

But unlike most of such stories which end in tragedy, *Nagin* ends on a pleasant note with a colossal song and dance number in colour just before the climax in which the heroine appeared to have sacrificed her life to unite the two tribes. But, lo! the snake that had bitten her re-appears and sucks the poison out and so the heroine is reborn to make everyone feel happy!

It is surprising that an intelligent playwright like Bijon Bhattacharya should write such a naive and crude story. Even his characterization does not reveal any special knowledge of the tribal life. The screenplay by Hamid Butt conforms to the Filmistan formula. It is the beautiful but unfortunately static photography by

Fali Mistry and brilliant framing of shots that contribute to make *Nagin* at least a pleasant sight to watch. The direction by Nandalal Jaswantlal ignores all dramatic elements and seems to be interested only in the pictorial framing of shots. No wonder, then, the picture fails to have any intensity of emotion or dramatic impact. Besides, the tribal costumes and atmosphere, far from lending credibility and authenticity to the whole story, give it an air of utter artificiality.

But for Vyjayantimala's pleasing dances and Hemant Kumar's catchy tunes, there is nothing in *Nagin* that would appeal to the mass of picturegoers to whom Filmistan cater. This time, even the common picturegoer is not likely to be taken in by the magic of the Filmistan formula. Partly, the music is to be blamed for it; and partly it is due to the choice of the wrong background as in case of *Nadiya Ke Par*.

Personality of the week

After a long time Baburao Pendharkar who has completed twenty-five years (or perhaps more) in the film world as an artiste has given a memorable performance in *Mahatma Phule*. Baburao is perhaps the greatest veteran character actor today; and since the very beginning he has been noted for his brilliant acting and varied roles.

Though Baburao is now acting mainly in Marathi plays and pictures, at one time he was known for his performances in Hindi pictures as well. Students of Indian films will still recall his performance as Ganganath Mahajan in *King of Ayodhya*, Dr. Atul in *Chhaya* and the Chinese General in *Dr. Kotnis*.

Baburao Pendharkar joined films as a representative in 1918 and thanks to his influence his illustrious cousin

Shantaram joined the films. It was in the executive capacity of Manager of Prabhat that Baburao earned a name. But later he started acting and proved to be a great artiste as well. Baburao Pendharkar has brought many celebrities into the limelight. Not only Shantaram and Winayak were his discoveries, but it was his efforts that made literateurs like Atre and Khandekar take to screenplay writing.

In his career of thirty years, he has been a film producer, exhibitor and other things; but he is best known as a brilliant character actor. And unlike most other artistes, he takes his job very seriously. For playing the role of Mahatma Phule, for instance, he studied the life of Jyotiba Phule as closely as Atre did for writing his screenplay. Today, Baburao is an authority on Jyotiba Phule's life and work; hence it is hardly surprising that he could play the role with such perfect understanding.

Baburao is one of the old troupers who took acting seriously; unfortunately the spirit and fervour with which Baburao and other great artistes of the past generation worked seems to be lacking today in the new artistes.



Photo of Sri Sarada Devi taken recently at Ramakrishna Math, Mylapore, signaling her Birth Centenary. The entire South Indian Press—both English and the language—paid a glorious homage to the Holy Mother on this occasion by publishing innumerable articles on her.

ROLE OF WOMAN IN NATIONAL DEFENCE

By M. MADHAVA RAU

NEHRU, earnest student of past history, and push-button director of the currents of present day history, has decided that women should be permitted to take part in national defence by being trained in the National Cadet Corps. Let us see whether his decision is supported by the lessons of history.

Taking up first the history of the West, women did not take part in war either among the Greeks or the Romans. Till we come to the Germans, the Romans were not inconvenienced by their enemies associating the fair sex in their armies. Caesar had a walkover in Gaul, where he, 'Veni Vedi, Cevi' came, saw and conquered. His nephew and successor, who had first to face the Teutonic menace, lost a whole army under an able General Varus seeking to invade Germany. Augustus died broken hearted, crying in his delirium, "Give me back my lost legions." The toughest of Roman legions was ever afterwards afraid of meeting in battle the Germans, who, when their front line was defeated in exhausting combat, brought up a reserve of sturdy women, prepared to fight "red in tooth and claw", in addition to using the conventional weapons. In the middle ages and even afterwards, women were in semi-purda. The instance of Joan of Arc is an exception that proves the rule. The unexpected sight of a young woman in armour leading them gave a rare inspiration to the French soldiers, who rallied under her to fight furiously against the invading British.

In recent history the principle of taking the woman into partnership in defence was put to the test in the Second World War. Hitler laid down the doctrine that if woman was given duties outside the home, it would make her less of a good housewife. Russia however acted on the rule that woman must be trained for all the responsibilities of citizenship which she was prepared to take up. A large number of woman-volunteers

was given military training in Russia. When Hitler invaded Russia, and Stalin's armies retreated, the guerillas kept up an incessant fight against the German base camp and their line of communications, and prominent among these were woman-guerillas, mostly girls in their teens. It is these brave fighters that took the edge off the attack on Stalingrad and contributed even more than Generals Jauvier and Fevrier to the defeat of the picked armies of Hitler.

When Stalin's armies in their turn invade Germany, once the German armies had retreated, all local opposition, collapsed, like a deflated football. The Russian armies crossed practically unopposed the marshes of East Prussia, where Hindenberg had brought to grief half a million Russians in the First World War. If only the German women had received guerilla training, they along with the remnants of the regular army might have impeded the Russian progress to Berlin by months, and it is just possible that the Germans would have got much better terms in the truce that followed.

If we turn to our own history we find in our epics that Kaikeyi, the wife of Dasaratha, accompanied her husband to battle, and when one of the bolts of her husband's chariot had fallen down, she substituted her arm for the axle bolt to keep the chariot wheel in position. This shows that ancient Aryan women, like their Teutonic sisters, kept company with their husbands on the battlefield. We have thereafter the instance of the Rajput queen who refused to open the door of the Fort for her husband who had retreated from the battlefield. Maratha history begins with the great heroine, Jija Bai, the mother of Shivaji, who dedicated her offspring for the liberation of Maharashtra. Contemporary literature leaves on one the impression that it was the advice of his mother, more than anything else, that induced Shivaji's decision to meet that gorilla of a man, Afzul Khan in private personal interview unattended by any one. Shivaji went with armour beneath his cotton

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dress, and the wagnak, or tiger's claws, almost invisible beneath his fingers. Afzul Khan came without armour on that hot day, but with his most powerful sword. When after an exchange of hot words, the irate Afzul Khan, aimed a lusty blow against Shivaji with his strong sword, the blow deeply dented, but did not break the helmet of finely tempered steel which Shivaji wore beneath his turban. Swift as lightning Shivaji gripped Afzul Khan and drawing his wagh-nak across his belly, drew out his entrails. The Bijapur army was annihilated, and the rise of the Marathas was assured.

If Shivaji's mother thus helped to create the Maratha State, his daughter-in-law Tara helped to preserve it. When Aurangzeb, flushed with the conquest of all the succession States that arose out of the Bahmani kingdom, concentrated all his resources for the destruction of Maharashtra, Tara defied the whole Moghul army, and took Shivaji's grandson from fort to fort till she finally placed him under the protection of the impregnable fort of Gingee. Aurangzeb died a frustrated old man, his mighty empire proving powerless against the wit and courage of one woman.

Jija and Tara guided strategy but did not actually take part in battle. This glory was achieved by Laxmi Bai, the Rani of Jhansi. In the first war of independence mis-called the Indian mutiny, she rode to battle at the head of her men, and died fighting like a lion in the thick of battle. In age she was not more than a girl, being scarcely out of her teens. We have the recent example of her namesake who fought in the army of liberation raised by Subhash Chunder Bose against the British.

In the third battle of Panipat, we have a tragic instance of how the nation suffered for want of military

training for women. The wives of Maratha officers who had accompanied their husbands in the expedition, but not to the battlefield, were taken as slaves to Afghanistan by the victorious Afghan army. What a sad fate for the wives of the scions of the immortal Shivaji's captains! If they had accompanied their husbands to the battlefield, it is just possible that a few of them, like Joan of Arc, might have rallied the dispirited Maratha soldiers, and prevented the Maratha center from breaking. This incident of our cultured ladies being taken as domestic slaves to a distant land is all the more shameful to us, as we have for the presiding deity of battle, not a he god like other nations, but a female deity—Durga, of the ten armed hands, riding a lion, who is referred to as Ripubala Varini, the destroyer of foes, in the Bande Mataram song.

In the animal world we find that the female of the kind, however gentle she may be ordinarily, acts much more vigorously and courageously than the male when it is a matter of defending her young ones. The home is much dearer to her than to him. We can naturally expect therefore that woman will act even more energetically than man in defence of the motherland as the Russian female guerillas did. It is therefore obligatory on our part to afford facilities to such of our ladies as are willing, to undergo military training. The response of girls' schools in the Madras Presidency to the circular of the Educational Department in the matter of the National Cadet Corps (Ladies' Branch) appears to have been poor. It is to be hoped that those responsible for the education of the younger generation of the fair sex will realize the historic role of women in this behalf, and enable them to come forward to emulate their Russian sisters in times of grave national emergency.

A proud young father telegraphed the news of his happiness to his brother in these words: "A handsome boy has come to my house and claims to be your nephew. We are doing our best to give him a proper welcome."

The brother, however, failed to see the point and wired back: "I have no nephew. The young man is an impostor."

MEAT EATING MAKES MAN BRUTAL

BY PETER HOFFMAN

I WAS quite interested and pleased to read in SWATANTRA (5th December 1954) the remarks of Vighneswara on "Civilizing Grass-Eaters". It has also surprised me that so many of India's leaders talk about peace and non-violence and at the same time regard vegetarianism as an outmoded superstition, while it is obvious to anyone who thinks about the matter that non-violence, peace, and vegetarianism are inseparably united. Surely none who believes in non-violence can logically accept that it is right to stuff into his mouth bits of some poor creature whose death is exclusively due to the fact that he is in the habit of consuming it.

The person who sells the animal, the butcher, the meat vendor, and the flesh-eater, they are all guilty of killing. It is as simple as that. There have been societies which condoned the murder of human beings, and even the eating of their flesh; that never altered the fact that it was wrong. It is even conceivable that today we might develop a highly technical society that regards all our ideas about human beings as "sentimental superstitions" and regards old and useless human beings as murderable and consumable. Some of our social systems of this century have shown a good start in that direction; it begins with slave labour. I have even been told by a Madras judge some years ago in all seriousness that people who are old or ill should be killed off as being a nuisance to the State. So the fact that such a large number of people think flesh-eating is right—if they do think about it at all, which most don't—does not in the least alter the fact that it is wrong. It is a type of murder condoned by the social systems of the day, and will disappear in the future as surely as various crimes condoned by former societies have become crimes in the society of today.

Actually, the major superstition about vegetarianism has been eliminated by one of its chief supporters of former days, the medical profession. It used to be held that not taking flesh was unhealthy. It has now been proved by mass comparisons of vegetarians and non-vegetarians that vegetarians are on the average *more* healthy, as reported in *Time* magazine some time ago. The doctor who made the examinations and tests was a non-vegetarian, and if he had conducted the investigations in any other than a disinterested fashion he would certainly not have been inclined to support the vegetarian claim to better health.

Curiously enough, the modern generation of Indians, which is so glamourized by the West as to look with scorn upon the priceless cultural heritage of their own ancient land, tends to imitate, not the best, certainly, and sometimes the worst of Western habits. Among many other things, meat-eating is one. Why, when vegetarianism is rapidly increasing all over Europe and America, it should be decreasing and disappearing in India, is something I have never understood. And how Indians travelling abroad can claim that it is impossible to remain vegetarian is another thing I have never been able to understand. I have lived years in America, and travelled all over the Western world, and found only the most minor inconveniences in remaining a vegetarian.

It is not so obvious a connection that exists between vegetarianism and peace as between vegetarianism and non-violence, although it is quite plain that non-violence—of which vegetarianism is an important aspect—tends to remove those causes which, when accumulated, break out in actual warfare. The connection becomes somewhat easier to see when we look into the immediate and obvious results of this mass slaughter on the human beings involved in it. Look up a hundred of the most easily available butchers and you will soon be able to distinguish the coarseness and crudeness which is a mark of the trade. In the United States there are still a few states which have laws

prohibiting butchers from serving on a jury and from a few other such posts. A very interesting study could also be done on the relationship between crime and corruption and large-scale slaughter. Certainly the meat-packing center of America is in Chicago, which has also been known for long as a home of underworld chiefs, gangsters, and corruption.

Is it possible for human beings to cut the throat or bash in the head of an animal, strip the skin from the still warm carcass on a floor covered with blood, and clean out entrails, etc., day after day, month after month, year after year, and still in the end be capable of the fine feelings we associate with the cultured and civilized among men? If someone answers *yes*, I would ask him to try it. If the answer is *no*, then every meat-eater is partly responsible for the resultant brutalization or stunted moral growth of his kind. And the scale on which this is taking place can be imagined by the figures of one country (USA). In 1950 in that one country alone animals

slaughtered for beef were over 18 million, for veal over 10 million, for pork over 79 million, and for lamb and mutton over 13 million. The most reliable estimates of world slaughter figures run into billions annually.

When one remembers that it is such stunted moral growth and such brutalization, from this and other causes, which produces crime of the lesser variety as well as, eventually, the great crime called war, the connection between vegetarianism and peace may become more evident.

The decrease in vegetarianism in India is one of the most distressing of prognostications for the future of the country. If Indians *must* imitate Western ways, my hope is that they will soon begin imitating the very active and forceful propaganda with which vegetarian societies in the West are advancing so rapidly. When a man realizes the truth that all this killing is *unnecessary*, he will be all the healthier without eating meat, and nothing can make him eat any more of it except cowardice.

ENCHANTING NIAGARA

By V. P. V. RAJAN

A VISITOR to the United States goes to the Niagara Falls from Buffalo. But both America and Canada have each their own individual and exclusive glory in the Niagara scene. While Nature has conferred upon Canada the expansive beauty of the entire Niagara panorama, America offers the visitor a close-up of the mighty torrent, which is awe-inspiring.

From Buffalo, you drive through an industrial area to the great scene. Rich as is the contribution of Niagara to industrial America and Canada, it is rather the beauty of Niagara than its power which draws mankind to its never-to-be forgotten scenic wonder. I found that the wonder of the Niagara cannot be grasped in an hour or two. I

lingered long in contemplation to photograph in memory all of Niagara's splendour and loveliness.

Standing at the brink of Niagara's mighty cataracts, I was reminded by the stupendous sight of the famous lines of Charles Dickens in *David Copperfield*. Dickens wrote:

"It was not until I came on Table Rock and looked, great Heaven! on what a fall of bright green water—that it came upon me in its full majesty. Then I felt how near to my Creator I was standing; the first effect, one, instant and lasting, of the tremendous spectacle was peace. Peace of mind, tranquillity, calm, recollections of the dead, great thoughts of eternal rest and happiness, nothing of gloom or terror. Niagara has at once stamped upon my heart an image of beauty, to remain there changeless and indelible until its pulses cease to beat forever."

It was Father Hennepin who discovered the great Niagara Falls. He wrote "Betwixt the Lake Ontario and Erie there is a vast and prodigious cadence of water which falls down after a surprising and astonishing manner, insomuch that the universe does not afford its parallel . . . At the foot of this horrible precipice, we meet with the River Niagara, which is not above half of a quarter of a league broad but is wonderfully deep in some places." How strange in these modern days when aeroplanes circle the sky above Niagara, and her waters harnessed by two great nations to light their cities and help industrialisation, to see Niagara through the eyes of the pioneer.

Goat Island divides the American and the Canadian Horseshoe Falls, and it is on this island I had the thrill of my life. On Goat Island I donned a sterilised suit of flannel and waterproof garments, and went down the cliff to view the falls from the base. The dress gives you the appearance of an explorer. The place is called the "cave of the winds," and it gives you the most thrilling experience, for you go through the rock pathways below the Falls. You walk through the river's edge along passageways and specially built bridges in front of the Falls, the showers actually drenching you. It was dusk time, and my batch was the last one for the day. I admired the falling waters. And I was conscious of nothing but the great river rolling calmly into the abyss. No wonder Niagara has

attracted poet and philosopher, artist and author, who have paid their tribute to its grandeur and beauty.

And the trip in the "Maid of the Mist," a tiny steamer which carries you, bobbing on the angry surface of the waters below the Falls, is indeed memorable—an Arabian Nights like journey. The tiny vessel glides through swirling currents and billowing spray directly below the rushing waters catapulting down from above. This trip gives you a close-up view of the Falls,—a refreshing and exciting experience.

But what impresses one, in addition to the natural grandeur, is the cooperative effort of the two great nations—Canada and the United States—in exploiting this great natural resource to advantage. Somewhere hidden in the crest of the Horseshoe Falls lies the international border between these two nations—though entirely invisible it stands secure—a lasting symbol of peace. On either side, rich industrial and agricultural lands prosper under different flags—big cities meet and cooperate with friendliness and amity. For over a century now, though a national border line has divided the individual allegiance, the two countries have worked side by side with mutual goodwill and understanding. I was told that this is the only unprotected national boundary line in the world—an example of man's achievement over the forces of hatred, jealousy, and conquest.

Only Way Out Of World Discords

By K. V. RAMAN

ONE of the greatest services that Gandhiji did to humanity is to be found in his singular solution to problems like imperialism and racialism. Gandhiji never claimed to be an authority on the science of international politics or a politician at all. But as one who in his own lifetime had to struggle against the evil forces of racialism, colonialism

and imperialism he showed us a new and almost an untrodden path by which humanity can save itself from doom if it cares to follow it.

It was Sir Philip Noel Baker, then British delegate to the United Nations, who said at the time of Gandhiji's death that "Gandhi's greatest achievements are still to come." When? The answer may well be: Only when international politics becomes Gandhian in spirit. That this is not idealistic but practicable can be easily inferred from the fact that the so-called Gandhian method

is to be found more in Gandhi's action than in his speeches. He was never an arm-chair philosopher or a touch-me-not saint. He always demonstrated the efficacy of what he preached by his own example.

One of the most staggering problems of international politics of our day is colonialism. Many Asian and African countries are still groaning under the heavy yoke of foreign domination. And what was Gandhi's approach to the problem? The history of Indian nationalism and its ultimate triumph afford an answer to the question. Certainly Gandhiji was not the first Indian nationalist. But it was his advent which brought us the first glimpse of the coming Swaraj. And it did come in his own lifetime. How is it that the half-naked fakir became the Father of Free India? He proved to the astonishment of the world that an alien power can be made to quit the country not by guerillawarfare but by non-violent Satyagraha, not by fear or force but by love and cou-

rage. Gandhiji also demonstrated the effectiveness of his methods in South Africa in his epic struggle against racialism.

The natural question arises: Can his methods be adopted by countries like Malaya, Indo-China and Kenya in their struggle against imperialism? Why not? Those countries afford an example of how, because they indulged in violent methods they are still unfree. Violence begets violence. And the subject country remains subject. On the other hand, if only they can adopt the peaceful but sure and steady policy of Gandhiji they would find the day of their deliverance nearer than ever before. The fog of imperialism and racialism will get dissolved by the penetrating sun-beam of Gandhism.

Now that a conference of Asian and African countries is going to be held, is it too much to expect India to persuade those countries to take some profitable lessons that the history of our national struggle offers?

The Men Behind McCarthy

BY DR. P. G. KRISHNAYYA

IN which direction will Sen. Joe McCarthy blow next? The answer can best be found by analyzing the men behind him.

It's an open secret that Senator McCarthy has been flirting with the splinter Republicans, who still maintain diplomatic relations with the GOP but are building toward a third party. These are the disgruntled rightwingers, who consider Pres. Eisenhower too liberal. They are gradually mobilizing around Chicago Tribune publisher Robert McCormick's militant "For America" organization. Significantly, "For America" announced through its executive director, Brig. Gen. Bonner Fellers it would "recruit 10 million persons to support its principles." This figure popped up again when the same political clique set out to collect signatures for McCarthy during the censure debate. The signers' names, though short of the 10-million mark, are being turned over to the

"For America" group for proselytizing.

For years, McCarthy has attempted to organize his national following, has encouraged disciples to form McCarthy Clubs and Freedom Clubs. But this is the first widespread move to mobilize the McCarthyites into a wieldy minority.

Who are the ringleaders? The signature drive was headed by Lt. Gen. G. Stratemeyer, a disgruntled Air Force officer, who had been shunted to the Far East. He was commanding the Far Eastern Air Force when the Reds struck in North Korea, was left in charge until he came down with a heart attack on the gold links of a Tokyo officers' club. Stratemeyer's chief of staff on the McCarthy project was Rear Adm. John Crommelin, a stormy figure in the Navy Air Force controversy over the B-36.

McCarthy has also kept up an underground relationship with the so-called "apostles of discord," who

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CORRESPONDENCE

The Editor welcomes letters on subjects of general interest or topics arising out of articles printed in SWATANTRA but reserves the right to abridge them.

Retrograde

Sir,—The Central Government is said now to be arranging for amendments of Article 31 of the Constitution, one amendment being to place beyond the challenge of the judiciary the amount of compensation fixed by the Governments of the States or of the Union for acquisition and expropriation of property by the respective Governments. This would be retrograde in principle for a Government claiming to be democratic. It is a well known fact that majority communities in political power can oppress minority communities even more than despots and dictators. Government is only the mechanism or the machinery through which the community in political power works out its will. In any set-up pretending to democratic principles, the only possible remedy against majority oppression is a live wire judiciary ever watchful to keep the Government within the provisions of the Constitution, and the limits of law and justice. People's respect for law and Constitution should be assiduously nurtured and fostered by the great statesmen at the helm of affairs now. Frequent tampering with the Constitution is not conducive to the creation of such an outlook in the people. It is so easy to destroy and so difficult to build. Referring to the incorruptible judiciary and the people's respect for the Constitution in England, a writer says: "England scores over other nations with regard to economical and political stability by its almost fool-proof machinery to combat evil and evil-doers." A band of robbers, efficient and very loyally co-operative in their common enterprise, fall out almost inevitably in the end when dividing the spoils, as they are not held together by any "principle." The Union Government's proposal would remove protection to an important "principle" in the Constitution and is fraught with danger to the well being of the people.

"A CITIZEN"

A Matter of Taste

Sir,—Of late there have been a few instances of statements made in high

quarters which to a sensitive mind might savour of wanting in good taste. Amongst them one is a reference made by Prime Minister Nehru to the judiciary charging it with not falling in line with Socialistic ideas. Giving public expression to a stricture of this sort will not only embarrass the judiciary but will undermine public faith in the judiciary's unimpeachable impartiality. Attempts to amend the Constitution immediately in the wake of a decision by the Supreme Court adverse to the Government will certainly be construed by the public as a move of the political executive to overawe the judiciary.

When the politicians of the South complain about the language difficulty in the Lok Sabha and the Rajya Sabha, the Hindi enthusiasts of the North point to the Constitution and urge that it is unalterable and that the South must make haste within fifteen years to fall in line with the North. In one case the Constitution was sought to be amended and in another the sacrosanctness of the Constitution is emphasised. Do not these conflicting attitudes create confusion in the mind of the public? Now it is reported that there is to be a move at the Avadi session of the Congress to soft-pedal the Hindi issue. It will be interesting to watch the shaping of affairs in this connection.

Not to be outdone by Prime Minister Nehru, our local Minister Sri Subrahmanyam presumes to advise the judiciary that they should trim their sails according to the conditions envisaged in the Constitution. If the lion can roar at Delhi, the lambs here apparently think they can set up a cacophonous bleat. While it is difficult to envisage the feelings of the members of the highest judiciary of the land over these effusions, a legitimate fear in the mind of the public that a certain course of action of the judiciary is more motivated by a desire to please the Government than by an absolute judicial sense is bound to creep in.

The recent forthright talk of the Chief Minister of Mysore when he blamed the Congress for creating indiscipline in the country is in refreshing contrast to the hypocritical talk of many others.

The recent statements of the Chief Minister Kamaraj Nadar that a time will come when the Tamilians will refuse to hear any other music except that sung in Tamil shows bad taste. Linguism is on a par with communalism in defeating outright nationalism. One cannot help fearing that the so-called Congress Ministers are but Justicites and Kazhaga-

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ON THE COVER:

Sri Sri Prakasa presenting to Sri S. S. Vasan a prize awarded by the Film Fans Association as the producer of Avvaiyyar, adjudged the best Tamil picture of 1953.

All communications should be addressed to the Editor, SWATANTRA, 2 Brodies Road, Mylapore, Madras 4. Manuscripts for publication should be typewritten on one side of the paper only and must be accompanied by a stamped self-addressed envelope. The editor cannot accept responsibility for loss or damage.

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mites masquerading in Khaddar and Gandhi cap to be at the kill. For a cultured and disciplined man, convention is as binding as Constitution. Does Minister Subrahmanyam who presumes to advise judges respect ordinary convention? Is it not understood amongst us that in official functions people are expected to dress in achkan and churidar or at least in trousers and close coat? Where is the discipline amongst our Madras Ministers when they appear in public just as if they are emerging from their bath. Themselves lacking in discipline, they have forfeited the right to preach to or enforce discipline on the masses. How disgusting to see the Ministers at important functions coming in bush shirts! People like Tito and the members of the Chinese Delegation must have been laughing in their sleeves at the ragged appearance of the ruling classes.

If our Ministers from Nehru downwards will impose an ordinance on themselves that they will not be lured into talking more than ten sentences at a time, not only will they have real physical rest and more time to think, but the public also will be saved the awkward necessity to judge between their varied, conflicting and inconsistent statements.

Prime Minister has quoted Chou En-lai as stating that Macao, in the irresistible course of time and circumstances, will fall into the lap of China. So also in our country Socialisation will ultimately take place, a little slowly perhaps. But in forcing the pace we will be only fanning the fire and blowing the furnace of Communism.

K

"Book-Packet" Postal Rates

Sir,—If you want to order for a book priced 4 annas by V.P.P. assuming its weight to be 10 tolas, you have to incur the following postal rates:

Postcard ordering the book	Rs. 0 0 9
"Book packet" postage on the book	0 2 0
Compulsory registration fee	0 6 0
Compulsory V.P.P. fee	0 1 0
V.P. money order commission	0 2 0

0 11 9

Our Government claim to help the poor and promote literacy. Will they kindly, as a beginning reduce such a terribly heavy postal rate on the movement of books. The book packet postage may be reduced to Re. 0-0-3 per every 2½ tolas as before and the registration fee on such V.P.Ps. may be a nominal one, say only 1 or 2 annas per packet? May we hope for this with effect from April 1, 1955?

V. KRISHNASWAMI SARMA

(Continued from page 46)

preach intolerance and hatred in the name of Christianity. Probably the most notorious are Upton Close and Gerald L. K. Smith. Joe once inserted Close's wild sentiments in the Congressional Record, also appeared with Close on his recorded radio programme. Smith helped stir up the demonstration for McCarthy during the censure debate. Another long-term McCarthy supporter has been Milwaukee millionaire Walter Harnischfeger, who was openly pro-Nazi before World War II and, as late as 1942, was ordered by the President's FEPC to stop discriminating against Jewish and Negro workers. After the war, Harnischfeger bitterly criticized the war-crime trials.

McCarthy also draws support from the following groups: 1. The professional anti-Communists. The ex- and anti-Communists, who make a living denouncing the Reds, have found it profitable to support McCarthy. 2. Rabid right-wing Catholics. 3. The Texas oil millionaires. 4. The China Lobby. The lobbyists, friends and advocates of Chiang Kai-shek, known loosely as the "China Lobby," have given McCarthy his strongest support. Most notable have been William J. Goodwin, an old Christian Fronter, who collected \$25,000 a year from the Nationalists for a while and boasted of laying the groundwork for McCarthy's anti-Communist campaign, and Alfred Kohlberg, importer of Chinese lace, who has been an outspoken advocate of McCarthy.

How will McCarthy use the support his ringleaders are mustering for him? His friends claim he would rather not break with the Republican Party, would prefer to gain control by strategic use of minority pressures. In other words, the McCarthyites would like to be the tail that wags the dog.

The men behind McCarthy are so extreme, however, that the fanatical elements are expected to run away with the movement and force a split with the GOP.

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SWATANTRA

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HELL ON EARTH

TWO South African travellers who were returning home after an extensive tour of Far Eastern countries, have given a lurid picture of conditions in South Africa in an interview with the PTI in Bombay. These travellers desire to remain anonymous for fear of the repercussions of their disclosures on their return. According to them South Africa now is "a police State of the worst order with a record unrivalled by any past or present totalitarian State." Government, there, is a reign of terror. The "forced labour" that prevails is of so horrible a description that in comparison with it the stories of the slave camps in the Red countries propagated by Western reporters to curdle the blood of the free world sound tame and mild and are robbed of their effectiveness. The pass system inflicted on the Bantus in South Africa holds them in the grip of an unshakable bondage. Any policeman can stop a black man found outside his white master's farm or factory without a permit from him, and send him to jail. With the exception of the Supreme Court, the courts are intensely colour-prejudiced and no justice is ever dispensed by them in protection of ill-treated Africans or Asians. The worst of the Governmental drive against the native and coloured population of the country is revealed in educational administration. A Special Education Act prescribes a new syllabus for the Bantus. Under this syllabus the Bantus cannot be taught even the three R's. All that they are permitted to be taught

is drill and religion. The prescribed religion is the religion of obedience to the white man who is exalted to the status of an almighty deity. The non-white elements of the South African population pay far more in taxes than the white, but almost the entire money collected from the non-whites is spent on the whites.

In the name of Government a small minority of whites holding the reins of power have made it their deliberate purpose systematically to emasculate the Negroes and the coloured people and the Asians that form the vast majority of the population in South Africa. The hatreds engendered by it are the fiercest now found anywhere on the globe. Its inflammatory potential will spread and burn up the whole world and destroy in its sweep every possibility of co-existence between nations and races. Co-existence in South Africa means the co-existence of the brutal tyranny of an unscrupulous white ruling community with a condition of sub-human misery and slavery for millions of persecuted and bedevilled coloured victims. The United Nations Organisation has already signed its death warrant when it chose to avoid probing into this hell on earth and calmly treated the horrible South African situation as the domestic affair of a sovereign State that was not its concern.

Even if all the American atom bombs are thrown into the Arctic or the Antarctic according to the sage prescription of Sri Rajagopalachari, there will be no improvement in the

prospects of peace for the world, since in South Africa has arisen an explosive violent force for evil, more deadly than all the atom bombs put together. While the two power blocs have been debating as to which of the *isms* with which they are concerned, Colonialism or Communism, is the more destructive, events have conspired to rear up the most devastating *ism* of all, the most rapacious of all the holocausts of greed preying on mankind, the Racism of the pattern disclosed on the African continent. To the successful contender against this venomous thing of evil will go the hopes of the vast millions of the world's afflicted, and the battle for global supremacy will be irretrievably lost by the powers seeking safety by avoiding a clash with it. Britain and America, coveting the uranium of South Africa, seem to have passed on to their adversaries the championship of the coloured slaves of the modern world against the depredatory cruelties of the terrible racism of Dr. Malan's inhuman successor.

Era of Abundance?

THE *New York Times* reports a new discovery by Dr. Arnon, professor of plant physiology at the Uni-

versity of California, that opens up the prospect of an era of unlimited abundance of food for future generations of mankind. The process that enables plants to convert the water and chemicals drawn from the soil and the carbon dioxide drawn from the atmosphere into the sugars, fats and proteins that form the primary source of food for all animal life on earth is the process called photosynthesis, and for years scientists have been attempting to reproduce this process outside the living cell in order to liberate mankind from dependence on crops and animals for food. It was announced a fortnight ago that Dr. Arnon has at last discovered this secret of nature that has been eluding the quest of scientists for so long. The application of the process however to practical methods helping to feed the people of the world is yet a long way off and may take many more years to be brought within the boundaries of possibility. When that happens, the greatest revolution ever witnessed on earth will take place, and with it will occur changes in government and social economy, far more sensational and breath-taking than can ever be grasped with the imagination by human effort in the present environments.

Sotto Voce

A LAY SERMON

WE had a surly neighbour in my village who delighted in showing up the ignorance of small boys whom fond parents were apt to regard as prodigies. He invariably floored the little upstarts by asking, "What is the English for 'kottavarangai'?" (or 'seppangizhangu' or 'kottumalli' as the case may be). A shrewd cousin of mine from another village took the bull by the horns. As soon as our tormentor popped the



question, "Give us the English for 'Valavarangai'" the pert fellow shouted without a moment's hesitation, "Why, 'Popocatapetel,' don't you know?" And crest-fallen the adversary retreated, no more to plague us.

Mr. C. Rajagopalachari exhorted Nagpur graduates to be humble in the presence of the uncut diamonds of our countryside. Let it not be forgotten, he said, that each one of these unlettered men was the master of a job or a craft which is a sealed book to the book-worm. But the humility which C. R. prizes so much is the one thing which the man who has received no formal education is not conscious of in himself, however instinctive may be his humble behaviour in the presence of superiority of any sort. Humility is the product of constant awareness, of habitual discrimination between things and thoughts. A Dripta Baalaaki or a Vedyar (in "Nandanar") may have the conceit that goes with a little learning. But that little learning helps them recognise their insufficiency when it is brought home to them. And it is this conscious humility that is the beginning of wisdom.

Like our village bully the ignorant, who are satisfied with the lore of their daily round, can be confused and thrown off their pins by the slick improvisator. That is the secret of success of demagogues among illiterates. It is true enough that in this country we have never equated culture with literacy. But we were not guilty, either, of the typically modern snobbery of looking down on exact knowledge or undervaluing wide horizons. These go with the power of systematic thinking based on the rigorous pursuit of some intellectual discipline. Bacon's aphorism about reading making a full man and writing an exact man still expresses the root of the matter.

The raw graduate may be a figure of fun for the village yokel who can handle the blacksmith's bellows or the carpenter's adze with expert skill.

But the latter, if he has the will, can learn the trick in six weeks, as we discovered when the army, under stress of war, absorbed thousands of technical apprentices from the much despised "babu class." You will remember that for the Men of Mars this class had been only a little less despicable than the "non-martial classes." But the adze-operator, who has had no schooling, finds it far more difficult to adapt himself to a new skill, even if it be so modest an accomplishment as blowing the bellows.

I am not under-rating the value of the harmonious training of hand and eye. But I must protest against the fashion exalting manual labour at the expense of intellectual work. Any normal boy in a normal home has to do his stint of physical labour. But he does not think the world of himself because of this. It is the children who come from households where the old values have ceased to prevail, that look upon domestic chores as *infra dig*. And our "nationalists," having preached rebellion to the young for half a century, sound hardly convincing when they seek to exercise *patria potestas*.

There is a time for play, a time for work, and a time for books. The Indian system of education recognised and provided for it. The duties of the Brahmacharin expounded in the Apasthamba Dharma Sutras, are as uncompromisingly opposed to the neophyte apprenticing himself to the village cobbler—as C. R.'s famous elementary education scheme would have made him do—as to his living a life of sybaritic ease while a host of servile tutors awaited Young Royalty's pleasure. And the *rishis* would not have fallen either into the sentimental fallacy that prompts C. R.'s proposal that the children of the under-privileged should be educated separately. They knew, what Britain has found by a long course of trial and error, that the debilitating sense of social handicaps is best removed by the free mixing of child-

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SIDELIGHTS ::

THE prize for the best Tamil picture of 1953 was awarded by the Film Fans' Association to *Avvaiyyar*. Sri S. S. Vasan, producer of the picture, receiving the prize last week, said that he accepted it as the decision of the judges chosen by the Association had, in the case of *Avvaiyyar*, synchronised with the verdict of the box-office. The theory that the box-office is an infallible arbiter of excellence in a picture is a deceptive theory that is apt to be overstressed, and it is moreover a highly dangerous one, since it equates commercial success with artistic perfection. The two are entirely different and separate things. Commercial success is achieved by bidding for popularity when the bidding is done in an expert way that proves effective. A careful study of the weaknesses and even the vices of common people can prove very often a valuable contributory factor towards popularity and commercial success. In the early days of the New Journalism when huge newspaper fortunes were made for the first time in England, many ingenious ideas were tried to attract the public to the newspapers. One of them made a fine art of exploiting mercilessly the irresistible appeal to human nature of the age-old lure of hidden treasure. Tubes containing 500 sovereigns each were buried in the earth, and readers were egged on to seek clues for their whereabouts in the columns of a particular paper. There was a mad rush for copies which had nothing to do with the merit of the paper concerned; nevertheless it scored a commercial success that was truly sensational.

The professional conscience of English journalists, acting quickly on standards of government, saw to it that nefarious practices were put an end to in the Press. Today there are no short-cuts to fortune in the British Press. In our country, however, they still persist. For a long time the crossword puzzles flourished with all the dignity of respectability. Essen-

tially they were allurements of greed expressly fashioned to boost up circulations to catch the advertisements that provide the prosperity that is the stamp of commercial success, but at least they were covered over with a veneer of intellectual exercise and stimulation. Lately this veneer has dropped off. Sheer gamblers entered the field. The crossword puzzles have become regular lotteries, as much matters of chance as the tubes of buried treasure in England over a century ago, yet the conscience of the Press has not proved effective for any exorcising of the degenerate system. It is all because the formidable Press barons who run the crosswords racket have the Ministers in their pocket, and they manage to get pampered where they ought to be penalised.

The crossword puzzles revenue is a sort of supplementary box-office for the newspapers indulging in them, but if a prize were to be given to the best newspaper, it certainly will not go to the enterprise with the biggest bank balance to its credit. In all spheres of art, attracting the large custom that bestows prosperity is a special gift that does not as a rule belong to the best artists. Many a man of genius that produced imperishable masterpieces of art for all time perished in penury and want whereas it was given to collectors with business acumen to appear on the scene later to trade on the works of artists and make enormous profits out of them. This divergence between the original creations of talent and the practical hard-headed capacity of the mercantile organiser runs across the whole world of creative art, and to confound them one with the other is to do injustice to the unpredictable range and sweep of the artistic inspiration which soars high above all box-offices and is tied to no considerations of profit or loss. History is filled with the brilliant failures of great masters in advance of their

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THE PRESS IN AN IMPERFECT DEMOCRACY

By N. RAGHUNATHA AIYAR

THE other day the world's press indulged in an audible titter as it told a tale from Moscow. The first anniversary of Stalin's death had passed off in a total, icy silence, so far as the Russian newspapers were concerned. With the advent of the second, however, there seemed to be a cautious revival of interest in the lost leader, though the expression of grief was decorously muted. But the overwhelming sameness of the treatment accorded to the subject by all the papers, extending as it did to the page, the position and even the space allotted, bespoke not spontaneity of emotion but dutiful regard for the party line. This touching docility, so reminiscent of "forty head of cattle feeding like one", was what tickled the democratic press. "It cannot happen here," was the complacent if unspoken comment. But, surely, it is vigilance that is called for, not complacency.

We have among us here in India admirers of the efficiency and drive displayed by some of the totalitarian regimes. They will grant readily enough that in those countries there is no freedom of the press as we understand it. But they almost always couple this with the broad suggestion that this is perhaps no great loss and in any case it can't be helped. At the same time they have nothing but contempt for the bourgeois press. They hold that it suffers from the taint of formalism, that it is dominated by vested interests, that it works for the perpetuation of the unjust *status quo*. An amusing example of the ingenuity some of them can summon in defence of their likes and dislikes was provoked by the comment in the Indian press on Mr. Nehru's remark that the people of China did not know what was happening in the world outside. One of these apologists blandly maintained that China did

have freedom of the press, but that freedom was of such a "complex pattern" that those who did not know their China could not hope to understand it!

I have no doubt that those who speak thus do so in perfect good faith. But that does not make the popular mystique they are helping to propagate less dangerous. The infallibility of Revolutionary leadership is an exploded myth; so is its authority to speak for the whole people. And no press that values its integrity can abdicate its functions merely because some plausible trickster tells you that a Revolution is on and this is no time for carping criticism.

Government Control Inimical to Freedom

The Fourth Estate was a name coined for the press to distinguish it from the historic Three Estates of the Realm, the Lords Temporal, the Lords Spiritual and the Commoners. This distinction was based on the democratic belief that there must be "one consistently independent element of society free to report and to comment on the doings and misdoings of any other Estate, for the benefit of all." The legal concept of freedom of the press is, as the Press Commission has reminded us, freedom from Government control; for it was the State power, which the press had often to attack or to criticise, that was the most formidable enemy it had to face. With the progress of political democracy on the one hand and the growth of the press as a highly organised industry on the other, new forces have come in and with them new threats to the independence of the press. So, when freedom of the press is mentioned, we hear the mocking question, "Whose freedom? Is it the freedom of the proprietor, who may have made his money in oil or hides, to use his

paper for advancing his personal interest or pampering his vanity?"

It is a fair question, and we shall return to it presently. But everyone will agree that freedom of the press in the context of today does not mean merely the historic freedom from control by Government; it must also include freedom, as an American writer puts it, "from attachment, direct or indirect, to any class, political party, economic group or other fraction of society." But can this comprehensive freedom be established by seeking Government intervention, regulation or control now or at any time in the future? In other words, can we have freedom of the press without freedom from Government? I for one frankly cannot believe it.

Let us now look at some of the recommendations of the Press Commission. "We have suggested," it says, "that in view of the national importance of the newspaper industry and the fact that it recognises no State boundaries, the regulation of this industry should be brought within the purview of the Central Government in terms of the *Industries Development and Regulation Act of 1951*" (italics mine). This Act provides for the regulation of scheduled industries in various ways, including, in the last resort, direct control by the Government. I am not suggesting that the Government will apply all these onerous restrictions and compulsions to the press the moment they bring it within the scope of the Act of 1951. But we must not shut our eyes to the danger that the legislation the Commission recommends will make drastic and undemocratic interference by future Governments possible, if they should be less scrupulous in such matters than we may expect the present administration to be.

Commission's Proposals Examined

Let me illustrate. The Commission refers to the advantages, economic and other, that papers of long standing have as compared to new entrants. It agrees that there are such economic advantages and handicaps in other industries too. But it holds that newspapers are different,

because they are "media for the free exchange of information and ideas." And in its view it is essential that "measures should be adopted to reduce the differences due to economic advantages or other causes." In other words, the furtherance of equality among newspapers by legislation is proposed. But there is no guarantee that newspapers starting equal in this way will stay equal. A newspaper is the most individual thing in the world. It cannot be stabilised by prescription or Government aid, as cement or steel may. The reader may refuse to look at it, knowing it for the stuffed doll that it is. There is, too, a very real risk of spoon-feeding tending to the loosening of the moral fibre. A newspaper to which that happens would be a thing of evil.

Whose Philosophy?

The Press Commission's emphasis on what it calls "the objective towards which journalism should strive" is calculated to rouse even greater misgivings. "The ultimate goal of Indian society," it says, "has been very clearly defined in the Directive Principles embodied in the Constitution. This is to secure and protect a social order in which justice, social, economic and political, shall inform all the institutions of national life. Only the ever-present consciousness of such a definite purpose can give the journalist a criterion to judge what he writes. Without the background of some social philosophy, it would not be possible for him to correlate and interpret the multitudinous variety of events that take place every hour." But the Directive Principles can hardly be regarded as immutable, seeing what is happening to the Fundamental Rights. And there is not one social philosophy but many. If the Government of the day should unfortunately be attached to a social philosophy which sections of the Press don't accept, those sections may have to go out of business.

Never was the need for a free press greater or attacks on it more determined or insidious than in the times we live in, with the State everywhere steadily encroaching on the indivi-

dual's freedom of action, thought and belief. The more the tasks the Governments take upon themselves, the more is the temptation to assume omniscience. If the Press does not deflate their pretensions no one else will. The journalist may not be a person of superior morals or outstanding intellect, but at least he is not in the power game. And if he is really interested in people for their own sake he must keep reminding them of those aspects of life that do not come within the range of official recognition, those pleasures which cannot be bureaucratically organised, those sanctities that cannot be socialised.

Indian Press's Special Responsibility

The Indian journalist has at this juncture specially onerous responsibilities. Ours is still an imperfect democracy. We have gone in for parliamentary government. The essence of parliamentary democracy is that the right of the majority to rule is unquestioned, but it is equally clearly accepted that minority rights must not be contemptuously brushed aside or arbitrarily overruled. There must be progress but no forced marches. There may be party government, but there must be fundamental agreement grounded in a common culture and traditions. Many of these virtues we are yet to manifest. We have no true parliamentary Opposition; and far too many people assume that if you have the strength of a giant it is natural that you should use it like a giant. It is to personalities rather than principles that the multitude gives its allegiance. And we have a public that remains strangely passive even when large decisions are taken involving its own vital interests. The journalist in such a society has the imperative duty to sting like a gadfly and stimulate like a catalyst.

But how is he to do that when he is not master of himself, much less of the paper than he serves? Since the Press Commission started on its labours we have heard a good deal, much of it true, about proprietorial vagaries and worse. Besides, the Commission finds that, though there

is at present sufficient freedom of choice for the reader, there is a dangerous tendency towards concentration of the press in a few hands, which might mean monopoly sooner or later. But the remedies it proposes are vitiated by its failure to grasp one major fact about the press. The growth and development of the press has been entirely the outcome of free enterprise. Short-sighted motives of profit or personal advantage there have been. But they have not been more active or successful, in shaping the course of development, than professional pride on the part of working journalists and their devotion to the public interest. It is only by strengthening that pride and that devotion that we may hope to counteract the evil influences. But while the Commission's recommendations might lead to some improvement in emoluments and conditions of service it will not give them the status and the sense of equal partnership in the great enterprise of the Press, which alone can help renew their faith in the ideal. On the contrary, the Commission's panacea of trade unionism may lead to further inroads on the autonomy and the integrity of a great profession.

Self-government the Need

Regulation or control of the industry by outsiders for the purpose of making it behave itself must ruin its morale and undermine its foundations. The only government that an industry of this unique character can bear is self-government. In such machinery as may be set up in this behalf the working journalist should have equal voice with the owner (whoever he may be—a single man, a joint stock company, a board of trustees or even a committee of employees). And self-government must be effective over the whole field of the Press. The Southern India Journalists' Federation's proposals for a Press Council with decisive authority and wide jurisdiction, were framed with this end in view. Only by establishing an authority of this kind and not by delegating a few secondary matters

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to a Press Council weakened by the presence of non-journalists and lacking inner coherence can we hope satisfactorily to solve the problem of a free press in a society which tends progressively to attenuate liberty in the name of equality.

In a memorable passage in *Democracy in America* Alexis de Tocqueville wrote:

"The liberty of the press is infinitely more valuable among democratic nations than among all others; it is the only cure for the evils which equality may produce... I think that men living in aristocracies may, strictly speaking, do without the liberty of the press; but such is not the case with those who live in demo-

cratic countries. To protect their personal independence I trust not to great political assemblies, to parliamentary privilege, or to the assertion of popular sovereignty. All these things may, to a certain extent, be reconciled with personal servitude—but that servitude cannot be complete if the press is free; the press is the chiefest democratic instrument of freedom." Let me only add that if the press is to discharge that high responsibility it must remain dedicated and apart, a true Fourth Estate, free from all entanglements, subject to no obligations but to seek the truth and tell it without fear or favour.—*Last in the series of talks on Fourth Estate broadcast by A. I. R., Madras.*

CONGRESS PRESIDENT DHEBAR

"One of the Humblest, Ablest, and Quietest of Men."—NEHRU

BY RAJENDRA KUMAR

GANDHI took the whole country by surprise by nominating Vinoba Bhave as the first Satyagrahi in the 1941 movement. Nehru has equally surprised every one by selecting U. N. Dhebar as his successor to the Congress gadi. This little known hero of Saurashtra has to his credit a record of service and sacrifice of which many persons are not aware. Nehru in 1952 paid a tribute to him in the Parliament and said, "I do not know how many honourable members know the Chief Minister of Saurashtra. He is one of the humblest, ablest and quietest of men in India."

As the chief minister of Saurashtra, he succeeded admirably and was known for his integrity, impartiality and ability. His austere temperament is well known to all those who know him. He did not enjoy any comfort or luxury during his Chief Ministership which other Chief Ministers usually enjoy.

During his term of office he was not a victim of redtapism. His eagerness to do justice to the poor and the needy made him indifferent to cer-

tain things that hamper and delay justice. Every one could go to him for help and every visitor found in him a real sympathiser and a helper.

He did not have the benefit of university education, and has no background of expensive or even comfortable living. He has not visited foreign countries and has not acquired first hand knowledge about other nations. He cannot be called a very modern or an up-to-date man, but he has his hold on realities and an understanding of his people and their problems that give him inner strength and confidence. His passion to serve the people is so pronounced that he would consider no sacrifice too great if it helps them.

As Chief Minister, he was a big success, but his heart was always in the constructive programme of the Congress. He had learnt to love his organisation—the Congress, and felt that it would be splendid if he could spend his days in strengthening it and the charm of Chief Ministership was never very great for him. As a devoted Gandhian and a Congressman of distinction, he was well known to Gandhi and Patel and enjoyed their confidence. The ruler of a State once threatened to arrest him if he entered his territory, and promptly he got the reply from Sardar Patel who said that Dhebar's arrest would be a challenge to the

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whole of India and jails would be filled all over the country if he was taken prisoner. The ruler did not venture. Patel once stated that there was one man in Kathiawar on whom he relied most and it was Dhebar.

Dhebar was a successful advocate who commanded great prestige. He was never greedy for money and fought the cases of many a client without charging any fee. He had the reputation of a saviour amongst his clients. Once a ruler tried to tempt him and in order to win him over to his side he offered him a lucrative job, but Dhebar was not the man to be taken in. He replied back saying that he had adequate legal practice and had no desire to accept any Government job.

