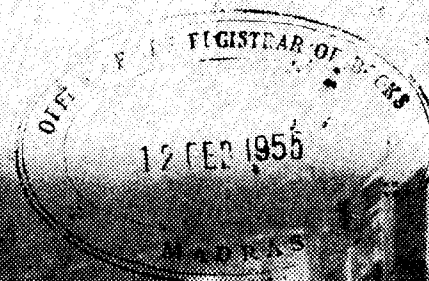


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Subscription rates (including postage); for one year; Inland Rs. 20; Foreign, £1-16sh., or \$8; Half-year: Inland, Rs. 10; Foreign, 18sh., or \$4.

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THE FALL OF MALENKOV

THE fall of Malenkov might mean a return to Stalinist rigours which were considerably relaxed after Malenkov became Premier of Russia. Nobody did more than he to put into execution the purges associated with Stalin's rule. He was in fact a champion intriguer and he controlled over a long period the Bolshevik party machine. But after Stalin's death, realising perhaps that the tensions of dictatorship had been driven to their climax and a policy of relaxation would meet with popular approbation he became an apostle of the soft approach. He assumed the role of a popular champion out to assuage the old Police State rigours and he set out on a policy of greater concern for better living standards and a more plentiful supply of consumer goods. In the pursuit of his policy Malenkov came very soon into conflict with Khrushchev. A rigid specimen of the traditional Bolshevik, Khrushchev stepped into control of the Communist party machine when Malenkov left it for the Premiership. Khrushchev is all for redoubled concentration on the demands of heavy industry. He regards himself as the spiritual heir on whom the mantle of Stalinism has fallen and recently he called upon Russians to go forth and colonize the East and produce ever larger families. He was probably the inspirer of the diplomatic conference of important Soviet ambassadors in the world's key positions that took place a fortnight ago in Moscow to consider, according to foreign observers' surmise, the retali-

atory measures to be taken on hand in the wake of the re-arming of West Germany.

Khrushchev has for some time been the most dominant figure in Russian politics while Malenkov, actually bullied and patronised in public, has for months been subdued and sunk into silence. Khrushchev's hand is visible in the return to tougher methods evident in the most recent pronouncements of Soviet statesmen, notably their threat of a single integrated military command for all the satellite States of Eastern Europe under Russian influence and their claim to world superiority in H-bomb weapons. The voluntary exit of Malenkov was a sort of forestalment of inevitable doom, but to what extent it would result in a peaceful transfer of power is problematical, especially as Bulganin the new Premier is not a man of supreme authority in the Soviet State but just a nominee of Khrushchev. The Soviet tradition is not to permit any wielder of power that has lost it to live. It is not unlikely that Malenkov's Deputy Premiership is only an interim arrangement with a more precipitous sequel in the offing.

Annamalai University Silver Jubilee

THE Annamalai University owes its origin to the munificence and zest for educational advancement of the late Raja Annamalai Chettiar. His son, Sir M. A. Muthia Chettiar, by nursing the institution founded by his father with devotion, con-

verted a generous individual endowment into a worthy family tradition. Tamil Nadu is blessed with many sons who gave great fortunes to the building of noble educational institutions. In the last generation Sir P. S. Sivaswami Aiyar and Raja Annamalai, and in the present, Sir Muthia and Dr. Alagappa Chettiar, have been the most outstanding among these educational benefactors. The Annamalai University has been fortunate in having had a succession of distinguished Vice Chancellors among whom the late V. S. Srinivasa Sastri and Sir C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar rank as the most eminent. In Sir C. P.'s tenure of office as Vice-Chancellor the University has registered sensational development and broken new ground in the fine arts and the humanities. A quarter century of

excellent work in high grade teaching is the record to which the Annamalai University can proudly look back now on the occasion of its Silver Jubilee celebration this week. But the limited past is as nothing compared to the prospect of illimitable achievement possible in future years. This is the felicitous outcome of an endeavour that had its origin in the initiative of a single man which inspired dynamic responsive co-operation from a wide circle of official and non-official individuals and institutions, which looks like carrying its own self-propelling momentum into the far distant future with infinite regenerative capacity for human good. More than all its accomplishment the University provides a stirring example to copy for patriots of means with a constructive mind and social purpose.

Sotto Voce

THE FREE MAN'S CREDO



THE declaration of their political faith, made by the leading writers and artists of Andhra is not only timely. It is in the best tradition of that creative integrity which has drawn its inspiration from, and in its turn sustained the unconquerable spirit of man. That the statement is issued on the eve of the elections in Andhra is perhaps an accident; it is not the less welcome on that account. The elections will, if the Communists win, make totalitarianism of the Left not a mere possibility but a grim actuality. And it is right that the Andhra

writers, who enjoy the confidence and esteem of the common people even more markedly than writers elsewhere, should sound the tocsin.

The statement makes it equally clear, of course, that the signatories would have no more use for a totalitarianism of the Right than for a totalitarianism of the Left. It was hardly necessary to labour that point. For freedom, which is the very life-breath of art, must be stifled under any dictatorship, whatever the slogan displayed on its mast-head. But the signatories obviously had in

mind the need to bring to earth those woolly-headed, if well-intentioned, folk who wish to be in the swim of things and imagine that the way to do it is to take up "Progressive writing," as other people take up Theosophy or Mesmerism.

In Andhra this literary movement had a certain vogue at one time and, for aught I know, may still have its votaries practising their occult rites. The Andhras are by temperament experimentalists. They are always excited by the prospect of something new. And when the good tidings promise alleviation of the human condition, this generous-hearted people act as if it would be churlish to seem suspicious of the *bona fides* of the apostles. They give their confidence too easily, only to react with equal vehemence. No wonder that at one time "Progressive writing" had as much fascination for a particular emotional type as *Bhava-Geet* for another.

"Progressive writing," whatever its theoretical base, is almost everywhere not to be easily distinguished from the drab propaganda of the Left. It is the bugler of the motley crowd of camp-followers Communism has collected, the "Friends of China", "Friends of Russia", "Peace Councils" *et hoc*. The forte of the fellow-traveller is general invective. Ostentatiously parading his "independence" he goes about denouncing all talk of Democracy as cant and seeking to frighten the world into believing that if you are not moving to the Left you must be moving to the Right. "There is no standing still in this world of change, don't you know?"

This casuistry, silly enough in all conscience, seems to have taken in, not merely the simple snobs, but also many of our cleverest politicians. They have persuaded the Congress to shut its eyes tight, open its mouth wide, and swallow that magic pill, "A socialistic pattern of society".

in this atmosphere surcharged with fantasy and wishful thinking the Andhra writers' pronouncement comes as a breath of fresh air. They are for a Welfare State to the extent that it promises a square deal to everybody. But they have no use for the paternalism that will destroy the moral fibre of the individual.

They have even less use for the Frankenstein State. The Congress programme is to persuade people into believing that Leviathan is what they have been yearning for all their lives. The writers are too honest to countenance this deception. The Andhra writers will have none of these confidence tricks. And they firmly oppose attempts from any quarter to impose "any order of society that is alien to the history, traditions, culture and spirit of India." They do this because they can see rather farther than the politicians. They know that the great mass of the people of this country may be gentle and seemingly submissive, but neither coercion nor wheedling can make it go whoring after strange gods.

But there is the danger of people being bamboozled into acquiescence in rule by *diktat* on the familiar plea that "it is our own Government and we must back it for all it is worth." Hence the urgent insistence in the manifesto that the citizen must not surrender his right to criticise the potentates and powers of the day. To do so would be to seal the doom of free institutions. Our secularists have prospered by denouncing the preposterous pretensions of the charlatans of the church to infallibility and plenary inspirations. Shall we concede their own arrogant claims in this behalf? It is a simple but profound truth which the Andhra writers underline when they point out that progress is nobody's monopoly, least of all of those who label themselves "Progressives."

VIGNESWARA

SIDELIGHTS ::

MR. KINGSLEY MARTIN, the redoubtable editor of the *New Statesman And Nation*, now on a visit to India to study the Andhra elections, addressed two meetings of City journalists this week, one under the auspices of the Southern India Journalists Federation, the other of the Madras Union of Journalists. In between the two meetings, there was an interval of two days. In those two days Mr. Martin seems to have become aware of the fact that he had stepped on a "hornets' nest". Some dire representations were evidently made to him about the controversy raging between the Federation and the Union on the issue of trade unionism and Mr. Martin in his second meeting discussed at some length the practice in England where, he said, practically every working journalist was a member of the National Union of Journalists. He himself had been a member of the N.U.J. until, on becoming editor (with the right to hire and fire) he was disqualified for its membership. He was asked at the meeting to endorse the statement that the Institute of Journalists in England had, in response to the growing might of trade union sentiment, nurtured within its own body a trade union section, but Mr. Martin said he knew nothing of it. Whatever might be the practice in England of the Institute of Journalists, the tradition of the Southern India Journalists Federation has been one of very wide tolerance for divergent sections of opinion. Though pledged to the view that the professional outlook is more suited to the dignity of journalism than the trade unionist attitude, it has never shut out trade unionists on the ground that they were trade unionists. They were welcome if they could to convert the majority to their viewpoint. But they couldn't. Until recently there were a good few trade unionists even on its executive committee, but some two weeks ago



some of them were required to vacate not on the ground that they were trade unionists but for the reason that they had joined the Indian Federation of Working Journalists. This Federation at its recent Bombay meeting put forth the claim that it should be regarded as the sole representative of all working journalists in the country, and on the Press Council to be formed in pursuance of the recommendations of the Press Commission it alone and no other organisation should be permitted to nominate the working journalists' contingent of the Press Council membership. The President of the S.I.J.F. interpreted this attitude as a declaration of war on the S.I.J.F. and as a challenge to its status, and the general body supported him in his contention. It was held that one cannot belong both to the S.I.J.F. and another organisation that had declared war on it and that sought to undermine its position.

The Southern India Journalists Federation is open to anyone who is by profession a journalist. Nobody has ever been denied admission to it on account of any preference cherished by him for the trade unionist viewpoint. If, as some have lately claimed, the consensus of opinion among working journalists is antagonistic to the professionalist attitude and favourable to the trade unionist outlook, the S.I.J.F. is a forum free and open enough for that claim to be debated and established, and there has indeed been plenty of discussion on the subject in the past two or three years. But Sri Raghunatha Aiyar has proved formidable in controversy to all assailants, and worsted in argument, the latter have set up a separate-

organisation creating a split, and to these Mr. Kingsley Martin has now propounded the importance of unity if trade unionism is to pay any dividends.

Mr. Martin spoke of two kinds of newspapers—one, primarily interested in profits, seeking to rope everybody into its circle of readers; the other, primarily interested in public affairs, with an educative mission, not thinking of appealing to everybody but attempting to draw into its fold all that can be reached with an intellectual appeal. Everybody, Mr. Martin said, cannot be reached with an intellectual appeal, because in their heads people differ. It is only when the heads are cut off that they become very much alike. The mass circulation papers with their readership running into millions, do not appeal to the heads of people, they appeal to their appetites for such things as sex and crime, and they have therefore no public or social value and it is not to them that people look up to for forming their judgments on contemporary issues that collectively constitute political public opinion. The real educators of the public in England are not the million circulation papers, enormously prosperous as properties, like the *Daily Mirror* and the *Sunday Pictorial*, but the comparatively less affluent papers of limited circulation like *The Times* and the *Manchester Guardian* and—of course the *New Statesman And Nation*.

In England, with each household taking, on an average, more than two papers, there is scope for at least a limited intrusion of the educational objective in the running of newspapers. In India, readers of papers far outnumber buyers. The contribution from the general public for the maintenance of the Press is not very liberal. There is no intelligent support from industry to quality or social purpose in newspaper standards. The bulk of the newspapers are in wrong hands. If we had a Kingsley Martin in our midst he would find it virtually impossible to make an economic pro-

position of a journal like *New Statesman*. As it is, there is no correspondence between the incomes of journalists and the public importance of the work they do. The rich rewards of the profession go not to the writers and thinkers but to the manipulators and the mechanical chroniclers of inconsequential news items such as who were present at funerals and parties. Prosperity in the Press is often in inverse ratio to social value and adversity is as often the stamp of high purpose and superior objectives. In these conditions, the trade unionist attitude of wagemindedness would be fatal to the sense of mission that alone can sustain the better and really significant part of the Press of the country against the forces seeking to subdue it.

Sri T. T. Krishnamachari's retirement from the Central Cabinet is reported to be irrevocable, but there is no inevitability about it. Intensely opinionative, he is not a man to adjust himself to another. Others have to adjust themselves to him. But he has come to feel for the Prime Minister as much of deference as his nature would allow, and it is a sort of deference that Pandit Nehru probably gets from nobody else, inside the Cabinet or out. It is an unusual blend of attachment, affection and appreciation, a certain yielding to charm and yet a vigilant preservation of independent judgment and blunt outspoken candidness. Pandit Nehru, surrounded mostly by yesmen with a clinging love for office, badly needs a counsellor of the calibre of Sri Krishnamachari, undeterred by any personal considerations in the unambiguous articulation of unpleasant home truths. Sri V. V. Giri was allowed to leave the Cabinet for no sensible purpose whatever and his exit not only failed to result in the recruitment of a superior in his place, it was accompanied by an adoption of just the policy he had advocated in vain while in office. It will be a serious position for the Prime Minister to lose not once, but time

(Continued on page 44)

FOREIGN AFFAIRS—By SANTHA RUNGACHARY

THE MID-WORLD CRISIS

THE tension of an ill-balanced relationship between the United States of America and the Peoples' Republic of China which has been getting more and more intolerable since last September when Chinese Communist forces shelled the off-shore island of Quemoy, exploded in the American House of Representatives two weeks ago. President Eisenhower asked that the nation be prepared to take appropriate action against any concentration of Chinese Communist forces undertaken with a view eventually to attack Formosa. Quite a few things have been happening between last September and now, all of which have helped to crystallise the anger on both sides. Communist China convicted 11 American airmen for espionage. The United States Government refused permits for 35 Chinese students to leave America. It is obvious that both parties are determined to have a show-down of one kind or another.

This marks also the return of Mr. Chiang Kai-shek to the political stage after a five-year sojourn in the wings. We last saw him in 1949 when he was backing out into Formosa. Madame Chiang, if you will remember, failed to convince President Truman that immediate American help to the Nationalist Chinese was either necessary or desirable. Mr. Dean Acheson also suggested that America could wait for the Chinese situation to deteriorate and for the dust to settle before it reviewed the Far East again. Less than six months later in a swift reversal of policy, the Seventh Fleet was ordered to stand guard in the Strait of Formosa to see that the mutual attacks between the Communists and the Nationalists ceased for the time being. American Far East policy thenceforth ceased to be the calm, wide stream it had been before and became a whirlpool. It was in this whirlpool that General



MacArthur went under and it was this very same whirlpool from which was born, like Venus from the sea, Senator Joseph McCarthy.

THE spotlight has again now shifted to Formosa. Formosa is a beautiful island lying athwart the Tropic of Cancer, hundred miles off the China coast, which has had quite a picturesque history of its own. Once upon a time it had belonged to the Dutch, later to Spaniards and for about half a century before World War II it had belonged to the Japanese who had been awarded it by the Treaty of Shimonoseki in 1895. It is one of the world's largest producers of camphor. But, quite apart from camphor, Formosa is what has come to be accepted as one of the strategic areas of the world. It lies between the Old and the New worlds. To its south-east are the Philippines. In the south-west is the international port of Hong Kong very close to the British heart and purse strings.

Directly up north is Korea. To the north-east lie Okinawa and the Ryuku Archipelago. Further up, Japan. It was from Formosa bases that Japanese aircraft attacked the Philippines and Hong Kong during the last war. It now forms part of a Pacific frontier that President Eisenhower calls *the geographical backbone of American security*. The United States Government and people now seem to believe with General MacArthur that if Formosa and the Pescadores went over to Communism, the real U. S. defensive perimeter would be the coast of California, Oregon and Washington.