Dhebar has practically nothing of Nehru that makes Nehru so great. But it is not only a fixed set of qualities that makes people great. Different individuals acquire greatness due to different virtues and Dhebar has his own in adequate measure. He has not read many books, but he has read the book of life very carefully and has learnt his lessons well. Each day for him is a page from the book of life which he reads and remembers. He is not a great orator, but he argues his case convincingly and persuasively. His ability to impress and his kind-heartedness win over his opponents to his side. Dhebar has not enjoyed the limelight of publicity, but he has always thoroughly enjoyed his honest work for which he never sought any reward. Under his Chief Ministership his State made steady progress, despite many obstacles that beset him. He has left the impact of his personality on the administration of his State. His was the hand that helped greatly in consolidating Saurashtra. During the last general election he established a record and polled a very large number of votes. People voted for Dhebar, the hero whom they had learnt to love and adore.

Once when he was a prisoner, his wife fell seriously ill, but he refused to be released after giving any kind

of undertaking. He was only taken to the hospital to see his ailing wife every now and then. She died when he was in prison. This made him miserable, but he refused to bend and remembered that the nation was a hard taskmaster and it was the fate of many patriots to suffer many privations, and never lower the nation's flag by doing anything improper or undignified.

An unostentatious, unknown constructive worker has now taken charge of the Congress at a time when it needs a man of rare calibre to save it from disruption and disintegration. He has set an example by resigning the Chief Ministership of a province in favour of a tougher and rougher job. It will help the Congress if a few more Congress leaders gave up lure of office and devote their time to Congress work. It would strengthen the organisation and make it more compact.

Dhebar's name is a legend in his home State. He is the real friend of people and there are many instances when he imperilled his life for others. It is stated that once in order to bring out some men from under debris, he himself almost got caught and narrowly escaped death.

Dhebar is not a leader in the accepted sense of the term. He is a worker and a genuine server of his people. He has a high sense of propriety and courtesy and does not allow politics to interfere in social relationships. It is said that once Jinnah visited Rajkot when he was very unpopular and Dhebar called on him because he knew Jinnah well. This infuriated his Congress colleagues and they were angry with him. However, he convinced them that he had done nothing wrong and violated no principle.

Today Dhebar is the cynosure of all eyes. What will he do for the Congress? A big question mark! But he takes up his new office with the full awareness of his big responsibility and faces his job with supreme confidence. The future alone knows what reputation awaits him, but men of his calibre seldom fail.

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FENNER BROCKWAY: "MEMBER FOR AFRICA"

By JENNEE LEE, M.P.

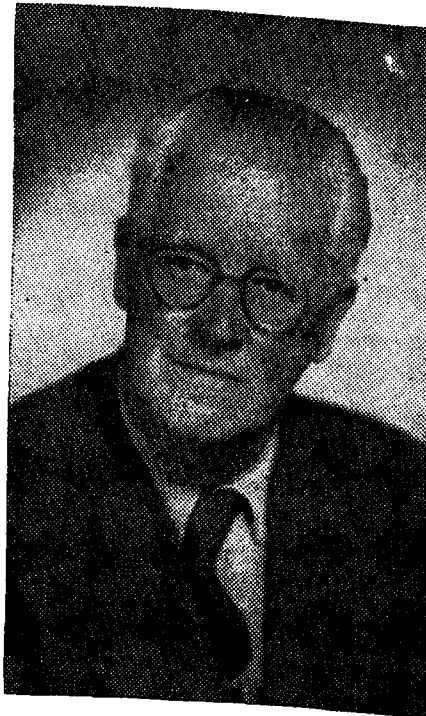
The writer of this article is the wife of Aneurin Bevan, and is the Editor of Tribune. In this article she portrays the heroic personality of Fenner Brockway, a life-long champion of the coloured people all over the world. He has fought many a battle and for the most part endured the rigours and heartbreak of championing splendid, but lost causes.

WHEN Fenner Brockway returned to the House of Commons as Member for Eton and Slough in the General Election of 1950, few people expected him to be more than a reasonably good back bencher. This was certainly the view of those who know him least. The evidence seemed to point that way, for he had already fought in many a battle, fought during long years, and for the most part endured the rigours and heartbreak of championing splendid, but lost causes. It was reasonable enough to assume that a certain spiritual, if not physical, fatigue would begin to show itself.

After all, many people have a heroic phase in their lives, one grand flare, then afterwards a slow petering and a coming to terms with life.

But to the delight of his friends, and the confounding of his enemies, if he has any, Fenner Brockway is the exception to the rule. At 66, he is now at the height of his powers and is doing a distinguished job in the House of Commons by concentrating on colonial problems. He is often called the honourable member for Africa. But that is too limited a description. He is the parliamentary friend, guide and watchdog of every coloured man and woman throughout the Commonwealth. And even this global scope is not enough for him. He also finds time to take up issues such as the rape of Guatemala and the recent executions in Egypt, that are not directly the responsibility of the British House of Commons.

What is the secret of his unflagging energies? How is he able to



Fenner Brockway, M.P.

do the work of ten men? Why do millions of people in Africa and elsewhere look to him for support and imaginative understanding? I believe the answer to these questions lies in his utter serenity. By serenity I do not mean complacency or lukewarm involvement. What I do mean is that he does not dissipate his strength by arguing with himself. Whatever doubts he may have had, as a young man fumbling his way to a settled philosophy and system of values, he now has certain

clear and unshakeable principles that guide his every act.

IN the highest sense he is a missionary but his field of work is not darkest Africa—it is darkest Westminster. Incidentally, Fenner Brockway's parents and grandparents were Christian missionaries and Fenner himself was born in India. But the orthodox missionary, however, fine and well-meaning, affronts the proudest of the race he goes among. His presence implies that the religion he brings is superior to the native religions. Also to add to the offence, cultural values are interlinked with religious observances and often the missionary's culture is more provincial and less venerable than the one he asks the reluctant natives to accept.

Fenner Brockway reverses the process. He is a missionary in Whitehall and in Parliament, teaching people of his own race that they have no cause to feel smug because they have built a few schools, hospitals and roads in their overseas "possessions." Almost always the colonising power takes more than it gives. He also gives warning that the day is over when colonial peoples will passively accept 'nannies' sent to them by the British Government to run their countries for them. It is better for an oppressed people to govern themselves and make their own mistakes. Only so can they free themselves from the swaddling clothes imposed by the colonising power and become experienced and mature citizens.

Lastly and fundamentally to all else, Fenner enjoys the companionship of men and women of all races and loves to feel he is a member of one great family. That is the mark of the true internationalist.

To help with the volume of work accumulating about him shortly after the Second World War Fenner Brockway became chairman of the Congress of Peoples against Imperialism. Later on many of the smaller organisations concerned to aid colonial peoples in their struggle for freedom merged into the Colonial Freedom Movement. And still

the work grows. Under Fenner's chairmanship committees composed of M. P.'s, trade unionists, members of the general public, coloured and white together, seek to keep continuous contact with various parts of the colonies and operate under the guidance of the central council of the Movement for Colonial Freedom. The popularity of this movement indicates two things. One, that official Labour Party contacts are inadequate and over-timid. Two, that Fenner Brockway is able to win and hold the confidence of a wide variety of people drawn from all over the world.

I have written so far about the contemporary Fenner Brockway. To round off the picture you must know that although he gives so much of himself to helping to solve the problems of far off lands, no English constituency has a more active member of Parliament, nothing too much trouble, no issue too small or too large to engage his attention. And in the background, the sweet of life, there are his handsome wife and young son.

What constitutes greatness? An aptitude for making a fortune, for lording it over other people, a driving ego that insists on personal supremacy, a blinding eloquence that carries an audience with the speaker even against their convictions? I am talking of greatness in the sphere to which Fenner Brockway belongs, that of public work.

On any of these counts, he falls far short of the mark. But these to me are outmoded tests. They belong to a world that is dying. Fenner Brockway's status can be measured only in terms of the kind of world he is working for, but is as yet scarcely born. He is the antithesis of the traditional pukka-sahib.

AS such he is widely appreciated—except among some of Whitehall's old school type of officials and members of Parliament. They at one and the same time resent him and are puzzled by him. Why does he not shout and storm and make scenes in the House of Commons to call attention to outrages in Kenya,



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Malaya, British Guiana, Bechuana-land and the other trouble spots? They would feel easier if Fenner conformed to their notions of how an 'agitator' should look and behave. But this mild mannered man has them beaten. He makes them work instead of giving themselves the satisfaction of bawling at him across the floor of the House. Inexorably, every time the Colonial Secretary is due to appear on the Government front bench and answer questions, Fenner, along with a small band of M.P.s who share his viewpoint, fills the order paper with questions that involve long laborious hours of work at the Ministry. All the time he is probing for the facts, bringing them into the day-light, at one and the same time giving encouragement to the colonial peoples, whose grievances he is championing and instructing his own party and the press about many matters that would not otherwise be aired.

In a world of high irreconcilable racial, national and class prejudices, Fenner Brockway brings light and healing wherever he goes. His writings, books, pamphlets, newspaper articles, trace the path of his activities throughout the year.

I FIRST knew Fenner when he was editor of the *Labour Leader*, then the weekly journal of the Independent Labour Party. Conscientious objector during the first world war, he became secretary of the 'No Conscription Fellowship.' When the Independent Labour Party disaffiliated from the Labour Party in 1932, Fenner chose to stay with the I. L. P. There followed about 15 years of strenuous pioneer work, seeking to establish a place in British politics for the more Left wing and idealistic elements in the Labour Movement.

The second world war swept away many former party alignments. We were all anti-fascists together. The paramount task was to defeat Hitler. By the end of the war it was clear that a younger generation, strangers to many of the finer distinctions of pre-war politics, responded only to a black and white political choice. Forward with Labour or backward

with the Conservative Party. Once the postwar Labour Government had embarked on its magnificent programme, at home housing, health service, taking over basic industries, and abroad, naming the day when India, Burma and Ceylon would have their freedom, it was right for Fenner to cease to be a guerilla fighter in a dwindling group flanking the main party.

He returned, as I had done shortly before, to the broad fold of the

Labour Party. Since then he has added to his own distinctions and that of his party by steady, dedicated work in the field of race relations. Africa may well dissolve in flames, bloody revolution searing its people from coast to coast, but Fenner Brockway deserves full credit as one of those who has laboured heroically to keep alive the hope that progress can come by gentler means.

The tragedy of our times is that there are not more to share his faith.

Amendment to the Constitution

BY SEARCHLIGHT

THERE has been a good deal of public criticism over the amendments proposed by Government to Article 31. Persons who had followed the original discussions in the Constituent Assembly could remember that the very objections now raised to the amendments including the question of justiciability formed the subject of hot debate then also and Article 31 in its present form was adopted as a compromise on a resolution moved by our revered countryman, the late Mr. N. Gopalaswami Iyengar. It was hardly imagined at that time that the new Government which was coming into existence would resort to such drastic reforms of socialistic pattern as are now being attempted, and the Constitution therefore limited the scope of Article 31 to compulsory acquisition of property of presumably the only tangible character coming under the purview of the All India Land Acquisition Act of 1894, which provides for interference by civil courts. Now that it is proposed to express by limit the scope of the article so as not to curtail long-standing vested rights and interests of nontangible character with a view to converting our country into a Welfare State, the question is, (1) whether, as proposed, it is desirable or proper to vest such power of curtail-

ment or extinction in the legislatures of States, which have yet to be politically developed and where the elected members cannot yet be regarded as true representatives of the people or the party or of the several interests in the country and (2) whether the affected persons can be debarred from seeking remedies in civil courts as in the case of other civil wrongs. There may be also danger of each State acting differently from others without any uniformity. Apart from the injustice or impropriety of the proposal, the existence of a provision for judicial remedy will be a safeguard against the executive acting high-handedly or unfairly or hastily. At a time when Government are taking steps to separate the judicial from the executive, any attempt to curtail existing civil remedies will be a retrograde step. If necessary the number of hurdles in civil remedies may be reduced.

It is no doubt true that a provision for interference by civil courts may hamper or retard the growth of the country to a Welfare State. But in the present circumstances of the country, with a number of undeveloped States, it cannot be helped. The Government will therefore be well advised to divert their energies towards improving the economic condition of the country by means of reforms not of any doubtful beneficial results, which are numerous enough.

THE "GOLDEN TONGUE" SLIPS

By ANDREW ROTH

THE marker on the political grave of Sir Hartley Shawcross may well have three little words: "six black niggers."

These three words, blurted out in a rent tribunal, are such a threat to the prospects of this leading contender for Labour Party leadership from among the pro-American moderates that those who first heard of them are trying their best to make everyone forget them—without success.

The offending words emerged at a hearing, before the local rent tribunal of a case involving the luxurious White House. This is an eight-storey block of flats with its own shops, swimming pool, squash courts, licensed club and resident doctor. It is known around town as a place where quite a few tired but well-off business men keep their lady friends.

Sir Hartley Shawcross, one of Britain's most brilliant Q. C.s (Queen's Counsel) and Attorney General in the Labour Government, was appearing for the landlords. They were trying, under the recent Rents Act, to compel tenants to pay a few shillings each more a week because of the increase in the cost of services. The barrister appearing for the tenants suggested that more staff than really necessary was employed because the White House was being run as a quasi-hotel. Some of the six Negro stokers in the boiler rooms were really odd-job men, retained "to provide luxury services to short-term tenants."

Sir Hartley replied, according to the Liberal *News Chronicle*, the only newspaper to carry the story next morning: "My learned friend has entered the realms of fantasy. What luxury services can be given by six big black niggers? Really!"

Sir Hartley's wording might have passed largely unnoticed had not the tabloid *Daily Mirror*, with its 4,600,000 circulation, decided to feature Sir Hartley's denial. Over a

banner front-page headline—Sir HARTLEY SHAWCROSS and the *News Chronicle* DENIES HE SAID: 'SIX BIG BLACK NIGGERS'—the *Mirror* carried his statement:

"I have never consciously thought or used such an offensive expression. It is wholly alien to my attitude towards the African . . .

"I am convinced in my own mind—and I am confirmed by other people that I never used the expression."

The *News Chronicle*, while acknowledging that "Sir Hartley would not deliberately or calculatingly have employed it" insisted on the accuracy of their reporter. The next day, December 23, the *News Chronicle* carried a letter from Sir Hartley:

"I should tell you that the short-hand note has now been obtained, and reports me as using the expression "six black niggers"—incidentally not "six big black niggers." I suppose I must accept them, although I am convinced in my own mind, and so are a number of people who were in the court room, that the words I used were "six black stokers."

The Curtain falls

It was then that the *News Chronicle*, its accuracy largely vindicated, tried to draw a curtain over the incident. It admitted that "a man in Sir Hartley's position who throws off such an offensive phrase—wherever and in whatever context it is used—must expect to pay the penalty of publicity." And then it added: "but we hope that this is now the end of the story."

"The Communists, of course, will leap into the fray. They have been given a new, knobby stick with which to thump the Labour leadership." (Actually the *Daily Worker*, which carried a feature attack on Sir Hartley the same day, did not mention this incident, perhaps for fear of a libel suit if it were not confirmed.)

The *News Chronicle* continued: "But Socialists of every shade and



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sect would do well to let the matter rest. Belief in the brotherhood of men is the fabric of the party. To enlarge upon this indiscretion would do harm to racial relations in Britain and abroad."

Only the naive could have believed that the *News Chronicle* was primarily concerned with maintaining the unity of the Labour Party. For many months it has been clear that the Liberals' hope for a future comes precisely from a *split* in the Labour Party, with the Bevanite left being hived off and replaced by a coalition of Liberals and moderate Labour, forming a moderate Left-Center party.

What the *News Chronicle* almost certainly was expressing was its fear that it had been the unwitting instrument for the destruction of one of the few younger Labour leaders capable of leading such a coalition. True, the 48-year-old economist Hugh Gaitskell is a more active moderate contender for the Labour Party leadership than the 52-year-old barrister. But the very battle for the leadership has made enemies for Gaitskell and those who want to ensure a moderate leadership for Labour feel happier with an alternate.

The danger of a loose expression has been amply demonstrated in the case of Aneurin Bevan's use of the word "vermin" to describe the pre-war Conservative Party leadership. It has been used by his opponents as if he meant to apply it to all Britons who vote Conservative.

Certainly few Liberals would want to see Sir Hartley excluded from the succession to the leadership of the Labour Party by a slip of his golden tongue. Sir Hartley has fellow-travelled with the Liberals and the Conservatives as persistently as that other brilliant British barrister, D.N. Pritt, Q.C., has fellow-travelled with the Communists. In Pritt's case he was expelled from the Labour Party in 1948 and has had virtually no political influence whatever in Britain since then. Prizes from Moscow do not help a British politician.

Supporters of the Anglo-American alliance know that Sir Hartley is one of the few Labour Party leaders who, as Sir Hartley was in October, would be invited to speak in the United States on "Values in the American Tradition." Sir Hartley was a success in the U. S. as far back as 1946 when, at Lake Success, he ruthlessly exposed Molotov's disarmament proposals. When he assumed leadership of the British delegation that year, he won the admiration of many observers, particularly American. He was elected a member of the New Work Bar Association, where he gave a further anti-Soviet speech to enthusiastic applause and cheering.

Sir Hartley's enthusiasm for the Anglo-American alliance is undoubtedly genuine and rather courageous. He became Chairman of the Friends of Atlantic Union, a group which, among other things, favours a joint British-American citizenship. This organization is overwhelmingly Conservative in outlook and becoming its Chairman opened Sir Hartley to the attacks of the large section of the Labour Party which is critical of the United States.

Sir Hartley, one suspects, believes a bit in the calculated indiscretion, particularly when it is certain to secure publicity. This certainly is true of his support of Sir Winston Churchill in the recent furore over Sir Winston's unconfirmed allegation that in 1945 he sent General Montgomery a telegram warning him to stack the arms of the captured Nazi troops so that they could readily be rearmed in case it proved necessary to use Nazi troops to prevent the Soviet armies from going too far.

"I do not understand what all the fuss was about," said Sir Hartley on December 7 in Nairobi, Kenya. "In 1945 it was recognised that there was a danger that Russia might overrun Denmark and the Western part of the continent of Europe. If that had happened, we would have had to resist it by all available means. That might have included the use of Germans under Allied command—not Nazis, because Hitler had been destroyed."

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This reason infuriated the *New Statesman*, which retorted four days later:

"Sir Hartley entered politics as Attorney-General in the 1945 Labour Government and made his name by his tremendous indictment of the German war criminals. At the time many of us voiced our doubts about the legality of this *ex post facto* trial, and in particular expressed our worry whether the two soldiers Keitel and Jodl, who carried out the politicians' orders, should be condemned to death. Sir Hartley had no such scruples. He then held the view that no distinction should be made between the German General Staff and the Nazi regime: they were all accomplices in the Hitlerite conspiracy. Now, eight years later, his fine legal brain has reached the conclusion that in May, 1945, German soldiers ceased to be Nazis because Hitler had been destroyed. There is, of course, the possibility that he has now been converted to the view of another Socialist lawyer, Mr. Paget, who made himself very unpopular after the war by denouncing the war crimes trials and defending General von Manstein. If Sir Hartley, after years of heart-searching has now reached the terrible conclusion that he played a leading role in what was tantamount to judicial murder, surely he should tell us frankly. The British public is always kind to a politician who frankly admits the error of his ways."

II. THE GOLDEN BOY

Handsome Sir Hartley Shawcross can shed criticism from his broad well-clothed back like the proverbial duck.

He loves controversy as much as he likes success and he has had plenty of both, particularly success. He has been the Golden Boy of the two callings he has chosen; the law and politics.

In the law his success has been dazzling. He is Britain's most sought-after advocate. He earns an estimated £30-40,000 annually, representing such firms as De Havillands in the recent comet Inquiry Anglo-

Iranian (now called British Petroleum), Sir Bernard Docker, famous for his gold-plated limousine, North Rhodesian copper mine owners and others. Big business firms compete for his talents. Not only do they get one of the ablest and most assiduous barristers, but the former Attorney General of the Labour Government.

Some Labourites have criticized his appearances on behalf of Big Business firms. But he replies that a barrister is pledged to accept every brief. Many lawyers agree with him, but others say that a barrister can discourage business firms by putting up too high a price or pleading the pressure of other work. One can escape from going to Southern Rhodesia to appear for copper mine owners against African miners by pleading lack of desire to secure entry to a new bar. In practice, the successful barrister's clerk picks and chooses the most interesting and lucrative cases.

Although a barrister is supposed to take all clients, the fact is that his business does, to a certain extent, reflect his own desire for clients. It was D. N. Pritt, Q. C., excluded from the Labour Party for pro-Communism, who was called upon to defend Jomo Kenyatta and the leftwing students in Singapore. Sir Hartley expressed a willingness to go to Kenya to prosecute Jomo Kenyatta.

Enjoying Success

Sir Hartley undoubtedly knows how to enjoy his success. He has a country home in Sussex, a flat in London, a yacht named *Vanity*.

He has a beautiful wife 17 years younger than himself—the niece of the famous racing motorist Sir Malcolm Campbell. When their third child was born in March 1953 Sir Hartley was in London for a High Court case.

When the second child was christened in the Crypt Chapel of the House of Commons were Mr. Attlee, then Prime Minister, and Mme Massigli, the wife of the former French Ambassador.

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Although 52 Sir Hartley is perhaps the most handsome man in British public life. Tall, with wide shoulders and an athletic frame which make him look even taller, he has dark eyes and wavy brown hair. Few know he has the busyman's disease—duodenal ulcer.

He also dresses with a flair, whether in the extreme casualness of yachtmen's clothes or with the full regalia of an attorney-General: exquisitely cut knee breeches and wig, rosettes, ruffles and stock.

I remember Sir Hartley and Lady Shawcross at the Labour Agents' dance at the Labour Party's 1952 annual conference. Dancing among the rank and file of the party machine they resembled nothing so much as a pair of swans among the ducks.

Despite the style and smooth self-confidence with which Sir Hartley lives up to his success and income, he was not born into inherited wealth.

Sir Hartley was born in Germany in 1902, where his father, John Shawcross, was lecturing in English at Geissen University. His father came of a family deeply rooted in Cheshire, Lancashire and Derbyshire since the Middle Ages. Towards the end of the fifteenth century, a Shawcross was High Sheriff of Derbyshire.

John Shawcross was raised in a deeply Liberal tradition. One of his sisters married a son of John Bright.

Sir Hartley's mother, who was partly Danish, was an early and ardent suffragette and a pioneer advocate of socialism in Wandsworth before World War I.

Even at Dulwich College, one of the less famous public schools, Sir Hartley, was an advocate of his mother's politics. When only 16, during the general elections of 1918, he canvassed for votes for the Labour Party in Wandsworth in South London.

From Dulwich he went, not to Oxford, but to the University of Geneva.

Inhospitable Bar

His glib tongue, brilliant mind and ability to concentrate clearly marked him out for the Bar. His studies at Gray's Inn seemed to confirm it. He won first-class examination honors and first place out of 220 in the bar final examinations.

His first years at the Bar proved the generalization that even the most brilliant barristers tend to starve at first. For a couple of years he practised in London, but found the going extremely hard, all the more so because he was without private means. He apparently earned only £100 in his first four years. This may explain his present interest in monied clients.

He was rescued in 1927 by two providential offers, one as an Oxford don, the other as senior law lecturer at Liverpool University. He chose Liverpool, deciding that he would practice at the Bar privately while lecturing.

In Liverpool he joined forces with another young barrister: David Maxwell Fyfe, now Lord Kilmuir, the Lord Chancellor. Branching out on his own subsequently, he built up the most successful junior practice on the Northern Circuit. He went through the whole gamut of advocacy, from workmen's compensation and motor-car accident to murder cases.

In 1934 occurred one of the greatest mining disasters in the history of the British coalfields. An explosion in a coal mine in North Wales killed 265. Sir Stafford Cripps appeared at the inquiry for the North Wales Miners Association. Hartley Shawcross appeared as Junior counsel for the mine owners. As a result of the enquiry, which lasted thirty-five days, a manager of the mine was imprisoned and the Government had to set up a Royal Commission on safety in coal mines.

A year later the famous Buck Ruxton murder case, in which Shawcross was again junior counsel this time for the Prosecution, gave him another leg up in the profession. Buck Ruxton, an Indian doctor, was found guilty of murdering his wife and maid.

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This, of course, was a minor case compared with the subsequent fame earned as prosecutor in the famous Haigh acid-murder trial. It is little known that this barrister, who has so brilliantly prosecuted murderers, hates capital punishment. He disagreed violently with the withdrawal of the clause to suspend it, forced on the Labour Government by the Conservative-dominated House of Lords in 1948.

The Showman

Liverpool was the provincial stage on which Shawcross developed the dramatic legal talents which subsequently earned the spotlight in London.

He would turn up at his chambers in Liverpool of a Saturday morning with a vast St. Bernard bitch, wearing a canary-colored pullover, light brown tweeds and—a startling novelty 25 years ago in the provinces—suede shoes.

In the varied courts of the Northern Circuit—Crown Court, Civil Court, County Court, and Liverpool's own Court of Passage—Shawcross polished his brilliant court-room talents.

He has always seemed to carry his legal burdens lightly. His cross-examinations often take on the tone of casual conversation. Occasionally he lends a sardonic intonation to some salient phrase.

But his cross-examinations are as relentless as they are relaxed—and they are usually backed by assiduous preparation and a prodigious memory. The devastating questions come with a cold skill.

During the early days in Liverpool his surface jauntiness covered a personal sorrow. His first wife, whom he married when he was only twenty-two, became an invalid. For ten years he lavished care and attention on her. Her death came as a terrible blow. He buried himself deeper in his career.

In 1939 he had reached the first climax of a barrister's career and "taken silk" (become a King's Counsel). He was elected a Bencher of

Gray's Inn that same year. (He is now Treasurer of Gray's Inn.)

War-Time

Sir Hartley had to fight a civilian war because of a spinal injury received in a climbing accident. He had, in 1938, enrolled in the Emergency Reserve of Officers but was disqualified on medical grounds.

In 1939 he was appointed, by the Lord Chancellor, to the chairmanship of the busiest enemy aliens' tribunal in London. In 1940 he became legal advisor to the vital southeastern Civil Defense region. In 1942 he became Regional Commissioner for the Northwest. He was Recorder of Salford from 1941 to 1945.

In With Labour

The July 1945 General Election found Sir Hartley fighting the constituency of St. Helen's, Lancashire, just outside Liverpool. His brother Christopher, who recently was shot in Malaya while appearing there for BOAC, fought the adjoining constituency of Widnes. They put out a joint publication, the *Shawcross Express*.

When he reached Parliament for the first time with a thumping majority in 1945, he was made Attorney-General and, as customary, knighted. In that post he replaced Sir David Maxwell-Fyfe, K.C. (now Lord Kilmuir) with whom he had shared chambers for a time in Liverpool.

These two former legal partners and present political opponents led the British legal team at the Nuremberg trials of Nazi war criminals. Sir Hartley's opening and closing speeches at Nuremberg showed an intellectual mastery which, so it is said, was praised even in the dock.

In Britain he came further into the public eye as leading Counsel for the Crown in the treason trial of William Joyce, "Lord Haw Haw," who had broadcast from Germany during the war. He won wide praise for his razor-sharp examination of the slippery Sidney Stanley in the inquiries

into official corruption before Justice Lynskey.

In politics he showed himself to be impulsive, challenging and contentious. Opening the debate on the repeal of the Trades Disputes Act, he wore, with some deliberation, a red tie and a red breast-pocket handkerchief. His parliamentary performance was masterly but he made some remarks which appeared to reflect on the impartiality of Britain's judges. He apparently considered resigning but, instead, recanted with typical urbanity. He also had to recant attack on the "gutter press."

Sir Hartley's good looks and urbane self-confidence have become internationally known. From 1945 to 1949 he was one of the principal United Kingdom delegates to the Assembly of the United Nations. In 1950 he was appointed a United Kingdom member of the Hague Court of Arbitration. Since Labour's defeat in 1951 he has been abroad as much—representing large British firms.

III. PLAYING RIGHTWING HOOKEY

So effective an orator and pointed a speaker is Sir Hartley Shawcross that he is one of the few M.P.s who can draw a full House of Commons when they rise to speak in that oratory-surfeited chamber.

Some of his excellence may be due to the fact that most of his important speeches are written out. He delivers them with the dramatic intensity of an actor who has learned his part.

Parliamentarians and the Parliamentary press gallery have had remarkably few chances of late to hear Sir Hartley's oratory. According to the unchallengeable record of the index to *Hansard*, the verbatim report of Parliamentary speeches, Sir Hartley has spoken only twice in the whole of the last year.

When he rose to speak first, last May 24, there were calls of "hello, stranger," from M.P.s whom the Whips have kept in the House of Commons virtually every day of the session. But his mission was appreciated. He came to speak for a £500

increase for M.P.s because some of them "when their necessary expenses have been met . . . are not even able to buy themselves a decent meal. I know that that happens to quite a number of my colleagues in this House."

Of course that does not happen to a barrister in the £30-40,000 a year class, because "by reason of the fates and chances of life, if my Parliamentary salary is to be increased the Chancellor of the Exchequer will very promptly have the satisfaction of taking away with one hand what he has previously given me with the other."

Sir Hartley apologized: "unfortunately I am not able to take part so often as I would wish in the activities of this House" and then surprised some of his auditors by opposing the restriction of membership in the House of Commons to "those whose personal wealth enables them to become rather dilettante politicians . . ." He also opposed restricting it to "those who are in possession of a subsidy of some kind or another . . ."

It was thought that Sir Hartley was being a bit unkind when, in opposing a really substantial salary for M.P.s he said: "I distrust the professional politician . . ." It certainly has been the toleration of professionals like Herbert Morrison and the Whips of the Labour Party which has permitted him to spend 95% of his time at the Bar.

Sir Hartley, has, of course, made it perfectly clear that his loyalties, in any intra-party dispute, lies with the Morrison-Gaitskell Rightwing of the Party. He has attacked the Bevanites as "eaten up with personal ambition." The Bevanite revolt did him personally no harm. When Bevan, Freeman and Wilson resigned from the Labour Government in April 1951, Sir Hartley was promoted to Harold Wilson's Cabinet post as President of the Board of Trade.

Of late, Sir Hartley has been making weekend political speeches arguing that Britain cannot stand further major steps toward socialism. Last

year he went to Tolpuddle to make a speech commemorating its famous trade union martyrs. He garnered headlines with his suggestion that "chaos" would ensue if the land were nationalized.

His major effort as a political theoretician, however, came on December 18 in his own constituency. "Let us give socialism a 'new look,'" he appealed. "It is no use turning back over our shoulders all the time at Karl Marx and applying all sorts of restrictions and carbs and freezes . . ."

"Nationalization for the sake of nationalization is as dead as the dodo. We should get rid of the uncertainties which exist by making plain that we shall only nationalize where that is shown to be necessary to protect the public from exploitation by monopolies which are not being conducted in the public interest or to promote efficiency . . . The re-nationalization of transport is an obvious public necessity."

This speech has marked Sir Hartley as a strong defender of the "consolidation" school of thought favoured by Herbert Morrison. Nothing quite as cutting was said about it by his opponents to the Left as was written by the Parliamentary correspondent of the Conservative *Yorkshire Post*. He said "Sir Hartley Shawcross passed sentence of death on nationalization and produced a new Labour blueprint scarcely distinguishable from that upon which the Tories fought the last two elections."

This is rather a far cry from the man who once called out to the furious Tories in the House of Commons in the first Labour Government: "We are the masters now!"

The Best of Both Worlds

There are a number of reasons advanced for Sir Hartley's change from Tory-baiting to Bevan-baiting.

There is the obvious one that, as a member of the Labour Government, he was able to see that every step toward nationalization brings its own mammoth problems in its trail. As a barrister Sir Hartley may prefer the comparative flexibility of an efficient large private concern to the large bureaucratic colossi which some of the nationalized industries tend to become.

Sir Hartley has said: "I suffer from the usual defect of the lawyer in politics—I usually see two sides to each question."

There is one question on which Sir Hartley cannot see two sides: the menace of Communism. As a barrister in the country with the highest traditions of democratic justice, he has the deepest contempt for the "bogus trials" in Communist countries. He has pointed out that no lawyer in a Communist country dares put forward a "real" defense of anyone accused of a crime against the state. In private he is scornful of those Leftwing British barristers who will use all their ingenuity in

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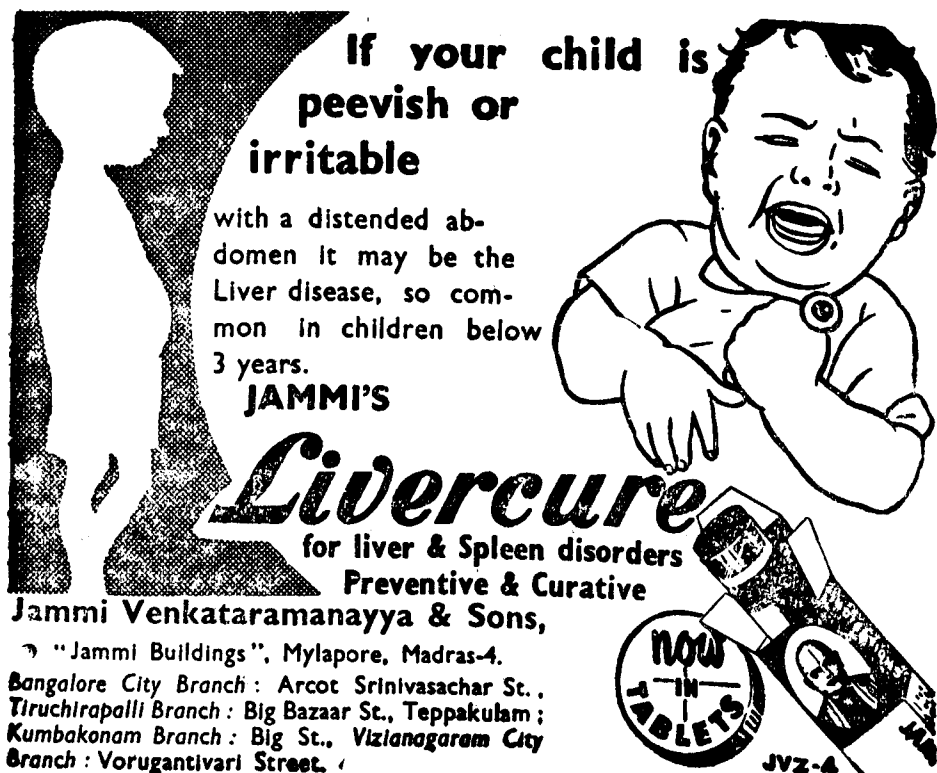
utilizing the British judicial system to defend Leftists in the West but will ignore the blatant injustices in Communist countries. There are many who agree with him, but also some who would find Sir Hartley somewhat more convincing if he sometimes took unpopular Leftwing cases himself, to balance his business accounts.

Sir Hartley demonstrated his feelings about Communist activists in the trade union movement by urging the prosecution of seven Communist and pro-Communist dockers leaders in 1950 under the now defunct anti-strike ordinance 1305.

Sir Hartley is believed to share Hugh Gaitskell's belief that the Leftwing of the British Labour Party is partly Communist-inspired. In a speech in Wellesley, Massachusetts on October 13 he said that the British Communists, after their election defeats, were trying, under the guise of being leftwing Socialists, to worm their way into the Labour Party.

Sir Hartley is exercised over the menace of "secret Communists," presumably dating from his prosecution of Klaus Fuchs and his knowledge of how much damage that case did in relations with America.

But his anti-Communist attitude is more British than American. "It would be foolish," he told his American audience, "to help those whose aim is to overthrow us. The question is, how far should we go in protecting our free democracy? Are we wise to resort to the very weapons of suppression and secrecy and rigid conformity which they use who seek to destroy us? Or should we, and can we with safety, be true to our tradition and proudly proclaim our faith in our own methods of free and open controversy and in the invincible power of truth. I like to think we have learnt a certain amount of political wisdom and stability which enables us to discredit ideas which are inimical to our way of life without suppressing them."



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now IN TABLETS

JVZ-4

LAND REFORMS IN INDIA

By V. N. RAJAGOPALAN

THE condition of Indian agriculture is typical of a static backward economy which is unable to expand and keep pace with the growing population. The central problem, therefore, is to change the character of Indian agriculture from subsistence farming to economic farming and to bring about a substantial measure of efficiency in farming operation and enable the low income farmer to increase his return. Hence, it is imperative that, in agriculture, as elsewhere, a new structure must be devised to ensure economic and social stability and progress according to present day conditions and standards of agriculture. The introduction of a progressive scheme of reforms in India, today, therefore may only mean avoiding a social chaos, consequent on the ever-increasing volume of agrarian unrest, and reconstructing agriculture for the rapid economic regeneration of the country.

We have been told, time and again, that the Congress is wedded to the policy of abolition of all intermediaries between the state and the actual cultivator on payment of equitable compensation, growth of peasant proprietorship and encouragement of some system of cooperative farming suited to Indian conditions. Here, an attempt is made to assess the achievements of Congress in this regard.

In India, the main demand used to be the abolition of the zamindari and other systems of statutory landlordism and big struggles were conducted for achieving it. The demand had become so universal that it became the demand of the national movement itself. According to a note prepared by the Planning Commission in July last year, abolition of intermediaries has been fully implemented in five States including Madhya Pradesh, Punjab, Hyderabad, Pepsu and Bhopal, and substantially implemented in Bombay, Madras

(including Andhra), Uttar Pradesh, Madhya Bharat, and Saurashtra, and partially implemented in four other States—Bihar, Orissa, Rajasthan, and Vindhya Pradesh. The intermediaries have not yet been abolished in five States including Assam, West Bengal, Mysore, Delhi and Himachal Pradesh; legislative measures have yet to be undertaken in the other States.

The amount of compensation involved is in the neighbourhood of Rs. 550 crores, nearly 25% of the total outlay visualised for the Five Year Plan. Considering the shortage of funds for development work as envisaged in the Five Year Plan, it may be worthwhile to consider whether the time is not yet ripe to drastically reduce the scale of compensation payable. The sum is indeed very huge and will remain a constant source of anxiety for the State exchequers for years to come, as the payment is to be made over a number of years, may be 20, 30 or even 40 in some States. Mr. Kenneth H. Parsons, Professor of Agricultural Economics in the University of Wisconsin, U. S. A., who was asked by the Planning Commission to study the land reforms in India and submit his observations, has also said that "compensation at current values will load the present tenants with considerable debts." The fate of the peasantry may be much worse off than before the abolition, as obtained in Rumania as a result of the reforms of 1917. "The big landowners, who were compensated for their losses by State bonds, controlled the banks which granted agricultural loans at high rates of interest. They obtained interest on the State bonds they held. And all this had to be paid for by the peasant. The peasant, now a nominal owner of a small strip of land, insufficient for the upkeep of his family, was burdened with the payment of taxes, dues and interest on his mortgaged property. He was, in fact, even worse off than if he had

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possessed no land at all." This should serve as a sufficient warning against commitment of high compensation amounts in the Bills that are yet to be finalised in some parts of India.

LAND is held by a few persons who form an insignificant minority of the agricultural population. Even under the ryotwari system, we find the land monopolised by a small section of the landholders. For instance, in Bombay, claimed to be a purely ryotwari State, we find 33% of the entire land is held by absentee landlords and that 10% of the landowners own 44% of the land. It is because of this concentration of land in the hands of a few landlords that the great majority of the agricultural population goes without land or with meagre bits of land. Unless this concentration is broken up and the land is distributed among the actual cultivators and agricultural labourers, our agrarian economy cannot be reorganised on a rational basis.

Tenancy reforms are designed to scale down the rents to 1/4th or 1/5th of the produce, to ensure permanent rights to tenants, subject to the landlord's right to resume a minimum holding for his personal cultivation within a limited time and to permit tenants to acquire ownership of their lands, on payment of a moderate compensation to the landlord, spread over a period of years.

In a number of States, legislation has been enacted as a result of which rents have been progressively brought down and tenants have obtained security of tenure and the right to acquire ownership of their holdings on payment of a moderate compensation. The pace of progress in this direction has, however, not been rapid enough.

In most States (except PEPSU and Punjab), the resumable area is not demarcated and as no time limit has been prescribed during which a landlord could resume personal cultivation, so that in case of his failure to do so the tenant could acquire a permanent right on land, the tenants have been placed under a constant

and continuing threat of ejectment. The tenants who have been cultivating these lands for years naturally resist these ejectment proceedings and thus is created a danger of widespread disturbance of rural peace. The ejectment of tenants, resulting from the resumption of land by owners for personal cultivation, has, in certain States, become a matter for anxious consideration.

The right given to tenants in some of the State legislations to purchase the rights of the landlords is very commendable and may be extended to all States. However, it should be borne in mind that the overwhelming majority of those who may be likely to benefit from such provisions are today the cultivators of uneconomic and fragmented units, whose ability to accumulate enough to exercise the right of purchase in the foreseeable future must be regarded as entirely remote.

The final report of the Planning Commission, dealing with the question of the enforcement of an upper limit, both for purposes of future acquisition of land and in respect of existing lands, recommends as follows: "We have considered carefully the implications of the various courses of action which are possible. It appears to us, that, in relation to land, (as also in other sectors of the economy), individual property in excess of any norm that may be proposed has to be justified in terms of public interest, and not merely on grounds of individual rights or claims. We are, therefore, in favour of the principle that there should be an upper limit to the amount of land that an individual may hold." (P. 188). Though the limit which may be appropriate has to be determined by each State in the light of its own circumstances, the Commission accepted the recommendations of the Agrarian Reforms Committee, that three times the family holding would appear to be a fair limit for an individual holding."

EVEN though the Congress and the Planning Commission have accepted the principle of ceiling, so far in no State has this ceiling been fixed.

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Here is the comment of H. D. Malavya, in his book, "Land Reforms in India", an AICC publication: "The question of fixing a ceiling on existing holdings has been ignored in most of the States. The Part 'C' States of Delhi and Himachal Pradesh, who wanted to do it, had had difficulties in getting their drafts accepted by the Centre. Delhi was asked to drop the idea: so also Himachal Pradesh."

IT is said that zamindari abolition has shown that the transfer of land from one class to another may bring the State no dividends, even though it has had to find the money for compensation. The imposition of ceilings on landownership and the creation of a vast number of uneconomic holdings owned by people who have neither the capital nor the equipment for employing up-to-date methods would, it is argued, amount to driving away private enterprise from the land. Further it is contended that while social and economic justice must always be kept in view, attempts to enforce arithmetical equality can only result in slowing down production, such as it is, and throwing the entire economy out of gear. Distribution of small pieces of land among agricultural labourers and poor peasants would only be equalisation at the level of poverty. The size of holdings—minimum or maximum—will have to be determined in relation to the problems of farm management.

India lies midway between the West and the Far East. Her agricultural practices are also of an intermediary type. The pressure of population on land is heavier in comparison to the West but land is not so scarce as in the Far East. Cattle assist man in most of the agricultural operations. Holdings are small, capital is not available for purchasing machinery, and the country's resources are extremely poor in liquid fuel. Consequently any appreciable departure from the existing man-cattle partnership does not seem to be feasible. Fixing of ceilings and distribution of the surplus is to be carried out not only on grounds

of equity and social justice but even on economic grounds. The holdings have to be in consonance with the capacity for management and the units of farm management demand that they are of such a size that the existing man-cattle partnership can work.

What, in concrete terms, does ceiling and distribution of land mean to the peasants and agricultural labourers? Firstly, the land held by tenants for a fixed number of years will pass on to them with full ownership rights. They will be absolved from paying high rents and will have to pay land revenue to the State directly. They become landowners in the full sense of the term. Secondly, the land that they get will give them status and make them creditworthy. Thirdly, by the removal of the burden of rent, the amount of agricultural production will greatly increase the purchasing power of the rural masses and result in a great fillip to our industrial growth. It will also provide an incentive to the cultivator to invest capital in land, adopt new techniques and in other ways develop agriculture. Thus an equitable distribution of land will be accompanied by a full and proper utilisation of land for increased production.

IN order to formulate a sound land policy, a census of land holdings was initiated. But the move does not seem to be making much headway and every effort should be made to expedite this process.

The Congress has recognised that the land question is the crux of India's economic problems on the solution of which alone any further advance is possible. It seeks to bring about an agrarian "revolution" in India's countryside, "nothing short of it", but this it proposes to do in a "peaceful, non-violent and democratic manner." The present social structure which still continues to be based on an acquisitive economy has to be progressively changed into socialised economy. Although legislative measures have been undertaken or proposed in most of the States, "the progress of implementation has been very slow."

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All went well till the plants flowered—
and then bore huge fruit looking like
cucumbers.

Short Story.....

CUCURBITA PERENNIS

By Pravin Kumar

MRS. RAMAN edged forward her chair from the shadows till it was in the full blaze of the flood-lights.

That should make my trinkets sparkle, she thought; at least now I will be able to catch somebody's eye.

I wonder who that repulsive-looking woman is? thought a couple of other guests who were looking equally neglected.

Ten minutes passed, but nobody took notice of Mrs. Raman. Attending such parties was not worth the amount of bedizening and decking out that preceded them, she decided; the trouble with suburbanites was that they lack the finesse to appreciate your own finesse.

Two months ago they had vacated their residence in Nungambakkam under the pressure of a curmudgeonly landlord (to whom they owed six months' rent) and moved out into the unregenerate suburbs. Here, even after the most hectic 'throwing' of parties she had been unable to get the recognition as one of the lions—lionesses—of the locality.

Suddenly she gave a deep sigh of satisfaction—the kind a hunter might give on sighting his quarry. There, in a corner, looking equally embarrassed and overlooked, was Gopal, an obscure cousin of hers who had gone abroad to prosecute his 'further studies' in botany or some such subject. Of course, he had returned long ago with his Ph.D. or something like that, but Mrs. Raman had been too busy to give him a thought; a shy, young man who in obedience to his parents dutifully forced himself to attend parties, though he much rather preferred to be browsing over Bower or Smith...

With a start Mr. Gopal came out of his thoughts of the Mediterranean flora as he saw Mrs. Raman bearing down on him with the utmost speed she was capable of. He looked about frantically. One of the only two vacant seats was located in the midst of a bevy of chattering flappers. The other was just in front of a loud-speaker. Gopal decided to stand his ground.

"I'm so glad to see you," gushed Mrs. Raman. "When did you come?" "Twenty minutes back."

"I mean, from England."

"Oh, three years ago." Gopal groaned inwardly. On his return his parents had insisted on publishing in the local papers a triumphant announcement of the fact, accompanied by a photograph, although Gopal—who for once raised strong objection—pointed out that a foreign doctorate was by no means as earth-shaking as they thought... "I was studying botany—all about plants, you know."

"And about trees, too, I think," chirped Mrs. Raman brightly. "I believe you have to go about digging until you dig up a plant which nobody else has dug up before."

"Er... more or less," agreed Mr. Gopal, wincing inwardly as he thought of those laborious hours at the microscope.

At this moment Rani, Mrs. Raman's youngest daughter, burst in on them like a gale. It transpired that she had been so successful in her onslaughts on suburban society as to have extorted an invitation to dinner from one of the local elite. Her mother introduced her to the shrinking botanist.

"I love flowers," purred Rani, apropos of nothing. "How I wish we had a garden! I have an idea. Why not we make a garden out of those weed-infested grounds round our house?" Mrs. Raman shook her head dubiously. Her daughter went on: "Besides, it seems to push you up the social ladder. One of the girls over there was telling me how after their garden won the first prize in the Annual Horticultural Competition, they became the hub of the fashionable world. And even those who came out with consolation prizes used to be gazed at as if they had climbed Mount Everest."

Mrs. Raman pricked up her ears.

"If I can be of any use—" began Gopal.

"Will you help us?" Mrs. Raman's eyes were glistening with eagerness.

"You see," went on Gopal, "my scientific training might not be of much use in a purely aesthetic project like this."

"I am sure it will be," insisted Mrs. Raman—and it had to be.

★

"WHOM do you think I met today?" Mrs. Raman asked her husband as he bent over the chess-board with his cronies. He directed a brief, quizzical look at her. "My cousin Gopal," she announced triumphantly.

Her husband snorted. He had always placed Gopal last in his list of eligible sons-in-law. Gopal was an indifferent chess-player.

"Well," went on his wife with unflagging enthusiasm, "he has promised to help in laying out our garden."

"What garden," mumbled Mr. Raman peevishly as he returned to the chess-board.

All the same, he consented to grant an audience to the young man, who was duly invited the next Sunday.

"The best way to catch the judges' eye," said Gopal, "is a botanical novelty. That is why I propose to make *Cucurbita perennis* the chief feature of our garden."

Mr. Raman grunted between munches of betel-leaf.

"It is a cross between *C. pepo* and *C. dubia*," explained Gopal. "It was the subject of my thesis."

"Why should you cross them?"

Gopal stared. "Why, for the simple reason that nobody else had crossed them before."

But Mr. Raman's stertorous snores indicated that the intricacies of hybridisation had no interest for him.

Gopal was, however, amply reimbursed by Mrs. Raman's enthusiasm which took the form of making her children fetch water for a preliminary softening-up of the ground. And even before the seeds were sown in the beds she had entered for the Horticultural Competition.

All went well till the plants flowered—and then bore huge fruit looking like cucumbers. Gopal was hastily summoned to explain.

"I thought they would produce some gorgeous flowers," said Mrs. Raman sternly, dangling one of the offending vegetables before his eyes.

"I am sure the judges will go crazy over it," assured Gopal. "I have seen hard-bitten botanists raving on seeing it. The cross was previously considered to be impossible, you know."

"Wretch! You have ruined my chances of winning the prize. All my neighbours will be flaunting chrysanthemums and dahlias!" She brandished the cucumber with the obvious intention of using it as a missile. Gopal retreated precipitately. The manoeuvre brought them into the verandah, in full view of half-a-dozen scrawny goats which were feverishly browsing on the cucumber beds. There was hardly a leaf left on the creepers.

★

WITHIN a few days hope began to spring up in Mrs. Raman's bosom. The Competition was still two months ahead. With the help of a gardener she set to work frantically. Rockeries, fish-pools and arbours were planned and begun.

Just then came a letter announcing the arrival of her aunt, Mrs. Swami, who in her childhood had

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been a veritable terror to her. Her annual visit was dreaded on account of her children, who, thorough going Huns that they were, left a trail of destruction through every room they had access to. This time, however, Mrs. Raman issued orders that no attempt should be made to keep valuable or fragile articles out of the destructive reach of the Swami children, so that, thus preoccupied, they might be kept out of the garden.

"I never knew you were or could be such an expert gardener," commented Mrs. Swami within a few hours of her arrival.

"Oh, it's a modest attempt," gulped her host. "Not worth seeing, really."

"I insist on seeing. The gardens in New Delhi, you must know—" And willy-nilly, Mrs. Raman had to accompany her outside.

"I simply love flowers," cooed Mrs. Swami, looking in the direction of some large roses.

"I'll show you lovelier roses. This way!" shot her host in a frantic attempt to distract her attention. But the other had plucked off a handful of roses in a trice.

Mrs. Raman winced and helplessly followed her guest, who took the initiative in going round the garden.

"By the way," began Mrs. Swami again, "my cousin's marriage is coming off day-after-tomorrow. It would be kind of you to spare some flowers for the occasion."

"I suppose so," groaned the other.

"Thank you."

"You must be tired by now. Let's take some rest."

"I'm not in the least tired," protested Mrs. Swami.

"Anyway, there's plenty of time to see the rest of the garden. Let us sit here for a while." And Mrs. Raman adroitly led the way to a bower studded with little yellow clusters of *Tristellatia australis* flowers. Mrs. Raman absolutely pinned her hopes on this bower in the forthcoming Competition.

Just then, two of the Swami children darted out of the house in hot

pursuit of the household terrier, who finding no security within the four walls of the house, had rushed out. In a minute, it had bounded on top of the creeper-covered bower. No whit daunted, the pursuers clambered up behind it, until, unable to bear the weight, the whole bamboo trellis-work came crashing down on the heads of the two women inside.

★

AFTER that, there was nothing to do but to withdraw from the Competition, especially as for the next two or three days Mrs. Swami, armed with a pair of large scissors, went round the flower-beds, snipping off the choicest flowers. Mrs. Raman kept to her room, unable to witness the onslaught.

But on the day fixed for inspection by the judges, an unobtrusive person wearing horn-rimmed glasses tapped at the door. Mrs. Raman hurried downstairs, faintly hoping that the Horticultural Society had still considered her garden good enough, in spite of the ravages.

"Good morning," began the man, handing her a test-tube, inside which something was wriggling. "You see inside that tube a larva of the rare beetle *Aphanethrix* belonging to the family Pselaphidae. The last specimen was discovered in the Nilgiris forty-five years ago. I found this specimen on one of my windows abutting on your garden, from which it obviously hails. Do I have your permission to look in your garden for more specimens?"

★

CAVES OF TIME

DESPITE disdainful smiles Time, having his own way, Sleeps with darkness in caverns—Elysiums of the Past.

Often silent impatience Throbs in mother earth's bosom Full of frantic eagerness To bring her exhibits to light.

When a tremor on the crust Or even elemental furies fall, Lo, a tickle by a casual spade Unfolds the dim pageants of the Past!

C. P. GOPINATH

New Books

PUBLIC FINANCE

Its History and Working in India

By R. N. BHARGAVA

Chaitanya Publishing House, Allahabad

Rs. 12-8 as; or, 25s

HUMAN life ever since man inhabited this earth has been one of constant endeavour and a perpetual quest for a richer and more varied life. The emphasis has been not on "mere living" but on "better living". The special pleading of selfish interests which is characteristic of the economic science has met with fulminating rebuffs from Thomas Carlyle and John Ruskin that "economics is a dismal science with ignoble ends." Despite these the life of man fundamentally has always been an economic proposition. The trivial problem of running a humble home, the organisation of a small baker's shop or a giant steel factory, the running of the railways, the layout of a new road, the construction of a huge dam to harness the water resources and the generation of hydro-electricity on an enormous outlay of public funds and a vast labour force to carry the scheme through—all these involve financial commitments of differing degrees requiring a clever handling of the resources to make every scheme an economic success. Finance is the linch-pin of the economic mechanism. It is the lever of economic progress. It is the touchstone of monetary management.

The importance of finance is realised at no time in man's history than at present. In the modern era, the state—the welfare state—has assumed a major role in controlling the economic destiny of the millions. The finances of the nation are manipulated by the state to "the maximum social advantage" through various contrivances, and the art of wielding the weapons so forged by the state towards achieving the Benth-

mite doctrine "of the greatest good of the greatest number" is known traditionally as the art and science of Public Finance.

Dr. Hugh Dalton observes: "Every writer, who aims at organising a general discussion of public finance, must be conscious of a conflict between two personalities, those of the practical and of the analytic man." The existing literature on the theory of Public Finance dealing with the general principles of financial management are quite voluminous. The authors of general treatises are a legion who, endeavouring to entertain us, readers, with an "intellectual banquet" only present us with the same old-world ideas which have become too familiar. There must be a fresh approach to the subject. This has been amply accomplished by Dr. Bhargava in his recent book, *Public Finance*.

The contours of India's financial landscape are studied by Dr. Bhargava with an incisive analysis of the current problems, and with the aid of prolific statistical details he illumines the entire economic edifice built on the solid bed-rock of finance. The book is the product of a prodigious energy and painstaking effort involved in marshalling the facts and figures making it in essence, an encyclopaedia of economic information. The treatment of the subject-matter merits special mention. It starts with a general discussion on the theory of public finance and its ramifications in taxation, public expenditure, and taxable capacity and gradually proceeds to explain the development of the federal idea.

"In a federation we have on the one hand the federal government and

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on the other the constituent states . . . Divided sovereignty is the very essence of federalism . . . A federal structure is a combination of unity and diversity and is the political outcome of the desire for independent identity."

The birth of a federal state is generally through a process of integration of a number of small units into an organic whole. "But the evolution of federalism in India," as Dr. Bhargava rightly points out, "has been through a process of disintegration." He testifies to this through an appeal to history. Britain's policy of "Divide and Rule" was pursued with a relentless zeal in order to keep her empire a "going concern." The nation was split into numerous princely states and they owed their allegiance to the British Crown. There was no financial integration of the states unlike that of the provinces in British India. But after the advent of Indian independence we witnessed a mighty spectacle of a reverse process of complete integration. The theory of federal finance concerning the inter-state and inter-governmental fiscal operations and relationship is dealt with in a remarkably clear fashion.

The technique of financial administration and budgetary policy have assumed a preponderant role in state activity. The budget session of the Parliament is one of the most momentous and exciting periods in a nation's life when the finance minister takes the public by surprise through "the guided missiles" of fresh tax measures. The consequential uproar is quelled by the statement that "all government expenditures must be eventually paid out of the proceeds of taxation; that to put off the evil day merely increases the problem, and that inflation itself is merely a form and a particularly vicious form of taxation." Taxation is an inexhaustible source of public revenue. It manifests itself in different forms and affects different strata of society with different degrees of impact and incidence.

Dr. Bhargava's book is in every respect an exhaustive treatise on the subject remarkable alike for its thoroughness and perspicacity. The entire tax-structure of the country is surveyed with reference to particular taxes from Income tax to entertainment tax. It is certainly of paramount importance that the tax-structure should be wholly remodelled on a more equitable basis for the welfare of all classes of society. The middleclass especially—the Cinderella of the nation—suffers from an income level which is incommensurate with the rise in prices. They are veritably "crushed between the inroads of taxation and inflation." The recommendations of the Taxation Inquiry Commission presided over by Dr. John Mathai whose report has recently been submitted to the Government must go a long way towards reorganising the present pattern of our tax system.

Public expenditure and public debt form the concluding part of the book. Expenditure on public works is sometimes nothing short of a miracle. Henry Hazlitt speaks of TVA thus: "Here is a mighty dam, a stupendous arc of steel and concrete, 'greater than anything that private capital could have built'—the fetish of the photographers, the heaven of socialists, the most often used symbol of the miracles of public construction, ownership and operation. Here are mighty generators and power houses. Here is a whole region lifted to a higher economic level attracting factories and industries that could not otherwise have existed." Will our Damodar Valley project be as stupendous as TVA?

The statistical statements appended at the end of the volume is bound to be of immense use to both the theorist and the practicalist. Dr. Bhargava's book is a considerable treatise on Indian public finance. Neither an economic nightmare nor of his work but the spectacle of a nascent economy rapidly coming into stride.

Music Academy Souvenir

Music Academy, Mowbrays Road, Madras 14

Re. 1

THE Music Academy has brought out an illustrated Souvenir in connection with the 28th Music Conference containing many illuminating articles on music and dance. Swami Pragnananda discusses 'The Province of Grammar in Indian Music' while Sangita Kalanidhi Musiri Subramanya Aiyar deals with the 'Melaragamalika of Maha Vaidyanatha Sivan' and Mrs. Vidya writes on 'Musical Masterpieces' (Navarathnamalika of Syama Sastri). In 'The Background of Gitartamu,' Sangita Kalanidhi T. V. Subba Rao, analyses the puranic story and the musical setting of the Thyagaraja Kriti in *Surati*, while Mr. R. Vasudeva Poduval traces the historical significance of the 'Imperial City of Music.' Srimathi Rukmini Devi pays a homage to the genius of the late Pandanallur Meenakshisundaram Pillai and Dr. V. Raghavan in his lengthy article on 'My Music and Dance Experiences in the South' points out the great interest evinced by people in England and Europe in Indian music and dance, culled during his recent cultural tour. The Souvenir contains an illuminating article on 'Bharatha Natya' by the late Meenakshisundaram Pillai and the presidential address of Vidwan Chittoor Subrahmanya Pillai.

KANNADA & DEVANAGARI**Compositions of Mysore Sadashiva Rao**

Edited by Sri N. Channakeshavaiya
Sri B. K. Padmanabha Rao and
Sri H. Yoganarasimham

Sangeetha Kalabhivardhini Sabha, Mysore

Rs. 6

MUSIC LOVERS will welcome this volume of the compositions of Mysore Sadashiva Rao, a disciple of Walajapet Venkatramana Baghavathar, a *prathama sishya* of Sri Thyagaraja, by the Sangeetha Kalabhivardhini Sabha, Mysore. The editors of this book who are three

sishyas of Vidwan Vasudevachar have taken great pains to collect from scattered sources, the several compositions of the great musicians and the volume will be treasured by all interested in Carnatic music.

The present volume supplements the edition of the *Songs of Mysore Sadashiva Rao* edited by Sri Vasudevachar and published by the Music Academy, Madras. This book contains 16 songs, one *varna* and one *tillana* more than the previous publication. A refreshing feature of this book is the presentation of the text and notation of the composition in Devanagari type as well as Kannada, brief explanatory notes and *Raga lakshanas* designed to make it useful to Vidwans and Vidyarthis.

Of Sadashiva Rao's hundreds of compositions only about 30 or 40 have come to light and the Sabha is doing its best to unearth the hidden kritis, tillanas, swarajatis, tana varnas, and pada varnas which he is believed to have composed. Most of them are in Telugu, but the kritis are full of lively and delightful Sanskrit phrases.

From the biographical sketch in this volume we get an insight into

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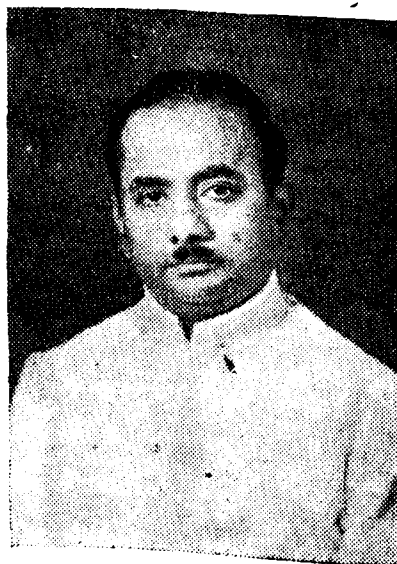
the life and times of this celebrated composer, his disciples, and the musical luminaries who adorned the Mysore court along with him, under the benevolent Royal patron, Sri Krishnaraja Wodeyar III. Sri Vasudeva-char who had a *darshan* of the great musician pictures him as "a person of medium height, strongly built, with a broad chest and a leonine face with a prominent forehead, piercing eyes and curly moustaches, wearing a simple dress, having a dignified bearing, a sweet sonorous voice and gentle manners at the same time commanding respect."

An interesting anecdote about him reveals his devotion to Lord Narasimha, of whom he was an *upasaka*. One evening while he was singing, his audience pressed him to sing his composition "Narasimhududayincheru" in Kamalamanohari. As it was his custom to sing this kriti only after ablutions, he hesitated to comply. But, his soft considerate nature got the better of him and he started singing the kriti. As he came to the words "Sarasiya sanandamu pagula" it is said, the glass of the portrait of Lord Narasimha suddenly cracked and fell to pieces and the lights of the chandeliers went out. At once, Sadashiva Rao stopped singing and performed the *mangalarathi* which produced a deep impression of the power of the *upasaka* on the mind of the audience. Several such illuminating anecdotes about him are told in this book which throw a vivid light on his character and musical prowess.

Sadashiva Rao has composed several songs praising the deities of the shrines he visited during his pilgrimage in the South. Among them may be mentioned "Sita Lakshmana Sametha Sri Kothanda Ramaswamy nannu Rakshmi-pavemi" in Kam-bhoji, "Sri Parthasarathi" in Bhairavi, "Pedda devudani ninu nammitira" in Mohanam, "Sri Thyagarajawami Vadalina" in Todi, "Sakethanagara" in Harikhomboji and "Ninnu vina gathina kevaru" in Balahamsa. In most of his compositions it is Lord Rama that is invoked, though

Sri Gajanana and Sir Anjaneya have their meed of honour. In honour of his royal patron, he composed a *padavarna* and a *tillana*. His knowledge of Telugu and Sanskrit appears to advantage in several of his compositions. A gifted poet and scholar, Sadashiva Rao's compositions are replete with *raga bhava* and *artha pushti*, and *gana*, *yathi*, *prasa* roll off sweetly in his songs. Sometimes, his pieces are studded with too many words and slightly pedantic, but they closely fuse with the *sangeeta* and produce fine melodies. His compositions are a class by themselves and demand great strength and skill to handle them.

This volume which is neatly got up, will be a valuable addition to the library of the musicologist, and will be useful to musicians and students. The Sabha fully deserves the support of the music-loving public in their earnest effort to rescue hidden manuscripts containing songs of classical composers, who have enriched our tradition. We can look forward confidently to the succeeding volumes, to be published by the Sabha.



Mr. K. V. Narsing Rao, newly elected President of the Hyderabad Pradesh Congress Committee

Nehru, the Unique Dictator

BY GEOFFREY TYSON

IN the last month I have visited ten Indian cities and half-a-dozen of the principal Indian States. I have lost myself once again in the familiar but bewildering mass of humanity which inhabits this vast country and talked to ministers, officials, merchants, industrialists, petty traders and ordinary men and women, in railway trains and aeroplanes. I have listened to the latest diagnoses of the ancient problems of poverty, illiteracy and disease, whilst driving through villages that have scarcely changed since the days of the Moghuls. I have heard the speeches of the politicians in the Lok Sabha (the House of the People in New Delhi) and the less polished pavement orators of Calcutta and Bombay. Both, in their different ways, are prophesying the coming of the millennium. *And I come to the end of a strenuous tour with the firm and unshaken conviction that the one voice which can dominate and command this medley of sound and fury is that of Mr. Nehru.*

Indeed, Nehru and India are synonymous terms. The Indian Prime Minister is a dictator without creating much awareness of the fact. He possesses none of the ordinary paraphernalia of dictatorship, and is quite unlike the European prototype dictators of the present or the immediate past. He is a liberal humanist whose ascendancy over the Indian masses derives unmistakably from his moral authority. In his presence you are conscious of a certain simple grandeur in the man. He believes in the decencies of both public and private life; he practises them and expects others to do likewise. Nehru is the supreme arbiter of India's fate.

Mr. Tyson was until recently a well-known figure in journalism in India and has written extensively on South Asian problems, including several books. He was a British Member of the former Indian Legislative Assembly.

Left or Centre?

In which direction will he take his country?

He has recently returned from China greatly impressed, not so much with the scope of China's development projects as with the speed with which they are being executed. He admits, both in public and in private, that in many respects China lags behind India in industrial achievement. Her communications are poor and, in spite of traditional Chinese diligence, her economy is not nearly as diversified as India's. Yet, if I understand him aright, he found in China a sense of urgency which is perhaps lacking in India, whose political revolution has taken a different form. *I suspect that he desires to inject some of this same sense of urgency into India's affairs.*

Mr. Nehru has always been a man in a hurry; today he seems to want to go forward at a faster pace than ever before. But many of his people are waiting for a pointer to the way ahead. It is certain that he will not turn to the Right; the only question is whether he will stick to the middle of the road or go more sharply Left than in the past. He is not an easy man to interpret, for it is an essential part of his unique position that he shall be free to contradict himself and to trace and retrace his policies, according to need. Few dictators can do that. Unlike other dictators, his intellectual processes are hardly ever clear cut. The difference between the leaders of the national movements in China and India is that the former had far fewer contacts with the West than the latter, whose political thinking and terminology derived in the main from 19th century Europe. Nehru's personality fully reflects this difference. Hitherto, his approach to economic problems has been pragmatic rather than ideological. "Does it work?" has been the test which he has applied to the machinery of what he calls a mixed economy, rather than does it satisfy the requirements of this or that socialist theory. This has been a big concession in a man who all his life has

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been strongly attracted by Marxian theories.

New Thinking

But there are unmistakable signs of a new approach to India's economic problems, with a growing emphasis upon doctrinal perfection. How much of this derives from Mr. Nehru himself, and how much from the Left wing of the Congress Party, is not yet clear; but the shift in thinking is there for all to see.

The proposal to alter Article 31 of the Constitution, which deals with the subject of compensation for property acquired by the State, amendment of the Companies Act in a form threatening the existence of the managing agency houses, which are the hard core around which Indian industry has been built, and sundry other signs and portents are too obvious to be ignored. Mr. Nehru himself says there is to be increasing socialisation of the means of production, and indeed in a country in which so much requires to be done with limited financial resources, it would seem inevitable that the State should play a major role in launching new development.

Nonetheless one is forced to ask whether, in enlarging the area of government's responsibility, it is necessary—or desirable—to put a considerable section of private enterprise under notice. *For this will be the sure and certain effect of legislation now understood to be under active consideration.* One would have thought and the impression was often confirmed in my journeyings during the last month—that there was ample room for both private and State enterprise to do their respective jobs on a far larger scale than heretofore.

Mixed Economy

If it be conceded that private enterprise should have the right to choose where it shall establish itself, it seems improbable that it will ever move into some parts of India in a big enough way to absorb the energies of the growing numbers of highly intelligent but unemployed young men and women. In such areas (of which Malabar might be an exam-

ple) a clear case would seem to exist for government to take the initiative in providing the kind of industrial capital which India needs. In some quarters a feeling exists that too much of the total resources available for economic planning have been put into large-scale multi-purpose public projects and too little into those smaller manufacturing units which furnish quick opportunities of work and profit.

In proportion to total population India has too little of both State and private enterprise. Therefore one wonders why so much legislation should seem to proceed on the basic assumption that private enterprise is dishonest or disreputable and should have as little liberty as possible, whilst State enterprise is a fine and glorious thing and is possessed of some very superior virtues. So far as I can see, there is not the slightest evidence to support any such proposition, whilst there is a great deal which would seem to point to the contrary. If India is to have a mixed economy, the mixture will be the better if it is genuine and not diluted.



One of the dance-items given by the artists of the Chinese Cultural Delegation during their recent visit to the city

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SWATANTRA

37

FUTURE PATTERN OF INDIAN ECONOMY

By H. R. VEDANTA IENGAR

IN framing our Constitution, we have with wise pragmatism and catholicity, drawn liberally from the American Constitution and the unwritten Constitution of Britain. In our quest for ideas to determine the future pattern of our economic life, it is desirable to adopt the same pragmatic and catholic approach.

It is well known that there are two broad systems or schools of thought competing for our allegiance—the so called capitalist system and the Socialist or Communist system. Communism is a shade deeper than Socialism. Also in regard to the means for achieving the ends, the former believes in the inevitability of class warfare and the necessity for violent revolutions. To that extent Communism is out of court in any scheme of evolutionary economic progress. While Socialists stand for State ownership and control of means of production and allow only incomes secured by labour (not by ownership), they are not for destroying the ordinary commercial relations between producer and consumer and are not averse to a moderate amount of private property and the right of the individual to choose his employment. Under Communism, the State controls all economic activity, private capitalism is totally abolished, the State owns all property and controls production not for profit but in response to the needs of the community, allocates occupations, fixes rewards and prices and is vested completely with administration of industry and must establish proper relations between costs, incomes and prices. There is perhaps no country in the world where the capitalist and Socialist systems are functioning in their pristine, nascent purity, literally conforming to text book definitions of them. There are unmistakable Socialist strands in the economic fabric of what are popularly regarded as capi-

talist countries, while in the most advanced Socialist societies there is often a residuum of the capitalist philosophy.

The U. S. A. is the champion *par excellence* of the capitalist system, while the high priest of Socialism or Communism is the U. S. S. R. In a pure, unadulterated capitalist country, the economic function of the State is limited to the upholding of private property rights in land and capital and the duty of enforcing private contracts. Socialism on the other hand demands that all inequalities of income should be liquidated and for this purpose, private property rights in land and capital (which should not be confused with rights to personal possessions) abolished. A Socialist economy does not countenance private contracts. They are substituted by publicly regulated contracts, which means that the State is treated as a party to every contract, with the social good of the community, not the interest of the contracting parties, as the predominant factor.

Different Degrees of Socialism

Under the impact of Socialist ideas, the capitalist system has been undergoing a process of continuous readjustment and modification, thus surviving by shedding its more objectionable features and becoming progressively less vulnerable to criticism.

Even a rudimentary "police" or "law and order" State is not without its elements of Socialism with at least its posts and telegraphs, for instance, nationalized. In the final analysis the question for our statesmen in India to decide is one concerned with differences in degree rather than in kind; it is a question of a choice between different degrees of Socialism rather than unalloyed

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capitalism and unadulterated Socialism.

Even as things stand today in India there are clearly perceptible elements of Socialism operating in our economy. Our stiff incometax and supertax rates and the new estate duty tend towards a greater degree of equalisation of income though not absolute equality. Our laws controlling and regulating the establishment and conduct of industries and providing for the assumption by the State of the responsibility of management in certain circumstances and prescribing certain conditions of employment of labour do interfere with the freedom of private contract. The rapidly increasing number of industries and public utilities—beginning with railway transport—coming under State ownership and management is a clear indication that India has been assimilating into her economy the fundamental Socialist concept of nationalisation of the means of production, though purists might argue that to run the railways, for example, with a view to earning a surplus which is turned over as a contribution to general revenues, as is done in our country, is State capitalism, not Socialism which implies that goods and services are supplied at cost price, eliminating profit even if it goes to the State exchequer.

The question therefore to be determined is whether India should have more Socialism or less—not whether we should have capitalism or Socialism—as the means of achieving the object in view, namely, a higher standard of human comfort and well-being for her vast population many of whom are leading a sub-marginal, even sub-human existence. In this matter arguments or claims based on abstract theory do not furnish any reliable guide for appraising the relative merits of alternative programmes. An objective examination of the concrete results achieved in countries typical of the different economic systems and the circumstances in which it was possible to achieve those results, would be more useful in enabling us to decide the methods to be adopted to secure the

best and quickest results in the conditions prevailing in our country.

Capitalism in U. S. A.

The U. S. A. furnishes a unique example of a country which under what is usually described as "capitalism" has attained almost dizzy heights of material prosperity. America is a passionate believer in the virtues of private enterprise, operating under conditions of sharp and unrestricted competition. The Sherman anti-trust law of 1890 (followed in 1914 by the Clayton Act) qualifies and abridges absolute freedom of private contract (which is an attribute of capitalism) by prohibiting contracts or combinations in restraint of trade. The tendency of 'big business' to form price rings, trade associations, cartels and monopolies with a view to rigging up prices or allocating work or territory have been made illegal. These laws represent the negative aspect of Socialism in the U. S. economy. As regards the positive elements, Government participated in business decisions only to a limited extent until 1933. In 1931 the RFC (Reconstruction Finance Corporation) was created as a Government corporation which extended financial aid to business firms. The RFC had actually lent over 3 billion dollars to private industrial undertakings prior to World War II. An attempt was made to introduce a more distinct and pronounced Socialist element into the U. S. economy in 1933 when the NIRA (National Industrial Recovery Act) was passed, some of whose provisions prohibited additions to productive capacity without Government consent. But the U. S. Supreme Court declared this law unconstitutional. During World War II, however, the U. S. Government directly participated in industrial development. The major part of wartime industrial expansion was financed by the DPC (Defence Plant Corporation) a subsidiary of the RFC, the U. S. Government thus contributing over two-thirds of the 25 billion dollars invested in new plant and equipment. The ownership of such a large sector of American industry by the Government made

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the State really Socialist to a considerable extent. But this strong element of Socialism engrafted on to the U. S. economy under the stress of war was whittled down in 1944 with the passing of the Surplus Property Act which required the return of these State-owned industrial plants to private enterprise as rapidly as possible. Thus the drift away from capitalism was sought to be arrested and reversed, believing as the Americans do that it is the sharp, unrestricted competition engendered by the private enterprise system that has brought American productive machinery to that high pitch of efficiency, which has made an economy of plenty possible. But the Surplus Property Act has only been partially implemented, a number of industrial plants (for example, the synthetic rubber plant) continuing under State ownership though leased to private industry for operation.

It would be instructive to examine what the American people have achieved in terms of the good things of life working in this economic set-up and climate.

An Economy of Plenty

How high the American standard is can be realised by considering some figures. With a population of hundred and fifty millions, America has a total national income of between 250 and 300 billion dollars as against 21 billion dollars for a population of 365 millions in India. The average wage of an American coal miner is as high as 15 dollars or nearly Rs. 70 per day of 6-1/2 hours, or about Rs. 2000 per mensem. One out of every four persons in the U. S. A. has a car. Over 70% of all the American families own automobiles. America has over 75% of the world's cars and 50% of all the trucks. The automobile ranks third in the American family budget, coming immediately after food and housing. In fact, as much as one-sixth of the total national income is spent on automobiles and their operation. America consumes far more meat per capita than any other nation in the world. In 1950 the per capita consumption

of meat was 145 pounds. The consumption of milk and milk products and fruit is also correspondingly high. The American cigarette industry is the largest in the world and per capita consumption of cigarettes is very high with an average consumption of one packet of 20 cigarettes a day. It is estimated that over 60 million people in the U. S. smoke some of the finest cigarettes in the world. Americans drink (this may not particularly appeal to the average citizen of India, who is a traditional teetotaler and whose country's Constitution favours Prohibition even as the U. S. A. itself favoured it in 1920 though it scrapped it in 1933) 83 million barrels of beer and allied beverages or 190 bottles per capita. In short 7 per cent of the world's population in the U. S. A. produce 50 per cent of the world's goods and an overwhelmingly large proportion of these goods are for home consumption and comparatively little for export. The Americans have thus command over a superabundance of the good things of life. The average American skilled industrial worker has a car, a refrigerator, a radio, etc., purchased in other countries only by relatively well-to-do persons.

It is truly said that World War II would have been lost to Hitler but for American production and American industry. The U. S. A. is the leading producer of steel in the world, producing nearly half of the world's total. With a total steel capacity of nearly 120 million tons, the industry is nearly four times as big as its counterpart in the U. S. S. R. The per capita consumption of steel—which is a true index of the industrial greatness of a nation—increased from 620 lbs. at the beginning of this century to 1375 lbs. as America entered the second half of the century. India's per capita consumption of steel is less than one-hundredth of America's. The American automobile industry is the largest and most efficient in the world producing three times the output of all other countries combined. America's coal industry is the largest in the world producing a fourth of the world's output. The country leads

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also in the generation and consumption of electricity. One of the most reliable guides to the determination of industrial progress is, besides steel and electric power consumption, the production and consumption of sulphuric acid, which is so essential for developing a strong and diversified chemical industry. The U. S. produces and consumes every year 12 million tons of this precious commodity. The machine tool industry in the U. S. A. is the largest in the world. America consumes per capita 300 lbs. of paper as against 1½ lbs. by India. America leads in the per capita consumption of cloth. The American synthetic fibres industry producing a wide variety of attractive substitute fabrics for cotton, silk and latterly, wool, under the popular names of rayon, nylon and orlon, is again the largest in the world by a very wide margin. The American aluminium industry, which occupies a strategic position in defence industries and aircraft manufacture is also the largest in the world with an annual production capacity of one million tons. As regards petroleum, America controls 70% of the world's refining capacity and has a per capita consumption of 14 barrels or 588 U. S. gallons. This is as it should be, with the Americans possessing over 75% of the world's cars. America purchases more natural rubber (i.e. 50% of the world's production), produces more synthetic rubber (¼ a million to 1 million tons per year) and consumes far more rubber of all types (i.e. 1½ to 2 million tons per annum) than any other country in the world. America also dominates the world's copper industry. The American aircraft industry produced the record number of 96,000 aircraft in 1944 to meet the peak demand during the war, and on return of peace switched over to the production of commercial transport planes, and five companies began producing personal planes (each seating 4 persons or less and costing about 2000 dollars or about Rs. 9,000 each) to meet the demand of American business executives and others. Though the time has not yet come for these per-

sonal air planes to become anything like so common as the automobile in the average American home, it is clear that the standard of material comfort in the U. S. has already become the envy and despair of other peoples of the world. Can it be said that there is no merit in such a system even though vendors of cheap Utopias may derisively describe it as a "capitalistic" economy? Apart from vast natural resources, American economic 'climate' must have had something to do with these results.

In an economy of abundance, such as the American, where the "have-nots" are few and far between and the average person is so well off, the question of distribution, which figures so prominently in discussions of Socialist theory becomes of secondary importance. Contrary to the fallacious belief held in India in certain circles, this question of distribution assumes greater significance in an underdeveloped economy. One frequently hears it said that there is so little in India to distribute that equitable distribution is not as urgent as increased production. This ignores the fact that the less we have the more important it is that it should be equitably distributed so that it may go as far as possible and we might avoid adding the evils of inequality to the evils of scarcity and poverty. The question of distribution is thus of greater consequence in an underdeveloped economy than in a highly developed one like that of the U. S. It is for this reason that the doctrine of Socialism with its emphasis on equal distribution of wealth does not appeal to the average American as much as it does to an average Indian.

Communism or Feudalism?

When we turn from U. S. A.—a typical "capitalist" country—to the U. S. S. R. the Mecca of Socialists and Communists, we come up against what is known as the Iron Curtain. A dispassionate student of economics desirous of undertaking a comparative study without being influenced by current prejudices for or against Communism and the Communist

States, finds himself gravely handicapped by lack of reliable statistical and factual information. Nobody has any accurate knowledge of conditions in Communist countries and there are only different degrees of ignorance. We have either Russophiles or Russo-phobes; either the uncritical appreciation of casual sojourners and conducted tourists who grow dithyrambic and lyrical about the economic conditions in the U. S. S. R., or those who indulge in wholesale condemnation. To the British Prime Minister, Sir Winston Churchill, is attributed the classic sweeping statement that while capitalism means an unequal sharing of happiness, Communism means an equal sharing of misery, implying that everything is lovely in the capitalist garden and everything rotten in the Communist State. Such generalisations are too facile to inspire credence. On the other hand we are familiar with that class of visitors that go to Russia and China and come back with glowing accounts and roseate pictures of a Socialist Elysium—unsubstantiated by statistical data. Such persons should be reminded of Lincoln's reply to the question as to how long he thought one's legs should be. Lincoln said: "Long enough to reach the ground." It is particularly necessary that our visitors to Russia and China should have legs long enough to reach the *terra firma* and remain there throughout their sojourn.

Louis Fischer who lived in Russia for many years calls the Soviet economy a modern super-feudalism, the middle ages with tractors and electronics. Sovietism, he says, is neither Communism nor Socialism nor Marxism. In accordance with Marxian precepts, private capitalism was destroyed and land nationalized; but thereafter Russia drifted towards feudalism, rather than Socialism. No wonder that Pandit Nehru characterised the Indian Communists, who derive their inspiration from Russian Communism, as really conservatives. The disparity of incomes in the U. S. S. R. is often as great as in a capitalist country. For while the average worker is paid a national

minimum wage, others are paid according to their technical skill and the social value of their labour. The Communist formula for distribution of incomes is "from each according to his ability, to each according to his need", but the latter part of the formula has not been adopted. The 125 million small peasant proprietors were liquidated, private farming was eliminated and all Soviet peasants were collectivised. The State is the landlord owning all land, ploughs, tractors and oxen and supplies the seed and fertilisers and buys the produce. Peasants are not free to change from one collective farm to another. This is in contrast to Yugoslav Communism, where peasant proprietors, owning land and working on them exist side by side with State-owned collectives on which peasants may volunteer to work instead, if they so chose. There are thus two sectors in Yugoslav agricultural economy—the free private sector and the Socialized sector. Similarly the Soviet industrial worker works in a State-owned factory (all factories are State-owned) chosen for him by the State. Soviet Communism is not genuine Socialism, which would have enabled the workers to run their factories (as in present day Yugoslavia) and the peasants to run their Communes. Genuine trade unions do not exist. Collective bargaining is taboo and strikes are banned. When Harry Hopkins told Stalin during the war that American shipments of arms would be delayed on account of strikes, Stalin asked in surprise "Strikes! Don't you have police?" Wholesale and retail trade in Russia is a Government monopoly. It is said that the Soviet system is a technocracy in content and the heroes of Russia are engineers, technicians, aviators and high output working men. During the period of the 5-year plan, it was laid down in Russia that "Technology decides everything". The system was glorified at the expense of the individual, and dignity of the human personality and individual freedom were sacrificed to the need for building an industrial Behemoth and a military Colossus. In an

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attempt to build up a mighty military State, the industrial resources devoted to consumer goods came to be drastically curtailed. In short it is said that Soviet Russia only exports Socialism, Communism, Marxism and other "isms" to "innocents abroad", retaining for home consumption only feudalism.

Marshal Tito, President of Yugoslavia, who is on a visit to India and who, if any one, ought to know, has said that Yugoslav Communism is real Communism and that the system working in the Soviet Union is nothing but State capitalism, just as the economy of the Western democracies is private capitalism.

The leader of the Indian Industrial and Agricultural Delegation Mr. Kasturbhai Lalbhai, a hard-headed businessman, who visited Soviet Russia recently has given a sober, matter of fact and disillusioning account of his impressions of Russian industry and agriculture. While he is greatly impressed with the progress made in Soviet agriculture, he does not appear to be very enthusiastic or inclined to go into rhapsodies over Soviet industry. He says that consumer goods are still in short supply, the State concentrating on heavy industries. In other words, there is and there always has been a certain measure of austerity in the country; but of course unemployment is non-existent, which is as it should be in a Communist State. Though the nominal wages of a Soviet industrial worker are two and a half times the wages of a worker in the U. K., the real wages are only a third as much in view of the high cost of living in Russia, while the real wages of an American worker is twice that of a British worker. There is no possible substitute for high real wages. If workers are to be kept happy and contented and are to achieve the highest output per man. Who then is more contented and happy—a Soviet worker or a worker in the U. K. or U. S.A.?

Yugoslav and Chinese Communism

The most interesting experiment in ordering national economy in the principles of Socialist democracy,

has been made in Tito's Yugoslavia. Yugoslavia did not stop with distributing land to the peasants and co-operatives and in nationalising all industries, banking, transport, insurance and trade and handing over the nation's entire economy to be managed by the State under a centralised bureaucracy or "administrative management." Yugoslavia went further and in 1950 abolished centralised State management of the national economy and gave the workers the right of direct participation in managing it, every factory or workshop or mine or transport establishment being managed by the direct producers (i.e. the workers and employees) of that particular industry through elected workers' councils and management committees. Alongside of this decentralisation in the economic sphere, there has been decentralisation in the political field too with the result that there is, it is claimed, a real Socialist democracy at work under which, it is said, the country is making rapid progress in economic

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times who won immortal post-mortem renown with privations while they were alive which symbolised the distance between them and their unready publics.

Great pictures may also be successful, just as a producer of high quality may also be a skillful planner of splendid commercial success. But box-office returns are not the final judgment on the artistic worth of any film. The public consists of many levels of comprehension. Those of the largest level multitudinously can be lured to the box-office more by excitements of passion than by the finer nuances of the delights in the gift of the screen. Publicity and propaganda are the levers that move crowds towards the box-office more than the restrained virtues of intrinsic excellence that do not make as much noise as they please, ennobled and exalt. Let not Sri Vasan chase the lesser distinction turning his back on the greater glory.

SAKA

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development while assuring to every worker a direct voice in determining the economic and political life of the country. The Socialist democracy of Yugoslavia resembles "Syndicalism" and "Guild Socialism" in certain particulars. Mr. Kasturbhai Lalbhai has stated that Soviet Russia is also thinking of the possibility of decentralisation. In a comparatively small and compact country like Yugoslavia with a population of 15 million and with its traditions of a virile patriotism, decentralisation may be possible. In a vast country like India with its past history staring us in the face, how far and how soon we can embark on decentralised management of our economic and political life is a question which calls for a high order of statesmanship to decide.

To deal here with the conditions in the newest and largest of Communist States, China, where a system of "democratic centralism" is stated to be working and about which there has lately been a spate of newspaper articles, is superfluous. A really balanced estimate of the progress made there, was made by the Prime Minister who returned prouder of and more impressed with the achievements of his own country, India, in comparison. It will be sometime before one will be in a position to judge how far the Chinese type of Socialism has justified itself.

Socialism of the Democracies

Three democratic Commonwealth countries have experimented with Socialism—the U. K., Australia and New Zealand. The people of U. K. did one of the most extraordinary things in history by repudiating their wartime hero and returning the Socialists to power. The Labour Party introduced comprehensive social security schemes and nationalized certain key industries like coal, steel and road transport, but the fact that the Conservatives won the last general elections shows that the British electorate were not impressed with the performance of the Socialists or convinced about the claims made for Socialism. Nevertheless the Labour Party continues to be in a strong

position and there is no knowing how long the see-saw of nationalization and denationalization will go on corresponding to the fluctuations of the electoral fortunes of the British Socialists and to what extent Socialism will become a settled feature of the British economic and social set up in the future. Critics of the British Socialist movement say that the last Labour Government was not a working class or trade union Government but a government, by intellectuals, that British industry became seriously inefficient compared with the American industry particularly after the Socialists began to try out their theories, that nationalization of the coal industry decreased output per worker and increased costs because a large army of bureaucrats and officials (inseparable from centralised planning and management) were appointed into offices—as a cynic said—to get more coal out of the ground.

In Australia, the Socialists were in power for 8 years and in New Zealand for 14 years. In 1949 they were unseated, which is taken to mean that Socialism was adjudged a failure by the electorate in these countries. It was admitted that under Socialism in New Zealand, jobs were more numerous, wages were higher, hours shorter, paid holidays more numerous and social security benefits more extensive than ever before, yet these benefits, it is said, were more than neutralised by double living costs, almost expropriatory taxation, shortages, controls and a dull, regimented life planned and directed by Government bureaucracy. Hence the people elected to return to the old economy of private enterprise, freedom and opportunity. The critics of the Socialist Government pointed their accusing figures at the Government enterprises which were inefficiently administered incurring losses as compared with private enterprises, and said that Socialism brought only fewer goods of poorer quality at higher prices, and that economic freedom gave place to economic totalitarianism. In Australia too the opponents of Socialism, who triumphed in 1949, had more or less

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the same criticism to make against the Socialist regime.

But in spite of the present eclipse of Socialism in the U. K., Australia and New Zealand, it would be rash over-simplification of the situation to conclude that the people in these countries have repudiated Socialism and its principles, once and for all. The electoral reverses of the Socialists, may as likely as not, be due to the psychological desire for a change of Government, irrespective of the relative merits of rival economic programmes.

The Socialists in these democratic countries are evolutionary (not revolutionary) Socialists or Fabian Socialists, who believe in a gradual, peaceful reconstruction of society on Socialist lines by democratic methods.

Empirical, not Theoretical Approach

The foregoing analysis, by no means exhaustive or profound, should suffice to show how bewildering and complex is the question of deciding what would be the best economic set-up for our own country. Advantages and shortcomings are inherent and more or less evenly balanced in all the rival systems so much so that each country will have to evolve its own system by empirical methods of experiment and experience and the processes of trial and error without swearing by any abstract theory or nostrum. In an economy which is yet in a relatively rudimentary state of development where the problems of unemployment and maldistribution of wealth are grave and cry out for urgent remedy, the Socialistic or the more drastic doctrine of Communism might appear to offer a quick and attractive solution. But there are the countervailing disadvantages that the freedom of the individual is abridged, the State run productive apparatus becomes inefficient and cumbrous, the individual initiative is killed by the Government becoming an authoritarian and paternalistic Santa Claus who fills or half-fills or quarter-fills the stockings hung up by the people, who, like automats have simply to do as they are told. Socialism as applied to

industry may be justified from the point of view of social or public good but not from the point of view of efficiency or individual liberty or initiative.

On the other hand, capitalism and free enterprise by ensuring free, fair and effective competition keep industries on their toes and by increasing industrial efficiency bring down prices of consumer goods, ushering in a high production and high consumption economy. The great merit above all of this system is the imposition of the individual and the dignity of the human personality, which become early casualties in a regimented economy. As against these have to be considered the drawback that under capitalism and private enterprise, the cynical doctrines of "each man to himself and the devil take the hindmost" and "to him that hath shall be given" often operate relentlessly while the economically weaker sections go to the wall. Invariably, free enterprise and full employment are incompatible.

Therefore the really sensible and prudent course to take in India is neither to be bigoted in our attachment to capitalism and private enterprise, nor to be rash and impractical in keeping an open mind in

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ren of all classes before they become self-conscious.

And when our politician turned preacher beseeches the young to remember God, he forgets the secularism which he and his like have been so vigorously propagating. His tabloid presentation of desiccated religion is not likely to win converts. You cannot ask people to walk in the high moral ways and at the same time tell them that forms, rituals and traditional codes are bunk. The mystic may have direct apprehension of God; but we ordinary mortals must have the scaffolding of customary religion to protect us what time we walk the razor's edge to our home which is God.

VIGNESWARA

respect of Socialism but to make the best of both the worlds.

That is precisely what is proposed to be done by the authorities in our country. Private enterprise will not be entirely superseded though the Government will lay greater emphasis on socialising the industrial economy. It is interesting to find that even Secretary of State Dulles said recently while referring to the contemplated "Marshal Plan for Asia" that though "normally the best way was for private capital to undertake development programmes with the Government concentrating on creating a suitable investment climate, political conditions in Asia made it necessary for the Government itself to play an active part in that region."

How best to dove-tail Socialism into capitalism so as to eliminate the defects and conserve the virtues of both by learning from the lessons of other countries and adapting (not adopting) their ideas and methods to suit our conditions and needs, and

thus providing for the growth of an economy not only of sufficiency but in course of time of abundance as well, will tax the statesmanship of our leaders to the utmost.

In this context there is plenty of commonsense in the advice once given by the Londoner to a visiting friend who was told "not to run after a bus, a woman or an 'ism' because another will come along in five minutes." The common man in India has no use for any high-falutin 'ism', but needs a system which will deliver the goods, by way of a rapid rise in living standards through rapid industrialisation. For he believes, particularly in matters of economic progress, the force of what Pope meant to emphasise when he said: "For forms of governments let fools contest, whatever is best administered is best". What matters is not that India should work towards any pre-conceived ideology but towards the quick realisation of specific, pre-determined results.

"DRIFT TO TOTALITARIANISM IN DEMOCRACIES"

RADHAKRISHNAN'S WARNING

DR. RADHAKRISHNAN in an address before Unesco's General Conference at Montevideo, Uruguay, said that "if the drift to totalitarianism in democracies goes on, there will be nothing left for democracies to defend." "I am afraid," he declared, "that in our attempts to defend democracy, we are throwing away the content of democracy. Governments are becoming more centralized, more coercive on their citizens and more effective on their control of thought and opinion even in democratic States."

He stated that he felt the international situation to be "somewhat improved" and cited developments in Korea, Indo-China, Trieste and the Suez Canal zone and "a noticeable advance" in regard to the future of the Gold Coast, Nigeria, Tunisia and Greenland. He praised the "peaceful and democratic settlement" of the status of French possessions in India, congratulating the French people and "their great Prime Minis-

ter who has been acting with rare courage and foresight on international questions."

"The present system of a world broken into 60 or 70 national States is an anachronism," he declared, "The United Nations asks us, to learn to live in a world community and not die of the disease of chauvinistic nationalism."

Referring to the question of co-existence, Dr. Radhakrishnan declared that "this does not mean surrender of one's convictions or appeasement or defeatism . . . it only means we are ready to understand each other and appreciate one another's views, hopes, anxieties and aspirations."

He concluded: "To me, the most essential need of our age is the spirit of religion in a large sense, of reverence for truth and righteousness in action. Let us, therefore, try to develop qualities of charity in judgment and compassion for people with whom we find ourselves in conflict. If we adopt such an approach, the tensions of the world will diminish rapidly. Let us work with humanity as our goal."

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Library of the House of Commons

J. ENOCH POWELL, Member of Parliament for South-West Wolverhampton since 1950, is also a distinguished scholar. In a broadcast in the BBC's General Overseas Service he said that the Library of the House of Commons was one of the parts of the great Palace of Westminster to which strangers were not admitted when the House was sitting. The visitor who saw the Library during Recess would see a rather ordinary old-fashioned place where an odd research worker or two would be making notes. "The time to see the Library of the House of Commons as it really is, is at nine or ten o'clock some evening during the session when almost every available seat and easy chair is occupied, almost every inch of desk covered with books and papers," said Mr. Powell. Then there were many Members in armchairs, some reading new Government publications, others taking it easy or trying to make up for sleep lost during an all-night sitting. Above them was a teleprinter and on it at intervals was punched the name of the Member speaking in the Chamber or the nature of the business which had been reached. At the tables twenty or thirty Members would be working and elsewhere little knots of Members could be seen in subdued conversation over a volume of statutes. In addition to these stationary figures there was also a great deal of motion as Members hurried in looking for colleagues and hurried out again. A Whip might come in and take a rough check of the numbers of Government and Opposition supporters who were present, for this could be of tactical importance in deciding whether to apply the closure to a debate or to force a division. A sense of continual movement was kept up by relays of messengers who came in to look for people wanted on the telephone.

"The Library of the House of Commons is anything but a cultured retreat and place of study or amusement," said Mr. Powell, "Like every

other part of the Palace of Westminster when the House is sitting, the atmosphere is of a kind of suppressed tension as though a psychological dynamo somewhere in the vicinity were in operation and all within its reach were affected by it. This all-pervading tension is heightened in the Library by the crowding together of Members of all parties pursuing their various duties and concerns in this confined space. To the observer it might look uncomfortable and inconvenient, as indeed in many ways it is. What he would not realise is how essential to the peculiar character of the House of Commons that very discomfort and inconvenience is. The enormous inconvenience and irritation of having to work on a narrow two feet of space at a communal desk, far away from secretary and typewriter, with yards of corridor to the nearest telephone, is a price well worth paying for the indirect results of being herded together with one's friends—and with one's opponents," continued Mr. Powell. At certain times there was a unanimous stir in the Library—"Bells ring, Members hurry, a policeman puts his head round the door of the silence room and bellows out 'Division'. In a matter of seconds workers, idlers, sleepers, all have risen and disappeared. It is a scene which late at night has often reminded me of the last trump and the Resurrection," he said.

He felt that his account might have suggested that the House of Commons Library was not a library in the true sense of the word. In fact the combined libraries of the Lords and Commons could meet most demands of people who wanted information about Parliament. Members enjoyed exceptional facilities for borrowing at short notice from other great libraries and the Palace also contained, in specially constructed, air-conditioned rooms in the great Victoria Tower, an immense deposit of Parliamentary records. "It is," said Mr. Powell, "a reminder of the historical continuity which links the deliberations of Henry II and his Council with the result of tonight's division."

FILMS

By V. P. SATHE

THE Central Censor Board which was constituted in January 1951 has just completed 4 years. During this period the board has certified 12,132 films including shorts and trailers; no correct information is, however, available of the deletions imposed by the censors and the films banned by the censors during this period, especially during the last one year. To the general public as well as the film industry the details of the cuts ordered by censors would have been more relevant. For, they would have enlightened the public whether the censors have exercised their prerogative judiciously or victimised and harassed the innocent producers as claimed by certain spokesman of the industry.

Truly as Dilip Kothari, the regional officer of Bombay said, the task of the censors is rather thankless. The censors get all the blame and never any praise from either the press or the producers. The censors however do deserve praise for the stern attitude adopted by them in case of sexy, violent crime pictures from Hollywood. Nobody can have any quarrel with the censors for their campaign against vulgarity and obscenity; but the manner in which the scenes with prominent display of busts are deleted is highly reprehensible.

Indeed the censorship should be imposed in a very friendly manner. But today when the producer goes to the censor trial, he is made to feel as if he is an accused; and from the manner in which the censors deliver their verdict it seems as if the judge is passing a sentence on the guilty accused. Moreover, the red-tape and bureaucratic working of the censorship which delays the whole process even upto a month causes great handicap to the producers. In

theory, it is correct to say that a producer should not apply for censorship till his picture is absolutely complete and that he should not fix up the release date until he has received the censor certificate; in practice it is impossible to follow this theory. Hence, in the interest of the industry it is vital that a producer should be able to get his picture censored at short notice.

The censors and the film producers have no understanding with each other. If only the censors get rid of red-tape and bureaucratic methods and hold frequent discussions with the producers, most of the differences and difficulties would be resolved and the censoring of pictures would be a simple task.

Picture of the week

The writer-director team of *Aulad* have made another refreshing and pleasing film of *Adhikar* which unlike its predecessor is cast in a lighter vein and reminds one of the adage "What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander."

The story by Mukhram Sharma is based on a very thin idea; but the idea itself is refreshing and provocative. It centres round a widower who marries a young and educated girl hiding the fact that he has a daughter from previous marriage. When the new wife comes to know of this secret, she gets wild with fury and deserts her husband.