The present crisis is based on a difference of interpretation of the Cairo Agreement of December 1943 at which America, Britain and China decided the fate of Formosa. The three allies agreed to let Formosa and the Pescadores be restored to the Republic of China. Which China, is the question now? China of the people or the China of a disintegrating, ruling clique? The United States has now certain commitments to the Nationalist Government in Formosa which it has promised to protect against aggression and into which she has sunk, by way of one agreement or another, pretty nearly everything from arms to insecticide and livestock to bean cakes. Also, by the SEATO pact of 1954, America has committed herself and seven other nations to resistance of further communist expansion in Asia. But neither Formosa nor the Pescadores has been attacked as yet. To explain the premature and hasty intervention, the United States has given the widest possible interpretation to the agreed limits of the area to be defended. They consider Quemoy as one of the natural approaches to Formosa and the shelling of this island as part of a series of provocative political and military actions establishing a pattern of aggressive purpose. President Eisenhower in his Message to Congress urged America to take into consideration besides Formosa also closely related localities. The House Foreign Affairs Committee has gone on record

explaining that the question of drawing a precise line round Formosa tended to tie the hands of the U. S. to an undesirable extent, though most of the nations are agreed that the off-shore islands really belong to the mainland of China. But America claims that in so far as they can be used as stepping stones on a journey to Formosa, they are part of the free world to be defended.

AS soon as President Eisenhower moved in the matter, the Soviet Union called for an urgent meeting of the Security Council to consider U. S. acts of aggression against the Peoples' Republic of China in the area of the island of Taiwan and the Pescadores and other islands off the coast of China. Balancing this, a New Zealand proposal also urged general consideration of the question of hostilities in the area of certain islands off the coast of the mainland of China. The Security Council is in a difficult position in regard to this matter. Under the United Nations Charter it has powers to compel both members and non-members to refrain from the use of force. It has also the power to impose certain restrictions. It can impose, for instance, an economic embargo. It can punish by the use of armed force. But how is the Security Council to ask Communist China to account for its actions to a body one of the members of which is Nationalist China? It can, one supposes, order a cease-fire, if Soviet Russia and Nationalist China also agree. It is almost certain that the latter would not agree to a cease-fire which would automatically mean the recognition of the existence of two Chinas which would seriously undermine its claim that Nationalist China is the one and only and indivisible China. A two-China policy would not suit the Nationalists at all. They live on the hope that the Communist and non-Communist worlds would one day precipitate a conflict which would wash them back again on the shores of the mainland. Mr. H. E. Crocker writing in the *Contemporary Review* of July 1953 says Mr. Chiang Kai-shek is so certain of the inevitability of a third

world war that he has even gone to the extent of formulating a programme of future action in three stages. One, *the pre-reoccupation period*. Second, *the reoccupation period*. And thirdly, *the post-reoccupation period*. He evidently thinks hopefully on the presumption that all good things come to him who waits. And the Chinese capacity for waiting is second to none. With him are waiting more than half a million armed men. But this, Mr. Chiang Kai-shek knows only too well, is not enough. Without the American Seventh Fleet and without the American arms and aid of one kind and another, Mr. Chiang cannot call himself a Government, much less seize a few million square miles of land.

BUT, willy-nilly, consideration of the implications of the situation is bound up with the admission of

Communist China into the U. N. and recognition of the Communist government by the nations of the world. These questions involve again a whole new series of issues. Senator Knowland declared some time ago that *the American people will not consent to a Far Eastern Munich*. Mr. Molotov has said to Mr. Randolph Hearst in an interview: *China does not threaten anybody, and it would be well if nobody threatened China*. Both of them have thus stepped into the ring.

There was recently a letter published in the press about the *legal* position of Formosa. But we know only too well that in international politics the question: *Is this just?* is rarely asked. The unspoken question is: *What is the price one has to pay?*

And if one must, one pays—even if it is in instalments.



Shri Jawaharlal Nehru on the occasion of his visit to Annamalainagar to inaugurate the PEN Conference in April 1954

PRESS COMMENTS

THE AVADI CONGRESS

“... Mr. Nehru has gone out of his way to draw attention to the present session as a turning of the ways. Ever since he came back from China he has been saying that a new effort at policy-making is needed if Congress India is to compete with China. A sense of urgency has taken possession of him and he is bracing himself for a new act of leadership... But it is not clear what Mr. Nehru means by socialism; economists have never been his strong point. His advocacy is being opposed by two sections of Congress, the businessmen (who, however, are cautious and want to avoid a collision) and the Gandhians who still regard suspiciously everything to do with Government and State...”

Congress is meeting under the shadow of a critical general election in Andhra province... Mr. Nehru himself has gone to the province to electioneer with vigour, but apparently he has met with a cooler reception than he is used to...
—*The Manchester Guardian, Manchester.*

“It is possible to criticize the session... for its expansiveness, for its wordiness and for its expensiveness. But... it has given an unmistakably new direction to the country's progress, and even if the direction is yet a drift, it will be far-reaching and shattering in its significance. It was clear that the Congress at Avadi was Nehru's Congress... (The resolutions) have imposed a new structure on Congress policy and create a new temper of thinking and action. If this spirit is kept alive under Mr. Dhebar, who has proved his qualities of clear-headedness and moral earnestness, there will be no danger of the Congress becoming the Conservative party of India or shrinking into a Kuomintang, like most ruling groups destined to decadence through the corruption of power... At a moment

when it seemed lost in the clouded summits of power, it has made a retreat to the people... This retreat should be real and not merely doctrinal.

By not laying down a rigid schedule of nationalization, the Congress has made the task of social democracy easier... In theory, scope for sabotage of socialism within the Congress or the administration has been removed. It is in practice that the Congress must prove itself...

At Avadi the Congress did not heed what is known as public opinion but which is the crystallized prejudice of the classes ranged against change... If there were wrong men in it before the new policy, there would seem to be more wrong men now. Such men must be encouraged to leave the organization and not be encouraged with seats in the legislature... Those who were critical of the Congress and were against it in the freedom struggle will find it easy to continue to criticize it in the name of reason but on the side of reaction... It seems to us that the Congress might in the course of the next few years require changes in the constitution, if it is to draw into its ranks the people from the fields and factories. Unless the people in an organized way are brought into the Congress, it cannot be a people's Congress and the people cannot come into their own. For this, Congress leaders should speak not only with their heads but from their hearts...
—*National Herald, Lucknow*

“Showmanship dominated the Avadi session of Congress... The emphasis was on grandeur... The stage might have been set by others. The props were undoubtedly expensive and imposing. But without the master mummer the stage would have been only cluttered up with clay figures not imbued with the fire to inspire others... An atmosphere of grandeur favours impas-

sioned oratory. And there was no dearth of oratorical eloquence at Avadi . . . Self-flagellation was the order of the day . . . Congress today is going Nehru's way not because of any deep conviction in the efficacy of his domestic and foreign policies but because it knows in its bones that without Nehru it will be irretrievably lost—at the elections.

Nehru's sincerity is not in doubt. He is out to build a new India of his dreams and if he is to succeed he must have men round him who are inspired by the same ideals and are ruthless enough to translate the leader's dream into reality, whatever the cost . . . Slogans and slick showmanship can hypnotise the people for some time: they seldom add to the understanding of the electorate or assist in harnessing their energy and skill in real constructive work for the abiding good of the nation . . .”—*The Pioneer, Lucknow.*

*
“The difference between Pandit Nehru's Congress survey along with resolutions on the one hand, and the address of Mr. Dhebar on the other, is something like the difference between Shakespeare's *Hamlet* and Charles Lamb's version of it as a tale . . . The distinction between the first Five-Year Plan and the second Five-Year Plan does not end with the incongruity of impetus from the bottom and direction from the top. In the second Five-Year Plan under preparation, we are told that the country will move over from financial planning to physical planning, and *our needs will be our basis of the second Five-Year Plan.* Here there must be misgivings about the doctrine itself, since experience tells us that our *means*, either indigenous or foreign or both, must be our basis of any fruitful planning if it is not to find itself in the mire half-way . . .

Large-scale projects may materialise in Russia and China but we proceed not on the premises of dispossession and forced labour to implement our needs. Our constitution and India's tradition do not favour any such course, and the

fundamental urge of man's moral nature in working out engineering schemes and business enterprise may not last the test of time. In an emergency, the average man rises to great heights of sacrifice and heroism as the history of the Congress itself testifies, but the dreary task of building brick by brick, in terms of normal life can hardly sustain the evangelical enthusiasm on which the President and planners count, without allowing for time-worn commercial (it does not mean profiteering) experience. In the rear-end of his speeches, Mr. Dhebar descants on Sarvodaya and the simple life as a cure for unemployment, but right at the head is the vision of colossal industrialisation. This interlocking of the motor car and the bullock cart does not impart a sense of coherence and realism to his appeal to the nation to keep up the tempo of Mahatma's mission. To build on the theory of the lasting and rousing qualities of man's good nature in relating to material enterprise seems like reckoning on values that are highly exaggerated even in a country familiar with sermons on altruistic endeavour.”—*The Deccan Herald, Bangalore.*

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“ . . . It remains to be seen whether the Party's deliberations have served to bridge the gulf between it and the masses. The Congress camp is said to have cost Rs. 10,00,000: visitors who paid for their admission contributed, obviously, as much or more, besides spending twice or thrice as much for their journeys to Avadi from distant places and back . . .

But leaders moved from one conclave to another, mysterious to many; and, when at the open meetings, they appeared on the rostrum, they still seemed a class apart, whose theories and doctrines were as obscure as their figures were indistinct, to those on the galleries . . . Sri Jawaharlal Nehru, a better mixer than most, more closely knew, and was understood by, his audiences, who appreciated and enjoyed, his every word, mood or act . . . —*The Mail, Madras.*

The Congress has again made his-

tory at Madras . . . Far from evading (these) difficult and complex issues, the leaders chose to place them squarely before the general body of congressmen and get their unanimous support for their well-considered solutions. This indeed is the supreme merit of the session . . .

It would no longer be easy for any Leftist party to traduce the Congress as partial to the 'Haves.' At the same time, by setting up high ethical ideals before the country, it has sought to control the ignoble impulses which usually accompany the demand for equality . . . —*The Indian Express, Madras.*

*
“The Madras Congress, judging by size and numbers, was indeed a memorable one . . . it has created a record which is not likely to be superseded. Nearly half a million people attended as visitors in a holiday mood . . . The Madras Congress may prove to be the apogee of personalised politics.

There is ample evidence to show that the implications (of a Socialist pattern of society) have not been fully grasped even by the more thoughtful sections of Congress opinion . . . The Leadership spoke most of the time in riddles . . . And he (Nehru) affirmed—without troubling to argue the point that “for many reasons” India wanted both a Welfare State and a socialistic pattern of society. The logic is not obvious.

Non-official resolutions which raised important issues were either disposed of perfunctorily or given short shrift . . . One can only marvel at the obtuseness of the assumption that you can monkey with the age-old agricultural economy of this country without affecting production. This is on a par with the comfortable assumption that it is the Five-Year Plan that has given a big fillip to agricultural production and not two exceptionally good monsoons in succession.

It is this kind of attempt to improvise policies in accordance with attractive but stultifying slogans that we may expect to be intensified as a result of Avadi.”

—*The Hindu, Madras*

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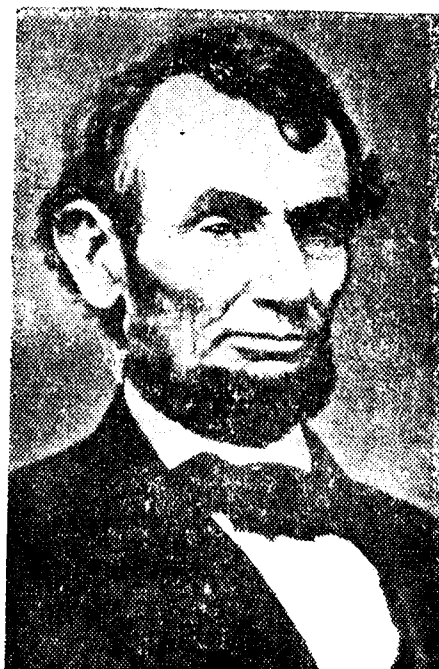
LINCOLN: Brief Autobiography

THE anniversary of Abraham Lincoln's birthday, February 12, is a national holiday in America. All over the nation special ceremonies will mark America's remembrance of the Great Emancipator.

In his time Lincoln wrote a brief, though little known, autobiography. It was a short life sketch sent to J. W. Fell on December 20, 1859, in order that it might be used for campaign purposes. Here are a few excerpts:

"I was born February 12, 1809, in Hardin County, Kentucky. My parents were both born in Virginia, of undistinguished families—second families, perhaps I should say. My mother, who died in my tenth year, was of the family of the name of Hanks, some of whom now reside in Adams, and others in Macon County, Illinois. My paternal grandfather, Abraham Lincoln, emigrated from Rockingham County, Virginia, to Kentucky about 1781 or 1782, where a year or two later he was killed while labouring to open a farm in the forest.

"My father, at the death of his father, was but six years of age, and he grew up literally without education. He removed from Kentucky to what is now Spencer County, Indiana, in my eighth year. We reached the new home about the time the State came into the Union. It was a wild region, with many bears and other wild animals still in the woods. There I grew up. There were some schools, so called, but no qualification was ever required of a teacher beyond 'readin', writin', and cipherin'," to the rule of three. If a straggler supposed to understand Latin happened to sojourn in the neighbourhood, he was looked upon as a wizard. There was absolutely nothing to excite ambition for education. Of course, when I came to age I did not know much. Still, somehow, I could read, write, and cipher to the rule of three, but that was all. I have not been to school since. The little advance I now have upon this store of education, I have picked up from time to time under the pressure of necessity.



Abraham Lincoln

"I was raised to farm work, which I continued till I was twenty-two. At twenty-two I came to Illinois, Macon County. Then I got to New Salem, at that time in Singamon, now in Menard County, where I remained a year as a sort of clerk in a store. Then came the Black Hawk War, and I was elected a captain of volunteers, a success which gave me more pleasure than any I have had since.

"I went the campaign, was elected, ran for the legislature the same year (1882), and was beaten—the only time I ever have been beaten by the people. The next and three succeeding biennial elections I was elected to the legislature. I was not a candidate afterward.

"During this legislative period I had studied law, and removed to Springfield to practise it. In 1845 I was once elected to the lower House of Congress. Was not a candidate for re-election. From 1849 to 1854, both inclusive, practised law more assiduously than ever before. Always a Whig in politics; and generally on the Whig electoral tickets, making

active canvasses. I was losing interest in politics when the repeal of the Missouri Compromise aroused me again. What I have done since that is pretty well known.

"If any personal description of me

is thought desirable, it may be said I am, in height, six feet four inches, nearly; lean in flesh, weighing on an average one hundred and eighty pounds; dark complexion, with coarse black hair and gray eyes. No other marks or brands recollected."

Ram Leela: Sachin Shankar's Ballet

MADRAS which is the citadel of Carnatic Music and Bharata Natya is now evincing a marked interest in Hindustani Music and Dance Dramas from the North. It is a healthy sign of the times that whatever good there is in other systems of music and dance is appreciated by the public and encouraged. After a series of recitals by the redoubtable Bade Gulam Ali Khan, a traditionalist of the classical Hindustani school, we will shortly have a chance of listening to the sweet music of D. V. Paluskar, son of the famous Pandit Vishnu Digambar and the music of the inimitable pair, Ravi Shankar (sitar) and Ali Akbar Khan (sarod) at the Rasika Ranjani Sabha, Mylapore.

But no lover of ballet, should miss the fascinating show of Sachin Shanker and his troupe's *Ram Leela* which is programmed for February 19 under the auspices of the R. R. Sabha. The ballet presents the great epic *Ramayana* in select scenes linked together by the songs of Charan the ballad singer, the whole theme moving as a dance-drama, enlivened by the spirit of the folk-lore of India.

This particular type of dance with its riot of colour and captivating melodies exist in several villages in North India. And it is this type of dance-drama, with its exquisite choreography, colourful costume, scintillating music and beautiful settings that will provide sustained entertainment to the audience.