Now thanks to a coincidence, she meets her step-daughter in Kumbh Mela in which she is lost in the stampede and separated from her grandfather and mother. She finds out this secret and is now reconciled to the daughter. But when her husband comes to fetch her she invents a story. She tells him that she too has a secret to reveal. She too has a daughter by previous marriage and she hopes he would forgive her just as he wanted her to forgive him. The failure of the husband to accept his wife's daughter as his own makes for the climax in which the man's superiority complex is thoroughly exposed. The ending sequence itself is reminiscent of *Yukiwarisoo* in

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which the child runs away and is saved by parents.

The main story of the picture begins in the second half. The first half is just a prelude; but thanks to lively characterization of a miser landlord and his eligible sister superbly delineated by Radha Kishan and Yashodhara Katju, it does not become dull or boring. The direction by Mohan Saigal marks an improvement over his previous effort and the dialogue is apt and scintillating at places.

In the second half, the real story begins and the audience enjoys the twist of the idea since it is taken into confidence. As in case of *Aulad*, the construction of the screenplay is simple and straightforward and sentimental with the result the audience follows and enjoys every sequence. If only its music was better, it could have been a far greater success. Though the music is pleasing and the lyrics are apt, they never rise to any great heights. The idea of incorporating Kumbh Mela was brilliant; and its execution is also successfully done. But the indoor shots do not always match the real newsreel shots and hence create an air of artificiality.

The acting is uniformly good. Kishore, Usha Kiran, Radhakishan and Yashodhara Katju all give good account of themselves. The production values are just average. And despite the rather thin story *Adhikar* has become an enjoyable film with the moral that men have different yardsticks for themselves and for women.

Personality of the week

On Saturday 8th an informal party was given by producer-director Dinker Patil in honour of Baby Nanda's fourteenth birthday. This event was celebrated to mark her debut as a full fledged heroine in Dinker Patil's Marathi picture now on the sets.

Thus like Nargis, Suraiya and other stars, Nanda has become a heroine at the young age of 14. Nanda is a born actress. Daughter of the great actor producer director Vinayak, she has been facing the

camera since she was a child of four or five.

Had her father been alive, perhaps the story of her life and career would have been entirely different. When he died, she was the eldest daughter of just seven with younger brothers and sisters and mother to look after. And so soon she had to take to acting as a career. Thanks to her father, she had learnt the art of acting as well as dancing and her mother encouraged her in both.

So for the last three or four years she has been playing child roles. In K. B. Lal's *Angaray*, for instance, she appeared as the younger Nargis. Now at a very young age of 14 she has been assigned a feature role in a Marathi picture. Like her illustrious father from whom she has inherited acting talent, one can hope that she will make a name for herself as an artiste of great calibre not only in Marathi pictures but in Hindi pictures too. In her we have a promising artiste of the future.

News of the week

Mehboob performed the muhurat of *Mother India* which he is making in Gevacolor on Friday 7th January 1955. A young boy faced the camera for the muhurat shot. Dilip and Nargis are likely to appear in the picture.

Sohrab Modi performed the muhurat of *Kundan* starring Nimmi. Sohrab Modi, Ullhas last week and began shooting regularly. Talwar performed the muhurat of his new social picture *Memsahab* which Ball is directing with Shyama, Bharat Bhushan and Shammi Kapoor in the stellar roles. Ramanand Sagar writes the dialogue. Sajjad is giving the music.

Bharat Bhushan and Nirupa Roy are finally chosen for Gemini's new Hindi social *Insaniyat*.

On 5th January 55 Bimal Roy launched his third production *Amanat* based on a story by Pramendra Mitra. Arvind Sen is wielding the megaphone while Chand Usmani faced the camera. Vijay Bhatt switched the camera. Pahari Sanyal acted as the clapper-boy.

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ON THE COVER:

Pandit Nehru being greeted by Shreemati M. S. Subbulakshmi and Sri T. Sadasivam at the Madras airport.

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MERGER OF STATE AND PARTY

THE distinction between party organisation and State machinery was largely obliterated in the activities of the Congress reception committee charged with the preparations and arrangements for the Avadi Congress. Yet it is a distinction that embodies the very essence of parliamentary democracy. It does not exist in totalitarian regimes. In Communist States, the ruling party and the Government tend to coalesce, and as an inevitable consequence of it one-party rule is perpetuated, and all other parties are inexorably squeezed out.

The expenses of the Avadi Congress are roughly estimated at Rs. 10 lakhs. How was this colossal amount collected? Most of it came from industrialists and other rich men. Some of them might have paid their donations out of sympathy for the Congress. But almost all of them paid far in excess of what, if left to themselves, they would have given in the unforced accord of their voluntary inclinations. And a good few might have declined to make any contributions at all. It was the driving force of the Chief Minister's participation in the collection campaign that impelled the indifferent to simulate interest and actuated the niggardly to open their purse strings wider than they were at heart disposed to do. Why did they do it? There could only be two reasons. Either they were unwilling to incur the risks of flouting the Chief Minister's wish, or they looked upon generous response to it as the

soundest and safest business policy.

It is a significant commentary on the ruthless quality of this sort of pressure that little of it was visible on the surface. But it is incontrovertible that it is a pressure not exercisable by any party other than the ruling party. To that extent it is a wrong appropriation of State power to a party purpose, and so, undemocratic and totalitarian in spirit and character. Pandit Nehru, true democrat that he is, should revolt against any continuance of this objectionable practice, and see to it that the Congress is divested completely of every adventitious advantage arising from the use of State power, and all other parties are placed on a par with the Congress in the competitive effort for winning popular favour in elections and the like.

In the recent Andhra elections, it was not Pandit Nehru, Congress President, self-dependent exclusively on party resources, that threw himself energetically into the canvassing campaign, it was Nehru the Prime Minister with all the enormous power and facilities that were at his disposal as the administrative head of a great Government. This could be overlooked to some extent as it saves the Prime Minister whose time is precious and belongs to the whole nation from diverting too much of it from governmental tasks for party activities. But there is certainly no excuse whatever for the wholesale conversion of the energies of official

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departments into forced unpaid labour for pushing on the practical work connected with the Avadi session, such as people have been witnessing in recent weeks. The declaration of a holiday on Friday, the opening date of the Congress session, completes the merger of State and party in the political architecture of our present rulers, and it is truly worthy of a Hitler or Stalin. No similar holiday is ever declared to sanctify the convention of any other party in any part of the country.

Not content with the employment of Government influence to accentuate the resources of the Congress in cash and kind, the reception committee have brought out a Souvenir to commemorate the sixtieth session of the Congress organisation. It contains a few exercises in self-advertisement by the leading personalities connected with the Government in the Centre and in the States, but nothing of interest about the contributions of the pioneers and martyrs of the pre-office era to the power and expansion of the Congress. Not even of Mahatma Gandhi! Primarily the Souvenir is a compendium of advertisements of unconscionable costliness garnered at record rates, and it deserves to be described as a masterpiece in the operation of the fleecing process, with political influence and administrative vantage employed as a lever for the bolstering up of a new species of journalism. Official and quasi-official adventures into spheres that belong to the Fourth Estate insult the dignity of the Press as they are disguised levies under cover of conveying information and we wish that leaders of the nation like Pandit Nehru had not lent the authority of their names for commercial exploitation in this sort of publication. Journalistic enterprises by the Government or by political parties backed by the Government tend to place merchants and industrialists in their capacity as advertisers under continual blackmail and

they are unfair to the independent Press that has to function with income and resources not drawn from political or administrative patronage. They in fact load the dice against the free Press and outrage the essential spirit of freedom of the Press and we wish the saner elements in the Congress as also the leaders of the Indian newspaper world will unite in protest against unprofessional journalistic abnormalities of the sort symbolised by the Avadi Congress Souvenir.

Cheap money easily collected cannot be responsibly spent, and the Avadi session has brought to a head a new tradition after the exit of Gandhi that has emerged in the Congress, of squandering huge sums on costly shows of no permanent utility in vindication of the social vanity of the organisers and their bosses. One comes away a little sad after witnessing an exhibition of so much profligate waste packed with such an excess of anti-social extravagance. The time has come for the finer intellects in the Congress to be deeply concerned over the transfer from State to State every year of the organised wasting of immense collections of public money in vulgar temporary displays of competitive tamasha that serve no purpose whatever of a social or socialistic significance. A year's collection of the Congress toll for reception arrangements is quite sufficient for the construction of permanent structures and facilities to enable the Congress to hold all its sessions with their aid year after year without further need of huge wasteful recurring annual expenditure. To perfect the merger of party and State the Congress can copy the example of Parliament which has a permanent habitation and does not go in for the special benefit of regional representatives, middlemen and contrac-

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SWATANTRA

Sotto Voce

★
AVADI JAMBOREE



ANYBODY who remembers the days when marriages were really marriages—opulent five-day festivals and not just a deprecatingly furtive formality—will have been put in mind of the frantic eleventh hour preparations and the cheerful bustle and confusion on the eve of a village wedding if he had been to Avadi early last week. Ever since the business of selling the Congress to the villager started at Haripura the evocation of a tinsel fairyland on Egdon Heath by the waving of a Tammany Prospero's wand has become part of the Congress ritual. The magician's bag of tricks was perhaps a little too evident at Avadi. But our people are still childlike in their capacity for suspension of disbelief.

The vast open-air theatre improvised for the plenary session on uneven ground scarred and seamed like a pox-pitted face must have used a forest of casuarina and a mountain of corrugated iron sheets. But, of course, iron is not eaten away by white ants except in the fable. As for the casuarina poles, they will when their great moment is past, be pulled down to boil the humble citizen's rice. So let not the hypercritical denounce this as extravagance or grudge the poor Government servant the holiday so thoughtfully granted him by his political bosses. With a little optimism we may well find here a foretaste of the manifold way in which the second Five Year Plan may be made to yield two and a half million jobs.

★
The man-made mound at one end on which the V. I. P.'s will recline *a la*

the Mughal is so far away as to be barely visible from the other end. To the patriotic citizen at the periphery who is expected to pay his rupee and martyr his behind without a murmur on the unkind gravel, the big men as they ascend the rostrum will appear as mere mites. But, then, he will be at liberty to crane his neck to catch a glimpse of them as they pass in stately procession. And if he cannot see them he will hear them. That should not break the spell of becalmed enchantment if they take care to see that all the orations are in the 'national' tongue.

★
When he feels he has made his contribution to the settling of the nation's destiny he can walk round the Acropolis admiring the effigy of past Presidents on their pillars and the beauty of the natty cardboard gopuram which offers so startling a contrast to the austere Tirumullalvoyil fane not far away. As for creature comforts, he will have his stint of fried groundnuts and with luck he may drink off the public taps. But he will remember that he is in a 'village' and will not hanker after the flesh-pots. Nobody will grudge him the privilege of fouling the open countryside that stretches all about him as far as the eye can reach.

★
Even though the Congress has proclaimed its allegiance to the Socialistic pattern of society, it was clear that Avadi was not going to encourage crude egalitarianism. Unlike the mere visitor the delegates, even of the common or garden variety, were conceded the right to eat and drink and sleep, the smells

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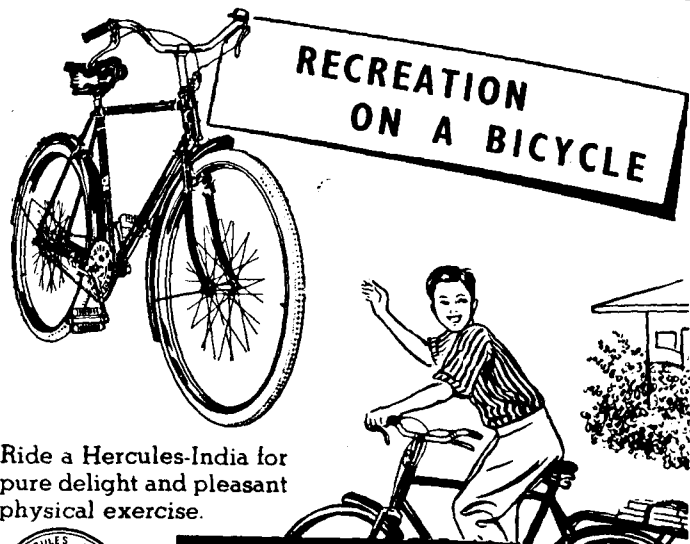
and mosquitoes permitting. The legendary exploit of making millions of *iddalis* available to the enraptured stranger from *chappatti* land had been abundantly publicised in advance. I trust the giant baking pot fulfilled expectations and that the story—somewhat reminiscent of Robinson Crusoe and his boat—that the planners had overlooked the problem of lifting the massive baking-pans out of the boiling pot—was mere apocrypha.

The A. I. C. C. members and the V. I. P.'s of the administrative hierarchy, were provided for, naturally, more sumptuously. The A. I. C. C. pandal was spacious and cool. To my thrifty soul it seemed that this structure which could easily accommodate a few thousand people should be sufficient for all the purposes of a political pow-wow. But my cynical companion pointed out that that would have been foolish economy. It would not have impressed the com-

mon man with the might of the Congress or enticed his hard-won rupee out of his waist-cloth.

But I must confess I was not wholly impressed. My wayward mind would go back to the Congress of 1927. The Spur Tank show was equally impressive. And it was in fact rather better managed. The gulf between the V. I. P.'s and the merely important was not quite so wide or fixed. They all jostled one another in a friendly way in the city hotels and in the houses of friends. And the plebs were not kept at arm's length. In fact there were no V. I. P.'s then, no posh cars to transport the elite from Mount Road to Avadi, no sybaritic *table d'hôte*, no police *bundobast* of a kind which would make a Victorian pro-consul's progress seem a village fete by comparison. But the Srinivasa Iyengar Congress is dead as the Dodo. Alas, poor Yorick!

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SWATANTRA

SIDELIGHTS ::

PANDIT NEHRU'S election speeches in Andhra indicate that he has failed to grasp the realities of the Andhra political situation. The line he took in his appeals to the voters to support the Congress was the most fatal that could have been thought of, and in cooler moments, after the excitement of his glamorous presence has abated, it cannot but have a very serious adverse effect, just the opposite of the one intended by him. The Prime Minister called upon his hearers not to be bothered about individual candidates because the success or failure of individuals did not matter to him. He failed to show proper insight by not assessing rightly the distance between himself and the generality of the voters. A voter has to exercise his mind over the individual candidate on whom he bestows his suffrage at an election. For it is the sum-total of voters' choice of candidates among the seekers for the electorate's support that determines the character of the government to be formed. It is not correct political education that the Prime Minister gave the Andhra voters when he preached to them the doctrine of indifference about the personal qualifications of the nominees of the Congress United Front. Why did he preach such a doctrine? Why, indeed, if not to make up for their deficiencies and cover them up with the mantle of Congress superiority as the most attractive of their claims to consideration?

People in Andhra have had a year of experience of Congress rule. If it had commended itself to them there would have been no need for the Congress bosses to make such a terrific concentration of the national resources of the party organisation on the Andhra election campaign as we are now witnessing, to eliminate the chance of the Communists winning. Neither inside the legislature nor out of it have the Communists of Andhra given such a mighty good account of themselves in the brief

period that has elapsed after the formation of the new State as to justify their being regarded today as formidable rivals to be dreaded by the Congress. Yet the fact is, they are being so dreaded. Why? Because, to make no bones about it, the Prakasam-Sanjiva Reddi-Viswanatham Ministry covered itself with discredit despite all its vainglorious pretensions, it utilised its power in selfish ways, instead of uniting the people it infused into them the spirit of clannishness, it maintained its miserable precarious tenure with incessant administrative injustices to purchase the legislative support of waverers, it disappointed the hopes of all that had looked forward to great benefits from the formation of the new State, and in the revulsion of disillusion and hostility evoked by its sorry record it created a swing of opinion profitable electorally to the Communists.

If Pandit Nehru had said, "We have blundered in the personnel chosen for running the Andhra State. We shall not repeat the blunder. We shall seek vigilantly for fresh talent of a more worthy type" he might have been able to rehabilitate the Congress in public estimation. Men in power count in politics even more than captivating definitions of grand objectives, for bad men can twist an excellent policy into an instrument of cruel tyranny. Even the objective of Socialism so elaborately being fashioned now for adoption by the Avadi Congress has little chance of capturing the popular imagination, if only because the leading figure dominating the whole show embodies in himself principles diametrically opposed to every conception in the slightest degree associated with the Socialist outlook.

While Srimati Ambujammal is the figurehead adorning the formal functions connected with the Congress reception arrangements, the reality of power in the running of the Avadi Congress has been made over to Sri

Ramnath Goenka. Probably the organisational hosts of the Congress thought that Sri Goenka is a faithful representative of what the Congress stands for to the nation. If so, God save the Congress—and the nation! Not long ago, the Dalmias created by manipulation an artificial impression of “no demand” for cement in a South Indian district (while in reality there was the direst scarcity of that commodity) and managed to get a permit for export of cement to Ceylon and Pakistan. An honest officer of the Madras Government discovered the fraud and took steps to stop the export. Sri Goenka who has the Madras Ministers in his pocket had the officer concerned removed from his post for his honesty and the export permit restored. The Prime Minister will do well to look into the files of this transaction (if still available) and also make a probe into

other cases of officers, particularly of the Income Tax department, that were transferred suddenly and mysteriously or otherwise came to grief for doing their duty.

In the wake of independence, we have in our midst a new species of entrepreneur who makes a fine art of influence-pegging in the insatiable urge of self-aggrandisement. The technique of it is to place on fabulous pay some close relative of a man in power, a Minister, the Governor of a Bank, may be the Prime Minister himself. Sri Goenka is the outstanding example of this species in the country today. He casts on everything he touches the blight of an insufferable spirit of rapacity. He has reduced the *Indian Express* which used to have a dignified tradition of public responsibility under tolerably sound editors, into a cheap handmaiden of *Squarewords* devoted to the indefatigable poisoning of the public mind with crude incentives to greed drawing millions into a net of devastating parasitism egging them on, without work, to hang on luck or the throw of a gambler's dice, to make lakhs. As only one in a million can get a *Squarewords* prize, the whole scheme of so-called competition is a patent device for the systematic defraudation of our guillible public, rendered blind by avarice to their folly. The *Squarewords* represents the very antithesis of everything comprised in Socialism. If Pandit Nehru wishes to be taken seriously when he propounds the Socialistic pattern as the Congress objective, he should first see to it that Sri Goenka and others of that anti-Socialist pattern are not found occupying the seats of distinction, power or responsibility in the Congress organisation. In fact they should have no place anywhere in the neighbourhood.



Pandit Nehru snapped when he visited Sri Aurobindo Ashram, Pondicherry

SAKA

JOBS FOR ALL—IMPLICATIONS OF FULL EMPLOYMENT

By H. R. VEDANTA IENGAR

DURING the recent debate in Parliament on Government's economic policy, the Finance Minister pin-pointed the central objective of official policy to be the creation of 24 million new jobs on an average annual remuneration of Rs. 1,000 each during the next ten years in the non-agricultural sector. This is expected to be the level at which full employment is possible for all those who are employable. It must be noted that Government's policy is not confined to the creation of “a high level of employment” but “full employment.” It is obviously their aim not to offer unemployment money benefits and doles under conditions of less than full employment, but jobs for all. It must also be noted that Government have undertaken virtually to guarantee or underwrite a definite number of jobs—12 million jobs at the end of the second Five Year Plan and 24 million jobs at the end of the third Five Year Plan—and have not contented themselves merely with the rather vague aim of providing “opportunities” for full employment. Another fact which is also noteworthy is that this virtual guarantee of full employment has come in the wake of Government's avowal of a socialistic pattern of society as the goal of their policy. The sequence of these two events is not without significance, because there is a school of thought which believes that it is impossible to guarantee or underwrite full employment and the specific number of jobs required to attain full employment conditions, without a high degree of economic regimentation.

The question of ensuring full or at least a high level of employment has worried governments in highly industrialised countries, no less than in under-developed ones. Acute governmental consciousness of this problem

is the offspring of the Great Depression of the thirties. But there is a fundamental difference between the nature of this problem in a mature and highly developed economy such as that of the West, and in an immature, under-developed, static and stagnant economy as in India. In the former the problem is rather cyclical and the remedy is largely of an anti-cyclical character. In the latter the problem is chronic and mere monetary measures like an easy money policy, low interest rates and expansion of bank credit, etc., and even anti-cyclical or compensatory fiscal policies by themselves are not enough. A permanent, long term remedy for the chronic under-employment existing in under-developed countries involves the adoption of what are called “developmental” as well as “compensatory” fiscal policies. From this point of view the Five Year Plan which India is implementing and which she is to implement hereafter may be said to have been rightly conceived, based as they are on fiscal policies which are both developmental and compensatory, and point to the right road for attaining high-level, and within a calculable period of time, full employment.

Total Methods

While World War II was still being fought, the British Government issued a white paper on unemployment in 1944 in which they accepted governmental responsibility for “a high and stable level of employment.” The fact that the War Cabinet was a coalition of Conservatives and Socialists perhaps explains why they did not accept responsibility for “full employment.” For, orthodox economists think that full employment is unattainable except under conditions of economic totalitarianism and that a certain measure of residual or “floating” unemployment, comprising

a hard core of seasonal and frictional and other unemployment, is inevitable even under optimum conditions during peace time. But eminent economists like Beveridge have advocated bolder programmes. He has said that his plan of social security can be financed if employment is maintained at a "fairly high level," not necessarily at the level of full employment. But if the aim of the Government is not "a fairly high level" of employment supplemented by unemployment cash doles, but absolutely "full" employment, proof against cyclical recessions, if the aim is not unemployment money benefits in default of provision of jobs but jobs for all, then there is no alternative to what Beveridge has characterised as "a total war against unemployment, not a war with inhibitions." It would perhaps be no exaggeration to say that the Five Year Plans of the Government of India and more especially their measures for enlarging the public sector,

imply that something like a "total war" is now beginning to be waged in our country against unemployment. For, Beveridge's conception of a "total war" against unemployment involves planning for a continuous expansion of the economy, and this planning includes, among other things, measures like the regulation of private investment by a national (Governmental) investment board, the extension of the public sector of industry and the like. Though we in India have no national investment board, we have a measure of Governmental control over capital issues by private entrepreneurs and Government can exert effective influence in channelling private investment expenditures on socially desirable and not merely high-profit-yielding schemes. And as regards the public sector of industry it has been affirmed officially that it is the policy of the Government of India that the mixed economy as it is developing in our country should be dominated by the



Sri K. Kamaraj Nadar and Sri C. Subramaniam in the All India Radio Stall at the Congress Exhibition

public sector, the private sector playing an important, complementary but subsidiary role.

Beveridge is of the view that attainment of full employment by "total methods" such as the extension of the public sector and official regulation of private investment and the like, is not inconsistent with a free society, though some economic thinkers, doubt if it is possible to attain absolutely full employment at all times on the inflexible principle of "jobs, not unemployment benefits" in a free enterprise economy or even in a mixed economy such as we have in India. The latter argue that an outright collectivist economy of the centrally administered type is the only milieu in which these results can be worked out. Therefore it remains to be seen, so far as India is concerned, whether at the end of the next ten years we shall have full employment and Socialism with little or no vestige of private enterprise left, or a mixed economy with a large and expanding public sector co-existing with a recognizable surviving private sector providing between them a high level of employment or even full employment. There are however certain inherent contradictions in the aims of Indian planning; for even though one might accept that full employment is not unattainable in or incompatible with a mixed economy, surely Socialism and a mixed economy can hardly co-exist or mean one and the same thing, unless a mixed economy is regarded as only a transitional phase in achieving the ultimate goal of Socialism, pure and simple.

Secret of Full Employment

During the last war, the well known American publicist, Walter Lippmann wrote: "Since 1920 men have discovered the principle of prosperity. This discovery is much the most important advance in human knowledge in modern times. It is the discovery that Government can by the proper use of public funds create a condition of full employment for all its people. Heaven help the administration which refuses to apply this knowledge in the post-war world."

The secret of prosperity or of full employment to which Lippmann refers is what is called the "compensatory" fiscal policy to which the economists turned after the monetary policies (such as an easy money policy, flooding the money market by Governmental operations, beating down interest rates and expansion of bank credit, etc.) on which they had mainly relied to fight the depression had failed though they were carried to unprecedented lengths. It is now recognised that deficit-spending is an important instrument of a full employment policy and that fiscal policy should not merely be "compensatory" but also aim at "developmental" public expenditure. A developmental fiscal policy is indeed basic because a compensatory fiscal programme can function fully and effectively only in the wake of a developmental investment programme designed to ensure an expanding economy. Without a basic developmental investment programme, a general programme of industrialization becomes quite impossible. A large part of the expenditure incurred on India's first Five Year Plan for developing power resources, irrigation, communications and the like, and the expenditure to be incurred on like projects in the second Five Year Plan as well the expenditure incurred and to be incurred on projects for increasing the output of steel which is a *sine qua non* of large-scale industrial development, imply recognition of the importance and strategic value of a well conceived "developmental" fiscal policy in attaining a high level of employment.

The "compensatory" fiscal programme implies a new type of budget being prepared on the basis of manpower as the datum and designed to ensure year by year a total outlay sufficient to set up demand for the whole productive resources of the country. It is said that in Sweden the budget authorities assemble information from private business at the beginning of each year in order to get a tolerably clear picture of the probable volume of private investments during the next twelve

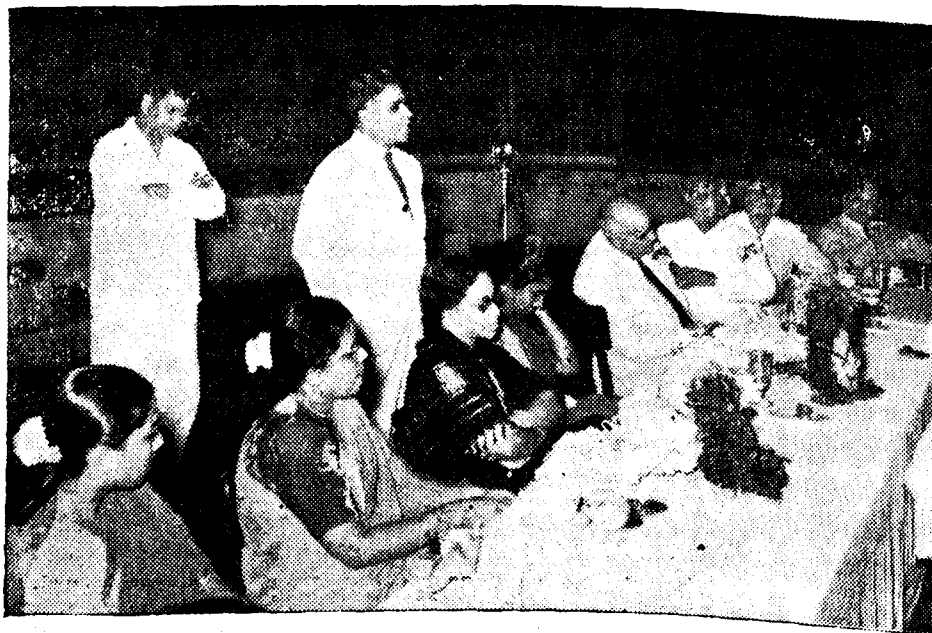
months. This enables the Swedish Government to plan public works and other public improvement projects so as to bring the total volume of capital outlays, public and private, up to the required level.

This same idea of "compensatory" fiscal policy underlies what was called the "Full Employment Bill" prepared by a committee of the American Senate in 1945. The Bill declares that "all Americans able to work and seeking work have the right to useful, remunerative, regular and full-time employment and it is the policy of the U. S. A. to assure the existence at all times of sufficient employment opportunities to enable all Americans who have finished their schooling and who do not have full-time housekeeping responsibilities to exercise this right." Under this Bill the American President was required to transmit to Congress at each regular session a "National Production and Employment Budget" setting forth (a) the *estimated* expenditure by private enterprises, consumers and Government, required to assure a full employment volume of produc-

tion and (b) the *estimated actual* volume of expenditure by consumers, private enterprises and Government during the ensuing fiscal year. If the prospective investment and other expenditure were to be less than that required for full employment, the President was required to indicate a programme for encouraging larger non-governmental investment and expenditure. If the expected increase in non-governmental investment and expenditure was deemed insufficient to provide full employment, the President was to draw up a programme for such additional government investment and expenditure as would suffice to bring the aggregate volume of investment and expenditure up to the level required to assure a full-employment volume of production.

A Full Employment Act for India

So far as India is concerned, the Directive Principles of State Policy in our Constitution enjoin on the State the duty of securing to Indian citizens "the right to an adequate means of livelihood, and within the limits of the State's capacity and develop-



Major K. N. Rao, Director of Medical Services, Andhra, speaking at a Reception in his honour last week at Woodlands Hotel, Mylapore

ment the right to work and public assistance in cases of unemployment" and to workers "a living wage" and decent conditions of work. It would therefore be quite in consonance with the spirit of our Constitution if a "Full Employment Act" (limited for the time being to the non-agricultural sector and giving the statutory right to full employment to all Indians within a period of ten years) is passed by our Parliament, particularly in view of the Finance Minister's unequivocal pronouncement that Government are planning to provide full employment in the non-agricultural sector within a decade. Such legislation would demonstrate that Government are in real earnest about their "full employment" policy.

India's second Five Year Plan when it is finalised would really be in the nature of a consolidated "National Production and Employment Budget" for a quinquennium in which the total expenditure by private enterprise and Government over a period of 5 years necessary to create 2 million fresh jobs every year in the non-agricultural sector is estimated to be Rs. 5,000 crores. But it would serve as a very useful check on the progress of expenditure in both the sectors if the Finance Minister were to present an annual "National Production and Employment Budget" to Parliament examining the adequacy of the progress of investment by the two sectors from the point of view of generating two million additional jobs every year. In case the private sector should be behind-hand (for whatever reasons) in playing its part and fail to incur its proportionate share of investment expenditure from year to year, Government should be ready with additional schemes in the public sector to compensate for the shortfall in the private sector. It is of paramount importance that steps should be taken to ensure that the total target expenditure is actually incurred by the two sectors together, Government following a "compensatory" fiscal policy in case private investment expenditure tends to lag behind. Otherwise full employment within ten years will be a

chimera, a mirage and a delusion. This warning is not superfluous in view of past experience, which the Finance Minister deplored when he presented his budget last year, of large amounts of public funds lying unutilised and crying out to be spent promptly on schemes for which they were ear-marked. A process of prodding and gingering up spending agencies to avoid delays in executing schemes or finalising them, is imperative if a full employment programme, however perfect on paper and however amply provided with finances, should be saved from proving abortive.

Deficit budgeting

Increased public spending by resort to deficit financing if necessary is an essential feature of a full employment programme. Deficit financing was once looked upon as economic heresy. The idea has now a large following of competent economic opinion and has come to be looked upon as almost "conservative". At the beginning of 1954 when there were indications of a recession in America, President Eisenhower, advised by his competent economic advisers, indicated in his Economic Report to Congress that the Administration would not hesitate to resort to deficit financing by unbalancing the budget. The theory that the budget must always be in balance is outmoded. It is now quite 'respectable' not only to resort to compensatory deficit spending as a palliative during the depression phase of a business cycle but also to adopt a policy of long-run deficit spending or chronic deficits to secure full employment in an economy faced with long-run underemployment. It would, of course, be necessary to guard against Government developing that dangerous sense of financial omnipotence which grows out of the ease with which created money can be put into circulation by recourse to the printing press. It is now widely believed that deficit spending, to the extent that tax-financed Government expenditures fall short of requirements, is absolutely necessary not only to iron out cyclical fluctuations

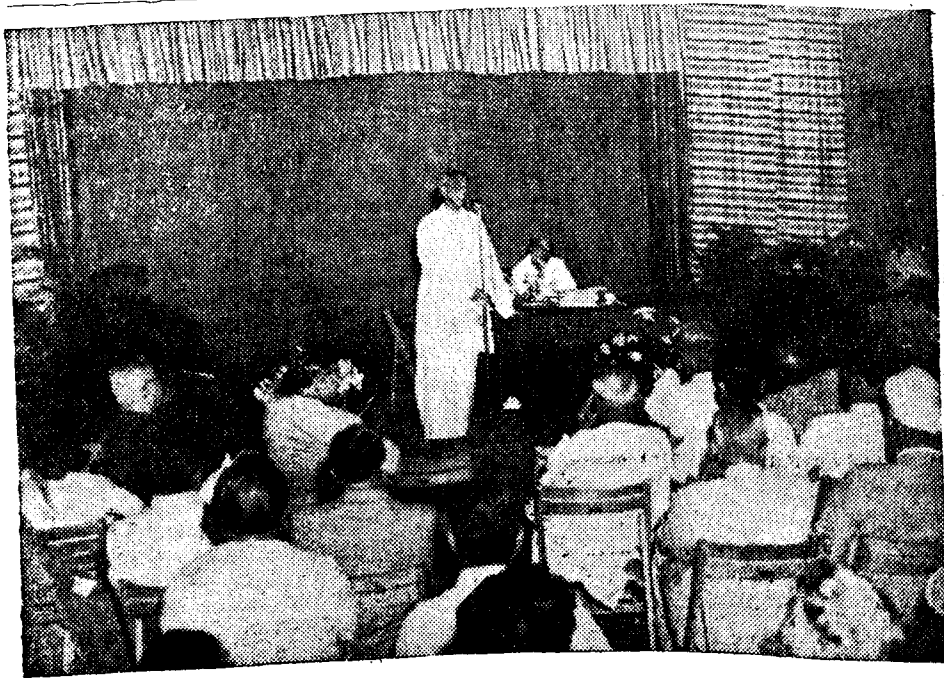
but also to promote rising productivity and higher living standards. though there are still some over-cautious economic thinkers who argue that continued resort to deficit financing will lead to the complete disappearance of free enterprise heralding the advent of a fascist or Communist State.

In financing the first Five Year Plan, India has adopted a policy of deficit financing, and it was estimated by the Finance Minister at the last budget session that there would have to be deficit financing of the order of Rs. 890 crores or more in order to implement the Plan in full. When the Finance Minister observed that "it can indeed be said that deficit financing subject to safeguards has a definite part to play in bringing into use the unutilised resources of the system", he was echoing the view of progressive modern economic opinion in the world to day. In view of the fact that the goal of Government's economic policy has now been unequivocally defined to be a Socialist State, objections based

on ideological grounds against continuous deficit financing are robbed of much of their force. In financing the second Five Year Plan which envisages a total expenditure nearly double that of the first Five Year Plan, it is inevitable that deficit financing will have to be resorted to on a much larger scale, though a larger flow of foreign investment and assistance would naturally reduce the extent of such deficit public spending.

Possibilities of Inflation

Mention has been made of certain possible consequences (such as chronic deficit financing and increased regimentation of the economy) of a full employment programme such as the one that the Government have decided to pursue. The Minister for Commerce and Industry has referred to one other possible consequence of this programme, namely, a decrease in standards of living. This is almost certain to happen if inflation is allowed to overtake the economy, if prices rise, costs of living go up and real incomes fall, inviting the re-



Mr. V. K. Krishna Menon speaking at a reception accorded to him by the South Indian Film Chamber of Commerce and the South Indian Motion Picture Studio Association at the Gemini Studios

imposition of price ceilings, rationing and the whole gamut of controls with which the country is only too familiar. What is gained on the swings will be thus lost on the roundabouts. It would be pertinent to recall in this connection the experience of Australia and New Zealand where the Socialists were in power (for eight years in the former and fourteen years in the latter) until they were defeated in 1949. It is admitted that under the Socialist regime in these countries jobs were more numerous, wages (nominal) were higher, hours shorter, paid holidays more numerous, social security benefits more extensive than ever before; yet these benefits were, it is stated, more than neutralized by double living costs, lower real wages, almost expropriatory taxation, fewer goods of poorer quality at higher prices, shortages, controls and a regimented life planned and directed by Government bureaucracy.

Full employment will not lead to similar results in India only if food production keeps pace with the vast addition to the country's purchasing power involved in deficit budgeting for implementing the second Five Year Plan, and also if consumer goods industries are rapidly developed. The rigorous austerity and depressed standards of living in Russia during the earlier planning periods, which competent observers say persist even today, stemmed from an excessive preoccupation of the State with the development of heavy industry. The situation in India is somewhat different because planning here is a co-operative joint endeavour of public enterprise as well as private enterprise.

A well conceived public investment programme will enlarge the opportunities for private enterprise. In the process of achieving a high level of employment as well as in the context of conditions obtaining after a high level of employment is attained, private enterprise can and must play a vital role. The industrial policy statement of 1948 affords immense scope for the development of a wide range of consumer goods industries

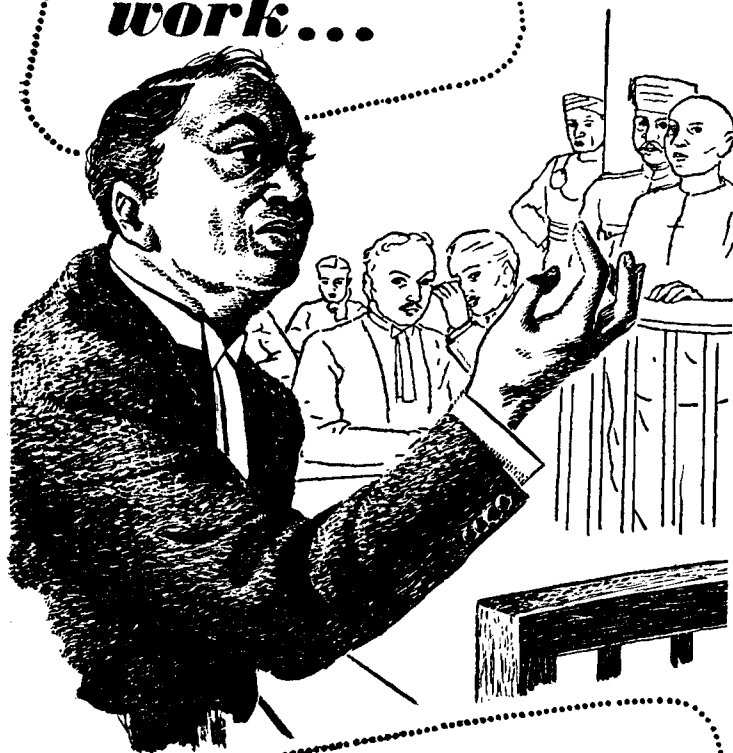
by private enterprise, only the development of strategic and key and certain heavy industries being reserved for the public sector.

In engineering our way to full employment it is inevitable that wages and prices chase each other with the result that no one will ultimately be better off. If this endless wage-price inflation is to be avoided as the country spends its way to full employment, maintenance of wage and price ceilings might become a permanent necessity. But this contingency may be avoided if there is widespread realization among trade unions that wages represent not merely purchasing power but costs also and that labour union members have other interests than wage-earners and that they are also consumers and job-seekers. It might then be possible to replace wage bargainings in individual industries by a system of wage determination on a national basis from the overall angle of full employment without inflation.

In order to avoid price inflation, the policy of large scales at low unit profit margins is the correct policy for the economy as a whole from the point of view of full employment. The private sector, on which the responsibility of developing consumer goods industries will rest to a large extent, must follow this policy voluntarily not only because it will facilitate full employment but also because it is the most profitable policy for private enterprise itself.

Government's planning for full employment within the next ten years should afford an excellent opportunity for realisation of the Commerce and Industry Minister's aim of "rationalization without tears", that is, solving the problem of potential technological unemployment inherent in the rationalization of the textile industry. Though the short-run effect of technological innovations on the employment problem is to aggravate it, the long-run interests of a full employment policy are subserved by facilitating an ever-increasing productivity of labour by not fighting shy of technological improvements.

*after
strenuous
work...*



*no other drink
refreshes you
so much, yet costs
so little as*

TEA

our national drink



COMMUNIST THREAT: NEED FOR CONGRESS VIGILANCE

By RAM SWARUP

TODAY, the most significant threat to India's ancient culture and her newly won freedom comes from Communism. But the Congress has not shown much awareness of this threat or much understanding of its nature and scope—and that is the most unfortunate feature of the situation.

The offensive of Communism is two-pronged. One is organisational: the army of whole-timers, the underground apparatus, the planting of men into the Government, the army and the press, hundreds of periodicals run by the party and its various fronts, a constant supply of cheap and subversive literature, infiltration techniques, front organisations, free trips and expensive gifts.

The other aspect of this offensive is psychological. And that is the most important, yet the least understood, aspect. The minds of the people are being poisoned with the fullest participation of all political parties including the Congress. In fact, it might be said that, psychologically speaking, the Communists are running joint fronts with all the political parties. Together with democratic opposition parties, they are pulling down the Congress, belittling India's achievements, and spreading despondence, diffidence and defeatism. Together with some of the most important Congress leaders, they are extolling Russia and China and floating a Soviet myth. As a result a mentality is being created according to which everything in India originates in corruption and nepotism and ends in failure and scandal; on the other hand, everything done in Russia and China is achievement, progressive, forward-looking, and wonderful.

We readily compare India's 5 years with Russia's 30 years. We compare India's worst with Russia's best. We

compare India that we know with Russia which nobody knows. But on a sober study of facts, within any comparable period, India's achievements are far greater than those of Soviet Russia or China. After 5 years of the Revolution, Lenin likened Russia to a "half-dead man," to "an invalid walking on crutches, with his face all bandaged up." The comparison was literally true. Within the first five years of Communist rule, production fell sharply; large-scale industrial production fell to 10 per cent; pig-iron to 2.4%; steel to 4%; cotton manufactures to 5%; sugar to 5.8%. Internal trade was reduced to one-fifth, and foreign trade fell by 80%. Grain crop production fell from 65 million tons in 1916 to 26 million tons in 1921; yield per hectare from 7 quintals to 4.8 quintals. Sown area was halved. The population during the first 5 years inspite of the natural increase of 43 per thousand declined by 6 millions. The same story is true if we take into account a longer period. Per capita income fell from 306 international units in 1913 to 117 units in 1927. According to figures given by Lenin, a wage-earning agricultural labourer consumed 419 kilogram of cereals in 1892. In 1935 according to Strumilin, Chairman of the Gosplan, the average for the whole population was only 261 kilograms! Upto 1950, as far as consumption goods like sugar, shoes, and clothing were concerned, production targets for the fourth 5-year plan were lower than the targets for the first 5-year plan. After 30 years of Socialist planning, living standards of an average Russian are only two-thirds of the Czarist 1913 level. If we divide total production by total population, per capita annual share is only three-fourths of a yard of woollen clothing, one pair of leather shoes, 5 pounds of butter and 27 pounds of sugar.

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But in India, we have a different story. In the economic field, we have not only maintained production, but exceeded it. As compared to pre-war level, production in 1951-52 was 152.7%; production of steel ingots rose to 152.5%; paper and cement rose to 195% each; sugar rose to 139 per cent.

The production of some of these goods was higher than in Soviet Russia at the end of her 4th five-year plan. The new acreage to be brought under irrigation during the first five-year plan was larger than the acreage to be brought under irrigation in Soviet Russia under the fifth five year plan!

We also stand out favourably in comparison to China. In contrast to figures of production in India quoted above, Chinese food production in 1951 was only 92% of pre-war level, production of pig iron only 64 per cent, of steel ingots 97 per cent, of tin 46 per cent, of tungsten 80 per cent, of coal 69 per cent, of electricity 94 per cent and of sugar 60 per cent. As to building activities, we are far ahead of China, as Pandit Nehru pointed out last year. And as he pointed out again in the Lok Sabha on 21st Dec. 54, "India is certainly more industrially developed than China."

Besides economic development in which we do not lag behind China, there are other values far more important and significant, in which we have done distinctly better. Unlike China, we have not killed two million "bandits"; we have not set up one-party dictatorship; we have not instituted thought-control; we do not make people confess; we have not become a satellite of a foreign country.

India's record of progress is a creditable one. She has no cause for any sense of inferiority. She has ideas; she has vitality; she has an atmosphere of freedom. Let her defend and develop these, and the

rest will be added. Let the Congress set up a research centre to study and publicise the comparative achievements of democratic India on the one hand and Communist Russia and China on the other. Let this centre also study how the two systems stand in relation to the deeper urges and values of mankind.

THE measure of a country's achievements can never be the failure of another. But it must be realized that this is precisely what the Communist countries are doing. This process should be checked.

The Congress must learn to appreciate the unique value and virtue of our country's culture and the democratic way of life, and must develop a willingness to defend these. It must give up old shibboleths and slogans and recognise the emergence of new dangers. It must see that the old-style imperialism on which it still harps is dead; and that a new one which it continues to neglect is the real threat not only to its own freedom but to the freedom and future of all the free nations. It should study what has happened in East-European countries; how the minds and souls of people are being regimented by a totalitarian system; how this system is trying to extend itself and engulf the whole world; how it divides and demoralises its "enemies;" how the external pressure of the Red Army works in unison with internal subversion by local Communists.

In the face of this threat developing in subtle and diverse ways, there is an imperative need for vigilance and action on the part of the Congress, the premier political organisation of the country. Over a time the Congress will not be judged by what it has achieved in the field of administration, but how it has understood and responded to the greatest of all challenges of the time and how it has defended and preserved the integrity and heritage of India.

The world of conversationalists, is divided into two classes, those who listen to what the other person has to say, and those who use the interval to plan their next remark.

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LLOYD GEORGE OR CHURCHILL? WHO IS THE GREATER?

By MATTHEW HALTON

THE two greatest British statesmen of the century are both in the news of recent days: the living Winston Churchill, because you cannot keep him out of the news, and because his countrymen and the world have been honouring his 80th birthday; and the dead David Lloyd George, because of a magnificent new biography of the mighty Welshman who led Britain in World War I. And there is some debate these days on the subject: Which of these two men will be named by history as the greater statesman?

When Lloyd George died just before the end of World War II, Churchill, then at the very apogee of his glory, paid his old friend and chief this tribute: "When the history of the first quarter of the 20th century is written, it will be seen that the greater part of our fortunes in peace and in war were shaped by this one man." But when the full history of the first half of the century is written, will it be Lloyd George or Churchill who is judged the greater man?

The two men were good and loyal friends. And they had one astonishing experience in common: In the years between the wars these two—the nation's two greatest statesmen—were both kept out of office. Churchill was kept out because the Conservatives hated him; and he became Prime Minister only in 1940, still against the wishes of many Tories, when the sky was falling. Lloyd George was thrown out, at the peak of his fame, by the same Tories, and kept out because the Liberal Party was broken.

He Battled Generals

The Welsh wizard is brought to life again by a brilliant book. We owe the book to one of the two Canadians—Lord Beaverbrook and Bonar Law—who did much to bring Lloyd George down. Lord Beaverbrook is

the owner of a great treasure of documents and letters concerning the Welsh statesman—the Lloyd George archives—a thousand boxes of them. Three years ago he turned this great collection over to a leading Fleet Street journalist, Frank Owen, and commissioned him to write the biography of Lloyd George. The book, "Tempestuous Journey," published in Canada by McGraw-Hill, is 750 fascinating pages about a fascinating man—the best loved and most hated man of his time. It is the story of a great life and of the great, tragic anticlimax of the end of that life.

In comparing Lloyd George and Churchill as war leaders it must be remembered that Lloyd George had a tougher time in many ways than Churchill.

Lloyd George became Prime Minister in 1916, at the head of a Liberal-Conservative coalition, because the war was going badly. But the Conservative majority in the coalition hated Lloyd George as the radical who had brought in the great social reforms of 1910-14 (reforms even more revolutionary for the times than the Socialist reforms after 1945). Even as he ran the war he had to fight savage and even treacherous opposition. As Frank Owen writes:

"Lloyd George began his war premiership in 1916 with a highly critical military hierarchy and a restive parliamentary majority. Churchill, on the other hand, started his great term with the Generals in anxious submission," and a Parliament united fiercely behind him. In Lloyd George's day the Generals—especially Haig, who carried on a continuous Buckingham Palace counter-action against him—attempted to derive support from the King, whose influence at that time was active and important. Churchill never had to combat any court opposition. Then

again, Lloyd George had every day to face a fearful toll of casualties. Churchill was spared this . . ."

During the First World War Clemenceau made the famous remark that "war is too serious a business to be left to the Generals." It was even more true of Britain than of France. The War Minister was the narrow and arrogant Kitchener. The Commander-in-Chief in France was the unimaginative, intriguing and incompetent Haig. Lloyd George had to battle with Kitchener to get him to accept weapons!

There was the famous episode of the machine-guns. Though the Germans were mowing British battalions down with their superiority in machine-guns, Kitchener insisted that anything above four machine-guns per battalion was a luxury! Lloyd George then gave his own orders: "Take Kitchener's maximum, square it, multiply that by two, and when you are in sight of that, double it again for good luck." When the war ended there was an average of 80 machine-guns per battalion.

On another occasion Lloyd George wanted to give the army 600 new heavy howitzers. Kitchener opposed it, and persuaded a Cabinet committee to turn it down. Lloyd George's secretary said: "I suppose this means the end of your programme." Lloyd George replied: "No, it means the end of the committee."

And yet Lloyd George was not strong enough to fire Haig and stop the ghastly and criminally stupid massacre of Passchendaele.

Tragedy Still on His Mind

Haig chose a reclaimed swamp—in the rainy season—as the place where he would break through to the Rhine. It was disaster in a sea of mud from the beginning, but for three months Haig pressed on.

"So to the swamp of Passchendaele," writes Frank Owen, "trudged 1,000,000 British soldiers (including the Canadian Corps). The roads across it were early smashed to rubble by the bombardment (24,000,000 shells were poured there in a month) and buried beneath the oozing tide.

"Burdened with 60 pounds of 'fighting kit' (water-bottles, haversacks, rolled greatcoats and blankets), sodden to the skin, holding their rifles high above their heads to keep the mud clear of the magazines, stumbling in file along the slippery corduroy tracks, every one of which was ranged by the enemy's field batteries, mortars and machine-guns . . . the fine flower of the greatest army that Britain ever raised went resolutely up to death and mutilation and suffocation in the mud."

We gained two miles—at the cost of over 500,000 casualties.

It was Lloyd George's greatest blunder that he agreed to the attack at Passchendaele. When it was in full swing even he was powerless to stop it. The War Cabinet, the Dominion Governments and the public were deluded into believing the almost ecstatically false communiques from Haig's headquarters.