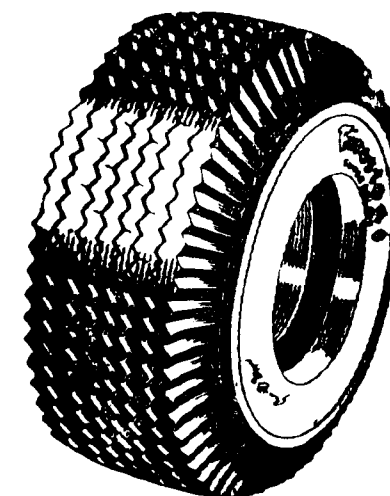
The task of condensing the vast epic to about a dozen scenes and present only select features and yet maintain continuity is an extremely difficult one for the choreographer.

But, in Sachin Shanker's ballet there is a happy synthesis of the folk style and the classical variety of dance and a remarkable unity of theme. More, the frequent and moving refrain "Ramdhun" invests the theme with a religious atmosphere and is occasionally elevating, while the comic interludes present the lighter aspect of the ballet.

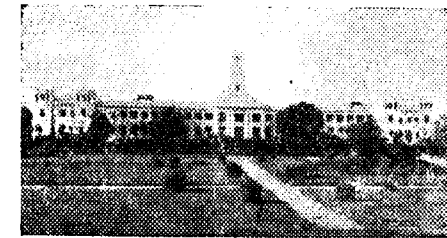
The music by Jitten Golui, the dances of Misses Asha, Nalini, and Norma, are other charming features of the ballet which is supported by a fine cast including Mr. Shanker as Rama, Mrs. Kumudini Shanker as Sita, and Mr. Nambudiri as Ravana. Altogether it is a neat artistic production worthy of our ancient cultural tradition.

MUSICLOVER

Firestone



**BEST TODAY—
STILL BETTER TOMORROW**



★ ANNAMALAI UNIVERSITY ★

SILVER JUBILEE CELEBRATIONS

★ *Greetings*

Dr. Rajendra Prasad
President of India

I SEND my hearty felicitations and best wishes to the Annamalai University on the occasion of its Silver Jubilee celebrations.

On an occasion like this, it is appropriate to recall, in a spirit of thanksgiving, how the idea was first born, how in course of time it took shape and how in accordance with a well-conceived plan it reached fruition. There is ample reason for the people of Tamilnad to feel grateful to the late Rajah Annamalai Chettiar, for, more than anything else, it was his public spirit, his clarity of vision and his indefatigable efforts which were responsible for bringing into being the Annamalai University.

Since its foundation in 1929, the Annamalai University has made

rapid progress in all directions. It is today a Unitary and Residential University with more than twenty departments of study and over 175 members on its teaching staff.

I wish the Annamalai University to grow from strength to strength and have a still more fruitful career of service of the nation.

Pandit Nehru
Prime Minister of India

IT was a great pleasure to me to visit the Annamalai University in April last and to see this great seat of Tamil culture and Tamil learning, together with science and modern knowledge. I am happy to learn that the Silver Jubilee of this University is going to be celebrated soon I send my greeting and good wishes on this occasion and wish it all success and progress in the future.



His Highness Sri Jaya Chamaraja Wadiyar Bahadur, Rajpramukh of Mysore, President of the Silver Jubilee Celebrations



Shri Sri Prakasa

Governor of Madras

ON the glad and auspicious occasion of the Silver Jubilee Celebration of the Annamalai University, I send my warm greetings and felicitations to all concerned. My joy is all the greater that I have been privileged to be its Chancellor at the time when the University has reached an important milestone on its journey...

Today as we happily celebrate the Silver Jubilee of the University, we gratefully and affectionately remember the great Founder, Rajah Sir Annamalai Chettiar of Chettinad to whose noble imagination this University owes its existence. It is a matter for gratification that the Rajah's family is taking continued intimate interest in the welfare of this institution for which they deserve our praise and gratitude...

I have no doubt that with the wise and able guidance of those in charge of the University, it will be a veritable temple of learning in a famous centre of pilgrimage in the South, sending forth men and women properly equipped, ever to play their fitting parts in the nation's life, true to the motto of the University, "With Courage and Faith."

Maulana Abul Kalam Azad

*Minister for Education
Government of India*

I AM glad to know that the Annamalai University is celebrating its Silver Jubilee this year. Founded by the munificence of the late Rajah Sir Annamalai Chettiar, it has already established its reputation as a unitary and residential University offering opportunities of training and research of the highest standard... It has made special provision for research in Tamil and Music... It has sought, through its emphasis on residence in the same campus, to foster the development of an active social life among the teachers and the taught. It has also, from the beginning, recognised the value of Oriental Studies as well as of the Fine Arts in the development of a really broad culture.

I hope that the occasion of the Jubilee Celebrations will give a new impetus to the activities of the University.

Sir C. P. Ramaswamy Aiyar

*Vice-Chancellor
Annamalai University*

ON the 9th February 1955, His Highness the Maharajah of Mysore, himself a profound and devout scholar, will preside over the Silver Jubilee Celebrations of the Annamalai University. As its Vice-Chancellor for the last two years, I can claim to speak with personal knowledge of the atmosphere and the potentialities of this great Institution founded by a far-sighted philanthropist, Rajah Sir Annamalai Chettiar, and fostered by his son, Rajah Sir Muthiah Chettiar, who is continuing all his beneficent activities.

The outstanding feature of this University is its location amidst peaceful and rural surroundings, far from the bustle and glamour and meretricious attractions of a metropolitan centre. Such a background

is of inestimable value to a Residential University, as the Annamalai University is to a large extent. The avowed aim of the Founder was, in addition to the imparting of advanced and up-to-date training in the Arts and Sciences, Engineering and Technology, to encourage and specifically to promote study and research appertaining to all branches of Tamil culture without any diminution of the legitimate attention that has to be paid to the encouragement of learning in English language and literature as well as Sanskrit lore. To no small extent has the ambition of the Founder been fulfilled as can be seen from the long list of noteworthy publications that have emanated from the labours of

scholars and students of the University.

On the occasion of the Silver Jubilee, it is not enough to take a retrospect of the University's achievements. It is essential to plan wisely and comprehensively for the future... What is required is the stimulation of a team spirit and comradeship amongst those in charge of its destiny. The University should be able confidently to look forward to the discerning but ample philanthropy of the public which has to be educated into the realisation that higher education conducted on right lines can alone produce those leaders of the future who will unite an aristocracy of spirit with democracy in practice.

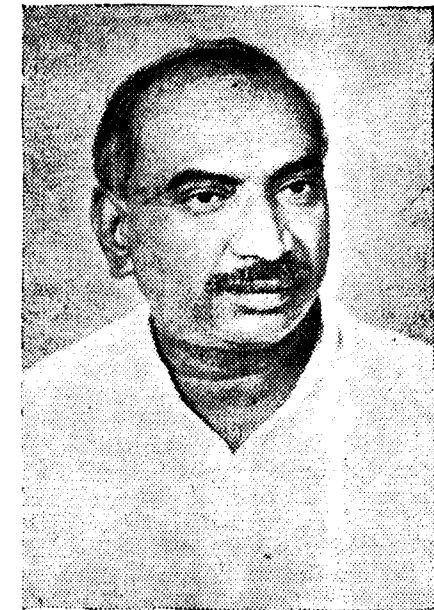
Hon'ble Sri K. Kamaraj

Chief Minister of Madras

IT is indeed a happy event that the Silver Jubilee of the foundation of the Annamalai University is being celebrated. When that illustrious son of Tamilnad, Rajah Sir Annamalai Chettiar, laid the foundation for this University with his munificence, he was laying the foundation for a great centre not only of modern knowledge and science, but of Tamil learning and culture. The Rajah Sahib has thus rendered a great service to Tamilnad and its culture.

It is a matter of gratification and pride to us in the Madras State that the Annamalai University has grown to its full stature in these twenty-five years of its useful existence and has been fulfilling the Founder's wish in attaining a distinguished and high place among the centres of learning in our country. Today we can be proud that the University has the unique distinction of being one of the foremost cultural centres, on a level with any institution of its kind, Indian or foreign.

The University has had the benefit of the guidance of such stalwarts as the Rt. Hon'ble V. S. Srinivasa Sastri,



Dewan Bahadur S. E. Runganadhan, Sir K. V. Reddi Naidu, Sri M. Ruthnaswamy, Dr. Manavala Ramanujam, Dr. R. K. Shanmukham Chettiar and Sir C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar.

May the Annamalai University hold aloft the torch of knowledge and continue to serve our people for many many years to come!

HISTORY OF THE ANNAMALAI UNIVERSITY



Sir S. E. Runganadhan
Vice-Chancellor 1929-35

MEN cast in the great mould, it is said, build greater even than their dreams. There are better dreams than "success," and the great-visioned Rajah Sir Annamalai Chettiar of Chettinad, guided by his own light and motto of "*strive, save, and serve*," divested himself of a good slice of his princely fortune in the high cause of educational synthesis by founding, in 1928, the Annamalai University, which is today the pride of South India.

In carrying out his project with a view to serving the people in the most fruitful way, the Rajah had all unconsciously built for himself an imperishable monument—such is the alchemy wrought by subtle Time. The University, which is named after him, is this day celebrating its Silver Jubilee at Annamalainagar, under the distinguished auspices of His Highness the Rajpramukh of Mysore.

If the progress made by the University in varied directions in the last twenty-five years, under the stewardship of the distinguished Vice-Chancellors who have presided

over its destinies and the fostering care in earlier years of the Founder-Pro-Chancellor and subsequently of his son (the present Rajah Sir M. A. Muthiah Chettiar of Chettinad), offers a true index to its vitality, it may be safely prophesied that a future greater than any dreamt of awaits it.

Twenty-five years have elapsed since the inauguration of the Annamalai University, but within this period—a short duration in the life of institutions—it has consolidated its position as a Unitary and Residential University with more than twenty departments of study and over one hundred and seventy-five members on its teaching staff. The University Campus will strike a visitor today with its beautiful rural setting, situated as it is in the midst of beautiful nature all round. The Founder, with that thoughtful care characteristic of him, has not neglected to provide all the amenities of civilization in the Campus, without the baneful distractions and unhealthy environment of urban life. The Colleges, hostels, playgrounds, agricultural farm, quarters for the staff, hospital and other buildings are spread over an area of about 600 acres. The many developments in the University, which have taken place with inconceivable rapidity, and the visible improvements all round are part of the evolutionary process which led to the foundation of this seat of learning, with a view to the encouragement of higher education and research with special stress on the study of Tamil language and Literature, not to speak of Music and the other Fine Arts which are being steadily kept in view.

Very early in his public life, which he entered solely with a view to rendering disinterested service to the country, the Rajah realised how necessary it was for the country to have more educational institutions, and particularly Universities which are the nurseries of future statesmen and leaders. So he made liberal contributions to many an educational

institution; his interest in education was becoming so deep that at one time he thought of taking over the Madura College. With this end in view he bought forty acres of valuable land to put up additional buildings for it, but the negotiations failed; nevertheless, he made a generous gift of the land to the Madura College authorities. What further deepened his interest in education was his taking over the management of the Ramaswami Chettiar Town High School, Chidambaram which devolved on him in 1918, when his brother, Dewan Bahadur Ramaswami Chettiar, a leading citizen of Chidambaram, the founder of the school, passed away. Soon he conceived the plan of founding a College at the place which was hallowed by religious tradition. With the Rajah Saheb, to *think* was to *act*; and so he established the Sri Meenakshi College in 1920—which was to become the nucleus of the Annamalai University. It was housed in the beginning in the high school premises at Chidambaram. At the same time he was very meticulous to see that everything he did was done to perfection. To ensure the efficient working of the Sri Meenakshi College he chose a devoted band of teachers under the Principalship of Mr. K. A. Nilakanta Sastri. The College, which was opened by Dr. C. R. Reddi, the distinguished educationist, soon attracted students in such numbers that, the Rajah Saheb was obliged to build new premises for its expanding needs, on a hundred acres site to the east of the Railway station, which he specially acquired for the purpose and speeded up building operations by paying personal attention. From now on, he seemed to have realised that his mission in life lay in the direction of educational endeavour, for he envisaged the expansion of the College into a University and accordingly provided hostels, library, playgrounds and other amenities on a scale greater than the needs of a College. It was obvious that the Founder was making every provision for easy transformation into a University when the time came.



Sir K. V. Reddy Naidu
Vice-Chancellor 1940-42

The Sri Meenakshi College moved to its buildings at Annamalainagar in 1923. The College began to expand fast, and as new courses were instituted, more buildings sprang up, almost every year. The Rajah Saheb made a large endowment to the College.

The Founder, who loved all that was best in our traditional culture and learning, had the insight to see the value of a synthesis between Oriental learning and the best in Western education. He felt that for a true harmonisation of educational aims and practice it was essential that Oriental studies should be given their due place in any educational scheme. So he founded in 1927 a Sanskrit College and a Tamil College at Chidambaram, closely followed by an Oriental Training College. Then was founded the Music College, in 1929.

Though the thought had occurred to him as early as 1923 of founding a university, yet it took a few years to take a definite shape and become something of an overmastering passion thereafter. It was evident that the Rajah Saheb had almost from



Dr. Sir C. P. Ramaswamy Aiyar
Vice-Chancellor 1953-

the beginning visualised the ideal of locating such a university in rural setting, far removed from urban environment, with ample scope for undisturbed academic pursuits and research, which is after all, what distinguishes university education from utilitarian aims. His dream was realised in 1929. The Tamil University Committee earlier appointed by the Madras Government to examine the feasibility of establishing a university for Tamil districts, reported that it was desirable to have unitary teaching universities, and as many of them as the country could afford to support in a good condition. But what stood in the way of the realisation of this was paucity of finance. In 1928, the Rajah Sahab offered to give to the Madras Government twenty lakhs of rupees, besides three hundred acres of land and the many buildings of the Colleges and the hostels and professors' quarters, valued at another twenty lakhs of rupees, for the realisation of the object. The Government accepted the magnanimous offer and took all necessary steps to introduce the Annamalai University Bill in the Madras Legislative Council. The Bill was passed in record

time, having been introduced in the Council on the 8th September 1928 and passed into law on the 12th October 1928. The Governor-General's assent was published in the Fort St. George Gazette on January 1, 1929. It should be recorded that the passage of the Bill was secured in an atmosphere of cheery optimism and goodwill on all sides, and the then Education Minister, Dr. P. Subbaroyan and the late Mr. S. Satyamurthi, the 'tribune of the people' played a notable role during the discussions at the various stages of the Bill. The Annamalai University was duly inaugurated in July, 1929.

One of the youngest universities in India, the Annamalai University is a unique institution of its kind in South India. The uniqueness of an institution consists in that intangible something which is called 'tradition'. Singularly fortunate has been the Annamalai University which, within a short time, has built up for itself sound traditions. What with the unrelenting care and attention to details of administration bestowed by Mr. S. E. Runganadhan, the first Vice-Chancellor (1929-35), the purity of academic life and love of disinterested scholarship, which the Rt. Hon'ble Srinivasa Sastri (1935-40) was able to evoke in both teachers and students, the love of learning which Mr. M. Ruthnaswamy (1942-48), the finest type of scholar administrator, instilled in the hearts of the young, the stern discipline exercised in the interests of students themselves by Dr. S. G. Manavala Ramanujam (1948-51) and the fillip to Tamil Research which was Dr. R. K. Shanmukham Chettiar's (1951-52) gift, there was nothing surprising that sound academic traditions were laid on sure foundations. A great landmark in the history of the university was the acceptance of the office of Vice-Chancellor by Dr. Sir C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar in 1953. Under his dynamic guidance the University has been able to further widen its horizon by the inclusion of the Fine Arts, and also the institution of the Faculty of Education.

RAJAH SIR MUTHIAH CHETTIAR OF CHETTINAD

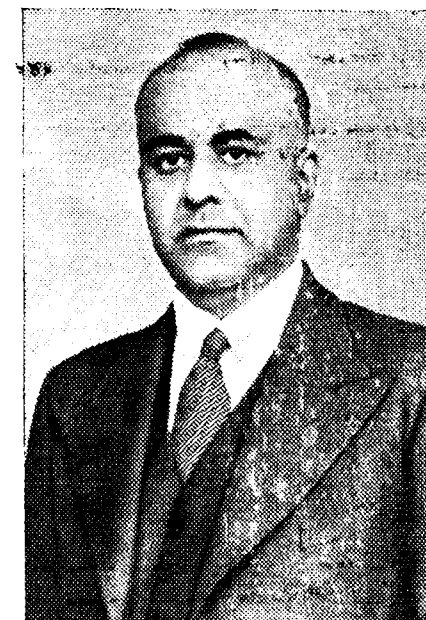
RAJAH SIR MUTHIAH CHETTIAR of Chettinad became Pro-Chancellor of the Annamalai University in June 1948. He was born in August 1905, in the ancestral home at Kanadukathan. He graduated from the Presidency College, Madras, with a degree in History and Economics in 1924.

Public service claimed him from the start, and to public service he has been devoting himself wholeheartedly. He was barely twenty-four when he was made a member of the Banking Enquiry Committee. In 1931, he was nominated to the Madras Franchise Committee.

In 1929, Kumara Rajah Muthiah Chettiar became a member of the Corporation of Madras, and served in that capacity for six years. His quick grasp of the intricacies of Municipal administration won for him the regard of the citizens of Madras and the Government. In 1932, he was unanimously elected President of the Corporation. The Mayoralty was instituted in Madras early in 1933 largely as a result of his efforts. He was the first Mayor of Madras in 1932-1933, and was elected to the office for the second time in 1934-35. His periods of Mayoralty were signalised by strenuous work for the betterment of the city.

He was elected a member of the Madras Legislative Council in 1930, and became at once a conspicuous figure in the public life of Madras. He became Minister for Education and Public Health in 1936, and was Pro-Chancellor of the Madras University. In 1937, he was elected to the new Legislative Assembly of Madras and was the Minister for Local Self-Government. Later, he became Leader of the Opposition when Sri C. Rajagopalachariar was the Chief Minister.

To him, membership of the Legislature is not merely a decorative affair. He takes to his legislative duties seriously, and studies every question of importance which comes up for consideration. He sees all sides of a



Raja Sir Muthiah Chettiar of Chettinad
Pro-Chancellor

question, and once he makes up his mind, he speaks freely and fearlessly. He has the family trait of urbanity, and is ever ready with the soft answer which turneth away wrath.

Education is a subject in which he has always taken the profoundest interest. This is, perhaps, natural in view of the services of his distinguished father, the late Dr. Rajah Sir Annamalai Chettiar of Chettinad, in the cause of education. When the Annamalai University Bill was presented to the Legislature in 1928, Kumara Rajah Muthiah Chettiar followed it with the closest interest and actively helped his father in the work of bringing the University into existence. Since then, his interest in education has been steadily increasing. He has been a member of the Board of Management of the Pachaiappa's Charities for over a quarter of a century, and has been giving them of his best during all this period. His wise counsel is always accepted by his colleagues, and he

Greetings and Best Wishes

To

THE ANNAMALAI UNIVERSITY

on the occasion of their

SILVER JUBLEE

from

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has played a prominent part in bringing about the expansion of the College during the last 25 years. He was a member of the Syndicate of the Madras University for six years (1940-1946), and has made a special study of University problems.

He has been intimately connected with Banking activities. He was a Director of the Indian Bank for four years (1928-1932), and was a Director of the Imperial Bank of India from 1932-1936. He again joined the Directorate in 1945, and is now the President of the Local Board of the Bank.

He is a member of the Southern Indian Chamber of Commerce and was its President in 1941. In 1943-44 he enjoyed the unique honour of being elected President of the Federation of Indian Chambers of Commerce and Industry.

During the War, he was made a Member of the National Defence Council, and this enabled him to make an accurate study of the problems of defence and defence services. He was returned to the Madras Legislative Assembly in 1946 and has continued to be a member of that body ever since. He was also elected a member of the Constituent Assembly.

A noteworthy feature about Rajah Sir Muthiah Chettiar is that he can almost be said to be the doyen of the Madras Legislative Assembly. He has been a member of the Legislature for over 25 years now, almost a generation, uninterruptedly, and has a store of experience which is revealed in the Legislature by his apposite and helpful comments on affairs. He is a master of parliamentary procedure.

Of suave and polished manners, kind-hearted, and easy of access, he is ever ready to become interested in every good cause, and has a host of friends among all classes and communities. Aided by his gracious wife, Rani Lady Muthiah Chettiar, he is carrying on the tradition of hospitality for which the Chettinad family has been famous. What specially endears him to those who knew his esteemed father is the fond devotion with which he cherishes his father's memory, and his unswerving loyalty

to all the causes which were dear to his father.

As the Pro-Chancellor of the University during the last six and a half years, he has already shown ample evidence of his desire to do all that lies in his power to advance its interests.

One notes with pleasure that Rajah Sir Muthiah Chettiar stands at the threshold of a new era in the life of the University to continue the noble traditions of his father.

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A Visitor's Eye-view

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THE first impression the visitor to Annamalainagar receives—was at any rate the first impression I personally received—is one of unity. Here, in brick and stone, timber and glass, stands the conception of a single mind. Those who were privileged to know the late Rajah Sir Annamalai Chettiar would agree, I think, that one of his outstanding characteristics was a meticulous thoroughness in plan and in execution; never was there a more devoted adherent to the maxim that whatever is worth doing is worth doing well or to that other injunction that says, "If you want a thing done right, see to it yourself." His University is a monument to his personality not less than to his resolution . . . Many of us are all too familiar with the peculiar pettiness that goes with a certain type of scholastic intellect and expresses itself in jealousy, backbiting and faction. I see nothing of this at Annamalainagar . . . In a country whose people—and more especially its younger people—attach themselves as if naturally to persons rather than to principles, and where feuds have been for millennia the very breath of life, this unity as closely woven as the pattern and texture of the buildings themselves, would alone make the Annamalai University remarkable. I speak as a visitor only; but visitors see these things.

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TAMIL STUDIES

AS is but appropriate, a very efficient school of Tamil studies should have been developed at this University, since the farsighted Founder intended that the University should strike out a new path and specialise in certain branches of learning, Tamil occupying a pre-dominant place in his affection. Swami Vipulananda's monumental treatise on Tamil music, *Yal Nal*, was the outcome of that scholar's studies at the University. As early as 1934, a Tamil Research section was opened under the direction of Professor S. Somasundara Bharathiar.

The late Mahavidwan R. Raghava Aiyangar, who joined the section, chalked out the lines of work to be carried on, while he himself published *A History of Tamil Literature of the Early Period*, and also new commentaries on *Kuruntogai* and parts of *Patthupattu*. Parikathai was his *Magnum Opus*. It was released at a picturesque old-world ceremony known as *arangetral*. Mahamahopadhyaya Panditamani M. Kathiresan Chettiar, a scholar of great repute, who was for some time professor and later adviser in Tamil Research, gave a fillip to research activities. He brought out a valuable translation of Kautilya's *Arthashastra*.

In 1952, Dr. R. K. Shanmukham Chettiar reorganised the department and gave it the status of an independent unit of activity and appointed Professor G. Subramania Pillai in charge of it and outlined a programme of research, which included the publication of a variorum edition of the great Tamil Classic *Kamba Ramayanam*. It was undertaken as a labour of love in which the Pro-Chancellor, Rajah Sir M. A. Muthiah Chettiar, rejoiced to co-operate with the scholarly Vice-Chancellor who had inspired the work. The *Sundara Kandam* is to be published on the occasion of the Silver Jubilee of

the University. In this work the staff of the Mahamahopadhyaya Dr. Swaminatha Aiyar Library, Kalakshetra, Adyar, are co-operating. Another venture on the same scale is an edition of the *Twelve Tirumurais*.

Definitive editions of Philosophical classics in Tamil have been published, the foremost among them are editions of (1) *Gnanamirtham* of Vagisa Munivar by Sri Avvai S. Duraiswami Pillai; (2) *Sivagnanabodham* with Chirururai by Sri Avvai S. Duraiswami Pillai; (3) *Kambar Memorial Prize Selections*; (4) *Adi Kumara Guruparae* and (5) *Selections from Sekkizhar* and (6) *Tevara Tirumurai* (preliminary). Very useful work is being done in reconstructing the history of South India from literary sources, inscriptions and archaeological finds. Sri T. V. Sadasiva Pandarathar's *The Later Cholas* and *The Cholas of Kongu* are worthy of special mention. Another valuable publication from this department is *Bharata Sangraha* a treatise on music and dance.

Dr. A. Chidambaranath Chettiar, Professor and Head of the department of Tamil (Arts) has been directing the research work of several post-graduate students. His doctorate thesis *Advanced Studies in Tamil Prosody* deserves special mention. Among the contributions of the research scholars, the following theses are noteworthy:

Mrs. Ratna Navarathnam's *A New Approach to Tiruvachakam* and Dr. Thaninayakam's *Nature in Ancient Tamil Poetry*. Mr. John R. Marr, B.A. (Hons) (Lond) deputed by the University of London on a British Treasury Scholarship worked under the guidance of Dr. A. Chidambaranatha Chettiar, on Early Tamil Literature. Among the Tamil publications of the Annamalai University very special mention must be made of Sri S. Ramaswami Naidu's *Tamil Illak'iam*.

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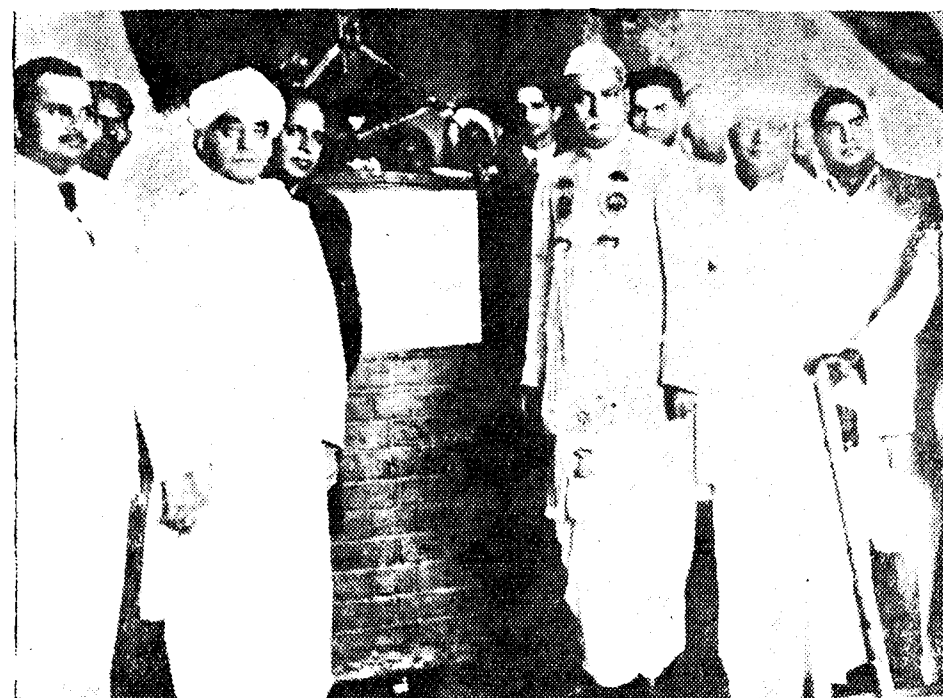
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Dr. Rajendra Prasad laying the foundation stone of Rajah Muthiah Hall at the Annamalai University in 1953

RESEARCH AT THE ANNAMALAI UNIVERSITY

FROM the beginning it has been the aim of the Annamalai University to give special attention to study and research, and not merely to teach "the time-worn subjects in the time-worn way." As a unitary University it has not been hampered, as an affiliating one would be, in developing the true academic spirit and in making daring excursions into the unknown, as it were, and extending the bounds of knowledge. The University can claim a fairly satisfactory record of research, as a result of the spirit of enthusiasm of teachers and earnestness of the students striving to conquer fresh fields.

Research in Philosophy

With the strong schools of Tamil and Sanskrit studies at hand, the department of philosophy has been able to pilot successfully a programme of research. Prof. R. Ramanujachari, in collaboration with Sri K. Srinivasachari, Lecturer in Sanskrit, brought

out a critical edition of Yamunacharya's *Siddhitraya* with an English translation. It is the earliest extant work of Visishtadvaita now available. *Nyayakulisa* of Atreya Ramanuja, the great preceptor of Vedanta Desika, has been edited with explanatory notes. *Nitimala* of Narayanarya, a handbook of Visishtadvaita, has been edited with text and translation. Venkatanatha's *Nyayaperisuddhi* with a hitherto unpublished commentary called *Sannyadhipika* of Mahachavaya has also been brought out. This is an authoritative work on epistemology. The other publications of this department include a brochure on Saiva Siddhanta, and editions of *Pramayamala* and *Tattvasara*.

Sanskrit Studies

The late Mahamahopadhyaya M. Dandapaniswami Dikshitar, the principal of the Rajah's Sanskrit College at Chidambaram and later lecturer in the University, edited *Sabapathi-*

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vilasanataka a play in five acts composed during the time of Maharaja Saroji. Prof. V. A. Ramaswami Sastriar edited Vachaspati Misra's *Tattvabindu* with a new commentary by Parameswara, a valuable addition to the literature of the Mimamsa school. His *Jagannatha Pandita* is a treatise on the life and work of a great poet-rhetorician, Jagannatha Pandita. Sri K. A. Sivaramakrishna Sastri edited *Swarasiddhanta Chandrika*, a commentary on the *Svara Sutras* of Panini. He has also published in collaboration with Prof. V. A. Ramaswami Sastri, *Bhavanaviveka* of Mandana Misra with an old commentary. Dr. P. S. Subramania Sastri wrote a *History of Sanskrit Literature* in Tamil. His lectures on Patanjali's *Mahabashya* is a useful introduction to the study of Grammar.

Economic Studies

Dr. Ahmed Muktar, the first head of the Department of Economics wrote a book on *Factory Labour* in India. It was largely through the untiring efforts of Dr. B. V. Narayana-swami Naidu, who was Professor from 1931 to 1942, that a number of valuable books dealing with different aspects of Indian Economics were published. Mention may be made of the following: *India's Foreign Trade*; *Sales Tax in India*; *Groundnut*; *Agriculture Debt Relief Act*; and *Economics of Indian Agriculture*. Professor V. G. Ramakrishna Aiyar has to his credit a number of books such as *Public Finance*, *Cottage Industries*, *Small Scale Production* and a text-book of *General Economics* in Tamil. The Government of India have been pleased to agree to the working out of a scheme for a survey on *Small Scale Industries* in Salem under the Research Programmes of the Planning Commission. Professor V. G. Ramakrishna Aiyar is directing the Survey.

History and Politics

The Department of History and Politics has been very fortunate in its professors. Professor P. T. Srinivasa Aiyangar, the doyen among historians and well known for his versa-

tility, published a valuable life of Bhoja Raja. The late Divan Bahadur C. S. Srinivasachariar, who succeeded him, showed a passion for research work and brought out a number of manuals, noteworthy among them being *A History of Gingee and its Rulers*, *A History of the City of Madras*, *Anandaranga Pillai and Orme's Manuscripts*. Professor R. Sathianatha Aiyar's contributions include: *Studies in the Ancient History of Tondaimandalam*, *Political and Cultural History of India* (in 3 volumes) and *South Indian History—A.D. 300 to A.D. 1300*. The last has appeared in Vols. III, IV and V of the *History and Culture of the Indian People*. (Bombay Vidyabhavan) He is to deliver the Meyer lectures at Madras in February 1955 on *Tamilagam in the 17th Century*. Among research works brought out by the other members of the Department, mention may be made of Dr. P. C. Alexander's *Buddhism in Kerala*, Sri P. K. Srivirarayan Rajah's *Medieval Kerala* and Sri Vriddhagirisan's *The Nayaks of Tanjore*.

Department of Mathematics

The Mathematics Department has established traditions of its own, thanks to the association of eminent Indian Mathematicians, like Dr. T. Vijayaraghavan and Dr. A. Narasinga Rao and the present Head of the Department, Dr. V. Ganapathi Aiyar. The head of the newly instituted department of Statistics, Dr. K. Rangaswami Aiyar, has published a number of papers in leading journals.