One month before the outbreak of World War II, I had a long and to me unforgettable interview with Lloyd George. I was sure war was almost upon us; he was still thinking there might yet be peace. "We cannot have another war," he said. "We haven't yet recovered from Passchendaele." And at another point he spoke of "the ghosts of Passchendaele." Twenty-two years after the tragedy it was still on his mind.

He said another striking thing, this time about Churchill. "When war came in 1914," he said, "we had an ineffectual Prime Minister—Asquith but still a statesman. If another war comes we have at the head of affairs only Neville Chamberlain."

"But we have Churchill," I replied. "If war comes he'll come to the top as you did."

"If things go badly, yes," he said. "And he knows war brilliantly. He will know the Haigs from the start."

Many years after his war Lloyd George was shown a full-length portrait of Haig. He went up to it, placed his hand across the top of the shining cavalry boots, and said: "Haig was brilliant—up to here."

Spread Social Benefits

Lloyd George loathed war. In 1900 he was nearly murdered by a mob in Birmingham because he opposed the Boer war. In 1914, it was almost an accident that he became a dynamic War Minister instead of the leader of a pacifist party. As late as 1917 (after Passchendaele) he said to C. P. Scott, editor of the *Manchester Guardian*: "I can't go on any longer with the bloody business. I would rather resign." But he stayed on, and when the war was over his name was the most celebrated in the world.

A few years later, when he was only 59, Lloyd George's coalition Government was overthrown by a Conservative manoeuvre—the "Carlton Club plot"—and Lloyd George never held office again. His last years were pathetic and anticlimactic. He and Churchill were growing old out of office. But when the Second World War came Churchill was the man of the hour as L. G. had been in the first. At the age of 66 he came into his own, into his glory. The exclusion of these two great men from office for so many years and the malevolence of the little men who hated them, is a sordid page in British political history.

There was, sad to say, a sordid page in Lloyd George's own splendid career—a feud which split the Liberal party and continues to this day—the feud over the famous Lloyd George fund. After the war, so runs the charge, the Lloyd George Government sold titles for great sums and accumulated a huge fund of money. Lloyd George kept this fund in his own hands. He did not use it for himself. He poured it out on many admirable social projects. But it caused a sour and bitter feud.

And there is a sad and humiliating page in Lloyd George's story—his temporary admiration for Hitler. The grand old man went to visit Hitler at his mountain chalet, and he was fascinated. "Fuehrer is the proper name for him," he said after the meeting.

"Hitler is a great and wonderful leader. He is the saviour of Germany." It was the temporary aberration of an old man who was shocked by the mediocrity at home.

The saddest thing in Lloyd George's personal life was the death of his eldest and best loved daughter, Mair Eiluned, a beautiful and lovable girl of 17, in 1907. "His grief almost destroyed him," writes Frank Owen in "Tempestuous Journey." He was "sunk in despair and misery, he would cry out wildly denying God, condemning God, cursing God . . ." The year after her death he was made Chancellor of the Exchequer. He wrote to his brother describing the warm reception he had been given by the King—"but I walked home through the rain crying, because I knew my little Mair would not be there to receive me."

In peace time, before World War I, Lloyd George was the architect of a social revolution. His "People's Budget," which was passed in the teeth of the most concentrated hatred and ridicule, established social justice in Britain and was the basis of everything that has been done since. In war time he was the greatest warrior-statesman since Chatham. His oratory was almost as great as Churchill's (and more spontaneous). His dynamic energy, like Churchill's, cut through all difficulties and inspired lesser men to surpass themselves. He too had unforgettable wit and charm. In his love of life and his interests he was almost as many-sided as Churchill.

There they are, the son of a poor Welsh farmer born in a cottage, and the descendant of Marlborough born in Blenheim Palace—the two greatest Britons of the age. Which is the greater name, Lloyd George or Churchill? History will have a truer perspective than we have today. But we are all allowed a guess, and my guess, for what it is worth, is that of the two titans Churchill walks a little in front.—NNF

The gambling known as business looks with austere disfavour on the business known as gambling.—Ambrose Bierce

BATTLE AGAINST LEPROSY

By Dr. FREDERICK A. JOHANSEN with
WILLIAM PETERS

After nearly 30 years of caring for patients with Hansen's disease, an American public health officer tells of his experiences and improvements in treatment which have come in recent years.

CARVILLE, Louisiana, is a long, long way from most people's lives, but it is very close to mine. There, in a band of the Mississippi River, surrounded by farms, stands a great hospital. It is a United States Public Health Service Hospital—the only leprosarium in the country—and for hundreds of Americans it has symbolised either prison or refuge, hope or despair.

Until a few months ago, it was my home. It was where I carried out a life and a work I had chosen, a challenge I had accepted, a journey begun with love and hope which ended almost 30 years later with the wish that it could go on and on. On that still, hot day when I reached 64, the age at which I had to retire, I left Carville, my duties as medical officer in charge completed. It was not easy to go.

There are nearly 400 patients at Carville—men, women and children from every walk of life. They were like people anywhere, more courageous than most, and as the years went by, I came to know them all as friends and neighbours. I knew the shock, the disbelief, the horror each of them had felt when a doctor had said, "You have leprosy."

A young woman, whom I shall call Ruth Wendell, was only 28 when she first heard that sentence from her doctor in 1925. A lovely girl, she was the wife of a successful California oil-man. In an instant, the life she had known was swept away—her home, her husband, her hopes of having children—and she began a strange and tortuous struggle that was to last almost 25 years. But she left Carville eventually, completely cured, to start out on a new life.

Next day, she came and talked to me. "Is it true?" she asked softly.

"I want to know the truth. How did I get this disease? How long will I be here?"

How many times have I heard the same questions! And how often have I wished there were answers to them! I sat across from Ruth and I told her what little I could. "You probably contracted the disease years ago, Ruth," I told her, "possibly as a child. It often lies dormant for years. You must have had long and close contact with someone who had it; to the best of our knowledge, that is how it is transmitted." Ruth began to relax. "You mustn't worry about anything," I said. "Your job is to get well. And the best way to do that is to get plenty of rest which will give you the strength to fight the disease, and take the chaulmoogra oil that will be prescribed for you."

Chaulmoogra oil, extracted from the seed of a Burmese tree, had been the treatment for the disease for centuries. Many doctors could find little proof of its curative powers.

What of Ruth's other question: How long will I be here? No one could answer that. There was no cure; chaulmoogra oil had never been very effective; it simply was all we had. Some cases progressed rapidly; others went for years without apparent change.

Centuries of fear, superstition and misinformation have surrounded the medical name leprosy with connotations so completely false that its victims always refer to it as Hansen's disease, named after the Norwegian doctor who discovered the bacillus believed to cause the disease. Some of the misinformation is unavoidable.

Much is still unknown about Hansen's disease. Because no one has succeeded in infecting experimental

animals with the bacillus in the laboratory, no one knows for certain exactly how it is transmitted. One fact is known, though; Hansen's disease is only mildly infectious. Ordinary hospital precautions—washing the hands in soap and water after examining a patient—are preventive sterile procedures. In the 59 years of Carville's existence, no member of the staff has contracted the disease. No one knows why, it is mainly found in only four states in America—California, Texas, Louisiana and Florida—or why there are probably no more than 1,500 cases in the United States while India and China each have about 2,000,000.

To many of the patients like Ruth, Hansen's disease must have seemed at first like a death sentence. Yet, in reality, it was more like a life sentence, for the disease is rarely fatal. Patients died of other illnesses or simply of old age.

If the disease was capable of blighting the lives of its victims, the fear surrounding it often did no less to the patient's family. Because of that fear, almost all of the patients at Carville, until recently, carefully changed their names and obscured their backgrounds to protect their families.

I am opposed to segregating all victims of Hansen's disease. Many, if not most, of the patients at Carville could be cared for in their own homes by their own family doctors without in any way endangering the public. They would have to be careful to avoid contact with children, and for those who could not be trusted to do so, a place like Carville is necessary.

Despite all efforts, however, the fear persists, and patients still are segregated. Therefore we try to make that segregation as pleasant as possible. The new patient is always surprised to find that Carville is, in effect, a self-sufficient little town with its own churches, shops, theatre, golf course, tennis courts, and other facilities.

The introduction of a new experimental drug always hurried the passage of time at Carville. We were always trying something new, always

searching for a drug that would be an improvement over chaulmoogra oil.

In 1941, shortly after a new medical officer in charge, the late Dr. G. H. Faget, had come to Carville (I was clinical director and executive officer at that time), we heard about promin, a new sulfone drug which had been used with some success in treating tuberculosis. Tuberculosis and Hansen's disease bacilli have long been known to be similar in many respects, and any drug which combated one, we felt, might have results on the other. Dr. Faget, who had worked for years with tuberculosis before coming to Carville, wrote the manufacturers for the drug and for information about its use. For several months after the first patients were started on promin, there were no observable results, but the patients insisted that they felt better. Then, slowly, over the next months, open sores began to heal, nodules disappeared, and the patients began to feel almost cured. Cautious after the innumerable failures of the past, the medical staff refused to jump to conclusions, but the patients knew we had reached a turning point.

Two more sulfone drugs—diasone and promizole—were tried, again with good results, and the improvement in the patients continued. These new drugs were not a cure, but they had the effect of arresting the disease in many patients. Suddenly, there was hope where little hope had existed. It was like daybreak after years of night.

In two, three, four years, more and more cases were arrested. Patients began to be discharged from the hospital in larger numbers. This long-sought goal soon proved no blessing, however. The world outside still held rigidly to its fears and misconceptions about the disease. It was not ready to take in the people who had suffered and survived. Patients began to drift back to Carville.

Then, in 1946, a news story was published which more than anything else helped break the silence about

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Hansen's disease. Mrs. Hans Hornbostel openly admitted to the world in San Francisco that she had leprosy. She was going to Carville, and her husband insisted on going with her. From reports on her progress and a magazine article describing her acceptance by the world after her discharge, patients at Carville were amazed to find that the Hornbostels apparently had had no fear of the stigma that had always been attached to the disease; their inspiration gave many patients courage to take up their own name again.

In my years as medical officer in charge at Carville, changes came thick and fast. Physical and occupational therapy, plastic and bone surgery were begun. A trained social worker counselled patients on problems they would meet outside Carville's gates. Manual-arts training prepared some for jobs. The school,

which for years had been conducted by patients, became fully accredited, offering classes for both children and adults.

Carville today is a hopeful place. Patients are happier, more occupied and better prepared to leave when the time for discharge comes. No longer does the visitor or the new arrival see active advanced cases. For one month of each year, patients are allowed to go home on vacation if their condition warrants it.

There will be a cure for Hansen's disease someday—in my lifetime, I believe. Until then, the sulfone treatment will save patients from the devastating effects that were formerly almost inevitable. The greatest need now is for a cure for the public's old and completely discredited attitudes toward the disease and its sufferers.—*Collier's*

Helen Keller to Visit Madras

HELEN KELLER, the noted deaf and blind author and educator, will arrive in Bombay on February 20 and is scheduled to stay in that city for a week.

Highlighting her various engagements in the city will be a civic reception arranged for her by the Bombay Municipal Corporation.

Her visit to India will be part of a goodwill tour to India, Pakistan, Burma, the Philippines and Japan sponsored by the American Foundation For Overseas Blind (AFOB) in cooperation with the governments of the countries to be visited. Miss Keller hopes to inspire "desperately needed" expansion of facilities for relief, education, and rehabilitation of the blind, the deaf-blind and the deaf in the Far East, an AFOB spokesman said.

The 74-year-old woman, who has become an inspiration to millions, already has circled the world at least five times in her efforts to increase public understanding of the problems of the blind.

She will leave New York February 4, and, after a two-week stay in



England, will arrive in Bombay. Her itinerary in India will take her to all important cities. Leaving Bombay, she will arrive Hyderabad, February 28; Madras, March 7; Mysore, March 14; Calcutta, March 28; Delhi, April 4; and Dehra Dun, April 11.

On February 1, Miss Keller will be honoured at a farewell dinner in the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, at which Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt will be the principal speaker. High diplomatic representatives of the countries that Miss Keller plans to visit will attend

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NO NEED FOR CLASS CONFLICTS

By S. RAJAGOPALAN

ADDRESSING the Perambur Vanniakula Kshatriya Sangam recently, the Madras Chief Minister complained that status, money and intelligence were in the hands of a few people who had all along ruled over the vast majority, and called upon the communities to launch on a struggle for the removal of disabilities. Vanniakula Kshatriyas form a well disciplined and compact sub-division of the Non-Brahmin community in the districts of South Arcot and North Arcot; and this was abundantly illustrated in the last general elections where the Congress suffered its heaviest reverses at their hands. Not unnaturally perhaps efforts to coalesce that group into the Congress have been made and it has now two Ministers in the Cabinet. The community reckoned numerically at a crore, has certain privileges and disabilities in common with every other community. It has its own rich and poor a feature which is bound to persist until the natural resources of the country are tapped and widespread industrialisation is effected.

It is a fact of history that since the dawn of civilisation every nation had had its own forward and backward classes beginning from the Greeks and the Romans and their patricians and plebians. Speaking with particular reference to the happenings in Europe for the past two centuries, one is struck by the similarity of circumstances and the diversity in the means adopted for their amelioration. The history of great nations teaches us that neither class-war nor stubborn passivity has achieved anything. Karl Marx and Lenin plumped for a class-war: and events in Russia since the Revolution tell their own tale. Hitler promised that by exterminating the Jews, Germany would be flowing with milk and honey. But today it has

been partitioned, and is in foreign occupation. At the other end, America and New Zealand have been able to raise the general standard of living without violence and without the aid of the heady wine of Communist philosophy. In England the gulf between the lord and the commoner seemed at one time unbridgeable. Then in the wake of the industrial revolution, a curious phenomenon took place. No large scale attacks or expropriation of the gentry was attempted. But thanks to a few writers, poets and philosophers, snobbery and standoffishness of the richer folk were slowly but completely destroyed. Ruskin and Carlyle, Tolstoi and Kant amongst foreign writers, Bentham and Dickens, Burns and Wordsworth were responsible for effecting a mental revolution. All these together with the heavy taxation of high incomes have not merely brought down the number of millionaires, but actually induced very many of them like Cecil Rhodes and Nuffield to utilize their riches in the true Gandhian sense. America has been blessed with a superabundance of natural resources and equally with the ability to garner them to the utmost advantage, and hence excepting the Negroes, there is no problem of the backward communities *vis a vis* the advanced ones in America.

In India, especially in South India, it is somewhat anomalous in the present dispensation to speak of 'backward' and forward communities, although one hears of it when the distribution of State jobs and seats in educational institutions is taken on hand. Every community has its own backward and forward units: but the way in which they have been classified is not certainly the rational way. Many of the so-called backward communities do extraordinarily well in trade and business and agriculture with perhaps the largest

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number of rich people about them. Still if they do not annex the key jobs, they are deemed backward. Conversely, a community able and resourceful at the top but with vast numbers of it in the lower strata needy and poor, is reckoned as 'forward.'

Shri Kamaraj's thesis that the more powerful and the intelligent sections had ruled over the vast majority of the under-privileged is historically inaccurate. Till the other day, the rulers were the British and since independence, in the most intellectual state of Madras, two out of five Chief Ministers have risen from the ranks of agriculturists and Congress workers, Shri Kamaraj himself being a distinguished example of the latter.

There is thus no need to start a class-war even in the allegorical sense. No doubt in regard to the scheduled castes the pace of progress is somewhat tardy. But the Congress Government seems to be adopting precisely the technique of the British administrators in that regard. The duty of the State does not end by conferring high posts and vantage positions on the principal members, but extends to every variety of social amelioration. Cheri work calls for sustained effort; and the Harijan Ministers and high officials have to imbibe in that regard the zeal of Sir T. Sadasiva Iyer in Madras and of R. Gopalaswamy Iyer in Mysore. Shri Jagjivan Ram has been going about the country castigating the caste-Hindus, but that is not the way to register progress.

NO community can rise on the ashes of another, and it is time our politicians realise that it is not worth while levelling up the backward classes by pulling down their opposite numbers. Even Communist States like Russia which had kept up a steady flow of propaganda against capitalism had, ironically enough, to depend for their survival on the timely succour afforded by Britain and America in World War II.

As stated, backward communities form no definite class. They are here, there, and everywhere, in every community, Brahmin, non-Brahmin, Christian and Moslem. The Harijan-Christian is poles apart from the Syrian Christian. The Lubbai is ever so different from the beedi worker amongst Muslims. The Brahmin purohit or archaka cannot be equated with the high-ups in the community. Each community has its own array of rack renters, usurers and dowry exacters and these do far more havoc than the other communities, backward or forward. The ultimate solution therefore lies in the removal of the social and economic handicaps by suitable legislative and administrative measures. These require the single minded endeavour of people of all communities, especially of those with money, status and intelligence; but these will not be furthered by demonstrations and conferences of the type that obtains at present. For example, the conference has agitated for communal rotation in district board presidentship, but has not even so much as mentioned the irrigation needs of the Palar basin, which affect intimately the people at large. Catchwords and slogans and war cries have no place; on the other hand, there should be a scientific planning and pooling of both the natural and human resources of the State and statesmen and architects of the calibre of Sir M. Visweswarayya, Sir C. P. Ramaswami Iyer and Sir Mirza Ismail must be commissioned for great tasks and given complete responsibility. That in the long run will do more to rehabilitate the down-trodden and the poor than inflammatory speeches or resolutions. Class-war or conflict never did any good to anybody. Applied in the domain of capital and labour, it has resulted not in raising the general level of prosperity but in creating two opposite camps with irreconcilable demands and grievances.

Reformer: One who insists upon his conscience being your guide.

PRESIDENT'S RULE IN ANDHRA

By D. V. SUBBA SASTRY

THE appointment of Sri C. M. Trivedi by Prime Minister Nehru as the Special Officer for Andhra Affairs and the Governor-designate was received with surprise by the people of India. His appointment suggested that even Pandit Nehru was entertaining some doubts over the sustenance of democratic government in Andhra. His anticipation turned true and Sri Trivedi's tradition also repeated itself. In thirteen months, he assumed charge of the administration of the State as the constitutional representative of the President of the Indian Republic.

The Andhras heaved a sigh of relief that they would have at least for some time efficient and politically unbiased administration. They will have time also to choose the parties which will be responsive to public aspirations and desires.

The Prakasam Ministry had no opportunity to apply its mind fully either in administration or in the development of the new-born State. This was because of its precarious majority in the legislature. The Ministry had to struggle to get any legislation passed in the Assembly and implement new programmes and policies.

The dissolution of the legislature was for the good of Andhra in view of its amalgam of various reactionary forces and splinter groups which were not guided by any political ideology or sound judgement on any given issue.

Sri Trivedi who has assumed charge of the administration of the State on November 15, 1954, made the definite promise to the people to strive for inclusion in the current Five Year Plan of the major irrigation projects of Nandikonda and Tungabhadra High-level Channel. He also said he would tone up the administration of the State which had been progres-

sively deteriorating up to that time. He assured the people of Andhra, that he would try to convince the Centre and get the required grants and loans for the completion of the schemes which were already under execution. He went to Delhi and convinced the Prime Minister, the Planning Commission and the Finance Minister. He could get a definite promise from the Centre for inclusion of the above two projects in the first Five Year Plan with certain conditions. No doubt within a few days we shall see an announcement by the Union Government on the inclusion of the projects in the Plan. Really his marvellous work deserves the gratitude of the Andhras.

As per his promise, he could tone up the administration in all respects and put an end to the deteriorating standards. After his return from Delhi, he told his press conference on December 7 that "either the community projects or the misfits in them should go." This remark came from him only because a negligible amount of Rs. 6 lakhs was spent in two years in a particular project, half the amount on establishment alone. Under the original scheme, Rs. 65 lakhs was to be spent on the project within three years. It was evident that the project programmes were lagging behind. The Governor found out the defects and he is taking proper steps to set right matters.

The State Government is expected to submit proposals and schemes to the Planning Commission for the second Five Year Plan. The Governor has already had consultations with the various heads of the departments and everybody is having great hopes that the schemes for industrialisation of Andhra and other programmes will get included in the Plan by his diligent study and intelligent outlook.

Andhras are really fortunate to have an eminent administrator like Sri Trivedi at the helm of affairs when free and fair elections are to be conducted.

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A Visit to the Mother of Parliaments

By V. P. V. RAJAN

"THESE doors come from India," says the guide taking you round the new House of Commons, and to an Indian visitor to the Mother of Parliaments these words produce a thrill. There are two sets of doors to the new House of Commons, one presented by Pakistan, and the other by India. The new chamber was opened in 1950 in the place of the old one, destroyed during the last war. Other countries of the Commonwealth also contributed some part or other for the new building. But the doors from India and Pakistan are significant.

A visit to the Westminster Palace, which houses the House of Commons and the House of Lords is an education in itself—pages and pages of English history are opened up in the paintings on the wall, the statues, and the traditional customs observed in Parliament.

We enter through the Royal gallery, and proceed to the Princes Chamber, which serves as an ante-room to the House of Lords, and then the Chamber of the House of Lords. Eighty feet long and 45 feet wide, the House of Lords is perhaps the finest specimen of Gothic civil architecture in Europe. The southern side has the Throne, from which the Queen addresses the joint session of Parliament. There is also accommodation for distinguished foreigners and others in this section. The northern side has a bar for its boundary, and is for the service of the House of Commons when summoned to the Upper House by Her Majesty. At the north-west corner is Black Rod's box.

The institution of Black Rod is historic in origin. Ever since the days of Charles II who went to the Commons to arrest a few M. P.s, and failed in the attempt, the reigning sovereign of England is barred from entering the Commons Chamber. On those occasions when the Queen delivers the Speech from the Throne,

the Commons is summoned to the Lords Chamber from where the speech is given. The arrangement of the Commons and Lords Chambers are such that on those occasions when all the doors separating the chambers are open, the Queen from her throne in the House of Lords is able to see the Speaker in his chair in the Commons.

The visitor then comes to the Peers' lobby, Peers' libraries, Peers' robing rooms, the central lobby, and goes to the Commons Chamber through the Commons lobby, through the Churchill Archway. This part of the building was destroyed during the war, and the archway leading to the Commons chamber was rebuilt at the suggestion of Sir Winston Churchill from the considerably-damaged stones which remained after the destruction of the old chamber "as a monument of the ordeal which Westminster has passed through in the Great War, and a reminder to those who will come centuries after us that they may look back from time to time upon their forbears who kept the bridge in the brave days of old." You can here see still the broken stones with which the archway has been rebuilt. This arch is known as the Churchill Arch in tribute to the great war leader.

The Commons chamber, though new, is in the same style, late Gothic, and impresses the visitor as traditionally old like other parts of the Westminster Palace. The Speaker's chair, of Australian black bean wood, a present from Australia, is grand. On the right of the Speaker's chair are the Government benches, with the Opposition benches on the left. In the House of Lords the seating is in the reverse order. The chamber and lobbies are fine specimens of craftsmanship.

Big Ben, the chiming of which will be familiar to thousands of BBC listeners in India is in the clock tower in the Westminster Palace. There is a signal light in the lantern of the clock tower, which is kept burning whenever Parliament is sitting. The light is 250 feet high, and the clock tower is a powerful light house throwing a beam visible many

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miles in all directions. Big Ben derived its name from Benjamin Hall, a former Commissioner of Works, and weighs 13½ tons.

Westminster Abbey, which is close by, no visitor misses. The abbey is a cruciform church (built in the form of a cross) with great arms projecting north and south called transepts. You are greeted with things beautiful and historical—statues and tombs of the great, kings, poets and princes, statesmen, painters, and musicians. Poets' Corner is the most interesting place, and one is reminded of Washington Irving's

essay. Monuments of Dryden, Thomas Gray, Milton, Jonson, Tennyson and others stare you in the face. And greatest of the great in the art of letters, Shakespeare's monument, erected by subscription, is so located that it seems to look down upon a remarkable group of graves—Thomas Hardy, Charles Dickens, Kipling. Entering the royal chamber, you mingle with the kings and queens from the days of William the Conqueror.

A tour round these places is more than a refresher course in English history.

Why They Learn English

SOME months ago the editor of *London Calling Europe*, the BBC's multi-lingual programme journal for European listeners, asked readers to write and say why they were learning English, and offered books as prizes. Letters poured in from all over Europe, giving many and varied reasons for the study of English, ranging from a desire to get a better job, or to make travelling easier, to other more romantic reasons, and twenty-seven book prizes have so far been awarded.

Competitors were of all ages, including an old gentleman in Yugoslavia whose listening group of three people totalled two hundred and twenty-five years. A Finn in Helsinki wrote to say that Finnish is spoken and understood by four million people but unhappily there are more than two thousand million people on this planet to whom it means nothing. As he wants to communicate with other human beings he needs foreign languages and has chosen to learn English because it is understood by more people than any other language within the bounds of Western civilisation. A Danish railway worker wrote that his hobby is listening to amateurs on short-wave on which almost the only language used is English, saying "I want to be in touch with English and American

and American tourists crossing my little country." A Dutch listener in Rotterdam recalled that when the war ended he and his wife met an English sailor, one of the men who fought for their country's liberation, and they were ashamed that they could neither understand nor thank him. They vowed that night that they would learn English so that in future they would speak to the Englishmen who visited their town. Another Dutch listener who had learnt English was thankful that when war broke out she could understand what Mr. Churchill said when he spoke on the radio. "I could understand the news with my own ears and I was not dependent on what I heard from another person," she said proudly. A woman reader in Ankara who had been taught to hate the English during the First World War wrote, "If I couldn't speak English I wouldn't have the chance of knowing the people whom I was taught were my enemies, and now because I can read and speak English I have changed my mind and love them." And lastly came a touching letter from Spain. "I am learning English", it said, "because I have a fiancée in England, and when she comes to Spain I cannot speak to her—speaking is very difficult for me, but I write on a paper and then she does

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In a world where petals of roses are ground into edibles for the pleasure of voluptuaries, a man was sure to turn up to wed her, touch her, rule her and make a mother and grandmother of her as every other girl that is born . . .

Short Story.....★

ANGRY FRAGRANCE

By T. Janakiraman

THE old man who lived in the front part of the house read out the telegram and collapsed in a daze. Kosalai rushed towards the well in the backyard to convey the shocking news to the person who was chiefly concerned. The young woman was bathing. From the round little pot with which she was pouring, water cascaded down her body in a quick stream and jewelled drops, and she looked as though fire were given a form. Her braided hair had been wound into a ball above her nape.

"Oh, my darling, darling, that this should happen to you! Over your effulgent limbs he has smeared the blackest soot. He is gone, gone for ever! You wretch, he has snapped the *thali* round your neck! Oh, you miserable one!

The mother's cry of agony rose and fell in a hoarse scream.

"What is it, mother?" asked the young woman, in fearful surprise.

The dazed old man who was watching all this turned to his wife and cried:—

"She's the wild champak, you know. The flower of blood. Smell it and your nose bleeds like hell. The poor lad smelt it and death has come."

Hardly had he expressed thus when his stunned passivity resolved itself into a paroxysm of sobs and moans and no longer master of his feelings he wailed aloud.

The young woman was brought in, drenched and dripping. In a tick the entire neighbourhood had hurried to the place—wives and widows—and squatted round the bereaved so close

that she was shut off from sight. But the picture of her was clear: hair dishevelled and falling about her face and shoulders, her body shaken with violent sobs, and her lamentations of pain lost in the louder cries of the encircling women who, most of them, were experienced mourners.

*"Who dare
Smell the wild champak?
He dared to smell
And smelt his death—"*

sounded the dirge of the old man's wife who had by now transcended the shock to the staleness of convention and custom.

Only half-an-hour back had the girl and the old man been at the game of The Tigers and the Sheep, with shells and tamarind seeds set before them. She had triumphantly clapped the old man—the tiger—and laughed and jeered. Now what a savage blow! She was hardly eighteen. Such tender, sprouting youth! And hags with bold *kumkum* marks on their foreheads and turmeric tint on their cheeks to sit around her in mourning! What an anomaly!

HER beauty was a mystery in the infinite mutations of life. Her mother Kosalai and her father Ramaiya were just ordinary folks—such as you will find in any lower middleclass family—the woman plain and the man quite the reverse of handsome. But this creature, their daughter, looked like the tremulous flame of the prayer-room lamp, tremulous between the common cocoanut and banal banana. Such

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beauty, such perfection of form and figure in a low-roofed house in a small country-town! It was indeed a mystery—a wonder and puzzlement to the old man.

He had no work to do. He lived on the money, little monthly remittances from his son who earned his living elsewhere. He just loafed, reading away his days, reading whatever he laid hands on, good, bad, high and low as a buffalo does—inhaling snuff, and endlessly chewing betel and arecanut-parings, gossiping, and when left to himself gloriously wool-gathering. The only other occupation of his was wondering at the loveliness of the girl. He did it as his daily routine and it kept his mind busy. And the privilege of age left him bold and unabashed. He kept staring at the bright black eyes, at the complexion that was of the whitish yellow of the Konnai blossom, at the slender supple fulness of her limbs. Was such perfect beauty human? And could a human male possess this perfection as his own?—he asked himself often. And if one were to possess it would not the shock of wonder and joy knock one dead?

THE girl must be married off one day. In a world where petals of roses are ground into edibles for the pleasure of voluptuaries, a man is sure to turn up to wed her, touch her, rule her and make a mother and grandmother of her as every other girl that is born. Perhaps this thing of beauty mischance this earth in her search for a world to be born in.

Well, the marriage did come off. There was the routine exchange of betel and fruit; the house was white-washed and painted red; the marital drum and pipe played and she became a wife . . . wife of a lean, stooping, undernourished lad, so lean that he seemed always ready to break into two. He was of the long kind, his leg was long, his hands were long, the neck, the face, the fingers, the toes were long, and his thinness made them longer still. He was a bank-clerk. Surely it was not a match on an even plane. But what of that? He was lucky.

The old man was eaten up with

jealousy. He repeated the question: Is there a man daring enough to hold her hand and call her his own? Yes, the man had come before his very eyes.

At the moment when she was departing to her husband's place, the old man said to her: "Look, here, my child, tell your man I would teach him the game of the Tiger and the Sheep. Maybe he feels too shy to learn it of you. Just write to me I'll run up and do it. No fees, mind you, only some *sojee* and banana and coffee of the berry variety." And he smacked his lips in anticipatory delight.

"By all means, come Grandpa, come now, this moment," the girl faltered, biting back her tears and got into the bullockcart waiting in the street.

The old man trudged to the bazaar, brooding and disconsolate.

ALL this happened hardly a year ago. She visited her mother twice afterwards. Even the day before she arrived, the old man would take out the heavy wooden plank for the game of the Tiger and the Sheep from out of the husk barrel, wipe off the dust and trace the piece of chalk over the furrows, and have it ready. The game started after the morning coffee and it needed a deluge to shake them out of it. Thus would pass a fortnight and then on the sudden the girl would leave for her lord's home, again leaving the old man to spend his desolation out in the crowded bazaar.

This was her third visit to her mother. She had arrived a week ago; this day too they had the wonted rounds of the game; during the interval she had gone to bathe, the old man dozed, and stretched himself for the midday siesta. It was then that the bell of a cycle cut sharply across his slumbers: the red cycle of the telegraph man that always carried ill-tidings.

The girl and her mother started by the next available train only to see the corpse of the poor lad.

The old man wept like a child and even while he wept he could not check his anger. "I knew that already," he cried, "she is the wild

champak! Smell it and your nose bleeds. Who can stand it? You can marry a girl but who can wed a *mohini*? she would just smash your skull and feast on your blood—your life!”

But the aftermath of widowhood was not for her: no disfigurement of her beauty, no denuding her of her ornaments. The old man was shocked and expressed his indignation by calling providence a fool. His wife, however, had a different opinion.

“You are ridiculous,” said she to him, “don’t talk of innocence and childishness. She is nineteen to a day and at that age I had two kids. Alas, what has the world come to! Everything is topsy-turvy and there’s no knowing what more horrors are going to happen!”

“You wretch!” snapped the old man, “You have never said a bright thing in your life.”

The girl flowed in, in her Banaras silk saree, the perfumes of the sandal soap and the hair-oil enveloping her and riding the air nimbly. Bright and fresh like the *Ketaki* petal she went in and out of the kitchen, engaged in household work. And when there was no work to do she did not squat with her back against the wall, staring into her grief. She just lost herself in a book. As the old man saw her he felt like abusing his woman.

On the tenth day of the funeral people gathered thick, undid the girl’s braided tresses and after a loud wailing and beating of breasts retired to think of it with complacency.

And the old man wept again. Days passed. And the Tiger and the Sheep resumed their eternal hostilities.

Early in the following month they heard from the girl’s brother-in-law. He had decided to admit her into a school. He was coming to fetch her. The picture of the school with bright faces and merry voices rose before the old man’s mind. He felt relieved.

The brother-in-law came. The old man congratulated him on his wise decision of educating the girl. “She will forget her grief, will forget the

savage blow that God inflicted on her,” he said.

Towards evening a bullockcart drew up before the house.

“Kosalai, cheer up the girl. Let her be happy,” said the old man’s wife, addressing the girl’s mother.

Blushing and smiling, the girl got into the cart, followed by the mother. And then the brother-in-law got in, and shrinking himself into half out of shame and inexperience, took his seat at the edge so as not to touch the woman.

“Good-bye, Grandpa,” said the girl.

“Good-bye, dear child!”

The cart moved on. Crushed by his loneliness the old man turned back and sat on the edge of the *pial*. His woman leaned against the housedown and said:

“Bloody flower indeed! Wild Champak! Smell it and your nose bleeds! It’s not all noses that bleed. I saw the smiles, I know the blushes! Her husband’s quite alive. Child! Wonderful child it should be!”

“Get into the house, you stupid, you insolent viper,” shouted the old man. But his was the helpless rage of the invalid. He was sure that in such matters his woman hardly made a mistake. He sniffed as if to smell the angry fragrance that came floating in the air.

[Rendered from his own Original TAMIL story by the author]

★

RHAPSODY

SHE is made of milk and honey,
Nutmeg and ice-crystals;
She breathes of jasmine growing wild,
Flaunting virgin petals;
Her smiles are those of secret buds
Of flowers never worn;
Her tears are dew-drops atremble
At the mere hint of dawn!
Sweeter than silver bells ringing
From the temple on the hill,
When disturbing dusk slowly creeps
In the village darkly still;
Sweeter than fingers laid of old
On golden harpsichords
When they built pavilions of song
For war-surfeited lords;
Sweeter, sweeter far is her lisp,—
Your lisp, my child!

M. P. BHASKARAN

KERALA ARTS AND LETTERS

Sahitya Parishat

By T. V. KUNHI KRISHNAN

THE twenty-fourth annual conference of the Samastha Kerala Sahitya Parishat which met last month at Trivandrum for five days reflected in full measure the present stature of Kerala arts and letters. In the quarter century history of the Parishat the Trivandrum conference was perhaps the most colourful and controversial. Above the din of the drums and pipes of the art programmes could be heard the clash and thunder of opposing ideologies whose echoes have not yet died down.

Besides the inaugural and fraternal sessions during the five days, ten other sessions were held to discuss various aspects of Malayalam literature. Sixty-six well-known writers participated in the discussions. Art programmes conducted in between sessions, during day and at night, took up 28 hours of the conference. The 50 art programmes staged by 450 odd artists represented modern as well as many traditional art forms mixed up with the fabric of life in Kerala. An exhibition attached to the conference attempted to show the beginnings, growth and development of Kerala arts and letters, and Kerala way of life.

Inaugurating the conference, R. R. Diwakar, Governor of Bihar, said: “A new life as befits not only a free but an awakened nation must pulsate in our fresh literary creations and the potent word that struggles for articulation in the heart of every common man must find artistic expression.” He advocated a deliberate and planned programme of internal cultural osmosis between not only the South and North, but between all states of the Indian Union.

Sardar Panikkar, President-General of the Conference (each session had its own president), traced the growth of Malayalam literature and referred to the transition of poetic forms from early Dravidian to Sanskrit and now back to Dravidian

forms. With the change in form had come a change in the contents also. The social and political awareness of the writers had altered the whole literary climate. He added: “But I cannot subscribe to the view that poetry is meant only to spread this awareness.”

Panikkar thought that literary criticism in Malayalam had not developed on a par with poetry, and he doubted whether it was always advisable to adopt foreign standards to measure our works. “While ancient critics turned to Sanskrit rhetorics, modern critics turn to fastly changing literary ideologies of Russia and France. Each literature had its own traditions. This we often forget.” In branches of general prose fiction, especially short story, Malayalam literature was quite on a par with other literatures of the world.

Ibsen wrote in a language, said Panikkar, which was spoken by hardly four million people. Yet he was known all over the world through his translations. But did Malayalees know of Subramania Bharathi or Tamilians of Vallathol? To correct this situation Panikkar suggested the formation of an academy of South Indian literatures.

The fraternal session of the conference was attended by A. G. Venkatachari from Tamilnad; Prabhakar Machuer of the Sahitya Academy, Delhi; Masti Venkatesa Iyengar, Poet Bendre, Principal Gokak and Hallikeri—all from Karnataka. Poet Devulapalli Krishna Sastri of Andhra was expected to attend the conference, but could not come.

The fraternal delegates spoke about the recent developments and new trends in their literatures. Their speeches showed that all Indian languages faced identical problems and had almost the same pattern of development. Poet Bharathi had sung about his vision of rowing down the Indus river, singing melodious Telugu songs, and enjoying the company of beautiful Kerala girls. He was emphasizing the unity of India; toward strengthening that unity all literary efforts should be directed.

The ten other sessions were

devoted to the discussion of subjects like linguistics, visible arts, poetry, fiction, journalism, library, and publicity. The two most memorable sessions were those on poetry and fiction. During the discussion on poetry, the poet G. Sankara Kurup made an outstanding speech defending symbolism in poetry. Earlier a speaker had attacked the use of symbols and said that poets should write directly, unambiguously and without the use of symbols. Sankara Kurup said that all great poets had used symbols. Those who attacked symbolism because of political or other considerations did not understand the true nature of poetry. He asked: "Why do those who attack symbolism most vehemently use the symbol of the dove in their peace conference?"

At the session on fiction many questions were asked. There was a feeling in certain quarters that in spite of all the popular enthusiasm visible at the conference, the Parishat was in the hands of a few who wanted to appropriate all credit. Thakazhi and Kesavadev—two reputed Malayalam novelists—asked Panikkar and others to shed their prejudices and discourage untouchability in literature.

A new feature of the conference was the *kavyamela* in which 13 Malayalam poets participated. The poets introduced themselves and their poems written specially for the

occasion. These poems were then recited by an expert group of singers. This programme reminded one of the *musharia* of Urdu poets or the *kavyagoshti* of Telugu poets.

On the last day of the conference there was a discussion on The Writer's Responsibility to Society. While most speakers agreed that the writer had certain responsibility to society, they disagreed about the nature of the responsibility. Marxian and Gandhian views clashed most violently at this session.

The art programmes were generally of a high standard. They cooled and enlivened the atmosphere after the heat and confusion created occasionally by the speeches. Among the folk-items, the three-century old *ottam thullal* (dance drama performed by one man) was one of the most enjoyable. Three Malayalam plays were staged on successive nights. One of them *Ithu Bhoomianu* (This is World) was so good that Masti Venkatesa Iyengar who did not understand a word of Malayalam said that he could follow the play from beginning to end and felt that the play should be performed before audiences in different states in India. The *kathakali* on the last day was good without being excellent.

An estimated 50,000 people attended the conference and there was great popular enthusiasm. But the results achieved by the conference cannot be easily assessed. They are more in the nature of intangibles.

New Books

THE LAUGHING MATTER

BY WILLIAM SAROYAN

Faber and Faber Limited, 24 Russell Square, London
12s 6d net



William Saroyan

AMONG the younger generation of American writers who were in some measure influenced by Ernest Hemingway of the older (which includes John Dos Passos, William Faulkner and Thornton Wilder), and came into prominence during the 'thirties, James M. Cain, Horace McCoy, Richard Hallas, John O'Hara, William Saroyan, John Steinbeck and Hans Otto Storm make up a kind of group, "for they all live or have lived in California," says Edmund Wilson, "and they have all, to a greater or lesser extent, written about that State." And of this group what distinguishes Saroyan from the rest is that he is not "hard-boiled"; he is winsome through pure temperament, this American-born (Fresno, California) Armenian; for having read Ring Lardner, F. Scott Fitzgerald, Hemingway and Sherwood Anderson, and coming to the conclusion that one can decide to write like Anatole France, or Alexander Dumas, he wrote like Saroyan, creating *his own character*—he says that "Anybody cannot learn to write, cannot learn to create life or a sense of living through writing. But if a man is a writer, he definitely can learn to write, and this will be learned . . . by creating his character, by working at it all the time—forgetting Edgar Allan Poe and O. Henry and writing the sort of stories he felt like writing, and achieving first a hectic reputation for himself in the field of the short story (with his initial volume, *The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze*, and *Other Stories*, 1934) and then equally so in that of the drama. Next, with the publication

of his full-length novel, *The Human Comedy*, Saroyan showed himself as much a master in this form as in the short fiction, following it up with his second novel, *The Adventures of Wesley Jackson*. To-date, since he began his meteoric literary career twenty years ago, his work in short story, novel, and drama runs to a dozen and a half volumes, and unlike most good creative artists who usually start with adverse criticism, he has had uniform praise. And with his phenomenal success, "there has crept into Saroyan's work," remarks Edmund Wilson, and one is inclined to agree with him, "an unwelcome suggestion of smugness. One has always had the feeling with his writing that, for all its amiability and charm, it has had behind it the pressure of a hard and hostile environment, which it has required courage to meet, and that this courage has taken the form of a debonair kidding humour and a continual affirmation of the fundamental kindness of people . . ."

The Laughing Matter, Saroyan's latest novel, must come as a severe disappointment to his innumerable admirers the world over. It certainly is no matter for laughter, and the irony of the title although clear, and its passage through the story tender at times, fails to come off quite. And that's the irony. It may sound captious, just to vary the note of laudation the author has been enjoying all along; frankly it is not intended that way: *The Laughing Matter* is the most depressing stuff

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Saroyan has yet written. The central story is unfolded thus: Dade and Evan Nazarens are two brothers, Dade being the elder. Evan is a University Professor of English while Dade has no particular calling but owns a vineyard in which he has built a house with his own hands. Evan along with his wife Swan and their two children, Red-son, and Eva-daughter, goes to spend a brief vacation at Dade's house which is unoccupied. Hardly has he begun to enjoy his holiday when he discovers his wife with child and is told by her, after much harrowing of the spirit, that it is by another man. The children sense that all is not right with their parents and in their own innocent way try their best to bring some order in the life of the family. Evan persuades his wife to have an abortion which she at first refuses and then consents. On the night of the operation Swan takes an overdose of sleeping pills to kill herself, leaving a note to her husband, under her pillow, which he never sees thanks to Dade who suppresses it to spare his brother misery. The note reads:

My darling Evan, please don't hate me. I told you I would do anything for Red and Eva. Well, this is everything, and I am doing it for them because I love them so much, my darling. This is easy. I planned to do this someday anyway. At least I've given you Red and Eva. That's something, isn't it, my darling? I'm not telling you any more, so that you can't tell Red and Eva any more. Don't feel sorry for me. Be a good father to Red and Eva. Let them love me. Let them think well of me. I love you, my darling. Don't ever forget me. Swan.

Distraught by his wife's death which he thinks has been brought about by the doctors who had been engaged by Dade, Evan shoots his brother—but, in fact, it is proven later that the death is not caused by abortion but by the sleeping pills—and Dade dies, a week after, close upon Swan's burial, in the burialground. To go back for an instant: Evan understands from his

son Red what had happened during his absence on lecture tours—the conduct of Milton Schweitzer who is a colleague of his at the University—and from a phone call to Swan which neither he nor she receives but is conveyed to him by the operator, is able to get at the truth that Milton is the 'other man' who had done his wife in. Subsequently by getting Milton on the phone, Evan speaks:

"Just listen to me carefully . . . You don't have children, but I do. You understand, I think. If I ever see you again, I will not kill you, because of my children, but I will nearly do so—with my hands. That's all."

And he goes to Milton's place to put his threat into action but it is too late, Milton is already dead. He returns to meet his children by Dade's car but on the way, while speeding down a mountain slope, one of the front tyres bursts and he gets trapped under the car, his head and face bruised and bashed.

"He tried to move, to get out, to pick up and go, to get to Red's sleeping face, to Eva's sleeping face, but he couldn't go, and then something began to laugh. He had no way of knowing if it was himself, his life, his father's life, his wife Swan's life, his brother's life, the smashed junk of the automobile, or the smashed junk of matter itself laughing."

Evan dies and his children are left to the mercies of a world which are anything but tender. It is all very, very distressing and indeed not necessary. "I am probably the best company I know," Saroyan says somewhere, "but perhaps only because I remember other company. Kids are the best company of all, of course, but they grow up . . ." And it is for this eye-sight of the growing juvenile, represented by Red and Eva, and for his laconic wit that *The Laughing Matter* is bearable. Otherwise his repetitive word-pile palls, his rhetoric reduces itself into a mere sleight of the mind. The novel raises the question: Is American fiction at a dead end in the matter of both style and content? And has William Saroyan joined in the general tobogganning which the *Saturday Review of Literature* deplored only a short while ago?

Modern Science and Modern Man,

By James B. Conant,

Columbia University Press, New York
\$ 2.25.

THE concern of the modern man with science and the activities of scientists has assumed almost obsessive proportions. The measure of it is indicated by the avidity with which books like *Modern Science and Modern Man* are bought and poured over. This book within two years has gone through three printings. This preoccupation of the man in the street with science need not be a cause for wonder when viewed in the light of its origin. The discovery of the destructive potentialities of the atom and its consequence namely the mantle of secrecy surrounding the scientist, the atmosphere of suspicion that hangs over even the most American of scientists are responsible for the preoccupation. It is rather difficult for mankind to contemplate the prospect of universal destruction with calm. Prof. Conant, himself an eminent scientist has done well to stress the view that science is only an attempt to reduce the area of empiricism, and point out how it is only organised common sense. This disrobing of the awesome aspect from the body of science enable the non scientist to get a better perspective of science and view it not as the activity of an inner circle of magicians but as any other human activity. Prof. Conant is not afraid to enter the dim regions that separate physics and philosophy but he does that only to stress the sensible view that the cobbler should stick to his last. He views models in physics as guides to action and helps to plan experiments and propound theories. He is not so much concerned with their conformation to 'reality' as with their usefulness in helping the scientists to advance knowledge of the subject. He concludes the book by saying 'A continued reduction in the degree of empiricism in our undertakings is both possible and of deep significance—this, in a few words, is the message that modern science brings to modern man.'

The Meaning of Currency Control

By Norman Macrae,

Casement Booklet No. 26

Oak Chambers, 11, Oak Lane,
Bombay 1

As. 6

THE discovery of money, along with its advantages, has brought in its wake a number of problems. Instead of being a tool and a convenient means of exchange, facilitating trade it has raised hydra-headed problems and till such time as the economist refuses to go to the root of the matter and solve it the muddle of money will continue.

In his booklet on *The Meaning of Currency Control*, Mr. Norman Macrae sets out to explain in simple—we are almost tempted to say too simple—terms the numerous difficulties which beset international monetary relations. The manipulations of exchange rates, convertibility, high sounding phrases like the Dollar Area, Sterling Area and other allied subjects are dealt with by the author in a clear and cogent manner. But he tends to leave the reader with the impression that the magic wand of currency control will exorcise any economic devil. But the untold sufferings that wage earners have undergone recently the unemployment that has been a periodical bane and the trade cycle which the calm manipulator of currency control views with a detachment worthy of a better cause have a different tale to tell.

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NATIONAL PRESS CLUB OF AMERICA

A ROSTRUM FOR WORLD NEWS

THE National Press Club in Washington has become one of the principal rostrums from which leaders of the world present their countries' policies, problems and aspirations.

For more than 40 years the great of the world, leaders in government, science, labour, fine arts, exploration and sports, have been invited to Press Club luncheons. Here they have given informal talks which have been followed by sympathetic but searching questions from the audience. Since the audience consists of foreign correspondents, newspaper, radio and television reporters, columnists and commentators, writers for magazines and trade papers, and now photographers, words spoken at the National Press Club soon become known throughout the world.

All the Presidents of the United States since and including Theodore Roosevelt have been guests of the National Press Club. Sarah Bernhardt chose the club to say her farewell to America. Edward VIII of England, then Prince of Wales, the Crown Prince of Sweden, Charles Lindbergh, Marshal Ferdinand Foch and Victor Herbert have spoken there, as have Prime Minister Nehru and Mrs. Vijayalaxmi Pandit.

More recent visitors include Dag Hammarskjöld, Secretary General of the United Nations; British Foreign Secretary Sir Anthony Eden; Paul van Zeeland, Belgian Minister of Foreign Affairs; Ambassador You Chan Yang of Korea; Carlos P. Romulo, chairman of the Philippine delegation to the United Nations; Premier Moshe Sharett of Israel, and Sir John Kotelawala, Prime Minister of Ceylon.

The National Press Club was organised in March, 1908 by 200 Washington newspapermen who selected two apartments over a store as the

first clubhouse. According to its constitution, the club aims "to encourage friendly intercourse among newspapermen and those with whom they are thrown into contact in pursuit of their vocation . . . and to foster the ethical standards of the profession."

The club's constitution also provides for associate members—"those whose business or profession make them actual or potential news sources."

Despite its use of the word "national," the club for many years was essentially local in character. Its early membership reflected the comparatively minor role the federal government then played in everyday life.

World War I began to change this situation. Even greater changes were set in motion by the world-wide depression of the 1930's, the beginning of the "New Deal" administration of President Franklin D. Roosevelt, the entry of the United States into World War II, and the deep concern it has shown since in post-war reconstruction.

These developments have led to a great increase in the number of newspapers around the world which feel that they must have correspondents in Washington. More than 40 foreign newspapers and news services are represented here, including: *Arbeiderbladet* of Oslo, Austrian Press Agency, Deutsche Press Agentur, France Presse, the London *Times*, Mainichi Newspapers, the Manila *Chronicle*, the Naples *Roma*, and the Sydney *Sun*.