Department of Physics

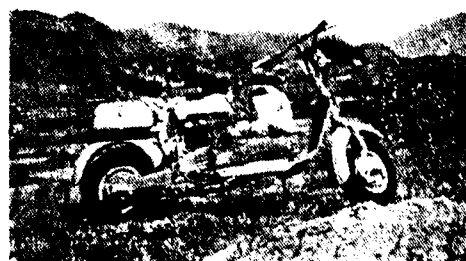
Dr. S. Ramachandra Rao, M.A., D.Sc., initiated a programme of useful work on the application of Raman Effect leading to fruitful investigations in Atomic and molecular structure and study in the application of micro waves to spectroscopy. The present Head of the department is carrying on research in the following problems: Raman Effect; Magnetism, Ultrasonic velocities; adiabatic compressibilities of binary liquid mixtures; and, in geophysics, the magnetic susceptibilities of South Indian rock.

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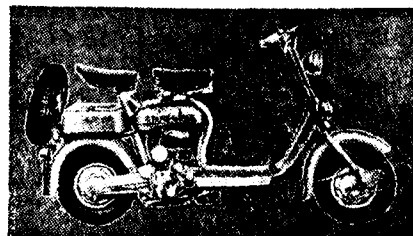
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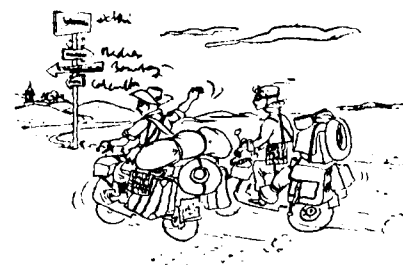
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Department of Chemistry

Research work has been in active progress in this Department in the following fields: Pyridines and piperidines; organo-sulphur compounds; synthesis of compounds having possibly antitubercular and anti-leprosy activity; reaction kinetics, hyperconjugation, synthesis of sulphones and activation of sulphonyl group and nitro group. Dr. V. Baliah, the present head of the department, is engaged in problems relating to the Chemistry of pharmaceuticals.

Botanical Studies

Dr. T. S. Raghavan, M.A., Ph.D. (Lond), F.L.S., F.A.Sc., Professor and Head of the Department of Botany from 1931 to 1947 was mainly responsible for initiating and organizing teaching and research in Botany. A good deal of research work has been carried out in the cytology and cytogenetics of flowering plants. The botanical laboratory has been fully equipped for cytological research. The date and results of the research work were consolidated and published in scientific journals both Indian and foreign. Some of the more important contributions during this period are the following: Dr. T. S. Raghavan—*The Floral Morphology and Cytology of Gynandropsis pentaphylla*; Dr. T. S. Raghavan and Sri K. Rangaswami—*Studies in the Rubiaceae*; Dr. T. S. Raghavan and V. K. Srinivasan—*Studies in the Scrophulariaceae*; Dr. T. S. Raghavan and Sri R. Srinivasan—*Cyto-genetical Studies in Nicotiana*; Sri K. Rangaswami—*Cytomorphological Studies in Asteracantha*; Dr. T. S. Raghavan—*Physiological Anatomy of Ulex europaeus*; Sri K. R. Venkatasubban—*Cytological Studies in Bignoniaceae*; Mr. Wulff and Dr. T. S. Raghavan—*Beobachtungen an pollenschlauchkulturen von der Hydrophyllaceae, Nemophila insignis*.

The research work besides being in the main fundamental in character, has also kept in its purview the utilitarian aspect. With this end in view, a Five Year scheme of cytogenetic research in pulses was carried out successfully under the

auspices of the Indian Council of Agricultural Research, resulting in the breeding of improved hybrid strains.

The latest research work under the headship of Dr. T. C. N. Singh, M.Sc., D.Sc., F.B.S., Professor of Botany includes effect of musical sounds on the growth and reproductive phase of plants, application of absorption spectroscopy in the identification of plants, cytology of flowering plants in relation to their sex determination, studies in the mosses of South India, Studies in the anatomy of acclimatised conifers of South India, germination and phylogenetic studies of Leguminosae, studies on vernalization, photoperiodism and irradiation of plants. These investigations have been published in various important scientific journals.

During recent years, the State and the Union Governments have come forward with grants for promising schemes of investigation; and this has considerably increased the zest for research.

While the extension of knowledge is an important function, the Annamalai University has not forgotten the duty of making that knowledge available in an intelligible form to the common man. It has taken the lead in the most useful work of bringing out books in Tamil on modern knowledge. At first, prizes were offered as inducements for the preparation of treatises on Logic, Chemistry and Physics. When books on the subjects offered for the Intermediate examination were ready, the policy was extended to books needed for the B. A. Degree examination also. The following are some of the publications under this head:—*Navinatarkam* by Professor K. R. Applachariar; *Rasayanam* by Sri N. Anantavaidyanathan; *Cheimurai Vedinool* by Sri P. Ramaswami, *Bhautikanul* by Sri R. K. Viswanathan; *Poruladharanul* by Professor V. G. Ramakrishna Aiyar; *Indiar Varalaru* by Professor C. S. Srinivasachariar and S. K. Govindaswamy; *Vadiveganitham* by Dr. K. Rangaswami Aiyar; *Tavarulanul* by Dr. T. S. Raghavan.

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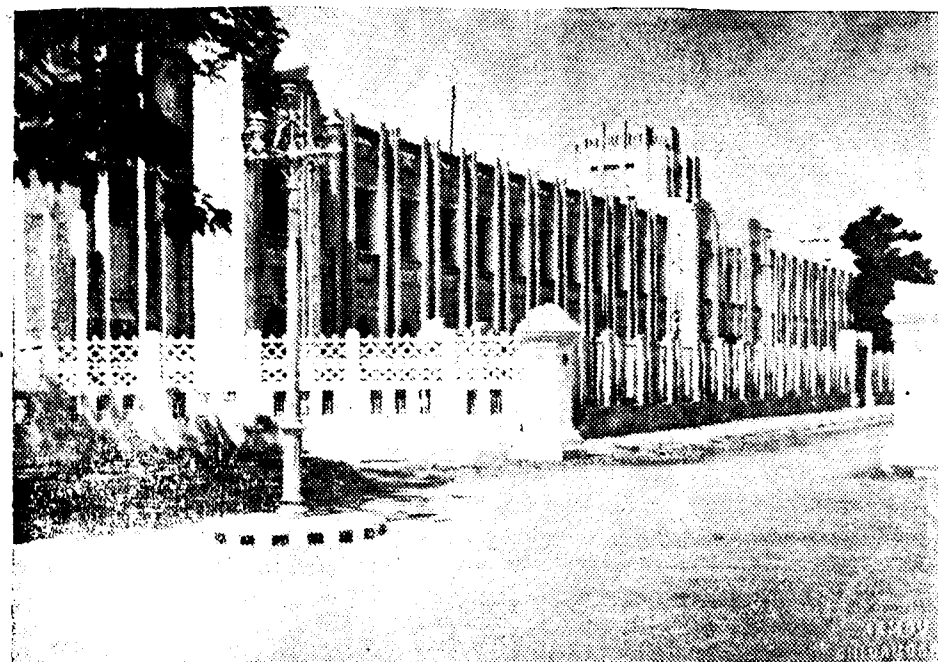
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ENGINEERING STUDIES

IN the building up of New India, the Engineer and the Technologist to-day play a vital role. With a rare pre-vision, Rajah Sir Annamalai Chettiar, the Founder of the Annamalai University, seems to have foreseen the requirements of the nation and instituted the Faculty of Engineering and Technology in 1945. At that time the College of Engineering in Guindy was the only one of the kind in Tamilnad, and it could not meet the growing demand for qualified engineers even then.

The first batch of graduates in Civil, Mechanical and Electrical Engineering, and in Technology, passed out of this University in 1949. In the next few years, new buildings sprang up, and fully equipped laboratories with grant from the Government of India were added. The College has been offering two distinct courses of study, (i) Engineering and (ii) Technology, the latter leading to the B.E. (Chem.) degree.

The Engineering Department can

be proud of its workshop with a large complement of modern machinery in all its sections. With the construction and equipment of concrete Auto-engineering and High-voltage sections—for which proposals have been approved—the department can compare very favourably with any institution of its kind in the country.

In view of fresh impetus given in recent years to post-graduate study and research, it has been decided to provide for the following courses of post-graduate studies leading to the M. Sc. degree in Engineering: (1) Structural Engineering; (2) Public Health; and (3) Agricultural Engineering.

There is to-day great need for re-orientation of the basic courses in the three main branches of Civil, Mechanical and Electrical Engineering. The first and second Five Year Plans involve the building of many dams—some of them of unprecedented complexity—and the setting up of many new industries, which require specialists in concrete-technology, dam construction, highway engineering, soil-mechanics, pre-

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SWATANTRA

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stressed-concrete. machine-tools. electronics and other fields. There are a few institutions and Universities like Roorkee, Annamalai, Madras and the Kharagpur Institute of Technology which have already started, or have plans on the anvil for starting post-graduate courses in Engineering. From 1953 the Annamalai University has been offering an M.Sc. course in Structural Engineering.

In Europe and the U. S. A. emphasis is now placed on the fundamentals of Engineering science rather than on the purely professional subjects, with a view to turning out graduates not merely equipped with capacity to handle routine problems but with a grounding in the fundamentals of Engineering, to enable them to measure upto any new situation that may arise. Applied Mathematics—the handmaid of Engineering—find a prominent place in the curricula of these countries. These principles have been kept in

view in planning Engineering studies at the Annamalai University.

The materials testing laboratory offers facilities for research in the fields of concrete-technology, soil-mechanics and experimental stress analysis. The Electrical Engineering Laboratory also offers research facilities.

Realizing the great potentialities of "pre-stressed concrete" as the building material of to-morrow, the Civil Engineering Laboratories of the University are being equipped for research in this field. The nearness of the University to the Coleroon Bridge works where the longest pre-stressed concrete bridge in India is under construction, is favourable for it. Experiments are also under way to apply the modern techniques of pre-stressing to stone—an ancient building material. If these experiments are successful, there will be no limit to the spans for which stone

(Continued on page 38)



Rajah Sir Muthiah Chettiar, Pro-Chancellor, welcoming the Hon'ble Shri Chintaman Deshmukh, Finance Minister, Government of India, and Srimathi Durgabhai Deshmukh on the occasion of their visit to Annamalainagar in January 1955.

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AGRICULTURE

THE Annamalai University Act, 1928, contemplated the introduction of Agriculture as a subject of study and research, though it was only in 1951 that the Department of Agriculture was opened. One of the earliest agricultural efforts of the University was in 1939, when an Agricultural Colonisation Scheme for graduates was started with the assistance of Sri Ramaswami Sivan, Principal of the Agricultural College, Coimbatore. Dr. S. Krishnamurthi at present the head of the Department of Agriculture, has substantial work to his credit. The Government loaned to the University the Professor's services, and with his wide experience and training in the U. S., he has organised the department on a sound basis.

Agriculture in this University has developed on different lines from those generally prevalent in Agricultural Colleges in this country. This Department is one of the few institutions in India where agricultural teaching, research and extension have been so dovetailed that agricultural students, research workers, teachers and farmers all come together and benefit by the up-to-date agricultural knowledge and experience which the department places at their disposal.

Under-graduate teaching in Agriculture here is designed to give increasing opportunities to University graduates to specialise in Agriculture as a science on par with such subjects as Botany, Zoology and Chemistry. Unlike in several Agricultural Colleges, the students seeking these courses come from rural areas with a thorough agricultural background. One of the features of agricultural training given to students in this University is the allocation of plots of land to individual students for cultivation by them, with a view to providing them intensive practical training and inducing in them confidence to go back to their lands and take up farming as a profession.

Yet another noteworthy thing about agricultural activity in this University is the Agricultural Extension

work, which is designed to persuade the farmers of the neighbouring villages to adopt more scientific agricultural methods which are practised by the department. Promising farmers are selected and given compact economic holdings on the University lands on which they are given training in improved agricultural practices. Lectures, demonstrations, audio-visual projects, conducted tours to Agricultural Research Stations and enactment of agricultural drainas are also resorted to with a view to reinforcing the practical work of the farmers on the lands. Recently these trainees and other farmers of the locality have all been brought together in a Better Farmers' Association for the improvement of agriculture in the villages in the neighbourhood of the University. The students of the Agricultural course also work along with these farmers, and so get first hand knowledge of their problems and their practices.

Three of the Vice-Chancellors, Dr. S. G. Manavala Ramanujam, Dr. R. K. Shanmukham Chettiar and Dr. Sir C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar, have done much to give the new turn to experiments in Agricultural education at the University.

The Department of Agriculture has 250 acres of farms, field and laboratory facilities for post-graduate research leading to higher degrees, and a horti-cultural section with extensive flower and kitchen gardens. An orchard is also in the making. With all these facilities and increasing encouragement from the Government, Agriculture in this University has been striking a new path suited to the environment in which it operates.

(Continued from page 37)

beams can be used! South India has always had a high tradition in stone-masonry. Our temples are poems in stone and the shrine at Chidambaram is a magnificent illustration of what is possible in stone. If Annamalai University should become a pioneer in restoring stone to its place of prestige among building materials, it would certainly redound to its credit.

A Short Story

UNBREAKABLE BOND

One must love, I lived for love . . .

By MAYA

I WAS at the door, idly looking out onto the road, when the telephone rang. Normally you wouldn't catch me there. But then, it was not a busy day. There was no doubt a steady stream of people going in and out—some to buy, others to sell, some to pay or be paid and the usual ones who dropped in just for a chat; but there was nothing urgent or important enough to keep me at my desk. Besides the Director was out, and there was a general feeling of relaxation. Standing at the door, I was watching the passers-by, and making up my own stories about them. It was through the mist of these day dreams that the tinkling of the phone reached my ears.

Stepping in, I took the call. Putting the receiver back in its place, I told the manager: "The skeleton is coming." He smiled. The manager had threatened the agent, that he would tear him open and take his (the agent's) bones out if he did not bring the skeleton in time. He laughed as I reminded him of it. Up popped clerk Krishna Iyer's head, from behind his desk and he said: "Why worry about it so much—we have a bag of bones here. If the skeleton does not come in time, we'll make use of Sudhakar." Sudhakar, the thinnest amongst us, joined in the general laughter at this sally. I went back to the doorway and my day dream . . .

A rickshaw followed by a cyclist slowly came to a stop in front of me. As I watched it an old woman got down. About sixty, thin and shabbily clothed. She was crying; with the corner of her dirty saree, she wiped her eyes and then held her hands out. The cyclist came round and lifting a

bundle from the rick, put it into her hands. Holding the bundle close to her bosom, she looked into the office and hesitating, asked her companion: "Is this the place?" He nodded his head. She slowly walked in and stood before the manager's table. On seeing this shabbily dressed old woman, the manager was a little annoyed. With a frown on his face, he asked her what her business was. There was no reply: only a clasping of the bundle close to her bosom and tears. She looked so full of grief and incapable of speech. This annoyed the manager all the more. He raised his voice and asked: "Why do you keep blinking? Have you any business here? If so, out with it. Or else, out with you. This is no place for people to come in for no reason at all." The loud voice of the manager drew the attention of all the clerks. Krishna Iyer's remark "We can use her for the skeleton" caused a round of laughter at the expense of that poor woman. She just put her head down and her tears kept falling. By this time the cyclist coming in placed a letter before the manager. The manager was so irritated by now, that he kept the man waiting for a while, pretending to write something important, before he deigned to read the letter. Reading it through he called out to Krishna Iyer: "Where is Chari? Get the box ready and find a place for the skeleton—it has come." With a heartless grin on his face, Krishna Iyer pointed to the old woman and asked: "Is this the skeleton?" There was another burst of laughter. This did not last long, however. The companion of the old woman looked us all in the face, nodding his head. His eyes burning with tears, he said pointing to the bundle

in her hands: "Yes, this is the skeleton." We gasped with surprise.

She would not keep the bundle of bones on the floor. Her companion, spread a piece of paper below and over it a piece of cloth and on it she gently placed the bundle, as if it were made of glass. Carefully untying it, she took the bones out one by one. Krishna Iyer and I got busy arranging them in their proper order. All the while the woman kept murmuring: "Please do it carefully, do not knock them against one another and break them." By this time the box was ready and we lifted the skeleton into it. The bones emitted a stench. Turning away from it I saw the old woman standing close by, a miserable and forlorn look on her face. She was wiping her eyes. Holding my nose with a corner of my saree, I moved up to her and asked her: "Why are you so much attached to these bones? Why are you so sad?" For some moments she did not answer. All the while the tears were filling her eyes and dropping down. Then in a voice filled with emotion she said: "My girl, you think I am crazy. Others think I am a beggar. When you laugh at me, it breaks my heart." She sighed and looking into my eyes she asked: "Have you any children?"

"No."

"You are not married, are you?"

"No."

"Have you lost anybody very dear to you?"

"No."

"Your mother and father?"

I was slightly put out by this. I answered: "By the grace of God, they are still alive. But why do you ask me all these questions?"

She paused, stroking the feet of the skeleton lovingly and lingeringly. She said: "You cannot understand why I am crying. You have never lost a loved one."

I stepped back, for the stench from the bones was getting stronger. Intuitively I guessed a tragedy in the scene before me. Beckoning the old woman closer to me, I asked her: "Will you explain all this to me? I do not understand anything."

"Do you work here?"

"Yes."

"You sell skeletons here."

"We sell things necessary for schools and colleges."

"Then why do you buy these bones?"

"You see, schools buy these skeletons from us so that the students can be taught all about our bones: how they are shaped, how many there are, and how they are connected to each other."

"Have you sold them anytime before?"

"Oh yes, many times."

"Where do you get them from?"

"From unclaimed bodies."

SHE asked no more questions. She stood there wiping her fast-filling eyes and looking at the bones hanging in the box. My sense of anticipation was keyed up. I felt that she was about to unfold to me a woeful tale. I said nothing, just kept looking at her, my whole face a big question mark. She slowly started talking.

"My girl, this is my son Kittu, my only son. His father left me long ago—he never cared for us. He does not bother about us. I lived and I worked in my sister's house. She is married to a doctor. The doctor liked my son, he was quite fond of him and got him a job in the hospital where he worked. Kittu worked in the place where they cut up dead bodies. Every day he would come back and talk to me of all the things happening there—how they cut the bodies, limb from limb and part by part. Some bones they sold. I would listen to all these stories, my eyes wide open with fright. There were nights when I could not sleep for fear. My son would then come and sit by me and sing many songs, songs sung in films. He would sing me to sleep. What a nice voice his was and how well he sang!"

A soft breeze blew in, the skeleton swayed slightly, the grinning teeth gently chattered.

"Kittu's pay was thirty-five rupees a month. He would not spend a pie

out of it, but would bring it all to me. He loved me so much. When I wanted him to get married he refused. I tried to compel him. He said laughing: "No, I will not marry, mother, I might then begin to love you less." One day, he suddenly took ill. The doctors whom he knew came and saw him. We removed him to the hospital. His condition did not improve. He called me to his side one day and asked me: "Mother, do you love me?" What a question to ask? I could not reply. I just sobbed. He tried to console me and then said: "Mother, will you do as I ask you?" I promised that I would after which he said: "Mother, it is definite that I will die quickly. When I am dead, you must sell my body. The doctors here will help you to do it. My skeleton will fetch you some money. You can live for some time with that amount." I could contain myself no longer and I burst out crying. But my Kittu would not let me cry. He said: "Mother dear, you must not cry. You should do as I have asked, only then will my soul be at peace. Promise me that you will do this." The next day my darling son died."

She started crying. Huge racking sobs burst out from her. I was helpless. I did not know what consolation I could offer to this wretched woman. Her grief was so great. Words of consolation would appear so shallow. I turned my head aside to hide my tears and my eyes fell on the skeleton hanging in the box. The eyeless sockets, a hole in the place of the nose, teeth kept in place with plaster. What a horrible sight a skeleton was! But God, what a man it was that covered it! What filial love! I ached to have a look at that noble son. My feet led me upto that box. Slowly I touched the skeleton. I felt a thrill running through my fingers and all over my body. I suddenly felt limp and pulled my hand away. Cautiously I looked around. None had watched my actions.

The old woman continued: "To fulfil my son's wishes, I sought the help of the doctors. I followed the body. I saw them cut it up, exactly as my Kittu had explained to me so often. Kittu's bones, I sold to this man for

thirty-five rupees. I have thus got a month's pay of Kittu's. God gave him to me for all these years. Now what will I do?" She looked into my face, with those eyes so full of misery. Then she asked: "My girl, in the school where Kittu goes, will they look after him?" The tears were coursing down her cheeks. I consoled her: "Yes, they will take care of him."

"Which school is it?"

"We do not know now who will buy it."

Her eyes filled with pain. She said nothing. But I knew she was longing to know where her son's bones would finally find a rest.

"I can do something. I can find out who is buying this and let you know."

HER face lit up. "Thank you, my girl. May God bless you. Will you look after my Kittu as long as he is here? You must see that his bones are not spoiled in any way," she said.

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My heart went out to that poor mother. I could feel a strong bond of affection tying me to her. I said: "Old mother, you can come and see your son whenever you want to."

The store-clerk's voice cut in. "Take the skeleton into the store. The old woman's companion took thirty-five rupees from the manager and handed the money over to her. Unable to hear the sight any longer, I went back to my seat. I could feel the cry of agony following me to my room. Thoughts crowded into my mind. This unseverable bond of love—the depths to which poverty can drive—a son selling his skeleton to support his mother—a mother bathing in tears the memory of the departed son—and a life yet fastened to the earth!

I determined to find out the school which bought Kittu's skeleton and inform his mother.

Through the mist of tears in my eyes, I could see the thin figure of the old woman walking wearily, at least once a year to the distant school where her son was hanging: I could see the invisible bonds connecting together the two worlds which can never meet, those bonds passing through the eternity—for humans the bonds of love.

From there on, every day, I would bring to the office two white flowers.

Unseen by others, I would place them before the skeleton. The words of the mother, "My girl, you must look after Kittu"—rang in my ears.

Standing before the skeleton of that man, who spent his life serving his mother, who arranged it so that even after death, his bones should be sold, to help his old mother along, standing before him, I would call gently, "Kittu." I would keep those flowers at his feet.

The youth who gave his bones, so that tomorrow's boys and girls might increase their knowledge—he would stand before me, his teeth, stuck with plaster, grinning, two dark holes in the place of the eyes, his head shining like a porcelain vessel. That skull must once have been covered with black, curly hair. Eyes full of warm love must have shone out of those holes. The arm that hung limply once worked for his mother. Those ribs were once covered with a broad and strong chest and inside those ribs a heart filled with love once beat a steady rhythm.

Thus every day I saw Kittu. Every day his form took shape before me. In the dimness of the store-room, every day, that form whispered to me: one most love, I lived for love alone.

(Rendered by the writer from her own Original MALAYALAM story)

NEELAMBARI

Swaying chains of gold sleep-rock in strains
Of hushed rondo the cradle slung from ceiling
Stud with star-smiles: and slave-girls stealing
Axle-grease from the Night Queen's wains—
Salve for their dark eyes—strum in twains
On yash and sitar, undulate kneeling
In captive counterpoint to trance-dealing
Berceuse echoing in the morphean lanes.

On the tone-etched scene the vision persists
Late after leaf-themes in avenued thought
Flutter and fall upon the sleep-locked ground.
Softly step forward somnambulists
To claim the dream the becalmed spirit bought
Cellophaned in silence spun of sound.

P. SRINIVAS THAMBI

Valliyin Selvan

THIS United Film Arts' production released by Gemini's is a potpourri of many familiar themes in the shape of a domestic drama which looks and sounds as unreal as domestic drama in our 'social' pictures usually does. We have wealthy Manoharam Pillai who is described in the booklet as a *prosperous businessman* who, far from going down on his knees—as one would expect him to—for having as pretty a wife as Vatsala, is threatening to marry again for the sake of perpetuating the family. We have his brother-in-law who, on economic grounds and for the sake of preserving the family figure, keeps himself posted with the latest literature on family planning. We have the loyal, faithful family servant who is prepared to destroy with his own hands his domestic and individual happiness for the sake of keeping his master's family together. We have the father-in-law dying to become a grandfather; we have the adopted mother who suddenly becomes a very unbelievable step-mother. The characters and situations are conventional but not real. That is not a home in which Manoharam Pillai and Vatsala move and have their being, it is a movie set. It is unreal, artificial and lacking in all attempt to establish that air and suggestion of intimacy and closeness which two people, merely by being together over a period of years, build up. The crux of the whole story—namely, the smuggling in of somebody else's baby as the heir of the family—has, I believe, precedents in real life among certain of our properied classes.

But the picture as a whole gets imbued with a deep, familiar yet painful sense of realism—a realism quite apart from and independent of setting and situation—not by the antics of the wife in the case who, by virtue of her ultimate redemption, can lay claim to being called the 'heroine' of the picture, nor by the husband who is so completely insubstantial from beginning to end that he becomes just a face and a voice, but by a character who

dies half way through the picture—Valli, the Mother.

Sundari Bai imparts a delicacy and poignancy to the role of Kandan's wife that is positively moving. Besides her suppressed grief, Vatsala's tears even at the end seem like hysterics. Her rather uneven face has a certain piquancy which endows Valli, who is nothing more than a mere woman, with a charming ingenuousness. She hardly ever overplays, a consuming weakness of so many of our more established stars. She even rises above the simple dignity with which S. V. Subbiah plays Kandan.

Some of the situations border on the fantastic or melodramatic—Vatsala buying up the toy shop before her pregnancy is actually confirmed; her sudden transformation into a step-mother; and Kandan carrying his dead wife in his arms from the scene of the accident (which, as far as we could see, was not reported to the police). Disbelief cannot be suspended so far.

The children, one is happy to note, talk like children. The usual practice, I believe, is to cram their childish chatter with pithy platitudes. And the locale of the story is one of those topographical avonimities which can equally easily accommodate a sleek foreign car as a village dance. The conversation and songs are typical Kothamangalam Subbu—full if topical allusions, lively, rather obvious.

So many of our pictures have one very good idea in them on which is superimposed much froth to satisfy many palates. The characters that save this picture from the condemnation of being the 'usual' type are Valli and Kandan who are in refreshing contrast to the surrounding extravagance.

S. R.

(Continued from page 7)

and again, talent of proved worth, without any compelling necessity and just as a penalty for the pursuit of policies commendable in themselves, that cannot be objected to on any reasonable ground.

SARA

Popular Sportsman

By P. N. S.

THE death of T. Srinivasaraghavan in poignant circumstances in the air crash near Nagpur last week has removed from the field of sports a popular sportsman, and a sports official of commendable ability. Barely forty, he had made a mark in Madras and Indian cricket and was on the threshold of greater achievements.

Srinivasaraghavan—Ganta to his intimate friends—was a posthumous son and his mother considered no sacrifice too great to bring him up in comfort, and when she passed away a couple of years ago—she had the satisfaction of seeing her 'boy' well on the road to success in life.

Cricket became the first love of Srinivasaraghavan from early on, and remained so till his last moment. His early contacts with many leading personalities of the game in the city like T. Vasu Naidu, B. Subramaniam, Major Grandhi, M. V. Ramanujulu and M. J. Gopalan only whetted his appetite for the game, and with their advice and encouragement he made good progress on the field. In the 1940s he was one of the promising youngsters in the State who cried for recognition, though in vain.

Srinivasaraghavan's cricket, in keeping with his outlook on life, was robust. He believed in attacking the bowler right from the start and was never afraid to saunter out from the crease to get at him. His strokes were mainly on the off-side and he put so much power behind them that he never troubled to keep the ball on the ground. The end justified the means, and critics of his game were answered effectively by the many excellent scores he notched up. His bowling—he bowled left arm medium-pacers—lacked style, but the number of wickets he gathered compensated for it. However, his bowling occupied secondary place to his batting, for which alone he ought to have received better recognition from the Madras Cricket Association. At the first chance offered to him by the authorities, when he was chosen to play for the Madras juniors against

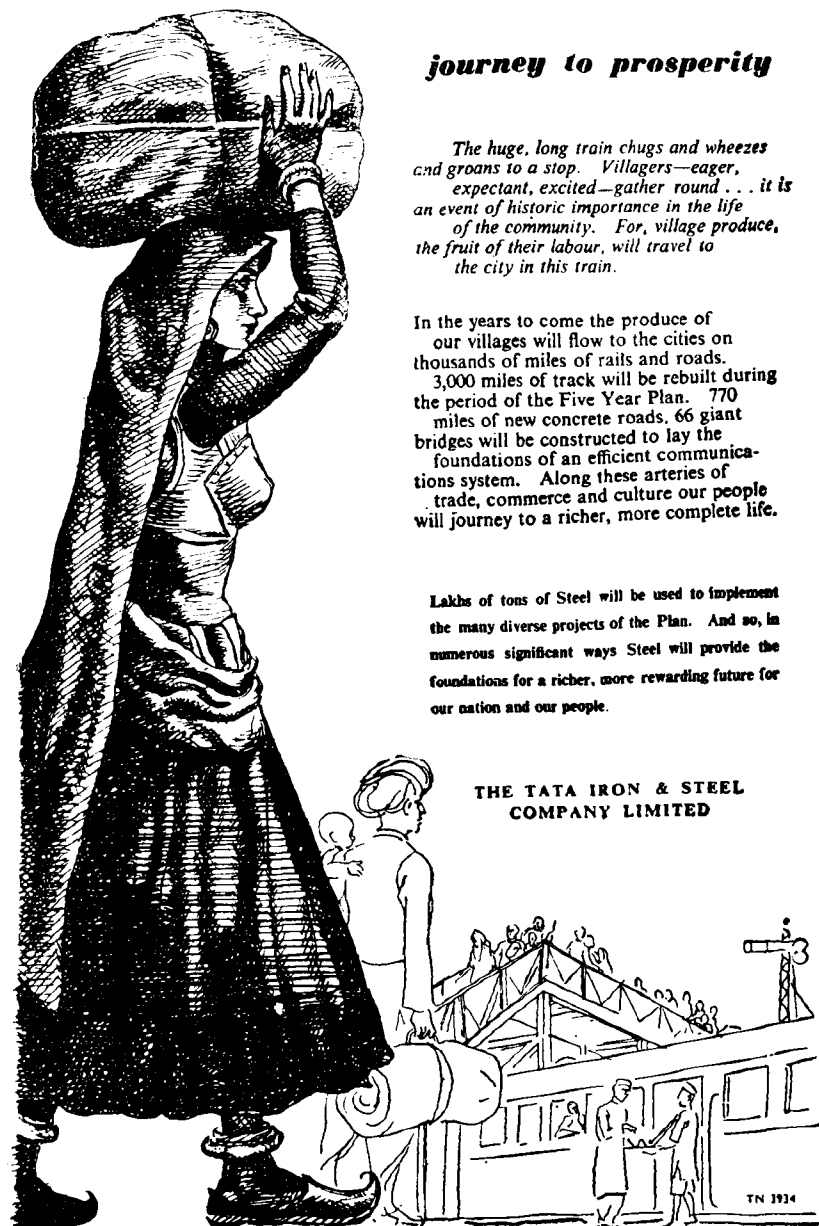
Mysore at Bangalore under the captaincy of the Raja of Ramnad, he did very well to top his side's individual scores, but only to find himself omitted from the State side for a Ranji Trophy match immediately after. The irony of it was that a player who was substitute for the junior match was chosen in his stead. Srinivasaraghavan never forgot this injustice done to him and his attitude to the young players of today, in whose encouragement he took a special interest, was a constant reminder to the older members of the M. C. A. who dealt so unfairly with him.

To those who played with him, it was not so much the scores he made or the wickets he bagged that stick out of memory as his geniality and love of fun. He was a jolly companion on and off the field and rarely made an 'enemy.' In fact he had the rare capacity to befriend even those who were in the opposite camp, so to say; and later on, when his voice was heard in the affairs of cricket in the country, he was generous even to those who had worked against him.

While Srinivasaraghavan was a good friend of many, to his intimate friends he was practically a member of the family. In their company he was in his most expansive mood; he would talk with them without reserve—how he batted and bowled and argued in court; how he deliberately planned the inswinger straight to the stumps after bowling a few that by their course off the wicket brought curses from the keeper, and so on. He would talk too of his friends' successes and derive as much joy and happiness from their achievements as from his own.