Today the National Press Club has more than 4,500 members. Physically it occupies large sections of two floors of a 14-storey building which it built in 1927. In addition to the space in the building occupied by the United Press a large news gathering

agency, more than 400 out-of-town newspapers, radio companies, magazines and other news media have offices in the building.

Located at one of downtown Washington's busiest intersections, the club is almost on a line between the U. S. Capitol and the White House, the chief sources of news which club members handle daily.

The club is a clearing-house for all the "handouts", or "releases" which are turned loose daily in Washington. They are usually mimeographed sheets, running from a few paragraphs to several thousand words. They contain news (or what the originator considers news and hopes others will so consider) and "background information", speeches, statements, reports of meetings, schedules of future events and details of proposed projects, and arguments pro and con about pending legisla-

tions and other matters of public importance.

The club has a writing room with a battery of typewriters where members can write a story at any time and call a messenger from nearby telegraph offices. Simply by riding up in the elevator, they have all the club's facilities at their disposal. There are some free-lance correspondents who do not go to the expense of renting an office, but use the club as a base of operations.

There are the usual features of most good clubs at the National Press Club—good food, drink and companionship; card, billiard and game rooms; library, reading and writing rooms and lounges. But it is also a center of nation-wide and world-wide news interests because it gathers together newsmen and men who make news.

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FAMOUS BRITISH STAGE STARS TO VISIT THE CITY Dame Sybil Thorndike and Sir Lewis Casson

DAME SYBIL THORNDIKE and Sir Lewis Casson, the well-known British stage performers will be visiting Madras during the last week in January, 1955, under the auspices of the British Council.

They will give two performances at the Museum Theatre: one on January 27, excerpts from Shakespeare, for students only; and the other on January 29 for the general public. They will also give a special recital at Women's Christian College for lady students, thereby placing emphasis on the educative and cultural nature of their tour.

For half a century Dame Sybil has been the unrivalled star of the English stage; indeed it was her performance in *The Cenci* which stimulated G. B. Shaw to write his *Saint Joan* for her. In this play Sybil Thorndike demonstrated her outstanding versatility: as a peasant girl of Lorraine she was convincing; as a conquering Heroine triumphant; as the perplexed and determined Martyr moving; and finally as the Maid Canonised she epitomised disillusionment while she cried: "woe unto me when all men praise me."

Virtue is a more elusive quality than vice on the stage, as it has been truly said, all the good lives go to the Devil! but Dame Sybil is one of those rare artists who can rob virtue of its tedium and turn prosaic righteousness into poetry.

Sir Lewis Casson as actor-producer is a first-class technician. His firm belief that everything done on the stage should raise public respect for the art of the theatre and for those who serve faithfully is what has given his career such distinction.

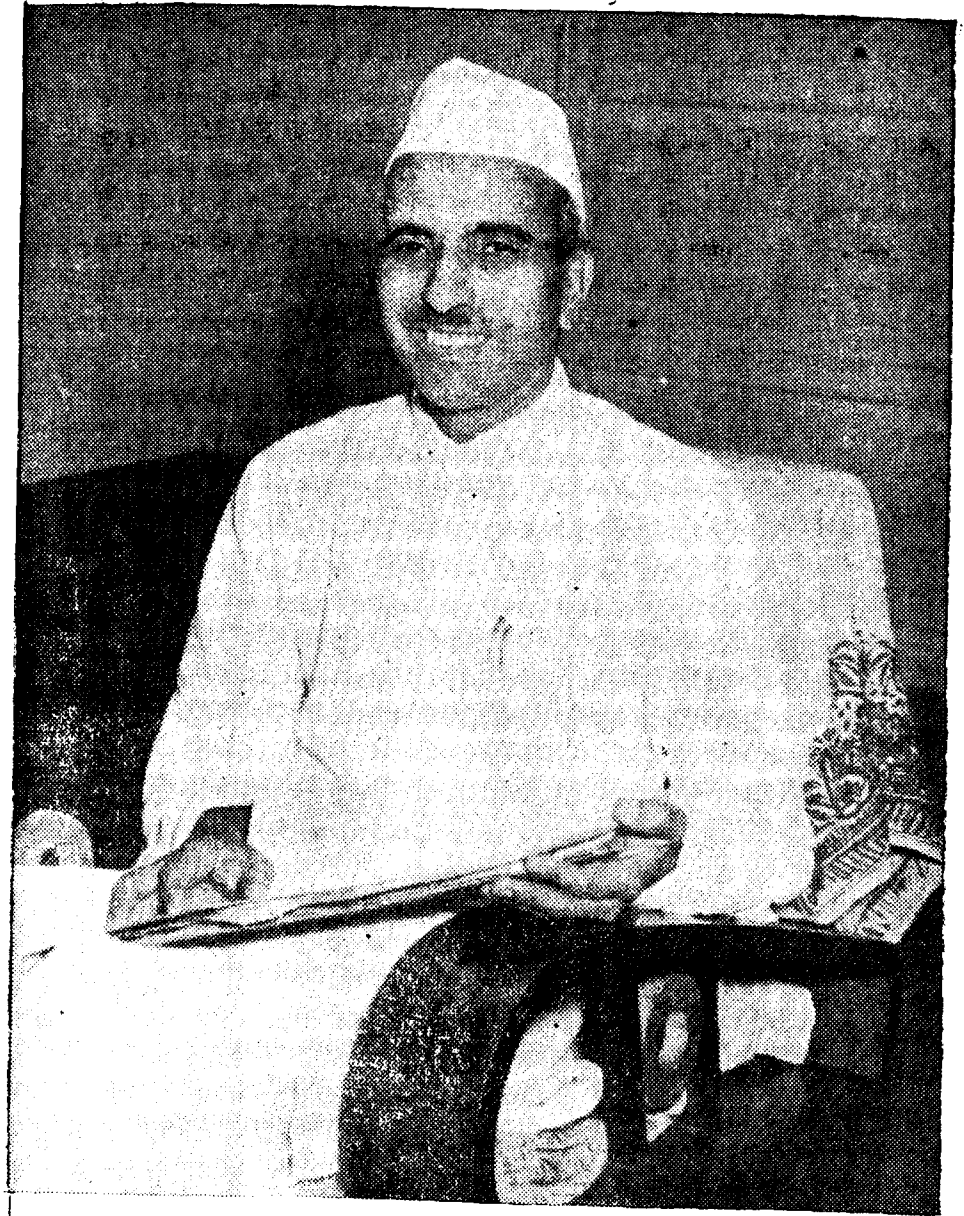
Between the wars he was responsible for the revival of Greek tragedy on the English stage and he was one of the pioneers to bring the West-End theatre into the English country side and to Welsh coal-fields with



Dame Sybil Thorndike

such success that he was eventually appointed Drama Director to the Arts Council from 1942 to the end of the war. Lewis Casson in a self-profile says: "I seem to remember a physiognomist who said that our profile showed what God meant us to be and the full face what we had made of it. Your artist has made a compromise, apparently under the same doubt as myself what God meant me to be; for I started half-a-dozen careers before settling down in the theatre. Engineering first, in the machinshop of a small foundry, then organ-building in my father's factory, then a chemical engineering student, an elementary school teacher with a view of being a parson, a college tutor, and then back to organ-building (I even took out a patent), and all the time acting, always acting."

Too seldom has the stage in India an opportunity of welcoming such supreme artists as Dame Sybil and Sir Lewis and their tour through Bombay, Delhi, Madras and Calcutta is certain to be a memorable one.



DHEBAR: CONGRESS PRESIDENT

Uchharangrai Navalshanker Dhebar was born on September 21, 1905, in Gangajala, a hamlet 11 miles from Jamnagar in the Halar district of Saurashtra. He gave up practice at the bar in response to the Non-co-operation movement. Unassuming and self-sacrificing, he has ever shunned the limelight. In 1941 he was chosen by Gandhiji to offer individual Satyagraha at Viramgam. He played a major role in the formation of the Saurashtra Union. As Chief Minister of Saurashtra he was responsible for far reaching land reforms. He is the chief architect of the present State of Saurashtra. By his selection as President the Congress has recognised and honoured his devoted service to the national organisation. Pandit Nehru said of him: "He is one of the humblest and quietest of men in India."

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RAJAJI'S COUNSEL OF WISDOM

By P. N. SAMPATH

RAJAJI'S open appeal to America recently through the columns of the *New York Times* marks an important change in the climate of world opinion *vis-a-vis* the dismal prospect of an atomic war. Rajaji belongs to that smug group which represents an important segment of the world's intelligentsia but which is for one reason or the other inveterately prejudiced against everything smacking of violent change in the existing order of things. Even though gifted with remarkable analytical ability and first rate capacity to understand things, this exclusive section of the world's wise has all along been refusing to bestow due thought on the causes and forces which have stamped the world during the last few years, first into the rigours of the cold war and later on into the languors of a fear-surcharged stalemate. These people are now waking up to realities and are convinced that any further complacency on their part will be criminal and disastrous in the extreme.

Endowed with a restless mind, and a lucid imagination, Rajaji abhors inactivity and pines for action. His re-emergence from self-imposed silence to support the cause of peace is doubly welcome for what it is worth. A half century of close study and participation in public affairs has made him not only one of the best informed students of the contemporary scene but perhaps the most perspicacious. Rajaji is no believer in half measures. When he takes up a thing generally he puts his heart in it.

Rajaji's action in addressing his appeal to America rather than to any other nation is not without significance. For, America has become, consciously or otherwise, the personification of all the forces making for international conflict. World opinion looks upon America as being

responsible for much of the strife and tension in the international sphere. America's foremost columnist Walter Lippmann himself admits: "The decline of American prestige has been very great in the last three years." A country which has been adopting a deliberate policy of isolation until the beginning of this troublesome century, is now engaged in dragging nation after nation into the vortex of its sphere of influence and policy of encirclement. The ideals of civilised toleration and democratic thinking evolved by a succession of brilliant leaders of the American people like Jefferson and Lincoln are being reinterpreted by the present American rulers to suit their anomalous attitude and activities. Unprecedented advances in science, invention and technology radically altered the American way of life. Prosperity was overflowing to such an extent that America started to venture out of its isolation. Participation in the first and second world wars enabled America to establish a sphere of influence of its own on the continent of Europe and elsewhere. America was the arsenal and manufactory of the Allies during the war years. It was America that financed the two world wars virtually. Many nations are even now in America's debt. American business had access to the markets of the world. America's voice was predominant in the counsels of the world. To this enviable position achieved by America at great cost, Communism constitutes a serious threat. At least it is the American view that it is so. This however represents a fear complex. From this fear psychosis springs the present American foreign policy. America has been in the forefront of the arms race. The first atom bomb over Hiroshima and Nagasaki were dropped by America. It was therefore in the fitness of things that

Rajaji addressed his appeal to that country particularly.

International complications are an end result of a long sequence of convergent technical developments operating over long periods of time. "It is my belief," H. Adams, the great American scientist confessed in 1902, "that science is to wreck us, and that we are like monkeys monkeying with a loaded shell. It is mathematically certain to me that another thirty years of energy development at the rate of the last century must reach an impasse." The prophecy missed Hiroshima by thirteen years.

Hiroshima constitutes a landmark in history. It has set the world the question "to be" or "not to be." The destructive potentialities of the atom bomb demonstrated at Hiroshima set the laboratories of the world working round the clock. No nation was prepared to be left behind in the arms race. Today the achievement in the atomic field by all the major powers are so nearly equal that any plan of control founded on the principle of

collective action against an offending power defeats its very purpose of avoiding atomic warfare at all costs. Nor have the efforts of the United Nations Organisation to impose a ban on the production of nuclear weapons been successful. Mutual fear and distrust are at the root of the failure to forsake manufacture of the bomb. As the powers on both sides of the Iron Curtain have equipped themselves with a fair supply of these bombs, mutual threats have no bargaining value. Any unilateral action in open defiance of world public opinion is overruled. This transfixment has resulted in the present stalemate.

THE avoidance of a hydrogen war is merely a pre-condition of civilised existence, not a substitute. As Aneurin Bevan, the British Labour leader has succinctly put it, "War between nations is no longer a matter of policy but an act of suicide." It is an act of self-immolation because atomic fission is a violent disturber of the elements, and when elements

are disturbed there is no knowing what will happen to life on earth.

A civilisation which devotes its matchless economic and scientific resources to organised slaughter, maiming and torturing millions of innocent men and women to unspeakable anxieties, sorrows and miseries is indeed monstrous and self-condemned. Material abundance and security for all is possible here and now. The earth is large and rich enough to make happiness and well being possible for all and establish them on a footing of peaceful emulation in the works of civilisation and culture.

Appeals to reason are fairly easy but few, if ever, listen to them and change the pattern of their lives accordingly. It will not therefore surprise us if Rajaji's counsel of wisdom goes unheeded. But what will surprise us is any further complacency on the part of leaders of opinion like him in the several countries of the world. Unless they bestir themselves betimes and raise their full throated voices in the cause of

peace, they will not escape responsibility for the wholesale destruction that may follow if the mounting international tension is allowed to proceed to its logical conclusion.

Gone is the cynical conception that the principle of co-existence is the sentimental luxury of visionary idealists. Co-existence or total destruction are the alternative destinies beckoning humanity. Communism has become an established political system, as much as democracy is. It has the sanction of more than half the human race. Russia and China are incontrovertible facts. Even countries opposed to the Moscow-Peking type of Communism like Yugoslavia, and countries which do not want to subscribe to the Communist ideology like our own country are able to see the facts of history clearly and see them whole. If the principle of co-existence is recognised, the prevailing tension will ease. Science and technology will then be free to strive for the real progress of mankind.

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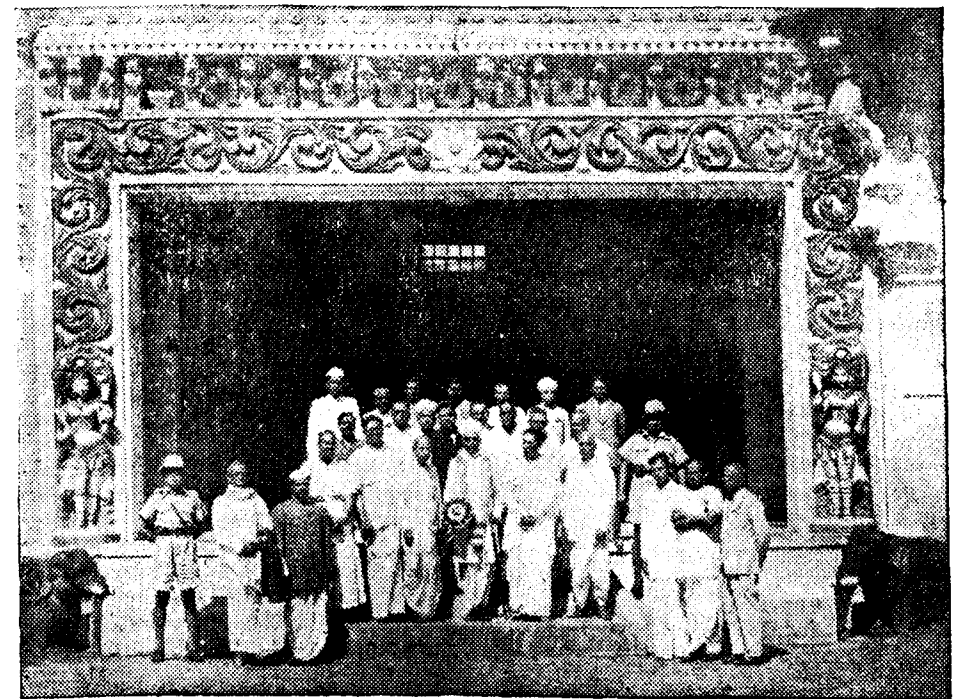


Photo taken on the occasion of the inauguration of Saint Tyagaraja's Aradhana Festival at Tiruvaiyar

FILMS

By V. P. SATHE

IN the wake of the festival of Indian films in Moscow, a festival of Indian films is being held in London in the 1st week of April. But unlike Moscow, this festival is being organised mostly by Indians themselves without any encouragement from the British film industry or the British Government.

In fact, the expenses of the festival will be borne by the Asian Film Society, a non-commercial organisation started to promote cultural understanding through films. This society has already exhibited several Indian films in London at Scala Theatre, where the proposed festival is being held; it has also screened Japanese, Chinese and other films for the benefit of members, forty per cent of whom are Britishers themselves.

Mr. Gaurisaria and Mr. Pochi, the Chairman and the Secretary of the Society are in India at the moment finalizing the details of the festival by making a final selection of films and inviting film producers and stars to attend the festival. And there is no doubt that the Indian producers and stars would give all the co-operation to make the festival a grand success.

As it is, the festival may not bring any profits; on the contrary, the producers whose films are selected will have to bear the cost of prints and sub-titling and also bear the cost of travelling to London. And yet, all this expenditure will be worthwhile since the festival may serve to focus the attention on Indian films and some commercial distributors of Britain and Europe may get interested in Indian films despite the fact that the British trade as such is not interested in giving any encouragement to Indian films.

There was a time when Indian

producers themselves believed that their films were not good enough for the international market; they could not imagine that their pictures would prove popular abroad. But the success of *Aan*, the critical acclaim of *Do Bigha Zamin* and the phenomenal popularity to *Awara* in the Soviet Union have helped the Indian producers to get over the inferiority complex. In Europe, the Indian producers now know that their pictures have an equal chance of success provided they get a break. In Egypt and the Middle East also the Indian pictures have great potentiality. Mr. A. R. Kardar who returned last week from the Middle East gave me the impressive figures of the business of *Aan* in Egypt. During his stay in Tehran, the picture was released there and doing excellent business.

With shrewd handling, to quote Mr. V. V. Purie who is handling the foreign exploitation of *Aan*, the Indian pictures can fetch appreciable revenue from abroad. What is required is a patient and sustained effort to sell an individual film.

If the proposed festival in London succeeds in opening the British market for Indian films, it would have served a great purpose.

Picture of the week

As a comedian Om Prakash has brought joy and laughter to millions of picturegoers in India; now as a director one expected that he would provide even more hilarious fun in *Duniya Gol Hai* and he has not much belied the expectations.

For in parts *Duniya Gol Hai* is really hilarious, though it appears that the directorial responsibility has cramped Om Prakash's style and made him self-conscious of the fact that unlike his usual habit of stealing scenes from other performers, he has shown restraint and tried to be liberal with other artistes giving them more scope than himself if necessary. The result is that out of the fear of being accused of focusing the camera all the while on himself, he never lets himself go completely as he does for instance in *Pehli Jhalak*. And yet when he is not conscious of this, he is superb

and delightful. For such delightful moments, *Duniya Gol Hai* is worth seeing.

In the beginning his scenes with Kuldip are superb; but the moment Sunder enters on the scene, Om Prakash becomes unduly restrained. Consequently the song-number which Sunder sings in praise of Om goes rather flat. Then, when on his own, Om Prakash, a simple villager, comes to Bombay to make money, he gets into stride. All his scenes at the railway station or the streets where he asks for "Dharmashala" and finds himself in a posh Dharamshala Hotel are in keeping with Om's light-hearted buffonery.

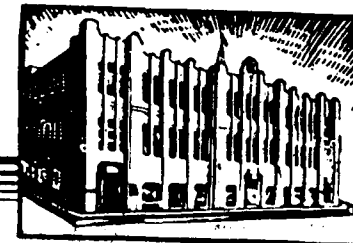
The story interest begins when Om's baggage is wrongly exchanged with that of Karan and Om is mistaken for Karan, a millionaire from Ahmedabad. Taking advantage of the misunderstanding Om has a good

time in Bombay while Karan who meets with an accident convalesces in Anita Guha's home. The story again loses the grip and it is only when Sunder at the behest of Kuldip comes to the city that it becomes interesting.

The chief interest is provided by Jairaj and his 'gangster' associate Raj Mehra who are deputed by Hiralal, uncle of Karan, to destroy him and instead of Karan they pursue Om. It is only when Karan discovers Om's true identity and Om is kidnapped by Jairaj that the plot becomes engrossing and sustains interest almost upto the end.

The story by itself is nothing new; and the plot is rather thin. It is the clowning of Om, Sunder and Kuldip, the refreshing charm of Anita and the lilt of some of the songs that enliven it and make it entertaining. The production values are just

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average; and if the performances do not stand out, it is because the characterizations are not impressive.

All told, *Duniya Gol Hai* recounts a simple compact tale in an entertaining way.

Personality of the week

Devika Rani arrived in Bombay on Friday, 14th January to finalize the arrangements for the Seminar which is being held in the last week of February. During her stay in Bombay she will meet all the film people who are participating in the Seminar either by reading the papers on subjects or initiating discussions on the papers.

And there is every indication that the Seminar will be a grand success and several important issues affecting the artistic and cultural progress of the Indian films will be thoroughly discussed at the Seminar. Indeed, the Seminar would help the Government as well as the other critics of the Indian film to realize the true difficulties and problems hampering the progress of Indian films.

It is a pity that some of the organisations of the film world instead of appreciating the excellent work being done by Devika Rani should disassociate themselves from the Seminar. They seem to be labouring under certain misgivings; the Seminar has not extended invitations to certain associations and ignored others. It has extended invitations to all individuals and both Devika Rani and Prithviraj are to be complemented on their choice. For, there is no doubt that experienced veterans like Durga Khote and Shantaram can speak on the subjects allotted to them with authority.

Devika Rani herself is an authority on Indian films; she has the experience of the industry both as a

star and a producer. One of the first socialites to join the screen, Devika Rani's performance in *Karma* won praise for her even in London and since the foundation of Bombay Talkies, along with her late husband Mr. Himansu Rai she played a significant role in the progress of Indian films. As a star, she had the unique distinction of being the star of stars. For all stars cherished the ambition of becoming Devika Rani and went to see her pictures for her performances. She set a certain style and pattern of acting which is being followed even today to some extent.

As a producer after the death of her husband, she made good pictures—pictures that brought profit and earned a name for providing clear and wholesome entertainment.

When Devika Rani married Mr. Roerich and decided to retire from the film world, the news came as a shock to her numerous admirers. Even to day Devika Rani is held in high esteem and that is the reason why the film people responded so readily to her invitation. It is also apparent that though she has stopped taking active interest in films, Devika Rani is still keenly interested in the progress of Indian films.

News of the week

Raj Kapoor left with his unit for Indore for the outdoor shooting of *Shri 420*. A caravan of camels will feature in the outdoor sequence.

Kuldip is producing a picture entitled *Miss Coca Cola*. It will go on sets on 28th January. Geeta Bali, Kamal Kapoor, Kuldip and Om Prakash will feature in the principal roles. O. P. Nayyar is giving music. Kidar Kapoor is directing.

Boot Polish is reported to have been selected by the Government of India for the Cannes Festival.

SWATANTRA

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ON THE COVER:

Opening day of the Congress at Satyamurthinagar.

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SWATANTRA

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CONGRESS YARDSTICK OF HONOUR

THE Congress can, with advantage, draw some good lessons from the Avadi session. It was a gracious act on the part of Sri Kamaraj Nadar to name the place of gathering Satyamurthinagar. Satyamurthi is not with us, but his immortal service to the Congress fully deserves the dedication in its honour that Sri Kamaraj, faithful in his heart to the memory of that great departed chief, deemed it proper to make on the occasion of the Avadi session. There is of course only one Satyamurthi. But there are many others who shared with him the honour of service to the Congress at a time when such service promised no plums of office but led the way to jail and worse privations. Some at least of these are still living. Is it necessary to wait till they are gathered to the dead for some recognition of their past association with the Congress at the annual meetings of the organisation?

The Congress dias is supposed to be for the elect. A seat on the dias is like a badge of distinction. On the dias at Avadi one found many peons of the rich that had secured control of the reception arrangements, whereas innumerable veterans that had made Congress history in the past were relegated to the outskirts of the crowd. It is a sign that the Congress has ceased to give honour to the faithful that had served it well in the period of adversity. It has begun to distribute honour on the basis of bank balances. The ritual that attends the visits and depar-

tures of the Prime Minister are also of the same pattern. At these rituals there is a very generous proportion of successful men who began their careers of success with servility to the British when the British ruled, and have transferred their servility to the Congress, as it is the Congress that now rules. It is almost as if we have still a British ruler disguised as Pandit Nehru. With few exceptions the persons invited for the honour of presentation to the head of the Government continue to be the same as in the old days of our political slavery.

Lakhs of people no doubt gathered at Avadi, but it would be a wrong construction of the significance of the immense gathering to attribute it to intelligent devotion to the Congress cause. The crowds gathered at Avadi just to see and hear Pandit Nehru. Mass adoration for Pandit Nehru is something entirely different from appreciation of the Congress. In fact there is a considerable degree of co-existence between uncritical devotion to the Prime Minister and unsparing condemnation of Congress methods on the part of millions of Indian people today.

Former Congress sessions were democratic. There was more rubbing of shoulders between leaders and followers and persons divided by great differences in rank, station and wealth. The emergence of the new category of V. I. P.'s is an outrage on every democratic sentiment sacred to the advertised Congress objectives. Who, really, ought to be regarded as

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the Very Important People in an organisation like the Congress? If importance has anything to do with competence, those only should be reckoned as very important who by their past records had rendered very distinct and meritorious services to the organisation concerned. In the list of Congress V. I. P.'s one finds accidentally some who have played great parts in past Congress history, but the generality of them consists of Ministers, rich men and successful gamblers. There is no excuse for wasting huge sums to provide special comforts or spectacular distinction for these men. The entire system of arrangements connected with the reception and housing of the V. I. P.'s at Avadi is such as will cause intense revulsions of popular sentiment against it, and it is one of the ill-advised innovations of the Congress

that go to feed the discontents that strengthen Communism. It may be roughly estimated that every V. I. P. that adorned the Avadi dias will be worth at least 5000 votes to a Communist candidate in the impending Andhra elections.

No organisation can survive if its awards of honour are taken away from its most tried workers and bestowed commercially on wealthy patrons drawn from other spheres unconnected with its aims. The spirit reflected in the christening of the Congress camp as Satyamurthinagar deserves to be extended to the range of the living also, and the worthy veterans that gave their all in their prime of life to Congress service should not be wiped out by the V. I. P.'s or any other category of pushers.

Sotto Voce

“UNDER WHICH KING, BEZONIAN?”



MR. NEHRU, blazing the trail for Socialism at Avadi, found himself crowned with a golden coronet by a purposeful lady admirer. And he seems to have accepted the honour as adroitly if not perhaps quite as unsurprisingly as I saw his local lieutenant Mr. Kamaraj Nadar receive the homage, sprung by way of shock tactics on a Mylapore religious platform of all places, by an office-bearer of the Dravida Kazhagam. An old Health Inspector used to report with relish that when he served in the Circars on cholera duty he had the discomfiting experience of being literally gathered in her

arms by a hefty old lady and deposited by main force far away from the well that he would have fouled with potassium permanganate. Will Mr. Nehru give in chivalrously to similar loving pressure?

I hope not, but I am not sure. Popular adoration, worked up so assiduously as it was at Avadi, is heady drink. It is some years since I saw him last. I had a glimpse of him the other day at a semi-private function and it struck me that the assurance that goes with being firmly in the saddle had added something to his personality as well as taken away

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something from it. He has not lost his old playfulness—as the shying of a bolster at an absent-minded colleague under the vigilant eye of the cameraman must have brought home to thousands of newspaper readers—nor, if report speaks true, his unpredictable moods. But he is very much the Grand Signior these days. He seems to look down from his lonely eminence on his fellows and to be almost haughtily conscious of the gulf that separates him from them.

Take this Socialism business. I am perfectly certain that he didn't bother to find out what his immediate colleagues might think of it before he made up his mind to unburden himself of his big inspiration at Calcutta on his way back from China. The shock may have unnerved them but it has not left them speechless. Even the stately Maulana seems to have become quite excited, caught in the predicament of Mahomet and the mountain. He, oddly enough, was chosen to present the Socialistic pattern of society on a platter to the public. But he put his own discreet gloss on it, seeking to persuade the commonalty, to whom he rarely condescends, that it would not be very different from the well-known Congress-capitalist pattern.

The tycoons, who know which side of their bread is buttered, have not been slow to take their cue. Mr. Ghandy of Tatas has spoken of the debilitating effect on industry of the denial of incentive to private enterprise. But the statesmanlike Mr. G. D. Birla, in no way abashed by the temporary (?) miscarrying of his plans for getting British capitalists to start a steel mill, has been protesting his readiness to co-operate in the Government's new economic policy with enthusiasm. His Bombay colleagues, being traditionally “Congress-minded,” have been even more forthcoming. They are all unanimous in professing utmost satisfaction with the assurance that so long as private industrialists dutifully subside into

the sphere allotted to them, they can make their five per cent without let or hindrance.

Mr. Nehru has thoughtfully provided an alibi for them. He has said that their industries need not be taken over, as the compensation that might have to be paid to them can be more profitably employed in setting up new and more urgently needed or up to date industries. After this assurance how can they logically oppose the Congress's considered opinion that the parasitic landowner should be expropriated without compensation? They are only too fully conscious of the menace in the back-ground from the wild men of the Socialist Party (not to mention Communists) with whom Mr. Nehru is flirting. These make no bones about denying compensation to everybody impartially. But our canny businessmen no doubt calculate that India provides fruitful soil on which Fascism may grow quite as well as Communism; if that happens they are ready to do their bit.

Whether it is Fascism that comes on top or doctrinaire Socialism, Democracy will be the first casualty. Mr. Nehru declares that removal of inequalities will be done gently, non-violently. But euthanasia, even if it were possible, might not appeal greatly to those who have the will to live. Mr. Nehru points out that it is foolish to insist that we must first make a Revolution before ushering in Socialism, because it happened that way in China and Russia. But what else is he trying to do when he proposes to disrupt the age-long agricultural economy of this country? That will throw out of employment millions now scratching a meagre living out of the soil. “But, no matter”, says Mr. Nehru, promising to conjure, like rabbits out of a hat twenty-five million unspecified jobs. Congress may raise Leviathan from the vasty deep, but it is the Communists who will ride it. The Lord preserve us!

VIGNESWARA

SIDELIGHTS ::

THE first illness from which

Mr. Hayles ever suffered caused his death. He was not a man given to ailments. He kept himself vigorous and healthy with ordered living, morning sea baths and a vegetarian diet. He had a certain professional independence of judgment which asserted itself on occasions almost as a lone voice in a surrounding wilderness of unprofessional capitulation to the bureaucracy's might. One of the trials of the journalist is to be confronted by Authority with bland denials of reports on the spot prepared by him after considerable labour and research—he gets into trouble over them with his editor who wants to avoid trouble with the men in power. But Mr. Hayles never let down the reporter. The official sledge-hammer methods for discrediting unpleasant Press disclosures were wasted on him. He would never agree that a District Collector's refutation is entitled to greater credence than a newspaper correspondent's report. He was adamant in resisting every variety of governmental encroachment on the autonomy of the Press.

Mr. Hayles was a great stickler for cleanliness and he waged many campaigns against the tolerance of our easygoing administrators for dirt and slovenliness. He made a mighty contribution to the rousing up of the public conscience to the evil effects of slums, and suchlike hoary survivals of accumulated squalor. He dramatised his assault on the evils he sought to remove with telling picturisation. He was a pioneer in utilising the aid of the cameraman to reinforce the drive of the crusader in the Press for the promotion of public welfare. He was indefatigable in his opposition to every vandalistic innovation that tended to disfigure the beauty of the city or reduce the area of its open spaces. Mr. Hayles through *The Mail* sustained for years a continual agitation for municipal reform, and it is largely due to the

goading effects of his unrelenting efforts that we have fewer slums today, and more exacting standards in the care of the underprivileged among the city dwellers.

Mr. Hayles favoured no political party and threw open the pages of *The Mail* to balanced reporting that sought to be fair to all contestants for public attention. Over-opinionated conductors of newspapers are wont to think that by shutting out of publicity in their columns events and activities they do not approve of, they have disposed of them satisfactorily. Actually they have only created a cleavage between reality and its presentation that will not fail to destroy the credit and trustworthiness of their papers, if repetitions of such cleavage are persisted in. Mr. Hayles built for *The Mail* through non-party objectivity a reputation for integrity in news presentation as also for immunity from the wretched habit of "black lists" which has brought many a promising newspaper to perdition.

Phenomenally industrious, keenly alive to every nicety of journalistic propriety, free from all sentimental political taboos, and energetic in the pursuit of causes that commanded his interest, Mr. Hayles had yet one drawback; he lacked the gentle touch in dealing with those that worked for him and in economic matters they felt left out of his care. The result was a gap between his professional attainments and their harvest in fraternal team feeling. He was a vigilant reader and good friend of *SWATANTRA* and extracts of articles from this journal appeared more frequently in *The Mail* than in any other newspaper.

My first impressions of Sri Dhebar are formed from his reply to the Corporation's welcome address last week. He started haltingly, with inconsequential platitudes, but as he progressed in his speech, a pattern

of something far from trite emerged, and when he ended, the impression he left was quite unique, as of a man gentle and gracious, modest, polite, honest to the core, intrinsically public-spirited, firm as a rock, and not likely to be deflected from his chosen course by threats or blandishments. Sri Dhebar made no pretensions to special gifts for occupying the exalted status of Congress President. It came on him, he said, as an accident of Destiny, due to his association first with the Mahatma and the Sardar, and now Pandit Nehru, and the unsought origin of the distinction conferred on him a grand new blessing, that of attaining a very eminent position without coveting it or having a rival or opponent to reckon with. The new Congress President is not a master of words. He seeks with some labour at every point the appropriate language for the ideas that come to him, and in his speech there is not finished artistry but the genuineness of amateur ruggedness. Many leaders, when they speak of truth or non-violence nowadays, fail to be convincing. You feel that they just conform to a set political fashion to produce a desired effect. But the Congress President, to me at any rate, appeared as I sat listening to him, a rarity of rarities, a politician of the ruling party uttering the name of truth through a loudspeaker not for the sake of propaganda but as the expression of a real heart-felt conviction. An honest upholder of truth will have plenty of trouble in a world infested by the political exploiters of high principles, who have no use for them otherwise: but one feels that though he has not the charm and glamour of Nehru, Sri Dhebar is not without enough strength of character and competence of personality to succeed Nehru as President of the Congress.

★

DAME Sybil Thorndike and Sir Lewis Casson constitute one of the happiest partnerships of the English stage. They gave this week at the Museum Theatre, beautifully

decorated for the occasion with green foliage and flowers in a rich variety of colours, a grand recital such as lovers of the theatre in Madras City had perhaps never witnessed before. The recital included passages from Shakespeare's *Henry The Eighth*, *The Trojan Women* of Euripides, *St. Joan* and the works of Browning and Shelley. It was Sybil Thorndike's ambition as a child to play Hecuba and St. Joan. When that ambition was realised, she declared that she did not care if, after that, she ended in a workhouse. Far from falling into such a tragic fate, she has since earned world renown as the greatest of contemporary British tragic actresses. Her own description of Eleonora Duse that she "knew all the tricks and used none" fits her most aptly. Expatriating on the art of Coquelin whom he considered the greatest comedy actor of all time, Gardiner traced the secret of his brilliance to the economy of his method. On the stage as in literature, the adjective is the enemy of the noun, and over-emphasis and extravagant gestures spoil the grace and beauty of a performance. Sybil Thorndike with her blue eyes and direct gaze, her voice of exceptional efficiency which could make even a whisper reach the end of the hall, her perfect economy of gestures, and her vivacious, yet imperious carriage with its sense of power became the living presence of the characters she acted and she succeeded in communicating to her hearers a feeling of physical extension into the periods of history in which the lives of those characters were cast. Through it all she somehow conveyed the impression of a keen interest in life and the things of the mind transcending the artifice of the footlights, as though the drama itself were hitched on to the spirit of a humanist bent on enriching the content of life. Interludes of gay signalling in between one item and another of the programme, revealing the joy of harmony and perfect understanding between husband and wife, served to heighten this impression.

SARA

1954 THE NEHRU YEAR: ITS POSITIVE CONTENT

By K. M. MUNSHI

Governor of Uttara Pradesh

THE year 1954 has been, to use a much abused and over-worked word, 'historic.' It is the 'Nehru Year.' Panditji being India's man of destiny, it is India's year; the year in which India has influenced the world trends more than at any other time and more than any other country.

Of course, this claim would be disputed by every non-Indian, but that only goes to prove that the human race, even when it tends to be totalitarian, had democratic instincts; for, if a democracy is anything, it is the art of differing on every possible question.

To go back to the last year. It was a year of the Korean Peace and the return of the war prisoners; of the Colombo and the Geneva Conferences; of the Indo-China settlement; of a new chapter of cooling Communism; of new combinations and alliances between nations of Europe and Asia; of the growing awareness among neutralist nations; of a groping effort towards South East Asian Unity; above all, of the beginning of an unfamiliar era when this over-exercised globe is left without the excitement of a shooting war.

In all these happenings Panditji has been the central figure—whether as a participant, guide, negotiator or one whose steps are being watched, is immaterial. The supreme value for which India has stood in History—Peace (*Shanti*, *Shanti*, *Shanti*)—has found in him a fitting exponent. As a result, the world of conflict has been transformed into a world of lessening tensions.

The fact of the Secretary-General of the UNO travelling to Peking to shake hands with the Prime Minister of that country, against which the doors of UNO have been kept barred, is an instance in point. It is a good

augury. Perhaps the Macarthies of the world like Mark Antony, may declaim: 'What a fall was there, my country-men!'

The world is divided into two well-defined, well-armed blocs. A few harmless nations, approving or disapproving either, cannot make the halves into one whole. The dream of a world police force of free nations is exploded. So is the dream of a world revolution expected to follow in the wake of an all round spontaneous combustion in capitalist countries. Nationalism has been expressing itself in anti-colonialism from Tunisia to Indonesia. India has proved that in spite of the uncertainties of the situation, one can walk the non-alignment line to make it a bridge for the hostile blocs to meet.

The old-world Balance of Power is gone—and gone for good. Regional pacts and regional communities have come into existence. The UNO is rendered ineffective, if not impotent, in its mission to bring about world unity.

Two world patterns—one democratic and the other totalitarian—face each other in full panoplied strength. But there is so much of war preparedness that no war is possible. Each bloc has to suffer the other and go on piling up armaments in peace: a perfectly Gilbertian situation. To this situation South East Asia has contributed a positive content—the *Panchashila*. It is the contribution of the genius of India to a difficult world situation. Through it alone can co-existence be transformed into harmony.

In many spheres of life we see and permit a blatant materialism encouraging lower instincts; harnessing the loyalty of the ignorant; invoking in them a desire for sectional gains. In the result, we see

the world riven by bitterness; nation set up against nation; labour against capital; party against party; class against class; caste against caste; one group against another; each fighting for material benefit to the exclusion of the other. We find a situation in which grievances are not cured; they are only exploited—circumstances in which there are tensions but no harmony.

Uncontrolled by spiritual values, man seeks the triumph of materialism by creating dissatisfaction and undermining stability; by trying to dominate others; by enslaving them, by destroying first, freedom in life, and, finally, the freedom of the Spirit.

Unconsciously driven by these attempts people take to a mode of thinking which prefers imposed strength to free co-operation. They welcome regimentation to maintaining the dignity of man, so that his divine essence is completely forgotten.

We have to guard ourselves against two classes of men, who consciously or unconsciously are ranged against all that spiritual values stand for.

The first class consists of unbaked experts in physical and social sciences; not Einsteins and Du Nuys, not Ramans and Krishnans who are humble and high aspiring in their search of truth; but those who speak in their name but without their humility, and who are convinced that the narrow limit of their ignorance is the farthest boundary of knowledge.

The second group—that of totalitarians—is far more dangerous. These are frightened at man's loyalty to spiritual values, and at his urge towards higher aspirations. They see in them a menace to their cherished aim of establishing complete control over the thoughts and lives of men through the octopus of an all-powerful State so that man, losing his divine essence, should become completely insectified.

Under these conditions *Panchashila* can be no more than an empty formula, if co-existence is

supported by mutual fear of world destruction or a mutual hope that given time the other side would collapse. Its strength can only be drawn from a powerful world conscience which permits of no external aggression and no internal subversion.

HOW to bring about this spiritual awakening of the world is not a political problem. It is a problem of giving a spiritual content to a political formula. To adapt a Gandhian phrase: *Panchashila* to be effective must generate the power to overcome ill-will, distrust and violence through a spiritual faith in Non-violence. It must be by bringing into operation the principles laid down by the *Bhagavadgita*: 'Harming none; by no one be harmed.'

Can this spiritual awareness be imparted to power politics in an age of 'scientific' neglect of spiritual power and a world-wide campaign for insectifying man through godless materialism? The year 1955 will perhaps give the answer.

Without such a spiritual awakening, however, human behaviour is rudderless. Without it man can never decide what is false, what is true, what is ugly and what is beautiful. Without it man will never be able to solve the tremendous problems of the Hydrogen Age.

Very often we talk of Gandhiji and Gandhism, but we think of Gandhiji minus his spiritual outlook and his faith in Truth and Non-violence and in God. We want to admire *Hamlet* from which the Prince of Denmark is eliminated. But in so disregarding all that Gandhiji stood for, we lose sight of the total harmony of all things, noble, gentle and high-aspiring.

Panchashila will succeed and war avoided only when we stop de-consecrating Gandhism and learn to rely upon the inner springs of inspiration which made Gandhiji what he was.

India's faith, however, in moral and spiritual values is unshakable. A challenge to the *Panchashila* is a challenge to the mission of India and all that we stand for.

MEANING OF PROGRESS

By Sir S. V. RAMAMURTHY

A FAMOUS Don of Cambridge visited India, China and Japan some forty years ago and wrote a small book on his visit. In it he said that the contrast in civilization is not between the East and the West but between India and the rest of the world. He said that the civilization of India was timeless while that of the world was in time. This showed a deep insight into the quality of Indian civilization. That which is timeless is spirit. Lowes Dickinson's assessment therefore was that the civilization of India was in spirit as that of the rest of the world was in time.

Let me refer to another case of deep insight, namely that of Professor Whitehead, a famous Mathematical Philosopher then professor of Mathematics in Cambridge under whom I studied and whom I met years later in the Harvard University as Professor of Philosophy. He said in his book called "Adventures of Ideas" that the fundamental schism in humanity was between the Aryan and the Semitic, that to the Aryan, law was immanent while to the Semitic, law was transcendent. In religion, law is an aspect of spirit.

I have thus referred to the three broad distinctions—immanent spirit, transcendent spirit and time which is not spirit. India has passed broadly through the dominance of these three aspects. For two to three thousand years up to 1000 A.D. India was Hindu, governed by the ideology of immanent spirit. When the Moslems invaded India from about 1000 A.D. India was dominated by the Moslem ideology of transcendent spirit for about 750 years. Then came the British with their civilization of time and ruled India for two hundred years. India has now shed both the Moslem and Western ideologies. She is free to revert to her *Dharma* of an immanent spirit while profiting from her experience in other fields.

Against this background of the his-

tory of India, let me contrast development and progress which is the object of these talks on the meaning of progress organized by the A. I. R. Development may be of any aspect of life—political, economic or intellectual. Progress is all round. It is balanced. It is comprehensive. It is integrated. Development is quantitative. Progress is qualitative. Progress which is quality again furnishes the quantitative measure whereby the different directions of development may be quantitatively assessed.

Let me apply these ideas concretely to the Indian situation. Today we are engaged in a vast effort of development. This is partly political and partly economic. India which has waited in the political corridors as a dependent of Britain now occupies her rightful seat among the nations. She has a mind of her own and expresses it. Other nations are eager to hear her and where possible to be guided by her. In economics, the long neglected natural resources of India are finding their fruition in development with the aid of modern science. Her river valley schemes, her power projects, her agricultural expansion, her industrial development, her coverage of the country with roads and transport, her new found consciousness of waste lands and forests which can be put to the use of her growing population—all these make a grand chapter of material adventure. To mention one instance, I have proposed the conversion of Dandakaranya where Rama, Sita and Lakshmana, young people with an indomitable spirit lived and moved for years into a Dandakadesa where men and women cramped in over-populated tracts of India may live and build a new life in an undeveloped area. This is an instance where an economic project of development savours of the quality of the spiritual adventure recorded in the Ramayana.

Politically and economically, we

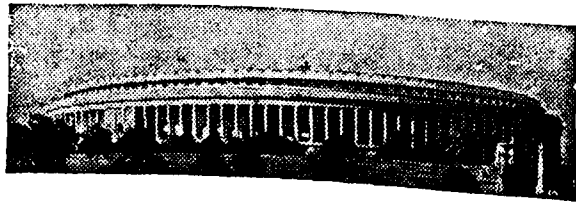
are developing. But our old roots in spirit are reasserting themselves. In politics, we do not accept the logic that he who is not with us is against us, which is the logic of time. We realize that we may both be and not be with any side and thereby occupy a positive position which is yet identified with neither of the power blocs of the West. This follows the logic of spirit. Our politics then while vigorous is developing a new logic, a new quality, a new ideology, so that while following the quality of the timeless which Lowes Dickinson diagnosed, India is yet prepared to live actively with our neighbours and play our part in the world of time. Our economics looks on nature as our comrade and not as something which we seek to conquer. A reservoir on the Krishna or the Godavary is a consummation of the human spirit where man and nature unite for the welfare of man and the fulfilment of nature. Man and nature are a family with a union of life and spirit. I believe that our economic development is being shaped by our intuitive desire for an all round, integrated progress which functions in the time-less and not merely in time.

IN politics and economics and in our material life generally, we are seeking to regain our soul. But there is need to rediscover and reunderstand our soul. There were flowers of the Indian soul which were encased in our ancient writings which we have neglected and ignored when we were buffeted by the waves first of Islamic culture and then of Western culture. One's *swadharma* is better for one's self than other's *dharma* which is good for them. To recover the understanding of our *dharma*, we need to give attention on a large scale to the resuscitation of the learning enshrined in Sanscrit.

It is my belief that the truths that are enshrined in science and form the basis for scientific values and development are also enshrined in a different form in the vision and thought of Hindu India. Truth whether of the Hindus or of the West, whether of the past or the present comes from the same fountainhead

of God. Let me give one instance of how an ancient truth of India may be reconciled with modern truth of science. Prof. Deussen, a famous Upanishadic scholar has said that human intellect cannot go higher than in the Hindu dictum of the Upanishads that *Atman is Brahman*. If this be so, then the excursions of the intellect in modern science enshrined in the laws of physics should be overseen by the dictum that *Atman is Brahman*. I have pursued this idea for several decades and have now arrived at a mathematical form for the Hindu dictum. Spirit on which Indian civilization is based has been thought to be incapable of measurement in its manifestations in our life. I now believe that spirit expresses itself as pure number and is therefore measurable. From this I have arrived at a functional relation between spirit on the one hand and say, time on the other. This can be expressed in the form that the measure of spirit bears a logarithmic relation to the measure of time. The same holds good of other entities like space and matter. Mathematically, it is easy to recast every law of physics as a law of a science of spirit which while expressing the relations of the multiplicity of the world yet keeps to the basis of the unity of spirit. This is a way of reconciling scientific and spiritual values for which Pandit Nehru has been recently pleading. Therefore, I feel that while development is in time, progress is in spirit. Progress is like the dance of Siva who is unchangeable and yet vibrates in all forms of the cosmic change, while development is like the chain of *samsara* with its endless alternation of births and deaths in time. Progress thus attains the quality of eternity, the stage which we seek in salvation. More than life in time, we need to seek the eternal life. To do this, we must not only develop but progress. It is through progress that all men, as well as all beings and existences will attain happiness as sought in the prayer "*Sarva Janah Sukhino bhavanth.*" —Courtesy, ALL INDIA RADIO Madras

NEW DELHI DIARY



By V. V. PRASAD

THE Prime Minister has asked journalists to go round the country and see what the Government has achieved and what the people of our villages have achieved. He pointed out that journalists were more often found going thousands of miles to study far-off countries, and that there was none inclined to go round our own country and see things for himself. Quite right. But the facilities offered to journalists who are invited to go abroad are quite different from those offered to journalists to study their own country. Most of our newspapers are not interested in what is going on in this country. They are only interested in booking advertisements and flattering our Ministers in anticipation of, or in return for, favours. In fact, the newspapers are generally interested in suppression of truth if it is likely to offend the high and the mighty. (This paper, of course, is an exception).

The impression one gets as one lives in this great country of ours is that the people today are in no way better off than they were seven years ago. Nor is there much hope among the people for better times under the present order. Nobody doubts that Jawaharlal Nehru is in love with the people of this country. So are many people of this country in love with Jawaharlal Nehru. But love cannot continue on thin air or hot air. Love is an easy thing to profess, but there is need to prove one's love again and again by one's deeds.

The most outstanding figure in the

seventh year of the independence of our country was Krishna Menon. He will probably be rated as the most outstanding personality of 1954 throughout the world. His achievement is of unimaginable proportions. Until he actually pulled it off, his mission in Geneva and New York appeared to be a doomed mission. His job called for superhuman patience, and Krishna Menon had the reputation of being an irritable man. Ambassador Palar of Indonesia told me that Krishna Menon was always pre-occupied with formulae for solving deadlocks, and therefore appeared to be absent-minded. Nobody who knew him was likely to misunderstand him, said Palar.

A few of the I.C.S. officials of the Indian Foreign Office do not like Krishna Menon, and that is also a reason why they try to misrepresent him in private conversation. Krishna Menon's strength lies in his first-hand knowledge of international affairs, and in his approach to them from a progressive point of view. He was never a Government official himself, and he therefore does not hesitate to call a spade a spade. This is most upsetting to some members of our Foreign Service.