In his profession of law, his cleverness, his integrity and his pleasant manner brought him a good clientele. They came to him with their troubles and stayed as his friends. They stuck to him in spite of his comparative inattention to his profession—cricket remained his first love even to his detriment as a lawyer.

It is a pity that so jovial and lovable a man should have perished in flames. Left to himself, he would perhaps have liked to die at the wicket—with boots on.



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Individual And State Moralities

Sir.—With reference to the article entitled "Only Way out of World Disorders," that appeared in Swatantra of 8th January, may I be permitted to say a few words?

It was emphatically suggested that the cure for all ills in international politics is the application of the Gandhian technique. It was claimed to be the "singular solution to problems like Imperialism and Colonialism". What is more, it was even asserted that "it is not idealistic but practicable". These statements call for careful analysis and deep consideration, since there is much loose talk about these suggestions and it has become the fashion of our leaders to suggest this panacea for all political ills.

One feels that such over-simplification of things springs from under-estimation of the seriousness of the situation. Political factors are so complicated that they do not admit of a ready and simple solution. It is the essence of the study of such problems that their complexity should be recognized.

In the first place, Gandhian principles form the basis of individual ethics. It requires a high degree of self-control and discipline for these principles to be successfully adopted, which is possible only with a few. Concession should be made to the infirmity and frailty of human nature. Moreover, a distinction should be made between individual and State morality. The writer of the article seems to have confused both. Though one should not go to the extent of separating individual morality from State morality so completely as Machiavelli tried to do, yet it should be admitted that both are distinct.

Again, undue praise has been given to the part played by non-violent Satyagraha in the achievement of Indian independence. India became free not solely due to the adoption of this "new technique". There may be other reasons as well. Can the writer explain the achievement of freedom by countries like Ireland, Pakistan, Burma and Ceylon in terms of Gandhian methods? His statement that certain countries

remain unfree because they indulge in violent methods is unwarranted. What guarantee is there that these nations might become free if only they adopt non-violent methods? It should not be taken to mean that I advocate violent methods. Far from it. The point is that there were other factors which were taken into account, when freedom was given to us. For example, the Britishers quitted India not only on the conviction that they could not remain any longer in the wake of nationalism but as part of the western policy to prevent Communist expansion.

Gandhian principles are ideals towards the realisation of which one may, with all sincerity, endeavour. But to expect that the "Big Powers" will adopt them to insure peace in the world is somewhat over-optimistic since it implies a thorough re-orientation of mind as well as change of heart on their part. We must bear in mind that "Utopianism in politics is dangerous."

T. LAKSHMINARAYANAN
Madras Christian College,
Tambaram

Hasty Changes

Sir.—Many things are attempted in haste in our country. The latest instance is the change in the classification and fittings of the different classes in the railways. One would have lost count of the number of times such changes have been introduced. These were not without expenditure for the railway exchequer—expenditure which had to come eventually from public funds. But why all these changes? Just to satisfy a whim or fancy of some unbalanced person who happens at the moment to be at the lead of the department! The vandalism that has been perpetuated on the poor railway carriages is insufferable. Every change that is introduced is not without its far-reaching disturbances in the administration. The lower rungs of clerks have got to adjust themselves to these changes. More than this, the public also has to get acquainted with the changes and adjust themselves to them.

No one will deny that the poorer amongst the travelling public must be provided with comforts and proper travel facilities should be afforded to them; but why frequently interfere with the upper class passengers?

Changes, wherever introduced, must be progressively constructive and destructive only when the progress in the later stage is impeded by existing conditions. But in the present set-up of the country, progress is curtailed first with destruction of an existing mechanism and the hurried creation of some

other in its stead without proper, previous thought.

Another example of thoughtless hurried change was the one made in the educational system during the period of Minister Avanasilingham Chetty and later during Rajaji's regime. In democracy people have to be taken along with an appreciation and zest for the changes introduced. Changes introduced at wrong times will be resisted, and it behoves our administrators not to disturb the equilibrium of our society with too frequent hasty changes rashly conceived. K.

Threat to Freedom

Sir,—The editorial in the last issue of *Swatantra* has pictured the tyranny of Communism, if it were to dominate the masses of India. The theme of *Swatantra* in this regard cannot meet with any disapprobation in any knowledgeable quarters. The leading article of the journal has broken the illusory veil of Communism and has given a vivid representation of the autocratic and dictatorial aims which are latent in them.

It is hoped that Congress will successfully implement the resolutions passed in its recent conference at Avadi, and will regain the lost confidence of the public.

S. GAYATRI

(ii)

Sir,—In your editorial in the issue of *Swatantra* dated 5th February, after discussing the relative merits of the capitalist and Communist structures of society, you expressed the opinion that "for the preservation of democracy in Andhra the Communists should be defeated at the polls and kept out of the chance of running the Government."

The reasons for coming to that conclusion were that "if the Communist power gets established that will mean progressively the death of free elections

and of all other parties and that a ruthless one-party dictatorship will come into being as a result of Communist victory in the Andhra elections."

Andhra State is part of a big country, India, having only 2.25 crores of people out of a total population of 36 crores. There is the Constitution of India and a constitutional head to our State. Will it not be wise to allow the Communists to come to power and get rid of them if they play mischief with the power got by them. In a country, like Czechoslovakia or Rumania, it might be difficult to get rid of them once they come to power. But it should not be very difficult to remove them from power when Andhra is not a 'country' but only a 'State' like so many other States in India.

It would be far-fetched to suggest that the Union Government with all its resources cannot control people who are at the helm of affairs in a State. I am not able to understand how the Communists, by coming into power in a State—which though autonomous in regard to local subjects is under the overall control of the Central Government and which has a constitutional head in the name of the Governor who at any time can sack the Ministry if it is proved to be dishonest in its professions—can kill democracy and subject the people to dictatorship. The Union Government's interference is not without precedent. It did it in the case of Pepsu. It would be better if the Communists are given a chance and if it is proved to the people that no good would be served by electing them into power. That would have more healthy effect on the thinking of the people than all this kind of official and non-official propaganda on the efficacy or otherwise of democracy when compared to Communism.

V. SUBBARAU

Rajahmundry

SWATANTRA

On Sale Every Saturday

Vol. X. February 19, 1955 No. 3

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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.

Subscription rates (including postage); for one year; Inland Rs. 20; Foreign, £1-16sh., or \$8; Half-year: Inland, Rs. 10; Foreign, 18sh., or \$4.

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SWATANTRA

Vol. X. FEBRUARY 19 SATURDAY 1955 No. 3

ARMY INFLUENCE IN RUSSIA

OF the Soviet leaders that seized power on Stalin's death, one is dead and the other is in disgrace. Yet these two leaders, Beria and Malenkov, occupied the Russian political stage two years ago as the most important men in the whole country. Their sudden and dramatic removal from the helm of affairs is not however so significant as the manner in which it has been accomplished. There has been a change in rulers without the public will being brought into consultation over it in the slightest degree. This, indeed, is a symbol of the difference between Russia and the democratic countries. Personal rivalries for power exist both in the Communist and the democratic systems of government. But a major change, such as the one that has now taken place in Russia, cannot occur in any of the great democratic countries, without the will of the people being ascertained tangibly as through elections. In those countries, there is a constitutional provision for popular sovereignty which does not remain merely theoretical, but is exercised in the most effective way in the determination of the supreme national leader who is to form and run the government. The choice of the leader is not for all time, at any rate it is not for an indefinite period. It is for a limited duration. One can change over from the power of office to the avocations of private life and go back to power again, in accordance with the shifts in public opinion, without incurring any risk to life or person by any of the changes. But in Com-

munist Russia the rulers change not because the sanction for their rule in popular support is changed. They change as an indication of victory for intrigues planned to undermine and destroy them. Victory is therefore often the equivalent of killing, and defeat of death. For the time being there is an appearance of difference in the respective manners of dethronement from power of Beria and Malenkov. Beria was almost immediately liquidated, whereas Malenkov still lives and has even been given a new assignment. But these differences in treatment may turn out to be illusory, for in the Stalinist tradition of liquidating fallen rivals, occasionally time lags were allowed. Defeated rivals of Stalin like Rykov and Bukharin were allowed to live for ten years before they were liquidated, and what is more, they were entrusted for those ten years with not altogether insignificant State duties. If any policy can be linked with the fallen Malenkov, it is the policy of priority for consumer goods. Proponents of this policy have already been damned by Khrushchov, the aspiring dictator behind the new shift in power, as holding "views hostile to Leninism which were at a time propagated by Rykov, Bukharin and their ilk."

The changes in the Soviet hierarchy that have taken place after Malenkov's resignation indicate the enhanced power of the Army chiefs in Russian politics. When the second World War ended, Marshal Zhukov was, by virtue of his brilliant

military exploits, the greatest hero of the Soviet people. But Stalin would not tolerate a rival to himself in popularity and sent the Marshal to languish in obscurity at Odessa on the Black Sea coast. On Stalin's death Zhukov was brought immediately back to prominence and made Deputy Minister of Defence in the first post-Stalinist government. The promotion of the Minister of Defence, Bulganin, to the Premiership, has given Marshal Zhukov the chance of elevation to cabinet rank;

and while Bulganin serves as the figurehead, the reality of political power is evidently shared between the party leader Khrushchev and the military commander Zhukov. The immediate consequences of the new alignment of leaders in the top grade of the Soviet hierarchy are likely to be: increased influence for the Army and a tougher foreign policy along with a further tightening of Soviet military control over the satellite Communist countries of Eastern Europe.

Sotto Voce

★

GHEE FROM YANKEELAND



WHEN, as a callow school-boy, I discovered that there was no equivalent in English for ghee, that imperial language went down considerably in my estimation. Even that paragon of correctitude the Concise Oxford Dictionary, flounders hopelessly when it comes to defining the unfamiliar thing. To say that ghee is "Indian buffalo-milk butter clarified to resemble oil" is not only an insult to the cow. It is a gross example of *heenopama*, as the Alankarikas would say, to compare it with base oil. "Clarified to resemble oil" forsooth! Has the duffer never seen that marvellous stratification, as of layers of grained sand, into which the cooling ghee settles, making the tongue water, the teeth crunch and the eyes suffuse with tears of anticipatory joy?

But, of course, there is no use blaming the obtuse Occidental whose imagination has never soared to anything higher than that cold yellow stuff, machine-made, salted butter. And I recollect, though still with

something of a shock, that most of our own people know ghee, the real article, only by hearsay. I have a suspicion that these unfortunates, having had their taste debased by a life-time's use of *Vanaspathi*, may exhibit a positive allergy if by any chance they should get a spoonful of pure ghee, even if it be nothing better than buffalo-milk ghee. After all you can't expect every man to have had the luck that was mine—to live in the first years of the century at Kumbakonam, when Swami-malai ghee, the nearest approximation to ambrosia, sold at four *seers* a rupee.

But, hark!, the Americans are coming, with *ersatz amrita* to redeem us from our gheeless plight. They have, it seems, mountains of butter running rancid. And even this resourceful people could not apparently think of such a strikingly intelligent solution of disposing of an unmarketable surplus, as they have devised for instance to deal with the problem of excess coffee. Ghee, of course, burns:

beautifully, as the more adventurous tourist who has penetrated to Tiruvannamalai on Krithigai day might have seen for himself. But it cannot be burnt *usefully*, as petrol or diesel oil may. And his puritanic soul might rebel at the thought of burning ghee merely to make a blaze that would savour too markedly of a barbaric rite.

But in the tough American you find the Good Samaritan not very much below the surface. Somebody in Yankeeland has hit upon the bright idea that it would be a good thing if the Indian hordes could be given more adequate quantities of an edible which they prize so highly at prices which would be within their reach. If, incidentally, that helps to turn ranching in the wild West from a losing, if romantic proposition, into a modest dividend-yielding business, there is no need to jib at it. That would be only in the classic tradition of philanthropy plus five per cent.

A modest 500 lbs of 'ghee' manufactured in America is already on the way to these shores. We may be sure that in a matter of months rather than years the trickle will swell into a veritable Amazon. The Government of India, with that selective solicitude for the consumer which has already manifested itself in ways that the local producer finds so disconcerting but must not complain against for fear of being dubbed grossly incompetent, will no doubt welcome the impostor with open arms. Were we not told that Indian writing inks stick like glue to the pen and Indian biscuits choke in the throat?

It is true that the consumer is a perverse fellow who is not always prepared to take his cue from the sybarites at New Delhi whose nationalism takes the peculiar form of a wholesome contempt for everything Indian. The glamour for foreign brands of inks and soaps, of cosmetics and biscuits still lingers only where bureaucratic snobs can surround themselves with glittering vials and peacock-coloured cartons bought at

the expense of public funds in order to reassure them that they, the *bon ton*, have every right to look down upon country. In due course tons of American ghee may come to repose safely in their air-conditioned *caches* without the man in the street exhibiting even a lukewarm interest in it.

But I am forgetting that ubiquitous artificer, the expert adulterator. American ghee, under his inspiration, may enter into as numerous and versatile relationships with other edible oils as ground-nut oil does today. The virtuoso in blending will have one more component to play with. But, whatever the form in which it is consumed, we may be sure that the clarified butter of the American buffalo will not only come to be used some day in our most sacred rites. It will give the *coup de grace* to Indian cattle whose only function, as our expert economists tell us from time to time, is the self-liquidating one of feeding the abattoirs. Alas, for *go mata!*

VIGNESWARA

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SIDELIGHTS ::

HERE is the condensed substance of the letter of a correspondent, typical of several others repeating the same argument in different words:

"If the Communist Party gets established in Andhra as the ruling power, as that power develops, it will mean progressively the death of free elections, and of all other parties." That is *Swatantra* in its issue of February 5, and had it been any other journal it deserved no notice.

Is it possible for the Communist Party, entrenched by popular will in one State, to stifle the Opposition parties under the present Constitution of the country? A study of the Constitution will show that freedom of speech, of association and of expression is assured, and when these fundamental rights are violated, there is an independent judiciary to uphold them.

In the present circumstances, the much praised provincial autonomy is restricted in so far as a non-Congress Government is concerned, and any legislation, distasteful to the Congress Government at the Centre, brought forward by any non-Congress Government in a State, will be negated by the Governor, who is not elected by popular will unlike the legislature. The Governor has all power to dissolve the legislature and dismiss the Government if he feels it is violating the Constitution.

The argument that Communists in power will stifle the Opposition parties in Andhra is vague, and should be expressed in clearer terms. Most of the Congress leaders are afraid of Communist rule in Andhra because rejection by the Congress Governor of progressive measures of legislation that may be brought forward by it, may discredit the Congress parties in other States, and will result in Communist successes there.

In this background, no industrialist, no Congressman, not even the 180 and odd Andhra "writers, scholars, poets, actors, journalists," etc., need be afraid of Communist rule in Andhra. There is a nominated Governor, armed to the teeth, standing as a sentry to guard their interests and the Constitution, and to prevent the Communist Government, elected by the popular will, from going astray.

In dealing with the Communists, one should remember that the Constitution has no sanctity for them. They take advantage of the provisions of the Constitution only to violate them and resort to extra-constitutional techniques when they think it serves their purpose to do so in pursuit of the power on which they are for ever bent. Recently a number of judges of the Soviet judiciary were dismissed. Judges have no security of tenure in the Communist system of government. They are got rid of when their decisions run counter to the wishes of the bureaucrats in executive control of the State. The protective role of the members of the judiciary is nullified by their dependence on executive grace for their existence and survival as judges.

Communist programmes do not reflect the genuine convictions of the Communist Party. Often in the past they changed overnight into the very opposites of what they had been, on receipt of a directive from Moscow. They vary also from place to place. The Communists are willing to subscribe to any objective, however out of tune with the normal tenor of their professed outlook if thereby they are likely to gain a local advantage. Regional, linguistic and communal passions are fanned by them in the attempt to catch votes. Chester Bowles in his book, *Ambassador's Report*, has revealed how they won two seats in Parliament from Manipur by swallowing their usual anti-landlordism and setting themselves up as champions of the young, popular maharaja and pledging themselves to restore him to his lost power and dignities. Lenin's words are biblical to Communists all over the world. Lenin wrote: "A tough, disciplined Communist minority needs no more than 10 per cent of the popular vote to bring about the downfall of any democratic government." Lenin exhorted the Communists: "If there

are five parties, you should work side by side with four to destroy the fifth. When there are four, ally yourself with three to destroy the fourth. When there are three, combine with two to destroy the third. And when there are only two, victory is in your hands." Working side by side with other parties in order to destroy them, and along with them democratic government, is approved Leninist tradition, providing the basis of the Communist pattern of parliamentary strategy to deceive those whom they plan to eliminate and supplant.