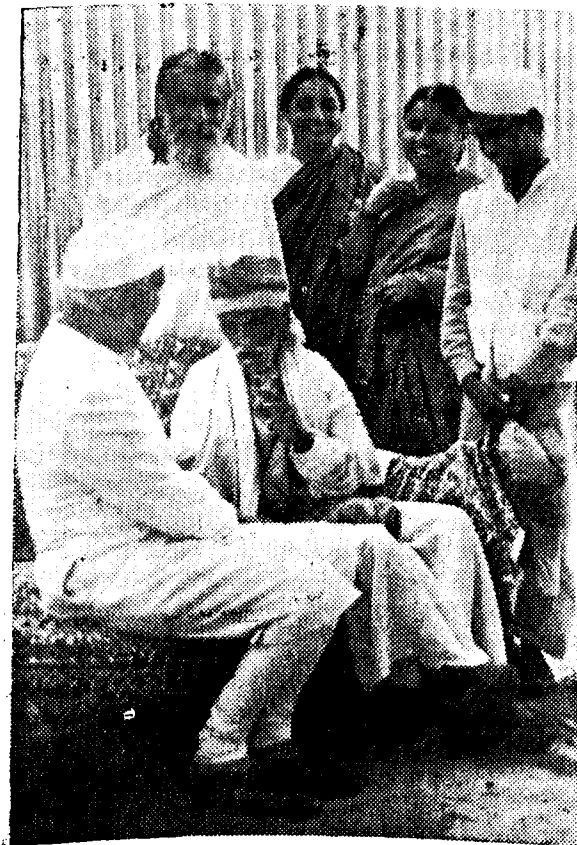
These I.C.S. officials are also terribly jealous of Krishna Menon's influence with the Prime Minister. Krishna Menon is the closest to the P. M. in the conduct of our foreign affairs. Pandit Nehru could not have found a worthier colleague and counsellor.

A very encouraging sign for world Peace is Bertrand Russell's opposi-

tion to the use of the atom and the hydrogen bomb, followed by Mr. Rajagopalachari's appeal to the Americans to throw the bombs into the sea. I suppose there can be no accidental explosion of this kind of bomb at the bottom of the sea. What is meant, of course, is that there should be no such thing as a hydrogen or atom bomb in existence, with the possibility of explosion. Bertrand Russell was shockingly ruthless only two or three years ago, when he thought that the Americans alone had the bomb and that the Russians had not. He wanted the Americans to threaten the Russians and even drop a few atom bombs on Russia so that Russia may be forced to come to terms with the "civilised" world!

Rajaji, of course, regards the Communists as his Enemy Number One, whether they are in Russia, China or even India. Rajaji's views, however, are never static. He is dynamically non-neutral. Whenever he is in power, he is all out for the American imperialists. Whenever he is out of office, or inside a jail, he is pro-Communist.

Bertrand Russell once said that if he was an Indian, he guessed he would react to Indian political questions like Mr. Rajagopalachari. Now Mr. Rajagopalachari is reacting like Bertrand Russell in world affairs. This is truly the greatest victory for the forces of Peace in the world today. The two great intellectual giants of England and India are now agreed that war is a futile thing.



Pandit Nehru with the oldest Congress man of the City

Pandit Nehru's efforts to bring about a change in the Congress organisation at the Avadi Session by changing the objective of the Congress from "co-operative Commonwealth" to that of "a Welfare State on the Socialist pattern" is like trying to cure the patient of fever by tampering with the thermometer. The Congress cannot change its character merely by altering its name or its Constitution. The Congress is the people who are inside the Congress. They are dominated by the capitalists and the blackmarketeers and the feudalist landlords. If Ramnath Goenka is to be the man who makes the arrangements for the Congress session in Avadi, where is the place in the Congress for people who are not equally rich? That is, there is no place in the Congress for more than ninety-five per cent of the people of our country.

BRITISH THEATRE TODAY

By J. VIJAYATUNGA

President, Indian Drama Association, New Delhi

THE visit of Dame Sybil Thorndike and her husband, Sir Lewis Casson, calls for a review of the British theatre today. The words "theatre" and "drama" are on the lips of many of us. What is lacking is experience and equipment, meaning by equipment men and women who are prepared to dedicate themselves to the theatre. A beginning has been made; and the objectives of the Bombay Theatre Unit—their excellent performance recently in Delhi in *Oedipus Rex* can be regarded as an earnest of their ambitions—and of other amateur groups in Bombay and Delhi make us hope that in a few years we shall have a more intelligent appreciation of the theatre and that its influence will reach the masses.

Unless the common man is reached our efforts will remain sterile. The common man, in India, will have to be reached through his own vernacular and dialect. But in that somewhat long-term objective English will have yet to perform the initial work, because, at least till 1965 when Hindi is to be the State language, English must serve the educated classes and will remain the one means of communication between province and province, between community and community in this vast land.

As such there is every reason why we can benefit by a brief glance at the state of the British Theatre today. True enough, with the death of Shaw and the retirement of Maugham, Britain is deploring the absence of a master-dramatist. But that very sense of a lack in the midst of so much talent—the Rattigans, the Priestleys, the Frys, the 'Duncans and many others—shows how exacting British standards, always high, have become and how discriminating the theatre-going public is in Britain. The British stage is not too proud to compare its dramatists with contemporary dra-

matists (like Anouilh for example) in other countries. And this, mind you, while the public is being offered revivals of Shakespeare and Sheridan, the French masters like Moliere, adaptations of Sophocles and Euripides and the output of contemporary dramatists. Oscar Wilde and Shaw, and Bridie continue to be favourites with the repertory companies. Broadway successes like *The Death of a Salesman* and *A Streetcar Named Desire* get their London runs sometimes with a partly American cast, sometimes with a British cast.

Acting is today one of the most respectable professions, if not the most, in Britain today. Though Society had to reckon with Garrick and Sheridan they could not for all their success and wealth get accepted by Society. Today it is a different story. There are now acting families such as the Sybil Thorndike-Cassons and Vivien Leigh-Oliviers. Veterans of the stage like Sybil Thorndike and Dame Edith Evans receive a royal homage from their thousands of admirers. Sir Ralph Richardson, the Oliviers, Gielgud, Godfrey Tearle, Flora Robson, Diana Wynyard, Peggy Ashcroft—to mention a few out of that brilliant galaxy which today illumines the British theatre—all of them are not only honoured as distinguished citizens but are recognised for their very great contributions to contemporary civilisation. I say civilisation instead of culture because what they are doing is not only in the interests of art but also aimed at breaking down the barriers between nations.

Reviewing the English version of Anouilh's French version of Sophocles' *Antigone*, Mr. Ivor Brown, the veteran dramatic critic wrote:

"The story of *Antigone*, the woman who stood out against her tyrannical uncle, Creon, King of Thebes, and insisted that the rebel who died in defy-

ing him should have due burial, has a relevance far beyond the Greek world for which it was written. Conscience is not bounded by the centuries. A subject of this kind, with a king determined that justice can be done only by denying burial to a dead opponent, is not so far from the savageries of our own time: where it comes most close to us is in *Antigone's* obstinate championship of her own more humane and civilised point of view. The production, with its clothes and uniforms of no special time or place, gave the air of universality to the event. This was only vaguely ancient Greece: it was essentially a tale of everywhere and of all of us."

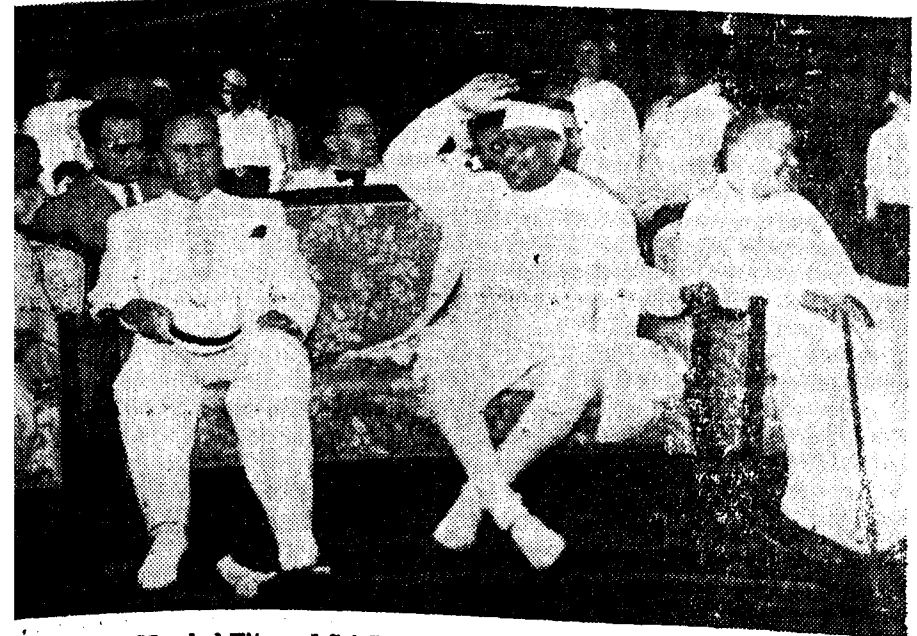
Then there is Priestley on whom the mantle of Maugham might have fallen but for his preoccupation with the political man. "Am I my brother's keeper?" "Yes," says Priestley. In his "An Inspector Calls" the Inspector who is some vague visitant, calls the company, each of them rung by a feeling of imagined guilt, to at:

"We don't live alone. We are members of one body. We are responsible for each other. And I tell you that the time will soon come when, if men will

not learn that lesson, then they will be taught it in fire and blood and anguish."

Of course, this is only one aspect of the British theatre today. In a score and more of theatres in Scotland and England professional and amateur companies keep the British public, from dustmen to dukes, from charadies to marchionesses, informed of what Shakespeare warbled about and what Christopher Fry is warbling about. Speaking of Fry and his "The Lady is Not For Burning" (a story in which a young woman accused of being a witch refuses to be burnt at the stake) there is a theme with recent instances of *Sati* for an Indian dramatist.

WITH the Glasgow Citizens' Theatre, the Birmingham Repertory Theatre, the Shakespeare Theatre at Stratford, the Bristol Theatre, the Mercury in London specialising in verse drama, and the Old Vic, and many others, Britain today is the theatre-goers' paradise. They may not do things in the colossal, very grand manner of the Americans but they do them grandly enough. The



Marshal Tito and Sri Sri Prakasa at the Congress session.

subjects range from Greek tragedy to artificial insemination. It is a very vast range indeed.

BUT behind this achievement is a long, long story. Its past from the days of Shakespeare till the nineties is familiar enough. Its more recent record is even more inspiring for us in India. The help extended by the State through the Arts Council, and through the British Council in the case of the theatre, is an example we might follow with profit. I do not mean State aid alone, but how to see that State aid is on a broad-based policy with the State and Cabinet Ministers remaining at the back as spectators and not as active participants. In all this we can learn much from the British. The objects of the Old Vic Company (with which is associated the National Theatre Company) are to have a Theatre School, a Theatre for Children, an Experimental Theatre and a Repertory Centre. The last named is now in full swing at the old Bristol Theatre, built in 1770. It was saved from demolition, and is today run by the Arts Council. Most of the other

objectives too are in process of completion. In reviewing this exciting story of the British theatre since 1880, when Emma Cons started to provide entertainment for the common man, to this day when the most outstanding names in the field of stage decor, lighting, costume designing are associated with celebrated actors, actor-producers, producers, and playwrights one cannot stop to name names because there are so many, and each of them so distinguished not only for his or her own skill in that particular field but also for their utter devotion to the Theatre.

Mr. Arthur Miller, author of "The Death of a Salesman" well summed up the place of the theatre in contemporary life when he wrote in an American magazine recently:

"Not all the cameras in Christendom nor all the tricky lights will move us one step closer to a better understanding of ourselves, but only, as it always was, the truly written word, the profoundly felt gesture, the naked and direct contemplation of man which is the enduring glamour of the stage."



Pandit Nehru presenting Sri Bhaskar Roy Chowdhury with a silver casket after a dance recital of his at Raj Bhavan before Marshal Tito and the Prime Minister.

THE CAR GAME

By M. KRISHNAN

SOMETIMES, when it is regrettably clear that the day's work must be carried forward into the night, I go and sit on the *pial* at my gate for awhile, for a breath of fresh air and the delightful feeling of escape from the close walls of my workroom. It is then that I meet my neighbour's little daughter; she, too, is an occasional evening visitor to this restful platform.

She is very small and shy and fierce, but not to me, for we are friends. I tell her a story, or else she tells me one—children, you know, are much fonder of telling stories than of listening to them. The thing she likes the best, however, is to play the car game, a game which frankly bores me, but it is better than her stories which are apt to be about kings and queens, kings who are the strongest, the most accomplished and the bravest of all men, and queens who are the most beautiful of women and always in the right. I know it is some kink in me, some inferiority complex, that rouses such antipathy in me to these exalted personages. Or, may be, I have known and heard of too many superhuman kings and queens, in the days (not so long ago) when we had them. Whatever the reason, I prefer the car game to these stories.

The game has immutable rules, which both of us know well. Nothing counts excepting cars—not rickshaws or bicycles, not even motorbikes and auto-rickshaws. Lorries and buses and all such count as cars, even six-wheelers. I do not know how we should reckon a tractor with a trailer attached—so far we have not been confronted with this problem. My little opponent chooses one side and I the other, and whoever gets ten cars past the *pial* first wins. Usually there is a revenge game, or two when I have hard work on hand; then it is time for me to return to my workroom and for her to go back to school lessons.

I am always amused by her excitement when the game is close. Once, when she was leading me 8-3, a fleet of seven cars appeared suddenly on the horizon on my side and sailed past majestically to give me victory—a thing that thrilled her so much that I had to put on quite a show of jubilation not to disappoint her. Children take these things so seriously; of course they do not mind defeat, but a surprise victory never fails to thrill them and they do not comprehend the sour, base values of grown-ups. And they are so honest about the things that matter—not that they cannot tell a thundering good lie on occasion—but they do not cheat their friends. Sometimes I have to retire for a minute while a game is in progress, to get something from the house or to talk to a passing acquaintance, and the opponent can always be depended upon to keep meticulous count of my cars when I am not there. But when she goes away at her mother's call and then comes running back in breathless excitement, I have often to confess that I failed to keep note of the cars, both hers and mine. I get a proper scolding for my carelessness on such occasions, and am duly penitent; then the game begins all over again.

Some evenings ago an unprecedented event happened. A red motor cycle appeared on her horizon and streaked past us with a screaming wail, followed at once by a long, shiny limousine—it was the Governor's car. I had to explain what a pilot was and what a siren was and even who a Governor was. And when I had duly impressed her with the importance of Governors, she turned to me in triumph.

"In that case," she announced, "the Governor's car must count as two for me."

I might have let that pass, had she been trailing behind, but she was leading 6-4, and I felt the need to curb her greed and teach her a little

lesson in democracy. I took the pains to point out that a Governor, in spite of his high estate, had only two legs, and that his car could count only as one car. He was important only when he was just a citizen, like any of us. Little did I realise then how tactless I was being.

For last week, while we were at the game again, all traffic was suddenly stopped on her side of the road. The Prime Minister was going to some place, or else returning from it, and so the cross-roads way up her side were closed to traffic. And explain it all as patiently as I could, my companion could not understand.

"Why must the Prime Minister come here?" she asked in a cold fury. I told her about how he was also the retiring President of the Congress, which was why he had come. That confused her, and I had to explain

what the Congress was and the session at Avadi and how the Congress President was not always the Prime Minister—which only confused her some more.

"But is he President or Prime Minister now?" She insisted.

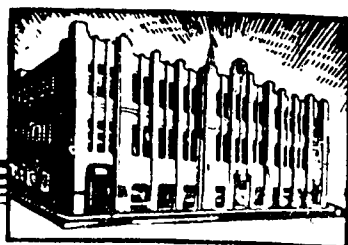
"Oh well, he is both, but I think he has come here as President."

"Then why are all the cars stopped?"

OUR democracy is a thing difficult to explain to a child. There are times when I think it wants a more versatile sort of understanding than children have.

"Shall I tell you a story?" I asked, changing the topic. And I told her a story of great kings and queens, who lived long ago, of course, that delighted her so much that she quite forgot her disappointment over the forced end to the game.

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MAO IN HIS WINTER PALACE

By WILLIAM STEVENSON

IN a Red China jail I walked among prisoners so intent on feeding the weaving machines that even a long-nosed foreigner failed to make them lift their eyes. They were political prisoners and the battle for their minds which Governor Liu Hsing Chian described to me seemed infinitely more frightening than the physical tortures practised by the dead warlord who once owned this Peking jail. They were producing vivid socks which provide the only dash of colour for uniformed citizens of the Chinese capital.

As I drove back through Peking's suburbs where ugly new blockhouses almost grow and multiply before your very eyes, there seemed a hollow ring not to the Chinese laughter which had impressed me so often. Their loud arguments, their noisy zest for living, their delight in simple joys like firecrackers and hot chestnuts on a freezing winter's day, all these burst through the drab uniformity, and just when you lose patience with their rulers sime boiler-suited traveller listening intently to the song of his caged cricket amid the clatter of the state loudspeakers on a train makes you think China is still a land of rugged individualists.

But now those coloured socks showing between the boots and trouser bottoms of men and women alike seemed like the first spotty symptoms of a loathsome disease, and I wondered how long it might be before those sparkling black eyes in crinkly Chinese faces would begin to lose their glitter and how long it would take the patient but unswerving Communists to teach these fascinating, sometimes contradictory people not to look up when a stranger moved among them.

That, of course, is the hub of the problem modern China has presented to the Western world. Before I went to Peking I was filled with

misgivings. Communism is ugly in its effects on the common people it seeks to help, and fresh in my memory were the dreary and subdued faces of Poles, Germans, Yugoslavs and the Russians themselves. All were being told every day and in every way that their lives were getting better and better but their spirits were plainly oppressed.

In China this was less apparent. Old hands driven from the great centres of Western commerce such as Shanghai and Tientsin are not agreed on whether political fanaticism can destroy the Chinese character. My impression was that peasants who make up just about the entire population have preserved their humour after five years of life in the land of Mao.

"Laughter will Return"

Yet times have been hard and often brutal. Millions have died in mass executions. Artists and writers have been harnessed to the regime and must express "social realism" in their work. One well-known dramatist described to me how he, like his fellow writers, must live among workers for long periods before he embarks on a new book or play.

"And I have to join them at the factory benches," he added. "I cannot just stand and watch. Later the first draft of what I write is submitted to the workers themselves who criticise and comment on it."

This places an intolerable restraint on creative artists but it guarantees a flow of operas, dramas and puppet plays which will carry into the remotest villages the propaganda messages from Peking.

History possibly has never seen such an enormous and seemingly successful task of mass propaganda among a mostly illiterate population, said by the Communists to exceed 600,000,000 although neutral obser-

vers believe the figure is closer to 400,000,000. What is strikingly different in this campaign to make the Chinese feel utterly free to do as the Government tells them, what makes it a little less ominous, is the attitude of the leaders and the reaction of Chinese writers like my friend.

He had this to add: "Of course, comedy and humour as you know it are no longer found in our books and plays. We've been too busy writing messages into everything we produce. But we cannot ignore the rich store of fun which is part of Chinese life, and you will see in the future that laughter will return to our theatres and travelling shows."

Mao Tse-tung, the man who conducted the world's longest and bloodiest revolution and who today replaces Stalin as the dominant figure in international Communism, is alone responsible for both introducing the Spartan note into Chinese life and entertainment ad also pointing out the dangers of too much austerity. He is a very different ruler from Stalin and all the earlier leaders of Communist revolt. He wanted early in life to be the soldier-scholar of tradition. He was and still appears to be a poet and, though he identified himself with the peasants, he has lately shown less love for the sloppy uniform which he seemed to think coddling. Dung can be used as one of themselves.

Is Mao still the same man who once said: "There are people who think that Marxism is a kind of magic truth with which one can cure any disease. We should tell them that dogmas are more useless than coddling. Dung can be used as fertilizer."

On the answer rest the hopes of those Western statesmen who seek understanding with this new Colossus, China. If Mao and those around him, if the little functionaries who will continue to wear gray boiler suits and railroaders' caps for just so long as Mao himself, if the new and still small class of intellectuals all show they are not committed heart and soul to the political theories invented fifty years ago to fit a

different set of facts—then there is a fair chance that China may become an acceptable member of our society.

A Look at A Legend

One day in Fontainebleau, Napoleon was spinning a globe of the world when his hand came to rest on China. "China, there lies a sleeping giant," said Napoleon. "Let him sleep, for when he wakes he will move the world."

The giant is now awake and the only way we can guess whether he may become an ogre or a benevolent mammoth is by closely watching the personality of the Chinese themselves.

There is no better place to start than at the top. So let us take a look at Mao, meeting him first the way I did one crisp autumn afternoon in Peking when pigeons fluttered in the washed blue sky and the pale sunlight flashed gold on the curved rooftops of the forbidden city. Far inside the forbidden city is the winter palace where Mao and the trinity around him—part theoretician Liu Shao Chi, General (The Bear) Chu Teh, and lady-killed Premier Chou En-lai—all work.

I was taken there in a large steel bus built in Communist Czechoslovakia. The driver manoeuvred it through a gate of carved red wood beneath an ornamented arch with tiny statues placed on its tiled roofs to frighten away devils. Sentries in drab khaki helped wriggle the vehicle into the narrow courtyard beyond and, though the driver was in danger of chipping the wooden pillars, he approached his unusual task with relaxed good humour. We sped around a lake, its banks festooned with electrified wire, within thick high walls and along a small canal.

We stopped at the pavilion of political diligence and I was led into a reception room where ornaments were labelled like pieces in a museum. The Chinese chief of protocol flitted anxiously through enormous doors leading into another hall, and though he wore a coffee-coloured uniform a stretch of the imagination easily clothed him in the brocaded robes

and richly coloured embellishments of an emperor's leading courtier. Then the doors were flung open and I was taken into a high-ceilinged circular hall with thick rugs on the floor, huge pillars rising into the painted dome and on the far wall the Chinese Communist flag with its five gold stars.

Years ago the peasants nicknamed Mao "Chiu Hsing," which means "the saving star," and this put him at once among the legends because three guardian stars protect the peasants from a dominating position in the roofs of their village homes. I knew Mao Tse-tung was to appear in front of the draped flag, along with his trinity of leaders and Pandit Nehru, who had persuaded the Chinese ruler to show himself during the Indian Premier's visit.

Without asking anyone, I had brought a camera along and I was startled to find anybody challenging my right to do this. There was a European beside me known among his fellow journalists for his bull-like roar. He was booming away while I tried to focus on the Red flag. Somebody loomed in front of my lens. I straightened up, leaned forward and touched the man on the shoulder, intending to wave him aside. He turned and I found myself staring into the womanish features of Mao Tse-tung.

Here was the man who in his youth walked half naked among the peasants of his native Hunan, trying out his theory that the sun was a source of energy, the man who was so sure China's strength lay in her peasantry that he roused and stimulated millions during a long and shrewd campaign in which his enemies were rich and powerful and at one time included the Japanese empire. This was the man with a personality so strong and a voice so powerful that he had directed such legendary military adventures as the "Long March," the man who mastered and united a land which had known many masters and semi-feudal divisions for 2,000 years, and who so soon had done this than he launched his armies across North Korea against the combined might of the Western powers. He stood there a moment and then

ambled across the soft rich carpet, still unnoticed by most of us waiting there for something more startling—a flourish of trumpets, perhaps, or a crashing roll of Chinese sidedrums.

Somehow I expected to see a man of granite and not this unexpectedly small figure, a little round-shouldered, and dressed in an unobtrusive tunic. Stalin was the name chosen to denote a man of steel. I forget what meanings were read into the names of other dictators like Tito and Hitler, but they all had their conceits. Mao has never even changed his name, surely a mental quirk difficult for other Communists to explain. Mao Tse-tung was so titled by his father, a relatively wealthy peasant, and it means "hair anoint east," which defies any romantic explanation. Yet his hair is in fact the striking thing about Mao. In his youth it gave him a girlish appearance and photographs show the same long black locks framing a broad forehead, the soft eyes and round cheeks and the sensitive mouth. Today his hair still produces a feminine effect so that from a distance he looks like a comfortable old grandmother.

Well, that was the bear in his den or, if you like, the new Stalin in his oriental Kremlin. When I saw him again, Nehru had tempted him into a public excursion to one of Peking's new luxury hotels where the anointed ones of the new regime disport themselves with suitably approved delegates from foreign lands. I was sitting with Nehru's press adviser, who should have known what was going on, but he looked as shaken as the rest of us when into the banquet hall walked Nehru followed by Mao. The Chinese leader moved softly to a place beside the Indian Premier and directly opposite my table. His huge head sank into the narrow shoulders and for one irreverent moment I thought he looked somewhat like Churchill. Throughout the meal Mao remained erect, not self-conscious or proud but somehow indifferent to the frank stares of foreign diplomats and Communist chieftains, many of whom had waited months and even years in Peking for a distant glimpse of the Red ruler.

Mao is very fond of hot peppers, a favourite Hunan province dish and despite warnings from his physicians (he is 61 years old and reportedly in poor health) he shovelled the spicy hot Indian dishes into his mouth with a spoon in one hand and a cigarette in the other. The contrast between the two leaders who command most of the world's people between them was never more striking than during the inevitable speeches of that evening.

Personalities avoided

Nehru rocked with laughter while the rest of us held our breaths in horror when a trembling little Chinese girl fluffed her translation of Mao's speech. Mao thought she had finished her translation into English of one passage—she had gone back to the start to give the entire passage over again after confusing a couple of words—so while Mao plodded on into the next part of his address the little girl scurried through her interpretation, too nervous I suppose to realise that her voice was clashing over the loudspeaker system with that of the great god himself.

It is a measure of China's desperate shortage of educated civil servants that this girl student from the Foreign Languages Institute had to interpret at such an important function. She never did again while I was in Peking, but twice when my own

guide was supposed to be accompanying me he was suddenly called away to translate for Chou En-lai. I somehow doubt that Mao personally paid further attention to the little girl's error. But he has made his followers so conscious of the "self-criticism" which is a necessary part of Marxist-Leninism (though much more emphasized by its Chinese practitioners) that her conscientious comrades almost certainly put her through the hoops that same night.

Yet Mao Tse-tung's tributes to "elder brother" Russia are abstract in the sense that he never mentions personalities. Neither do other Chinese Communists. I never heard the name of Malenkov once and hardly ever was Stalin mentioned. The posters when they appeared, which was far less often than in Russia and the satellite countries of East Europe, showed a formal portrait of Mao. Even the huge painting of Mao hung over the gate of heavenly peace, that entrance to the forbidden city from which Mao reviewed the fifth anniversary parade last fall, was removed the very next day.

All this left the impression that Mao Tse-tung does not have to be rammed down unwilling throats. He has succeeded in reaching and maintaining of position among the majority of Chinese which requires no great effort of publicity to uphold. —NNF

MASTER AND DISCIPLE

By S. PREMA

NEW Year's Day in Madras. On the evening of January 1, 1955, Annamalai Manram in George Town was agog with excitement. Music lovers had assembled to hear Sri Ariyakudi Ramanuja Iyengar. Annamalai Manram is truly an impressive edifice. Madras must be proud to have so fine a music hall, spacious, well-proportioned, and equipped with all modern amenities and conveniences. Music lovers are indeed indebted to the late Raja Sir Annamalai Chettiar for the magnificent donation which made the erection of this edifice possible. The concert on New Year's Day was being arranged (as one of a series) under the auspices of the Tamil Isai Sangam. Sri Ramanuja Iyengar was accompanied on the violin by Sri Papa Venkatarama Iyer and on the mridangam by Sri Palghat Mani. That evening Sri Iyengar gave one of his memorable performances. The Hall was worthy of the artiste, and the artiste worthy of the Hall. A distinguished company was gathered there. Rajaji was present for a while. Sri Sri Prakasa came in the middle, and was appropriately welcomed with a Hindusthani song. The loud speaker worked perfectly. It was a fine evening fruitfully spent.

Sri Ariyakudi is a great master of the art of Karnatic music. He was brought and built up by our great traditions, but he can also move with the times. Beginning with a *varna* which he rendered with brisk flavour, he next sang *Sadhinchane*, one of the 'five great gems' (*pancharatnas*) of Saint Tyagaraja. He followed it with a short *alapana* of *Kalyanai*, and developed it as a *ragamalika*. Then came a few kritis in quick succession. The inimitable Ariyakudi touch was everywhere. Each *alapana*, brief but suggestive, brought out the life and soul of the raga, the kriti itself was exquisitely rendered, and the *kalpana-swaras* were lively and vivacious rather than merely permutative and exhaustive. A master

musician, Sri Iyengar has an admirable sense of form, and never overdoes anything. That is what makes him still the perfect exponent of our music. With no effort whatsoever, he rises to the heights, and takes us with him too. He is said to be over 60, and yet what wonderful control he has over his voice, what soul-stirring melodies he can make with it! Among the main ragas that he rendered that day, Shankarabharana, Thodi, Kambhoji and Yadukula-kambhoji shone with resplendent grace. Bhairavi, of course, being selected for 'Ragam-thanam-pallavi', was in a class apart, and Sri Iyengar rendered it with superb artistry, once thrillingly raced up to the upper *sthayi*, and immediately came down, a feat that drew forth tremendous applause. After the usual 'end pieces,' he gracefully concluded with 'mangalam'. 'Papa' and 'Mani', veteran masters both, helped to make the concert a splendid success.

Although Sri Iyengar's was an unforgettable performance, many of the pieces that were selected by him were, in a way, rather disappointing. Whether it was because of the regulations of the Tamil Isai Sangam or Sri Iyengar's own *manobhava* that evening, not all the kritis sung were of truly Classical vintage. That two of the three great stalwarts of Karnatik music—namely, Sri Syama Sastri who sang so divinely about Goddess Kamakshi and Sri Muthuswami Dikshitar whose kritis are endowed with *mantra shakti* and have a sustained grandeur of their own—should have been wholly eliminated was very unfortunate. As for Tyagaraja, only two of his kritis were sung, one of them—*Neethucharanamule*—as an after-thought, when Sri Sri Prakasa came to attend the concert. No doubt Tamil kritis like the one in Shankarabharanam (*Muthukumarayyan*) and some of the others were sung by great composers, and they are not wanting in sweetness. But was it

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necessary that almost all the kritis should be in Tamil? After such an enchanting alapana of Kambhoji, it would have been very fitting if Sri Iyengar had proceeded with *Sri Subramanyaya namaste* of Dhikshitar (as he did so grandly at a concert in Guntur some months ago). Nowadays there is a legitimate desire on the part of Tamils for hearing and enjoying Tamil Isai. And it was apt that Sri Iyengar should sing in his own masterly way a few Tamil songs. But surely Syama Sastri and Dhikshitar needn't have been excluded altogether. Music is food for the soul. And we should accept the right food from wherever it may come. Tamils in Madras don't worry whether the rice they consume comes from Tanjore or Nellore, from the Cauvery basin or the Godavari delta. Why should they discriminate between the God-intoxicated bhakti-inducing songs of the Telugu and the Tamil composers? Mr. Justice Rajamannar rightly said at Tiruvayyar the other day that in classical music, language should not be the main consideration. Bhakti is the life or *elan*, language is only the medium. We should with humility sing or listen to all those songs—whether they be in Tamil, Telugu, Kannada, Sanskrit or even in Hindi—where the motivation and appeal is *bhakti*. I do hope that this sort of 'linguistic intolerance' in the ecstatic realm of classical music would soon be a thing of the past, and that vidwans would be encouraged to sing according to their *manobhava*. I feel that the splendour and majesty of concerts should not be spoilt by artificial restrictions.

The next day I had the good fortune of listening to Srimati Dhanam Ammal, who sang under the auspices of the Sri Parthasarathi Sabha at the Hindu High School, Triplicane. A pupil of Sri Ariyakudi, she repeated many of the pieces and most of the ragas that he had rendered the previous evening at Annamalalai Manram. After *Kanada varna*, she sang Tyagaraja's *Nee-bhaktibhagyasudha*, and proceeded with *Sadhinchane* in Arabhi, like her master who had sung the same

with such delightful verve. Then came an elaborate rendering of Panthuvrali, followed by Tyagaraja's kriti, *Vadera*. Among the other kritis she sang were choice ones like *Nithichalasukhama* in Kalyani, *Yemijesithe* in Thodi and *Sri Subramanyaya Namaste* in Kambhoji. Taking Bhairavi for Ragam—thanam-pallavi, as her master had done, she did very well. The *thukadas* (end pieces) included verses from Sri Andal's *Tiruppavai*, as was very appropriate. It was a competent recital throughout, and Srimati Dhanam Ammal must be congratulated on her meritorious performance. But at places it looked as though she was too self-conscious. Talented herself, she has been well trained by a master of the art. But she is yet to develop an individual style of her own. For the present she is but a wonderfully apt pupil of the great Ariyakudi, with the added advantage of a rich and strident voice. There is no doubt that Srimati Dhanam Ammal will, in the years to come, grow into one of our top artistes. The accompaniments—violin, mridangam, ghatam—also made for the success of the concert.

SO much is being said about the *sahitya* of kritis: that Tamils can only appreciate Tamil songs, Telugus only Telugu songs, and so on. What are the facts? Even though Srimati Dhanam Ammal sang many of Tyagaraja's kritis, the hall was packed, and her listeners sat quiet and fully enjoyed her music. The previous day, when Sri Ariyakudi was giving his memorable recital at Annamalalai Manram, the audience (also a Madras audience) listened with rapture. This shows that people enjoy good music, and do not really bother about the language, even as they enjoy good food and don't bother whether the rice has come from Malayalam or Masulipatam, and the potatoes from Ooty or Bangalore. All the great kritis, whether in Tamil or Telugu or Sanskrit or Hindi—were sung by devotees in moments when they forget themselves in the intoxication of *bhagavad bhakti*. To distinguish between

Tamil bhakti and Telugu bhakti is almost like distinguishing between Tamil oxygen and Telugu oxygen, and limiting the range of human enjoyment. When we hear a great kriti or verse—say, Tyagaraja's *Entharo* or a verse of *Tiruppavai*—we hear the composer's voice in a state of ecstasy. *Rama, Ramana, ra ra* goes to the heart at once; notli-

ing is gained by changing it to *Rama, Ramana, va va*; on the contrary, the enchantment is broken. There is great Tamil music, and there is great Telugu music; ours is a composite culture from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin. Let us embrace more and more of it, assimilating the best, and let us not quarrel over the inessential externals.

WE GET THE GOVERNMENT WE DESERVE

By D. V. RAJA RAO

IT is a fundamental fact in politics that ultimately the will of the people prevails. The strongest of tyrants, monarchies, dictatorships and colonial empires have disappeared yielding their place to popular will. A Nero was murdered, a Charles was beheaded, a Louis dynasty was superseded by revolution, a Zulist rule was thrown out by another revolution, and the British gracefully walked out of their colonial empire in India because people did not want them. History has always proved the supremacy of the will of the people over a government. It is out of this eternal truth that democracy is evolved. Democracy gives the people their right to choose their government and mould it to serve their best interests from time to time in elections. The vote in democracy is the supreme political power. We get the government we vote for. It is a literal truth in democracy that a people get the government they deserve. If people vote with a full consciousness of the significance and power of their vote, there can be no discontent or failure in democracy.

We voted for a government two years back in the composite state of Madras. The Andhra part of it took over the governance of Andhra on its separation. It administered the new State for one year when it was thrown out on a vote of no confidence in the legislature. It was because the government party was divided against itself on caste, regional and personal grounds. In the preoccupation of conciliating these conflicting interests in the government party, the

administration became halting and weak. The services became inefficient, undisciplined and corrupt. We regret this state of things, we grumble, we complain and we despair. But we forget that we voted for the government responsible for it all two years back. We voted without a sense of civic responsibility. While voting we do not think in terms of the interests of the people and the country at large. We think in terms of our own narrow interests and profits. Irrespective of the ideologies, principles, policies and programmes put forth by the contending political parties, the real factors that count at the polls are caste, regional and personal affinities and sentiments. We cast our votes for these considerations. Our Ministries are formed on this basis. Administrative policies are adopted to serve these interests. The services are recruited and administered with a view to conciliating these interests. Inefficiency, indiscipline and corruption in the services are overlooked and condoned by the influence of these interests. Even our education is being made to subserve these interests. Indeed every aspect of our public life is governed by these feelings and sentiments. Casteism is now recognised and condemned as a disrupting factor in our politics and the Congress as well as other parties have denounced it. So are regionalism and power politics. But so long as people are susceptible to these weaknesses aspiring politicians will exploit them to achieve their objects. Our Constitution provides, by a directive, for "promotion with spe-

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cial care of the educational and economic interests of the weaker sections of the people, in particular the scheduled castes and tribes." "Weaker sections" in this directive is being interpreted as politically weaker sections and made use of by some of the richest and strongest castes amongst us for concentrating political and administrative power in their own hands for the benefit of their vested interests. Talent and efficiency in administration are being sacrificed for this purpose. No caste is numerically big enough to represent the majority of the people. The educated middle class in general and of any caste in particular form an insignificant proportion of the people. To promote the strength in the services of this or that caste can never be a healthy policy of administration unless it serves the general interests of people as well. It cannot be a consolation that so many collectors, heads of departments or other important officials belong to any particular caste or section of people if they cannot do their job or administer intelligently and efficiently in the best interests of the people at large. The whole people suffer for their deficiencies, including the common man of their own caste, and the very Government that favoured them will be discredited. Lowering the standards of education and talent and efficiency in the services is not the way of implementing this directive in the Constitution.

It is most unfortunate that our politicians and legislators and Ministers look upon politics and governance only as a matter of distributing jobs and positions of profit to the educated few in certain castes or sections of people or safeguard their vested interests by their policies and programmes. Having voted on these narrow considerations it is futile to expect our Ministers to rise above these petty considerations and function in the largest interests of the people.

Let us realise that we deserve as we vote and vote for talent, capacity and integrity but not for caste-regional and personal interests.

As an understanding brother he could find no fault in what his sister had done . . . He thought of the great conflict she must have had before she took this final, irrevocable step . . .

..... Short Story.....

THE FLOWERS THAT FAILED

By George Kotturan

SINGLA is a small village on the foothills of the eastern Himalayas. Narrow but turbulent Rungeet flows, almost embracing it from all sides. The villagers speak of Rungeet with awe and admiration. Every old man or woman has something or other to tell of this life-giving stream. One might explain how a strong soldier was swept away by its swift current. Another might repeat how for months on end a beautiful rustic maiden sat on its banks waiting for her lover, who was away in the army, weeping herself to death. Rungeet has stood to witness much of the life of this people.

Diwali, the festival of lights, always brought joy and cheerfulness to the hardworking villagers of Singla. A few of them, who had been away the year round, took care to see that they were at home for this important festival. Days ahead the urchins were busy making plans for the decoration of their houses. A tea-garden labourer was ready to please his boss on anything for he had to try for an advance for Diwali. An old mother sent her son to Darjeeling to bring his sister home. Luckily that year Diwali fell at a time when Rukna was at home on leave from the army.

On Diwali day when the sun was still hidden beyond the hills of the eastern horizon Rukna was up, ready to cross Rungeet to collect flowers for his sister, Surya Kula. There was a smile on his face, a smile of absolute contentment, of joy to be at home for Diwali. While he gathered flowers from the jungles he looked

forward to Bhatri Puja. He knew that his sister was also looking forward to that day. He was very fond of his sister. He said to himself: "Day after tomorrow is her day. How she would giggle when she garlands me!" There was an element of embarrassment in his murmur: "She has grown up so quick."

The day was not far advanced when he was back with a heap of flowers calling out for Surya. In an instant Surya was out to greet her brother. She looked fresh after a happy night's sleep. Her face, round and formed, was full of energy and cheerfulness. Her eyes were large and looked shy at the consciousness of her blossoming youth. Her uncombed hair fell over her shoulders in delicate disorder and came to rest on her back in wavelets of graceful curls. A tribal necklace shone round her neck, adding to her simple loveliness. She extended her hands to her brother who stood amused at the way she had run to him. Though only two years older he felt very big when she was by his side. His eyes sparkled with energy and affection at sight of his sister.

"What fine flowers!" Surya Kula shouted ecstatically.

"I had to climb up yonder big hill to get them," Rukna said, pointing towards Rungeet.

"When did you get out of bed to go there?" asked Surya, inquisitively.

"When you were asleep like a buffalo," Rukna started teasing her as usual.

While they talked thus their mother came out of the house. Her happiness knew no bounds to see them both together early on the morning of Diwali, so young and healthy. It was the lord's grace, she thought, and said a silent prayer to ward off the devil from their peaceful home.

She called out to Rukna: "We will start soon. I have to buy all sorts of things from the bazaar."

Rukna took this opportunity to have a little fun at his sister. "The moment we take ourselves off, Surya is going to be the master and mistress of the house. Can we put so much faith in this little girl?" he said and started laughing with great amusement.

HIS mother remarked in a flattering voice: "Why, she knows how to cook and clean the vessels. One day she will have a house of her own." And she affectionately fondled her daughter's dark hair. Surya Kula only giggled sending a rebuking glance towards her brother who was responsible for all this mischievous talk.

"I am ready, mother," Rukna showed his willingness to set out at once.

But his mother could not start so soon. She had to arrange a thousand and one things before she started, for she expected to be back only on the following morning. They were going to Darjeeling bazaar and it would take at least three hours to reach there. It was her greatest wish after the death of her husband to see Darjeeling on a Diwali night. Darjeeling illuminations for Diwali had taken her with such great surprise that she used to talk of it to her children and her neighbours for days together. When her husband was alive she went there every year, but after his death she did not dare to leave the children alone. She looked forward for her son to get old enough and when he did get old enough he was away in the army. That year, however, Goddess Lakshmi graciously blessed her with everything she was eagerly expecting. And like a true devotee she made extra-preparations for Lakshmi's adoration in her house, for she believed

that Lakshmi was the chief decider of the great issues of life.

Surya Kula was to decorate the altar. Her mother told her: "When we are gone you can beautify the house. You cook as much food as you like and eat to your heart's content. We will be back before sunrise. I will tell you when I return all that's to be done for Bhratri Puja."

The mention of the Puja made Surya Kula look at her brother. He was smiling. Last year it wasn't without a sense of envy that she watched her friend in the neighbourhood going round the circle where her brothers were all seated with garlands round their necks. She had only one brother and he was away. At no other time did she long for his presence so much as for Bhratri Puja. Seeing her sad countenance her mother consoled her that one day her only brother would come when she too would perform the same ceremony. Now he was at home and her joy was boundless. A smile burgeoned on her face while she thought of the way she would put the *kumkum* on his forehead after the Puja. Then she pictured to herself in her mind the feast she had to prepare for him all by herself. An idea struck her, she moved to her mother's side, and without being heard by her brother she murmured: "Bring me from Darjeeling some grapes for the feast day-after-tomorrow. Let not Daaju know."

Her mother nodded assent.

RUKNA and his mother walked side by side along the road to Darjeeling. It was midday when they arrived at the bazaar. Crowds of people made their Diwali purchases. Only with great difficulty could they enter the market to buy what they wanted. There was such a rush in front of the shop selling crackers that Rukna had to make his mother wait outside when he forced himself into the crowd to get some for his sister.

When he came out he met Bahadur of the Ninth Gurkha Rifles. Rukna had a lot to tell him about his experiences in Kashmir. His mother taking advantage of this

opportunity quickly went into the vegetable market to get the grapes that her daughter had asked her to bring without the knowledge of her brother.

Rukna too was looking for a chance like that to buy a present for his sister, without the knowledge of his mother. He wanted to give everyone a surprise. He had been putting by some money for this and when he and his mother started for Darjeeling he had very carefully kept it inside the folds of his cummerbund. He had long settled on what he was going to buy for Surya. Whenever he saw her dark, long hair falling down her back he thought that a *cerbundhi* would be so charming on her head. A gold *cerbundhi*—that was what he wanted to give her as present for Bhratri Puja. He instructed his friend to wait at the place in case his mother came back before him and hurried in search of the jeweller's shop.

AFTER a time, having finished their secret purchases, both mother and son joined and moved to a shade to sit and relax and also eat the food they had bought from home. And as they ate, the traditional worry of an Indian mother made the old woman think of home where her only daughter was and she said: "I wonder what Surya is doing now; whether she has cooked anything or eaten anything."

Rukna did not say a word. The old woman began: "She has grown up. Hey, Bhagwan! Let a worthy boy ask for her hand. Last year she was very sad during Bhratri Puja. Now she is happy that you are here."

Rukna could not think of anything to say. So he smiled and the colour changed in his face and he looked on to the green valley beyond which their village lay.

The sun set and darkness fell on the little mountain town and the lights began to shine in increasing radiance. Candles were burnt in large numbers and the traditional oil lamps illuminated the windows of the more orthodox. Some organized entertainments and a few were busy

with the pyrotechnical display. Most of the spectators were from the villages around and they were ready to be amused by anything extraordinary. There were group-singsings and at places the loudspeakers blared the popular songs. Even Rukna's mother admitted that that year's Diwali surpassed in grandeur those of the good old days when her husband was alive.

EVEN after midnight there was no stopping of the celebrations. But Rukna and his mother could not stay longer for they had to be back home before sunrise. As their last duty they did not forget to visit Kallee in her temple near the city where the pandits performed all-night service. With bowed heads the two prayed and invoked Kallee's blessings for the coming year. Then they started to tread their way back home down the winding footpaths of the hills.

The last lamp-post marked the limit of the Darjeeling town where they had to take a turn to go to Singla. There they sat for a while. Rukna finished his cigarette and his mother chewed the *pan* she had bought to keep her awake. Groups of people were returning home and among them she spotted a girl of her daughter's age. On seeing the *cerbundhi* she was wearing on her head she casually told Rukna: "Our Surya has long hair and she was asking me only the other day to buy her a *cerbundhi*. I said she would get it in time. It costs so much. We can't afford it just yet."

Rukna did not say anything. Only he made sure that the *cerbundhi* he had secretly bought was there—secure in the folds of his cummerbund. And as he walked he pictured to himself the joy of his mother and sister when they would see him fixing the gold ornament on Surya's head in the morning on Bhratri Puja. That was a pleasing, exciting thought to him and he did not feel the strain of the journey on foot as he walked fast in the darkness by his mother's side.

The twilight lingered still when they approached the vicinity of their village. As they neared their dwelling they walked with quicker

steps. They could hear no noise in the house. Rukna thought it extraordinary for he expected his sister to be awake and waiting for them. His mother, however, was happy for she took it as a sign that her daughter was not worried and was sleeping peacefully though she was all alone.

She went in calling, "Surya!" No reply came. She called louder and her search inside the house was of no avail. In an instant her expression changed. Rukna hurried out seeking the missing one. The old mother fell prostrate in front of the image of Goddess Lakshmi.

Rukna came back with 'news.' "She is gone for certain, mother," he wailed. "The villagers found her crossing Rungeet with Mahesh, a youth from the neighbourhood."

The old woman mumbled a prayer. "How can Devi keep her away from Rukna on Bhratri Puja!" she cried, grief-stricken.

STOLID serene, Rukna sat on a bund, watching idly the boisterous waters of the Rungeet flowing furiously down to the plains. As an understanding brother he found no fault in what his sister had done. Run-away marriages were recognized in their society. He never doubted her affection. And he realized that at the age she had grown to she could no longer be satisfied with the fondness of her immediate family circle. There was something richer and nobler which was awaiting her and she had fallen a willing victim to love. He thought of the great conflict she must have had before she took this final, irrevocable step. Her love had won the ultimate victory over her family affection.

Only a deep sigh or an occasional outburst of prayer broke the heavy silence that had descended on the house. Time moved slowly but steadily and the sun brightened, just before setting, in the last lap of its journey. Rukna entered the house. There was in the plate, in front of Goddess Lakshmi's image, the garland of flowers Surya had prepared for him for Bhratri Puja. He stood for a moment in deep contemplation, then took the plate with the flowers

and slowly walked towards the river.

On the bank of the river he stood and took in his hands the flowers that had failed: the wild flowers that his sister had gathered and woven into a garland, before her lover had appeared on the scene. For a moment he hesitated, but at the next he had thrown it in the waters. It leaped and played in the current, and as it moved off from his sight the tears filled his eyes, blurring everything before him and he knew not where it had changed its course and how it had disappeared—deep into the bottomlands of an eddy.



THE RED HORSEMAN

"And when he broke the second seal, I heard a second figure say, Come and look; and a second horse came out, fiery-red, whose rider was empowered to take away all peace from the world, bidding men slay one another."—APOCALYPSE

YES, come and look! He must be blind indeed,

Who cannot see the horseman fiery-red,

Wide-ranging o'er all the earth, with all his dread

Myrmidons at his heels. Where'er his steed

Appears, there Peace and Freedom trampled bleed;

And millions on his glozing doctrines fed,

Each other slay, enslave and bow the head,

As in the name of Freedom they are bid!

Softer than butter are his words of peace,

But in his bosom burns the hell of war!

Smother than oil his tempting promises,

Yet, sharp-edged swords, e'er prompt to kill, they are!

From heartlessness of man to man derives

His power; on want and fear it grows and thrives.

THEO. W. LA TOUCHE

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THE nineteenth century was a century of optimism. It was an era when men were confident of their powers and full of hopes for the future. Having shed religion they had taken up 'progress' as their watchword. Darwin's theory of evolution placed man at the pinnacle of evolution and this had given mankind a degree of faith in themselves which was difficult to shake off. So the prophets of that optimistic century believed it as their mission to hasten mankind towards whatever each of them fancied as the fit goal for humanity. Saint Simon, Marx, Proudhon, Bakunin are names that spring to the mind naturally when we speak of the prophets of the nineteenth century. Of them Marx is the only one who has provoked the most serious thought. This is because he was the only one of them who had a 'theory' of revolution. Revolutions just happen. And then theories are woven. But the significance of the Marxist social theory was that it had a theory of revolution and Marxists are conscious organisers of revolution. Imbued by the fanatic's zeal and inspired by the Marxian faith, the followers of Marx have imagined themselves to be the midwives of the socialistic era. And the greatest of all revolutions was brought about by those who called themselves Marxists. The Russian Revolution has survived nearly forty years. So the Marxian theory has an important place in political philosophy and serious thinking about it is required. Mr. Plamenatz who is as acute a critic as any and who has no political preoccupations has undertaken this task in his *German Marxism and Russian Communism*.

Marx produced a philosophy which forecast the inevitable destruction of capitalism, the achievement of socialism, and after a brief period of the dictatorship of the proletariat, the withering away of the State. This is followed by the golden era in which the "Government of men is replaced by the administration of things." Historical Materialism which is the application of the Marxist philosophy to History stresses the significance of the economic factor and the 'relations of Production'. The economic basis of society which determines the superstructure plays a predominant role in the formation of the ideologies of mankind. When the techniques of production which have to be improved at their own peril by the ruling classes reach a stage when they are incompatible with the relations of production, then the relations of production are revolutionised and the oppressed become the ruling classes. Society has thus passed through various phases: primitive communism, slavery, feudalism, and capitalism. The revolt of the working classes when the majority class will become the rulers will render the oppressive instrument of the State unnecessary. The dynamic of history can thus be explained by the class war. The classes are caught in the Catherine-wheel of history in which they are the victims of the inevitable march of history, helpless to alter its course or escape its destiny. The seeds of every future revolution are sown in the present. The stress which Marx laid on the economic factor overlooked the political factor. The revolutions that took place in Marx's own time belied many of his expectations. The onset of the destruction

of capitalism or the pauperisation of the workers did not take place at the pace he prescribed for them. So he had to shift his arguments, make way for unforeseen facts, and advocate patience among the workers. The doctrine of 'uninterrupted revolution' in which the proletarian revolution is preceded by the bourgeois revolution was enunciated by Marx and Engels. Engels lived to see the working class of Germany grow strong and adopt democratic tactics to achieve its demands. So he had to make further twists in the theory to adapt it to the changing circumstances. Marx had predicted that the rate of exploitation of workers would increase as the rate of profit of the capitalists decreased and as a consequence the polarisation of classes wherein there would be only two sections of Society, the workers and capitalists.

Mr. Plamenatz quotes extensively from the Marxist texts and shows up the theoretical inconsistencies, the verbal confusion, and the practical contradictions of many of the Marxian arguments. The most serious contradiction of the Marxian prophesy is that instead of polarisation there has been a diversification of classes. Marx had not calculated for the reforms which the captains of industry would introduce in their own interests and which would lead not only to an improvement in their condition but would benefit the workers. The three volumes of capital are his most serious contribution to the study of the economics of capitalism.

Marx and Engels had a most dangerous habit of accusing democracy and liberalism of being shams and succeeded in making even the most responsible sections of the elite lose their faith in them. As Dr. Popper has analysed and Mr. Plamenatz points out, the consequences of this attitude have been disastrous. It has led to Fascism and all the evils of totalitarianism of which the genuine Marxist could only be the helpless spectator. He had to watch impotently the application to evil ends of his own theories.

Marx and his prophecies might have been confined to the oblivion of history if the Revolution in Russia had not taken place. The paradox of the Russian Revolution was that though it was the major rebuttal of every theory of Marx, it has given a filip to both Marxism as a system of philosophy and in more tangible ways to the organisation of communists all over the world and the Chinese Revolution which have proved to have immeasurable consequences. Lenin, the genius behind that Revolution, had to adapt Marxism—which had already gone through many adaptations—to fit the conditions of Russia. Russia was the most backward country of Europe and according to Marx "no social order ever disappears before all the productive forces for which there is room in it have developed." But the revolution happened there instead of in Germany. Hence Leninism, Trotskyism, Stalinism. The political power that had to be wielded to consolidate the gains of the Revolution suggests that the Marxian creed has come to believe in political determinism rather than in economic determinism. One of the incentives, according to the author, which consolidated the position of Russian Communists and brought unity among their ranks and gave them a decoy to hang before the restive Russian masses who were already getting dissatisfied with the Soviet regime was the civil war. And surely he is not serious when he says that the only reason for the allied intervention was that the "Allies . . . had not found it easy to forgive the Bolsheviks for taking Russia out of the war." The Allies were too well read in their Marxism for that to be the reason for their intervention. The number of new theories and the shifts in emphasis introduced by Lenin and Stalin to show that the Russian Revolution was consistent with Marxian prophecies have hell-bent and twisted that philosophy out of shape, and instead of Marxism we have Marxism—Leninism—Stalinism. Mr. Plamenatz has dealt with this aspect of it in great detail and many of the consequences of the revolution are seen in a clearer perspective after a perusal of Part II of the book which deals with Russian Communism.

pective after a perusal of Part II of the book which deals with Russian Communism.

Social theories are as unlike scientific theories as possible. The sociologist who undertakes long-term predictions is more like the astrologer than the astronomer. He has to prepare for numerous unforeseen events and so he manages to produce a theory which hides under a facade of logical rigour a most dubious mass of confusion and dogma. Such systems can explain away almost anything under the sun. Marxism has had its share of such dubiousness and its interpreters are many and varied. But since only one brand of it is the accepted version one is led to wonder whether it is due to the might of the State or if there are other plausible reasons.

Like all political theorists who set out to justify political practice the author founders when he tries to prove that the Western democracies are almost angelic. Discussing the Bolsheviks' attitude to freedom he writes: "All the enemies of freedom are repulsive, and few more so than those who destroy it for the sake of an ideal they have themselves distorted and debased. What abominable conceit it is to undertake to rule people for their own good, and do it mercilessly, regardless of their wishes and most cherished beliefs, and in defiance of all common notions of humane and decent conduct!" It would be neither irrelevant nor impertinent to observe that the Bolsheviks are not the only offenders in this respect. It is quite likely that they caught this infection from the custodians of Western Culture with whom "to undertake to rule people (especially if they are Asians) for their own good" seems to be an occupational disease. Further on he writes: "The Bolsheviks believe that we are their enemies. Their philosophy teaches them that it must be so, and our behaviour has ordinarily seemed to confirm what that philosophy teaches. Why did we engage so little with the enemy and husband our resources so carefully until almost the last year of the war, and then expend them lavishly at a time when

Germany was already more than half beaten? Why did we, when Russian armies at last occupied most of the smaller countries of Eastern Europe, countries whose docile friendship was necessary to Russia's security, show ourselves so anxious that democracy should flourish in regions where it had never existed? We had reasonable answers to these questions but to the Bolsheviks they did not sound convincing." The author's questions could not have been better put by even the most zealous friends of the Soviet Union. But even if it might have been dull repetition one wishes that Mr. Plamenatz had suggested the sweetly reasonable answers given to these questions. The publishers would certainly not have grudged him the letterpress. Perhaps the best reason of all was given recently in the calculated indiscretion of Sir Winston.

Events in Russia like the periodic purges, the interference of the Com-

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munist Party in every aspect of the life of the people, and the steady concentration of power in the hands of fewer and fewer people, have been the despair of its friends and the cause of rejoicing of its enemies. Mr. Plamenatz's work will go a long way in removing many of the bewilderments about Modern Russia and solve most of the enigmas posed by the 'Marxist' philosophy as it is practised there now.

The corpus of serious literature extant on Marxist theory which while discussing the system as expounded by Marx traces the history of that philosophy down to the present is very small. Mr. Plamenatz's work is a major contribution of lasting value. Being neither the vexatious outpourings of the ex-communist in the full tidal wave of an apocalypse, nor the hallelujahs sung by the recent convert, the analysis of Mr. John Plamenatz of a political philosophy which for good or ill has come to occupy a very important niche in modern history, will find a permanent place among the critiques on Marxism.

TAMIL

Sadguru Sri Tyagaraja Swamigalin Pancharathna Kirthanai

Notation by Sangita Vidwan Alathur Venkatesier

Tiruchi Sri Sadguru Sangeeta Sabha
Re. 1

★

Kirthana Ratnakaram, Vol. I
Tyagaraja Pancharatna Kirthanas
Presented by N. Rajagopalan
Sri Meera Sangeeta Vidyalaya
37 Brodie Road, Madras-28
Re. 1-8 as.,

IT is a well-known fact in the music world that no two musicians sing alike, nor will one even approve of the method other than one's own. When approval itself is lacking why talk of appreciation? But mind you, their heads will nod like the 'Tanjore doll' as they listen to the other musician's style, but once his head is turned you can hear the mocking laughter—prelude to the most carping comments.

The above-mentioned two books are outstanding examples of the musicians' disagreement. The present reviewer is quite astounded at the fact that not even the first sangatis of all the five Pancharatnas are similar. Saint Tyagaraja's Pancharatna Kirthanas are famous. Almost all the musicians sing these five gems together, at least once a year, when they assemble to celebrate the Tyagaraja Aradhana Festival at Tiruvayyar. After the yearly adoration of the great composer is over, they seem totally to forget these compositions. Rarely do we hear them sung during the many concerts. And if one listens with a very critical ear at the Aradhana time one can perceive different voices singing in different styles, and especially in the rendering of the Varali ratna is this deviation blatant. No doubt the mass-effect with many violins and mridangas is very effective and thrilling. But so far there has been no difference in the order of the charanas. In the two books under review, in the Nata and Varali compositions the order of the charanas also varies. Even in the order of the compositions the Varali ratna comes as the third in Sri Venkatesier's and as fourth in Sri Rajagopalan's. The arohana and avarohana as given for the five ghana ragas (in which the pieces are composed) also are different. The experts in their committee meetings during the December gala discuss about very rare ragas and many other things which are only of theoretical interest. Why not they discuss these five ratnas and come to some conclusion about the authentic method of singing, order of the charanas, and order of the ghana ragas?

In Alathur Sri Venkatesier's book there is that new charana in the Arabhi pancharatna which we have heard the Alathur brothers sing. The sahitya part is first given in Telugu, and in the svarasahitya which is in Tamil the number of the letter in the Sanskrit alphabet is given to aid correct pronunciation.

In the *Kirthana Ratnakaram*, apart from giving this number, Sri

Rajagopalan gives the word-for-word meaning in Tamil and a summary in English. Although the words are split meaninglessly for the sake of the tala this would help the singer to at least keep in mind the meaning of such split words, and to sing with some bhava.

As far as the present reviewer's knowledge goes there has been no music book without an errata page. The first-mentioned book which has about fifty pages has two pages of errata—and, without stint, two more can be added. Sri Rajagopalan's book, one thought, was an exception. But if he had added on a page or two of errata that would have made one take the blunders as the usual printer's devils or the proof-reader's sins of omission and commission.

Sri Tyagaraja himself has chiselled and polished these pieces and has called them Pancharatnas, or the five gems. But if each and every musician begins to chisel and polish the same five gems what would be the result, say, after a couple of decades?

Congress Seithi (Special Number)
Tamil Nad Congress Committee,
8, Narasingapuram St., Madras 2
Re. 1

TO mark the sixtieth session of the Indian National Congress at Avadi the Tamil Nad Congress Committee have issued a Special Number of *Congress Seithi* which contains articles on topics of general and particular interest by seasoned politicians and journalists, as pointers towards the manysided progress of the country. As is usual with special numbers got up to commemorate occasions, it fulfils both the need of the occasion and the opportunity for the individual writer. One should not look for distinction.

TELUGU

Acharya Chudamani

A Drama by Saktibhadra
Translated by Vidyapravina Vidwan
Utukuru Anjaneya Sharma, M.A.
Published by A. Veeraswami,
61, Armenian Street, Madras-1
Rs. 2

THE genius of Valmiki and nobility of Rama put together has created

an immortal place for Rama in the hearts of Indians. Rama's tales have been told and retold by many an author. In Sanskrit, Bhasa, Bhavabhuti, Bhatta Murari, Jayadeva and a host of others, have dramatized the stories of Rama each of which attained an individual place in view of its writer's genius. This drama by Saktibhadra attained such a place because of the author's verve.

Making slight alterations in the original story without harming its beauty, Saktibhadra makes a pivot of the three incidents: the ring, the blessing of Anasuya, and the Choodamani, for his dramatic purpose.

Valmiki created only a *maya mruga* in Ramayana, but in the third act of this drama, Saktibhadra, with cleverness and ease handles no less than two *maya* Ramas, a Sita, and a Lakshmana. In spite of such mystifying situations the conversations flow smoothly and clearly.

In translating this awe-inspiring piece of writing, Mr. Anjaneya Sharma has done a great service to Telugu literature. A master of philology, a man of talent and creative ability and proficient in four languages, it is no wonder that Mr. Sharma has so well succeeded in conveying to the full the wonderful dexterity of Saktibhadra. By using *vyavaharika* in place of *prakrit*, Mr. Sharma has kept up the distinction between the *uttama* and *neecha* characters in the drama.

Mr. Sharma's style is simple and beautiful. Without ignoring the rules and regulations of *vyakarana* his style sounds and flows as smoothly as *vyavaharika*. This is the reason why his poems read vigorous as well as simple. In short, the completeness of Saktibhadra is well preserved and successfully displayed in the translation.

This book, a masterpiece in Sanskrit drama, now brought into Telugu with great efficiency deserves to be recognised by every lover of Telugu literature and literature in general. Here is a book, a drama, worth studying in detail by students in the University Classes.

SHAPE OF THINGS IN CONGRESS SOCIALISM

By G. S. BHARGAVA

STUDENTS of Socialism are acquainted with two main currents of Socialist thought: the Utopian and the scientific or Marxian. While Saint Simon, Charles Fourier, Robert Owen, Louis Blanc and Proudhon moulded the Utopian school, scientific Socialism owes its origin to Marx and Engels. The German Social Democracy, as propounded by Ferdinand Lassalle, the Fabian Socialism of Bernard Shaw and the Webbs and the Syndicalism of George Sorel do not fit into either of the above two patterns but they have also no basically distinct features of their own. In respect of fundamental values and goals, all these schools of thought are alike; they vary only in emphasis on particular aspects of the non-exploitative society they stand to create.

We, in India, are now getting to know a new variety, election "Socialism" or Congress "Socialism," which is different from the above patterns of Socialist thought in fundamentals as well as in matters of detail. Free of "doctrinaire" inhibitions, Congress "Socialism" is unique in itself. The Prime Minister, Mr. Nehru, is its author and apostle. While campaigning for the 1952 General Election, he, as Congress President, resurrected the "Socialist" ideal which was his favourite topic in the pre-Independence days, in a speech in Bombay. Cartoonist Shankar immortalised the event with a cartoon in which the Prime Minister was shown rowing a boat (Congress) and stealing the wind from the sails of a smaller vessel by its side, with Jayaprakash and others aboard.

After that nothing much was heard about Socialism from either Government or Congress spokesmen. In March, 1953, when Jayaprakash Narayan put forward a 14-point programme the acceptance of which, the

P. S. P. made it clear, was the *sine qua non* for its co-operation with the Congress "at all levels," Mr. Nehru replied that "the time had not come for any commitments to be made." The share markets greeted the remark with bullish fervour. The 14 points, Jayaprakash had then made it clear, did not constitute a Socialist programme or a "doctrinaire approach" of which the Prime Minister is so contemptuous. Capital levy, which was provided for in the Socialist Party's election manifesto, was not among the 14 points.

Nearly one and half years later, in November last, addressing the National Development Council in New Delhi, the Prime Minister again reverted to the old theme. He declared that he had in mind "a Socialist picture of society" for India. After all, as the Commerce and Industry Minister, Mr. T. T. Krishnamachari, told Asoka Mehta in the Lok Sabha, Socialism is nobody's monopoly and everyone can talk about it, especially at the time of elections. Didn't the Tories in England in 1950 borrow several welfare schemes of the Labour party to win over the middle class voter, though they did not call themselves Socialists? The present Avadi session of the Congress, meeting on the eve of the crucial Andhra elections, is naturally expected to clarify the "Socialist picture of society" which the Prime Minister has in mind.

SINCE Mr. Nehru has often expressed his opposition to "using the word (Socialism) in its dogmatic sense," and since other Government spokesmen are equally emphatic in their denunciation of the "doctrinaire approach" to economic problems, it is unnecessary here to quote the classical definitions of Socialism. But Bernard Shaw, with his characteristic pragmatism, boiled down Socialism to economic equa-

lity. "The only satisfactory plan," he said in *The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism* "is to give everybody an equal share, no matter what sort of a person she is, or how old she is, or what sort of work she does, or what her father was". Further, "... Socialism ... faces Caesars and Soviets, Presidents and Patriarchs, British Cabinets and Italian Dictators or Popes, patrician oligarchs and plebeian demagogues, with its unshaken demonstration that they cannot have a stable and prosperous State without equality of income. They may plead that such equality is ridiculous. That will not save them from the consequences of inequality."

THE Prime Minister, I am sure, will not consider Bernard Shaw doctrinaire. Shaw's writings are also more recent than Marx's and so the stigma of books written over 100 years ago does not apply to them. Moreover, the Prime Minister has also a soft corner for Shaw. Did he not take with him all the way to London mangoes to be given to Shaw?

Therefore, economic equality should be an acceptable yardstick to assess the "Socialist" content of the Nehru Government. What positive steps has the Government taken to promote economic equality? What has been done to remove or lessen the glaring inequalities? Let facts speak. Distribution of income is a sure index of the structure of a society. In India, the following table reveals the income distribution for 1948-49:

Range of Income	% of population	% of national income
Rs. 3,000 to Rs. 4,999	0.86	2.05
" 5,000 to Rs. 9,999	0.37	2.00
" 10,000 to Rs. 14,999	0.13	1.18
" 15,000 to Rs. 24,999	0.08	1.25
" 25,000 to Rs. 49,999	0.05	1.5
" 50,000 to Rs. 99,999	0.016	0.94
" 100,000 and above	0.008	1.25

The princes who are not taxed and agricultural incomes which are also outside the purview of income-tax are excluded from the table above. A large number of people, especially of

the higher income groups, are in the habit of evading tax or underestimating their incomes. Allowing for all these, it will be evident that 0.35 per cent of the population receive 6.25 per cent of the national income.

Between 1938 and '48, the percentage of persons with incomes exceeding Rs. 25,000 rose from 2.5 to 5. Their share in the national income registered an increase of 18 per cent. In Britain, which is not a Socialist country, during the same decade the number of persons earning £2,000 or more a year fell from 3.5 to 2 per cent. Their share in the national income declined from 12.5 to 10.8 per cent.

The Government's taxation policy is responsible for this yawning gulf of economic disparity. Taxes on incomes are the lowest in India as compared with other countries. The percentage of taxes on income in total tax revenue was 44.8 in India in 1947 as against 50.4 in Britain and 66.2 in the U. S. The definite trend towards decrease of taxes on incomes and increase of indirect taxes will be evident from the following table:

	Percentage in total taxes			
	1944-45	46-47	50-51	52-53
Taxes on income	48.0	30.6	28.2	26.4
Customs	10.2	20.8	25.9	26.9
Central Excise	9.5	9.7	10.7	12.0

The ratio of direct to indirect taxes has changed from 34:56 to 32:58.

AFTER Liaquat Ali's bombshell in the pre-partition days, the first budget of the "Socialist" Nehru Government in 1947 brought "a message of cheer and hope" to the financiers and industrialists, to quote *The Times of India*. Crowning that came generous concessions in the shape of liberal depreciation allowances and practical exemption of new concerns from taxation. The second big dose of concessions followed with the 1948-49 budget which reduced the rate and incidence of the business profits and super taxes and lowered the rate of levy on undistributed profits. These concessions cost the exchequer a clean sum of Rs. 10 crores, which was made up by raising indirect taxes. In other words, the concessions were directly at the

expense of the common man. Duties on consumer goods were raised and fresh levies imposed. Customs and excise duties yielded 32 per cent of the total income in 1938-39. After the establishment of the "Socialist" Nehru Government, their contribution rose to 50 per cent!

EVEN the *Eastern Economist* which is never tired of airing the grievances of Big Business, conceded in its latest Budget Number that "the concessions and advantages secured in the past must serve as the promise for the future . . . The concessions in taxation to new enterprises which have been in force from 1948 have been secured without much difficulty."

The middle classes are as much victims of this Government policy of pampering Big Business as the working class and the peasantry. Yet middle class opinion is so gullible that if a Government spokesman sheds crocodile tears for them and points an accusing finger for the state of affairs at the workers and their trade union leaders (not the INTUC, of course) and the peasants and their organisers, the former are taken in by it. This has become such a profitable pastime (it is based on the old Roman axiom of 'divide and rule') that multi-millionaire industrialists have also taken to it. If there is a strike in a factory, the middleclass shareholders stand to lose; if there is increase in direct taxes it will hit the shareholders in the pocket. This is their theme.

To understand how much control the real middle classes wield over the economic life of the country let us examine the working of the joint stock companies. Five hundred and three important industrial concerns are managed by 3728 directors. This does not mean they are 3728 individual directors. Only 1013 hold the 3728 directorships. Again, of these, 800 directorships are held by 20 persons who really rule India.

The same concentration will be evident in respect of profit distribution. There are about 9,000 factories in India, employing 17,00,000 workers. These industrial units are managed

by a system of managing agency which has no parallel in any other country. According to figures available for the period 1940-47, cotton textile mills in Bombay distributed their profits in the ratio of 38.3 per cent and 46.27 per cent between the managing agents and the shareholders. The cotton mill magnates of Ahmedabad, who are the most patriotic because they finance the Prime Minister's party of "Socialism," take away 70.5 per cent of the profits of the mills as managing agents. It has been calculated that 250 managing agents realise as much as 19,50,000 shareholders, swallowing Rs. 15 for every Rs. 10 distributed as dividend which, according to an investigation of the Finance Ministry, mostly goes to the middle classes.

No wonder therefore that such a fate has overtaken the Company Law (Amendment) Bill and that Government spokesmen, notably Finance Minister Chintaman Deshmukh, adopt such an attitude towards abolition of the managing agency system.

The Prime Minister has expressed himself against "inter-locking" in international affairs. But the system of interlocutory directorships, according to which several concerns are interlinked by a group of common directors, which is prevalent in our country, does not worry him. Even in the U. S., the haven of capitalism, such "inter-locking" is not allowed.

IN the case of earned income also, the disparity is equally glaring. A director of a bank draws Rs. 5,000 or more a month, the I.C.S. Secretary between Rs. 3,000 and Rs. 5,000 a month, while an unskilled worker or a *chaprasi* gets between Rs. 50 and Rs. 70. The Nizam of Hyderabad is paid Rs. 4,16,666 a month while a landless labourer hardly gets Rs. 50 a month on an average. The ratio of disparity works out to be roughly 1:8,000. In Russia, it is about 1:80 after 30 years of "Socialism". (With apologies to Mrs. Rameshwari Nehru, Dr. Saifuddin Kitchlew, Col. S. S. Sokhey and others). In Socialist Israel, with which we have no diplomatic ties on account of our pro-

Arab sympathies, it is 1:7. In China, according to Pandit Sunder Lal, whose several other 'facts' about that country have been proved to be wrong, the ratio of disparity is 1:10, which is as bad as the difference in the earnings of a worker and a manager of an industrial establishment in the U. S.

When a demand was made in Parliament for the fixing of a ceiling of Rs. 1,000 on Government servants' salaries, the Finance Minister stated that such a step would lead to an increase of no more than Rs. 2/8 in the salaries of lower income groups. The psychological effect of such a measure was totally overlooked by him. Further, Mr. Deshmukh took shelter under the fact that there was economic disparity in Russia also. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the "picture of Socialist society" the Prime Minister and his colleagues have in mind is not of the Soviet variety.

Gandhiji had suggested a ceiling of Rs. 500 on monthly incomes and wanted Congress Ministers to set an example to others. The Karachi resolution of the Congress also fixed identical upper and lower limits for incomes. But under Mr. Nehru's "Socialism," the Congress Ministers of Andhra were not content till they got a salary cut, forced on them by the legislature, restored with retrospective effect. Today, it stands out that, only the P. S. P. Ministers of Travancore-Cochin have voluntarily reduced their salaries.

The foregoing facts and figures prove to the hilt that the "Socialist" Nehru Government did precious little, during the last seven and half years, to reduce the economic disparity in the country. It was not content with such a negative record. Positively, the Government also hampered raising of income in the lower brackets, lest the economic disparity should lessen. The lapsing of the Minimum Wages Act and the modification of the Bank Award are glaring instances in point. By those actions, the Government prevented an increase in the emoluments of the toilers. This is "Socialism" with a vengeance!

THE record of the Government in respect of the rural sector is no better. The Planning Minister, Mr. Gulzarilal Nanda, recently admitted in Parliament that the progress of land reforms was not commensurate with the requirements of the situation. Who but the Congress party is responsible for it? Seven years ago, the Jaipura Congress had accepted the Kumarappa Committee Report which advocated limitation of land holdings. But not a single State Government introduced legislation on those lines. If one or two States, like Delhi and Himachal Pradesh ventured in that direction, the Planning Commission pulled them back. The P. S. P. Government in Travancore-Cochin is again the only government to bring forward, within six months of its assumption of office, legislation providing ceilings to existing holdings as well as future acquisition. But before the Government of that State sees through the legislation, the Prime Minister's party is bent on overthrowing the regime on the specious alibi that it was not consulting the Congress party adequately. But the real reason for the Congress wrath is the proposed land reforms against which the powerful plantation interests have raised such a hue and a cry. A member of the A.-I.C.C. from Travancore-Cochin, Mr. P. T. Chacko, let the cat out of the bag in his pamphlet, "Some Aspects of the Land Policy of the P. S. P. Government." He says: "The Ajmer (A.-I.C.C.) resolution insists that a census of land holdings should be undertaken . . . The Travancore-Cochin Government do not seem to have taken any such census. They do not also make any distinction between substantial farms which are directly managed by their owners so efficiently that their break-up would lead to a fall in production . . . The decision to enforce an upper limit indiscriminately, not caring for the disintegration of efficiently managed farms and the consequent fall in production of important crops, is not in the interests of the community at large."

The fact that the former Congress

Ministry had set up a Land Policy Committee which toured the State, collected all the available data and prepared a report does not interest Mr. Chacko, because he wants the evil day of fixation of ceilings to be put off, one way or another. If a fresh census is taken, it will mean a delay of at least a year for the initiation of the legislation itself. Secondly, how is this criticism of a State Congress leader to be reconciled with the "advice" Mr. S. N. Agarwal, the Gandhian Secretary of the A-I.C.C., gave to the Travancore-Cochin Ministry that it should expedite the land reforms! Mr. Agarwal had specially gone to Travancore-Cochin to tender the valuable advice.

Mr. Chacko did not fail to quote his leaders, including the "Socialist" Prime Minister, in his advocacy against ceilings to land holdings. He says: "I feel that a 15-acre or a 25-acre limit to our average sized family holdings will only serve to shut off

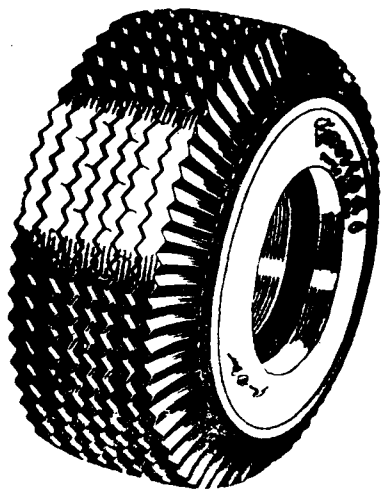
the doors against the much needed revolution in the field of agriculture . . . In the system of our farming, besides the initial investment, further investments are demanded by soil fertility, maintenance and soil erosion control. Efficient farmers with large holdings and sufficient capital alone can meet these demands . . . It may be argued that the main goal of the proposed legislation is reduction of inequalities . . . But care should be taken not to mistake reduction of economic inequalities with distribution of poverty. Echoes of the Prime Minister and the Finance Minister.

In his reply to Jayaprakash rejecting the latter's 14-point programme, the Prime Minister said: "I have a sensation of basic dynamic changes taking place in the world which are really affecting human life in every aspect—political, economic, social, etc. Mostly these result from the pace of technological advance. I do not think these changes are all to the good, but there they are. I have also the feeling that all of us, if I may say so, are apt to be left behind in our thinking by these changes."

THEN there is the familiar argument about "distribution of poverty." Since it is ridiculous 'to distribute poverty,' let the poor remain poor while the rich are allowed to grow richer. Nevertheless, the Prime Minister's own party men, including INTUC heroes, talk highly of land reforms in China. The argument about "distribution of poverty" is not brought in there. But these Congressmen overlook the basic fact that there is no Congress party in China!

If "distribution of poverty" is bad, what steps has the Nehru Government taken to distribute the prosperity that is being created say, in Community Project areas? At a seminar on Community Projects held last year in Lucknow under the joint auspices of Lucknow University and the Cornell University of America, it was placed on record that the Community Projects were heightening the economic and social disparity in the area and that only the rich peasants were benefiting from them. The Community Projects and the

Firestone



**BEST TODAY—
STILL BETTER TOMORROW**

National Extension Service blocks in Andhra confirm this observation.

The Prime Minister seems to identify planned economy with Socialism. Capitalist economies, too, have their plans, though they do not work according to the latter. As for our first Five-Year Plan, Mr. Nanda himself recently confessed to its deficiencies, some of which are fundamental. He said that while there was unemployment on the one hand, there were "shortages" on the other. He also stated that so far the Government had not been able to find the technology best suited to our conditions.

Such lapses will be unheard of under Socialist planning. If it were a genuine Socialist government in power in India, it would not have, like the present Government, adopted capital-intensive methods of development. It would not have sacrificed the interests of the people for kudos and chits from foreign visitors who are readily impressed by spectacular structures.

There is still another point which will come to light in due course. A sum of Rs. 5,500 crores is proposed to be spent on the second Five-Year Plan. Of this about Rs. 3,000 crores would go to the public sector and the rest to the private sector. Since the public sector includes agriculture, health, education, etc., industrial development will receive only a part of the Rs. 3,000 crores set apart for the sector. In the private sector, the entire sum of Rs. 2,500 crores will go to build up industries. The result will naturally be a shift in favour of private enterprise with its concomitant social policy.

Moreover, the experience of the first Five-Year Plan shows that in the public sector against the originally proposed outlay of Rs. 101 crores, only Rs. 29 crores had been spent in three years. In the private sector, Rs. 96 crores had been invested (excluding Rs. 63 crores expected to be added during the current financial year) against the outlay of Rs. 233 crores. It is therefore doubt-

ful that the second Plan targets will be realised without substantial foreign aid to private capital in the country. As in the case of oil refineries, foreign assistance implies shift in policy in favour of private enterprise. Therefore, the shape of things to come under the Prime Minister's "Socialism" is pretty clear.

Big business itself knows this too well. The industrialists and the financiers must be laughing in their sleeves when they hear Mr. Nehru talk of "Socialism." *The Eastern Economist* expressed the businessman's reaction to the Prime Minister's "Socialism" when it said, rather confidently: "The hope for private enterprise in industry is based on the belief that the actual policies of the Government in assisting the private sector will not be as severe and adverse as most of the pronouncements about the importance of the public sector and the restrictions on managing agencies would suggest."

THE gullible middle class opinion which will be taken in by Mr. Nehru's "picture of Socialist society," will do well to recollect Rabindranath Tagore's statement contained in his famous letter to Miss Rathbone. "A government must be judged not by the pretensions of its spokesmen but by its actual and effective contributions to the well-being of the people." It will be judged not by the Prime Minister's pep talk on "Socialism" but by what Mr. Nehru and his party have done during the last seven and half years.

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THE AVADI CONGRESS: IMPRESSIONS

By **SANTHA RUNGACHARY**

(whose reactions, she confesses she was appalled to discover, were purely feminine—Ed.)

LAST week the All India Congress Party sanctified the village of Avadi by setting up its annual milestone in its humble environs. Avadi has so long been known to most people only as a war-time military camp. Hereafter it will no doubt be immortalised in history as the rendezvous for the most spectacular and persuasive courtship of recent times. It was seduction pure and simple in a green and gold Gemini setting, against a background of Tamil culture. Six lakhs of people surrendered without a murmur. Panditji, take a bow.

The grumblers, the sceptics, the disillusioned, the theoreticians, the dissatisfied intellectuals—all have laid down their arms for the time being. For an exhausting, insatiable

week, Mr. Nehru had his charm turned full on. The Avadi conference was Nehru's show. He was Principal Boy, Author and Dramatic Critic all rolled into one inimitable charm package. Nehru at the microphone, Nehru scratching his Gandhi cap with a thoughtful pucker on his brow, Nehru jumping over the bolsters laughing like a boy, Nehru springing up to pin the President's insignia on Mr. Dhebar, Nehru giving vent to an aside with a wink, Nehru hushing the crowds, Nehru impulsively exhorting the multitude to close the session by singing the National Anthem together—he captivated, overwhelmed, transformed the proceedings. His energy was stupendous, his candour disarming, his timing perfect. He held the

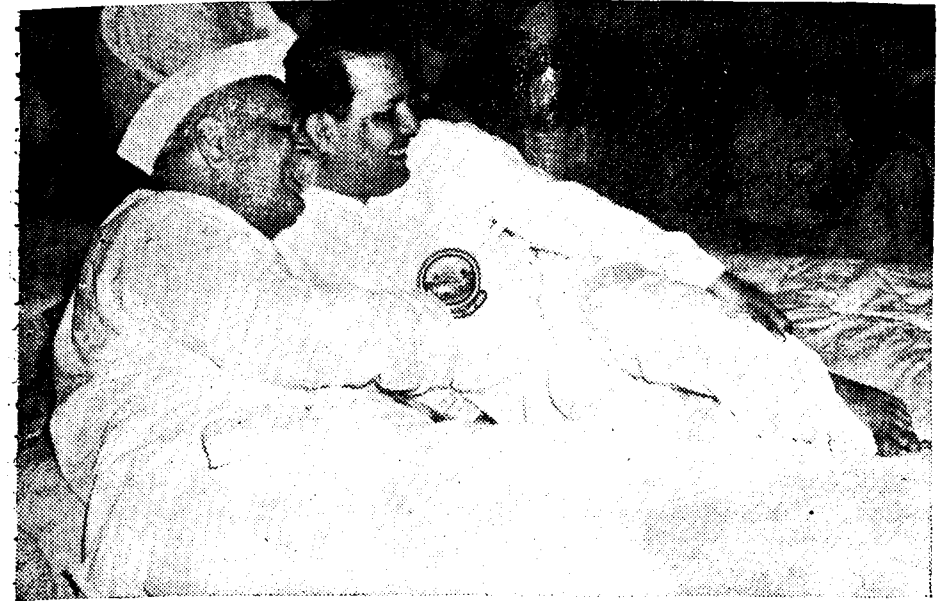


This habit of reclining

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on bolsters while transacting

crowd in the palm of his hand for three whole days.

Three hundred and eighty carpenters, 72 craftsmen, 2,500 volunteers, 250 cooks, 300 scavengers, a dozen radio employees, 132 post and telegraph employees, a few hundred policemen, scores of manual labourers, the whole State Government and 40 doctors set the stage for this staggering mass capitulation. The Saivite shrine of Thirumullaivayil paled into commonness besides the cardboard glamour of the Gemini gopuram. Chief Ministers, Governors, Rajpramukhs, Buddhist bhikkus, foreign celebrities, Nehru outshone them all. One could have happily spent the three days at Avadi watching the women watching Nehru. Especially the women. There was a light on their faces. It was shameless. It was touching. It was frightening. Mr. Nehru wears power like a mantle, easily, effortlessly, and accepts homage like a king.

The enchantment of his personality reached out not only to the women. Every man, official or non-official, important or insigni-

ficant who got up to say a few words, relevant or irrelevant, in the Subjects' Committee meeting or at the open session, began or concluded with or led up to an encomium of Mr. Nehru. It was not merely diplomacy, because if it was just that, they would not have said the same thing, all of them. It was not merely keeping up with the present political fashion to entrench oneself more securely in one's position in party or government. The praise was as inevitable as talk of weather between two Englishmen. What else was there to say? Why say it, anyway? Mr. Nehru had said it all, more eloquently, more persuasively, more sparkingly than they could ever hope to do. So they praised Mr. Nehru. There are some people in the world whose presence inspires, who act as catalytic agents in the thoughts of others, who spur the creative faculties of others on. Mr. Nehru immobilises, transfixes the minds of others as if casting a spell on them. And just in the proportion that they become voiceless, inchoate, incoherent, he waxes voluble, bold, irrepressible. The mass-hypnotic effect of his personality

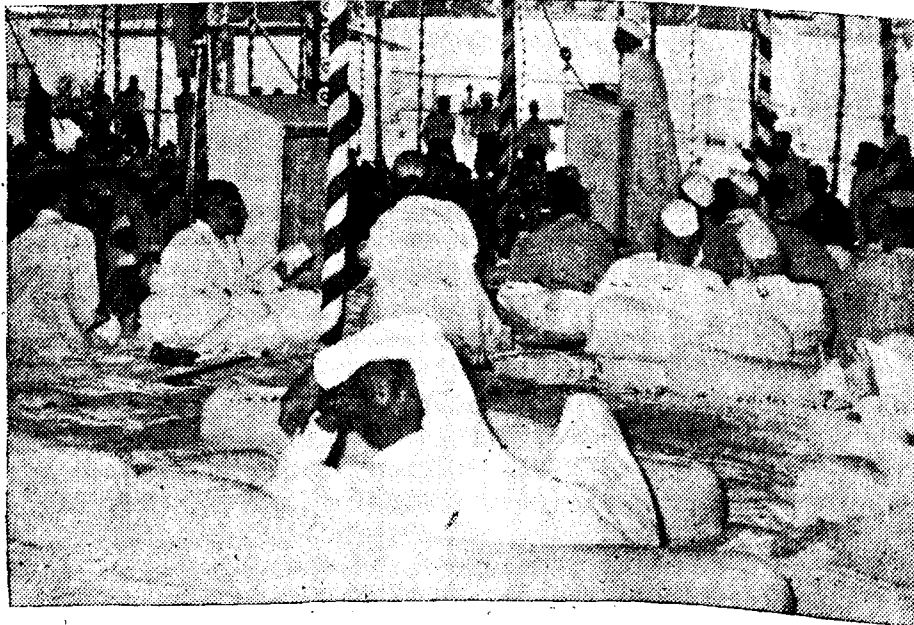
January 29 1955

was evident time and again at the Avadi Congress. He stood up to speak and the very air became still. He left the stage and the interest of the audience walked away with him.

But there is a time for enchantment and a time for thought. One must come home and take up one's life again, go to market, earn a living, send one's children to school, buy shoes. The Government—not personalities—obtrudes into one's life at a dozen points. So one must think, clear one's head of the witchery, recapitulate. What has this Government Party resolved to do that makes this session significant or historic or momentous? Does the session justify the spending of an estimated Rs. 30 lakhs on the setting for its deliberations alone? What is the Party promising the people in return for their votes?

One heard in Avadi a set of new phrases over and over again, passing in reiterated quotation from lip to lip, dropping eventually on to the printed page. The *Socialistic Pattern* of society and its fellow-traveller, the new *Economic Policy*—if one heard them once one heard them a thou-

sand times—were Nehru's pet babies. He cooed over them, he fondled them, he held them up for public appreciation. The danger about such resolutions, said Mr. Nehru, was words. *You may use striking words, broad words and phrases, he said, and imagine that you have given a lead to the country, and, without batting an eyelid, went on to explain in a few thousand words vaguely what he meant by Socialistic.* This cataract of intimate, persuasive eloquence no doubt thrilled the listener but left his mind no clearer about the new ideal. Is Socialism Sarvodaya? Or is Sarvodaya a Co-operative Commonwealth? And which one of these is the Welfare State? The *Harijan*, in a recent issue, drew the line clearly and unequivocally between Socialism and a Co-operative Commonwealth. Mr. Nehru first made it clear that he was using the word *Socialistic* not in the historical or traditional or contemporaneous sense and immediately posed a conundrum by pointing out that there could be a Welfare State without Socialism but there could not be Socialism without a Welfare State. Whatever else he



history.....does.....to say the least,



with drowsy numbness fill the brain.....

was going to do, it was clear, he was not going to rush things. What would India be like in ten years? He couldn't say. He did not know what specific steps they would have to take as they progressed. We propose, he said, to control only the obstacles created by the private sector in the way of attaining the Socialistic pattern. But even here, he hastened to add, we want to remove these obstacles slowly. The State, he defined, would be able to enter into any field of industry of any level and type for economic or social reasons, but in no event will it be in a position for a long time to cover the entire field of the nation's economy. The term basic industries is in itself vague. How basic is Basic? Does it mean strategic industries like coal, steel, locomotives,

shipping or public utility industries like cement and textiles or luxury goods? He begged his audience to think in a dynamic way and rhetorically described Socialism as *creating conditions in which the creative energy of our masses is released*. Whom was he trying not to alarm and whom was he trying to please? Or was it that his plans—most of the resolutions bear the unmistakable stamp of Mr. Nehru—were still on the plane of vague idealism? Is Congress trying to move to the Left or to the Right? Is it trying to come to the Centre?

Socialism is not a vague word. It is a hard modern word. You can't placate people with it. It will mean certain basic changes in the economy of a country. It might be adapted to a

particular country's special needs and situations by a little cutting here and adjusting there, a little compromise on the side, but there is nothing merciful about its body proper. What is the shape and size and texture and degree of this Socialism we are going to have? Does this Socialism mean high taxation and the slow widening of the public sector? Does it mean minimum wages and State benefits? The Government proposes to spend about Rs. 5000 crores on the next 5-Year Plan. Surely they must have some kind of concrete plan?

But this Congress is *historic* in the sense that, however vaguely, the word Socialism has been mentioned. That, understandably, is a positive achievement. One feels that it was because there was some trepidation about how the older members of the Congress wedded to Sarvodaya were going to look upon the new ideal of Socialism that Mr. Dhebar has been called to the Presidentship of the Party. He well deserves it, let us have no doubt about it. But it is a fact that he represents the Old Guard in the Congress. He was the only man in the whole session who mentioned Truth and non-violence, constructive work, Khadi, the charka. He would be the mouth-piece and champion of the cottage industries in the private sector. Mr. Nehru would carry on his shoulders the responsibility of the array of reforms lined up for the public sector—the proposed amendments to the Indian Companies Act, nationalisation of the Imperial Bank and amendment of Article 31 of the Constitution and others of a like calibre. The overall impression, personally speaking, was that Mr. Nehru's Utopia was going to be a cross between Capitalism in the profit-motive sense and Socialism in the Communitistic sense.

It was not only new words that one heard during the session. One got the impression that the Party was laying its cards on the table. *The atmosphere in the Congress*, said Mr. Nehru, *is not good and pure*. And in ten years, he said, the Government was going to try to reach full employment. It was wonderful to hear these things said. But they are just

words. How is Congress going to be cleansed? How are the seekers of power and self-aggrandizement going to be eliminated? And as for employment where is it going to come from when the Socialistic pattern envisaged is not even in the blue-print stage? According to the National Income Committee, the working population as obtained from the Census is 14.32 crores. The remaining 21.34 crores represents the non-earning dependents of all ages and sexes. Suppose 25% of this figure is employable. Where are 5 crores of jobs going to come from in the next ten years? There are going to be, in addition, 18 lakhs of employable people blossoming out every year. Yes, Mr. Nehru laid the cards on the table. But it certainly seems as if he is going to put them back in the pack to deal them out again.

Mr. Nehru carried the Avadi session of the Congress Party on his personal shoulders, it was true, but it has been obvious for some time that *somebody* would have to carry it for otherwise it might well have been carried away at this session on a stretcher. But what the Congress Party needs, if we can take Mr. Nehru at his word value, is Time. Time, the one commodity of which each of us has only so much and no more. Why did not the Congress ask for it? At the election which comes the year after next what is the platform from which they are going to fight? Mao, said Mr. Nehru rather casually, expects to take 20 years to establish the foundations of socialism in China. *Let us take the big river valley schemes*, also said Mr. Nehru, *we put into them about Rs. 100 crores but it takes a number of years for them to be built up and during these seven or eight years, there is this lag . . . Time, that is what the Congress wants*. What the people would want in return is some kind of guarantee, some kind of promise that what was said was meant. For, otherwise, if those cards keep coming up on the table again year after year *somebody* is going to recognise them and call the Congress bluff.

And then there would be the devil to pay.

THE MYSTERY OF THE MISSING BATHROOMS

BY A LADY VISITOR

THE Mail said it. The Hindu also, I think, said it. The Express, naturally, said it. All modern amenities at Avadi, they said. Flush-out latrines. Underground drainage. The public would not have to worry about a thing. The trouble was it never occurred to any of us to suspect that by the public they had meant the *male* public. It occurred to me only when it was too late.

If I was asked by one woman on the first day of the open session of the Avadi Congress, I was asked by the Avadi Congress, I was asked by dozens the pregnant question: *where is the bath-room?* About fifty of us collected in an open space off the bus queues bound together by a common need. We asked a volunteer. He looked at us as if he had never heard of bathrooms in his whole young life. We asked a policeman who did not feel so young about such matters. He said he did not know *exactly* where it was but he would find out and let us know and that was the last we saw of him.

"He needn't have told us *exactly*," I said. "*Approximately* would have been enough."

"I come all the way from Tiruvottiyur at 10 o'clock specially to see Nehru," moaned a fat, bosomy woman dressed up to her eye-teeth, "and there isn't even a bath-room."

"Patience!" I said. "The policeman will be coming back any minute now."

But the policeman was lost to us for ever. The minutes lengthened into half an hour. Our crowd of fifty had meanwhile unobtrusively divided itself into two groups. Twilight was closing in. It did not at first occur to any of us to question why the other group was breaking itself into twos and threes and wandering off into the darkness. When we did understand it, of course, we were properly horrified.

"Fancy!" we said. "Just like men!"

But one had to be doing something. One couldn't just stand in a place and let one's mind run along a single track all the time. So we wandered around. Suddenly a tin shed 6 feet by 2½ feet resolved itself out of the increasing darkness. The tin door was stuck. Three of us laid hold of it and with the strength born of despair violently yanked it open. A thin, tall school teacher among us darted in but she had not been there a moment before she came charging out as if ten thousand devils were after her.

"Isn't it *clean*?" we asked her anxiously.

"Clean!" she sputtered, revolted. "If you want to get cholera, dysentery and gonorrhoea you can go in there."

We waited for a few minutes more.

"Of course it would be unthinkable," said one of us slowly, "to wander off like the others."

"Quite," we said, slowly. "quite unthinkable."

Impossible, of course. So common.

About twenty other women of varying ages and sizes soon joined us.

"Why shouldn't one of us," I suggested brightly, "go to the police camp and ask somebody responsible?"

"I cannot walk," said a voice softly from the darkness.

A little girl of nine suddenly disappeared behind the tin shed and reappeared a minute or two later happily grinning.

We looked at each other. Without speaking a word but all acting under the same brain-wave we stood shoulder to shoulder and threw a cordon behind the tin shed. For a solid half hour we stood there while women strayed from their queues and used us as a screen thinking perhaps that we were a special volunteer corps deputed to attend to the intimate needs of the women in the crowd.

Would somebody kindly tell me where those bath-rooms were and who took them away?

January 29 1955

WHITHER, FOURTH ESTATE?

BY "ASLAM"

THE primary principle of democracy is that everyone, as no other system does, an opportunity to one and all to express their opinions. Those who have analysed the conditions under which modern democracy functions cannot help coming to the conclusion that the press or the Fourth Estate as it has been called plays a vital role in a democracy; because in the ultimate analysis, it is public opinion that decides the type of government that we should have. This public opinion might be an inchoate mass or in Lippmann's phrase a "mere phantom". But nevertheless it has a decisive role to play. The Press being the medium through which it is shaped, it is important that the Press should be free from any kind of control. For a controlled Press is the very antithesis of freedom.

When we see how far the Fourth Estate in India conforms to this conception of the role of the Press, we cannot help coming to the conclusion that the Indian Press is in fact a controlled one, that it is in fact like the genie in Aladdin's lamp dancing to the tune set by its masters. What it articulates is not the voice of the people but the voice of a few powerful barons of the industry. A small coterie of moneyed industrialists control the Indian press today. The only purpose to which they address themselves is naturally the amassing of more money. For this all other considerations are thrown to the winds. It does not require much imagination to state that such conditions make the functioning of real democracy impossible. A classic instance of suppression of news is the recent case when a speech by Prime Minister Nehru on the Ramayana was not published in any of the papers in Madras State except the *The Mail*. If this is the treatment meted out to the Prime Minister's speech then one wonders what becomes of the articulations of lesser mortals. Such an incident in England or the United States would

have resulted in many protestations. It is on this inertia and indifference of the people that dictatorship thrives.

If we are to succeed in the great experiment in democracy which we have launched, it is essential that we should guard ourselves against such invasions of liberty. The essence of freedom lies not so much in getting it as in the way in which it is maintained. What happened to the Weimar Constitution should serve as a warning for all. In spite of its ultra-democratic Constitution, it produced a Hitler. Thus it is apparent that by far the greatest danger to our infant democracy comes from the concentration of power in the hands of a few. Monopoly in business is obnoxious enough; monopoly in such a vital agency as the Press is more dangerous because there are certain things which the Press can do which mere economic power cannot achieve. What has happened today is an unholy combination of money power and the Press. To allow our thought processes to be controlled by the oligarchies of the Press is to lay the strongest foundations for tyranny. For a people which is made to think only on set patterns ceases to have any originality in expression, ultimately. Creativeness is born not out of controlled thought, but out of uninhibited reflection.

Tyrants like Caesar and Napoleon had only the army through which they realised their ambitions. But their modern counterparts have a more dangerous weapon in their hands—propaganda. That forms the essential difference between Hitler and other dictators of the past.

What is required, is the enactment of a law penalising such wilful suppressions. What democracy requires for its success is a spirit of give and take compromise—the development of that spirit enunciated in this statement of Voltaire to an opponent of himself: "I absolutely disagree with what you say, but I will defend to the death your right to say it." This is the spirit which we want very badly today. In fact it is the only condition under which our democracy can survive.

When the last guest had left...



...I breathed a deep sigh of relief. It had been a hectic day. But after all the compliments, it was worth it.

Two hundred people had sat down for the wedding feast and naturally I was anxious that everything should be all right. But from the first dish till the last I heard nothing but praise. Everyone voted it "wonderful."



I have to thank Dalda Vanaspati for that! It is ideal for a big reception because it can be used again and again in the preparation of every kind of dish. All my guests appreciated the superb natural flavour which Dalda brings out in food. And with Dalda packed in an air-tight sealed tin I knew there was no risk of any contamination by dirt or flies. Dalda is always sold fresh, pure and wholesome.



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