It is from small pockets that seemed at first insignificant that the Communists spread all over China. The smallness of the area of their influence is an illusory protection against their potential expansion. The very Governor who, armed to the teeth, looks so formidable as a sentinel guarding the Constitution, and the Central Government seeming impregnable in over-all authority over the whole country, the Communists can turn into calamitous instruments for precipitating their own swift capture of the popular imagination at the expense of all other parties. Over 90 per cent of the population are poor. A confiscatory policy of expropriating without compensation the remaining 10 per cent would be against the injunction of the Constitution and bring down the veto of the Centre against the Communists. It would mean Governor's rule. But it will be sufficient to make people crazy and establish the Communists in their estimation as thwarted champions of the have-nots. Greed is of all passions the easiest to inflame as the organisers of crossword puzzle competitions have amply demonstrated in our midst. Day after day we find millions of people made mad by greed submitting to systematic forfeiture of their hard-earned savings in the hope of winning a big fortune which only one in a million can ever win. For that one-millionth chance of affluence they lose what little they have, forgetting the simplest rules of arithmetic. The power of organised

incentives to greed over poverty-stricken people to induce in them mass hypnosis is terrific, and it will unhinge the victims' reason and sanity to the extent of making them believe that society's cheats are its saviours.

It was a regular *apartheid* that invitees to the Museum Theatre were subjected to last week when Sri Subrahmaniam the Finance Minister presided over a feast of South Indian music and dance got up in honour of the Russian cultural delegation. At an official function officially got up the officials and their wives and children occupied the first dozen rows of the front seats exclusively reserved for them, and to this spectacle of the importance of the official community in the City, the non-official public was privileged to provide an audience. The whole conception underlying the arrangements was offensively discriminatory in the best Malan pattern. Culture was subordinated to bureaucracy.

SAKA



Sri Panampalli Govinda Menon, the new Chief Minister, T. C. State

MARX, GANDHI AND BHOO DAN

By TILAK RAJ CHADHA

BHOO DAN does not aim at a fair redistribution of land alone. Providing land to the millions of landless in India is, no doubt, its immediate aim. But the movement, in its entirety, is nothing less than a new attempt at the banishment of injustice, exploitation, inequality and hate from human society.

Such attempts in the history of human civilisation have not been few and far between. These attempts, in fact, are as old as these ills.

But, while attempts to eradicate these maladies have been countless, it may yet be possible to group them under two broad categories, two main streams, flowing one after the other or simultaneously. The first, in point of time, was an attempt to change the individual, the individual man, to change his heart by religious, moral and ethical appeals, to win him over from the clutches of greed, jealousy and inherent barbarism. The underlying social philosophy, if any, viewed society as a simple collection of individuals, who had, therefore, to be individually corrected, or converted, before society, as a whole, could be changed. Buddha, Jesus Christ, Guru Nanak and other great religious and ethical teachers of mankind are celebrated examples who followed this road to social regeneration. They worked wonders, rescued millions of individuals from selfishness, greed and lust for power, but their achievements were neither lasting nor universal.

The most notable exponent of the other method was Karl Marx, though he was not the first man to emphasize that human society was not a simple collection of individuals but much more complex, that it was not possible to change either man or society by concentrating on individuals alone, that man lived in the world as a component part of a social whole, a social mechanism, called society, which had to be basically changed first, because the social

whole powerfully and decisively shaped the individual and his thoughts and actions. Change this social whole and the individual would be changed along with it, almost in an automatic manner, was the formula. Marx also showed the best way of changing this social whole. He had another automatic process to unfold: change the economic foundations of the society and the whole society, in all its aspects, would be changed as a matter of course.

The new mantra captured the imagination of the people and began to spread like wildfire, sweeping everything before it. But it has proved to be as effective, or ineffective, as the old. Followers of Karl Marx staged a violent proletarian revolution and not only captured but monopolised all power in the largest state of the world. For more than 37 years now they have been engaged in an unparalleled effort to change society, and all its components, by changing its economic foundations. But neither society nor man has basically changed in consequence. Injustice, greed, selfishness, exploitation, inequality and lust for power characterise the Soviet society as much as if not more than any other modern society of human beings.

Are we then at a dead end? Has humanity no new path to break? If both these historic attempts to change man and society have failed, cannot a synthesis of the two prove more effective? The greatest merit of the theory and practice of Mahatma Gandhi was exactly this. His methods were a synthesis of the two earlier human attempts to change man and society, methods which by themselves had failed to achieve universal and lasting results. His sole emphasis was neither on one nor on the other, neither on the individual in preference to the whole nor on the whole in preference to the

individual. He lived and struggled and died for a basic change in individual as well as society, simultaneously and not one after the other. He was no believer in social automatism. He did not believe that individual changes could automatically lead to a basic change in the social whole. Nor did he believe that by changing the social whole the individual would be changed automatically. He believed in changing both, and at the same time. That is why he preached individual change of heart and fought British imperialism with the organised strength of the Indian masses at the same time. He tried to wean people away from the lures of greed and lust by religious, moral and ethical appeals and advocated, at the same time, abolition of landlordism without compensation, nationalisation of the key industries and a drastic reduction in the disparity between the maximum and minimum incomes and standards of living. That is why he organised the people for ceaseless resistance to evil in all its forms, but on the basis of truth and non-violence.

Vinoba's Bhoo Dan Yagna is the greatest and the boldest attempt to translate Gandhi's twin-conception into social reality. Bhoo Dan is a determined attempt to change man and society at the same time. It is therefore important to understand that collection of land gifts and their allocation to landless kisans on an equitable basis is not the be-all and end-all of the Bhoo Dan movement. Propagation of his ideas, therefore, again, is perhaps as important as collection of gifts. His equal emphasis on change of heart and change of society has also to be noted, and practised by Bhoo Dan workers. In no case should Vinoba's unique mission be equated with a mechanical collection of land and cash gifts.

Bhoo Dan workers can ignore his emphasis on a real change of heart before accepting any gifts at the gravest peril to the whole conception. Vinoba himself has many a time refused to accept large gifts of land when he failed to detect a spark of

sincere change in the heart of the donor. That hearts do change in this manner is there for everyone, who has no preconceived notions and prejudices, to see. It is happening before our very eyes. More than three hundred thousand men of property have already responded to his call. It is not something that can be lightly brushed aside or dismissed as risk insurance in this acquisitive society.

Bhoo Dan workers can also not afford to miss his equally great emphasis on changing the very structure of society as a whole. The exploitation, injustice and inequality of modern society are no doubt rooted in private property in the means of production to a very large extent. As long as a few individuals continue to own all the means of production, these means of production will continue to be used and exploited for private ends by these individuals at the cost of social good and justice. Regeneration of man and society can therefore not be ushered in without abolishing private property and establishing social ownership in these means of production.

IN India land is the most important means of production even today. A great deal of prestige attaches to its ownership. This is evident from the urge even in men in the professions to acquire a piece of land in villages with the fortunes they are able to amass in towns and cities. Private property in land was therefore the first target of attack by Vinobaji. What does he say and preach? That Land was no man's creation. Gopal, God, created it, just as He created the sun, the moon, the water and the air we breathe. Can anyone lay proprietary claims on the sun and the moon, the water and the air? Why should, then, individuals be allowed to 'own' land, the primary source of all production in this world? Therefore, "no private property in land" is the slogan. Land should belong to the people, the people as a whole, the whole society. The right of use, of tolling on it and producing our basic necessities, can

of course be allotted by the society to individuals who cultivate it by their own hands. But not ownership in the sense in which we understand it today.

Abolition of private property in land, again, is only the first step on a lofty tier. He would endeavour to abolish private property in accumulated city fortunes as well, in factories, workshops and other industrial and commercial enterprises. For him there is no distinction between property in land and other forms of property. He would like to apply the same principle to all forms of property. It is, therefore, significant that Vinoba and Jayaprakash are now laying more and more emphasis on *Sampati Dan* and that, besides lakhs of rupees donated in cash gifts, they have also received two textile mills in *Sampati Dan*.

THE potentialities of the movement, which had such a humble start are thus becoming more and more evident. Nothing succeeds like success. Its rapid progress has silenced many an erstwhile critic and doubter who had fundamental ideological and philosophical objections to raise. Most of the honest critics have by now been converted. Those of them who still remain to be converted are in the process of it. But a category of doubters is still there in the country. They belong mostly to a camp whose death knell this movement is out to ring: votaries of violent revolution and totalitarian methods of change and reconstruction. Their basic contention is that neither men nor society have in the long history of the human race been changed and

fundamentally regenerated by love and conversion. There is, according to them, one and only one way of fundamental reconstruction of society, and that is violent revolution. Force is the midwife of every fundamental change in human and material relations. Not until the whole of society is shaken by means of a violent upheaval can real and lasting change take place in these relations. They, therefore, continue to scoff at Vinoba and Bhoo Dan.

Little do they realise, however, that violence has not so far, in any shape or form, been successful in eradicating exploitation, injustice, inequality and lust for power. Violence does not break that vicious circle of evil begetting evil which mankind has been suffering from and struggling against since time immemorial. Violence breeds more violence. It does not end violence. Soviet Russia is a tragic example of this simple fact. More than 37 years after the Great October Revolution, violence and force continue to be the mainstay of the State. After Lenin, Stalin and after Stalin, Malenkov have amply demonstrated that the group commanding more force destroys the other group commanding less force. As soon as Malenkov was sure of military support he liquidated Beria and his men. If Beria had been able to secure military support he would have, in a similar manner, liquidated Malenkov and his men.

If non-violence has so far not succeeded in ushering in fundamental and lasting changes in human relations, has violence succeeded in the job? Practice of non-violence supplies us with many examples of profound change of heart on a tremendously vast scale in many a country, at least for a period of time, which may have run into scores of years. Has the practice of violence, which is much older than the practice of non-violence, one such instance to offer? Even if both methods have failed in history, is their failure equal? And even if their failure is equal, shall we not choose the one that is less harmful even if equally impotent?

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MERE CHATTER....

DUST TO DUST...

A LONDON Admiralty spokesman has revealed that 1500 tons of radio-active waste packed in special containers has been dropped 1200 fathoms deep in the Atlantic Ocean. The waste, which comes from Harwell, has been unloaded away from all shipping lanes, we are assured. The spokesman has also said that some of the waste may take 20 years and a small portion 30 years to become 'harmless'. But it cannot now do any further harm because the material the containers are made of has been carefully chosen to withstand all kinds of corrosion. The Atomic Energy Authority has also given the assurance that there can be no conceivable harm or hazard as a result of either fish or in any other way.

Apropos of this piece of news we cannot help wondering what happened to the other ash at Hiroshima and Nagasaki and what containers were used for the disposal. Or did it all just blow away?

HANDS OFF DHEBAR, PLEASE

We cannot imagine how we missed this item in the *London Times* of the 14th January—we were too busy with Avadi, we guess—but we feel that some reply, though belated, is called for.

Mr. U. N. Dhebar, says its Delhi Correspondent... is a retiring man of simple habits who does not smoke or drink, and apparently very rarely eats.

He has also decided to take up residence in the sweepers' colony here... If he is, he is likely to take the Congress leaders with him. A report of the party's Constructive Committee recommends that ministers of state governments should not be provided with new cars; that they should remove into smaller and less ostentatious bungalows...

A friend of Gandhi once said it cost a great deal of time and money to provide a nationalist leader with sweepers' quarters and 3rd class rail-

way compartments, which was perhaps the reason why he eventually lived in a large town house of an Indian industrialist. Nevertheless, austerity appeals to most Indians, whose daily lot it is, and it is unfortunately true that many ministers have separated themselves from the ordinary people by a screen of large U. S. cars, armed policemen, hangers-on and a general affluence that would bewilder ministers of the Crown.

This apparent vanity is only a manifestation and not a cause of the Congress party's increasing loss of popular support... but already the new blood which was recently transfused into the Central Government has had some effect. Pandit Pant, the new Home Minister, announced... he would attend his office every working day...

First, we would like to know if the Delhi Correspondent of the *Times* is a disillusioned Englishman or only a disgruntled Congressman?

We admit it is all a little confused now but we soon hope to have the whole governmental machinery here slashed vertically from top to bottom into two equal halves. The private sector will be composed of simple men of simple habits who will go from cottage to cottage in double-bullock carts. The public sector will be composed of men who will not go anywhere at all but will send their hangers-on in long, sleek American cars (or strong, sturdy, camouflaged Russian motors) from steel plant to steel plant to have an eye on things. The Delhi Correspondent may even live to see the day...

But we suggest we leave Mr. Dhebar out of it, if he does not mind. We happen rather to like him...

SPLIT HAIRS

On January 25 the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet announced that it was ending the 14-year old state of war with Germany and that here-

after peaceful relations are established between the Soviet Union and Germany.

Just a minute. What exactly is it we have been having since May, 1945? A state of peace or mere peace?

PAY-AFTER-YOU-GO

Thomas Cook and Sons are trying a new experiment in Pay-after-you-go holidays. They are collaborating with a major air-line in this new venture. The idea is that you have the holiday first and pay after you come back home.

We won't ask: Suppose you don't come back home? As well may happen. Because we know the Englishman *always* comes home. He has been told so often it is his castle.

But soon, we are sure, the Association of Boarding House Proprietors will come along with the bright suggestion that holiday makers may Eat First and Pay Later—when they would most probably pay in more ways than one—and the Fraternity of Publicans will hang up genial little signs inviting the public to Drink First and Pay After—when they would certainly be paying in more ways than two.

And, we may confidently expect the whole thing to be featured in enterprising illustrated journals under the caption *Do Holidays Feel Different When You Haven't Paid For Them?* We would have the picture of a young couple, the husband in shorts and bared chest and the wife in a spectacular towel round her and junior's back view bending over a crab. *The instalment plan suits us best—before or after.* (b) The picture of a young model reclining reposefully on a rock with her red ringlets ruffled by a rude wind, saying, through half-closed eyes, *Heavenly! But where is the money going to come from?* and (c) a middle-aged house-wife in mauve cotton with a smile superimposed over the creases and lines of her face sitting on a door-step with mountains for back-cloth, having a cuppa tea, and saying: *It's no different, if you know what I mean. We've bin saving for this same as ev'ry year, but it's*

nice not to be takin' out your purse every time you've a cuppa tea . . .

I SAY UNTO YOU, LOVE YOUR ENEMIES . . .

Mr. Billy Hargies, Director of the International Council of Christian Churches, has revealed that 30,000 balloons carrying 163,000 portions of the Bible have been released from secret fields in West Germany. This is part of a campaign, we understand, to rain religion on the renouncers of God in Communist countries.

Of course, it would rather depend on which portion of the Bible a man gets hold of.

THINGS RUSTIC

Acharya Vinoba Bhawe's native village, Gagode in Kolaba district, has not even one person without land, we are told.

Good. But has everyone got a plough?

We hear the Patna Rotary Club has worked the wonder of the year. It has 'adopted' a village near Patna—Nagawan—and transformed it into an ideal village. The literacy among the population of 1000 is 100%. It has a health centre, an adult education centre, a library and a cultural club.

What, may we ask, do the villagers do in their spare time?

S. R.

MR. PATNAIK, Artist.

In the recent one-man exhibition of his paintings held at the Centenary Hall, Madras Museum, Mr. C. S. N. Patnaik, a final year student of the Painting Class in the Government School of Arts and Crafts, Egmore, attracted interest. His works are colourful, instinct with much sincerity. He does mostly in oils, and in the many exhibits the painting 'Corporation Band' stood out as his best for composition as well as expression of feeling and tone. Among his other works worthy of mention are (i) 'Children with Toys', and (ii) 'Crab'. With the promise he has shown, Mr. Patnaik is bound to go far.

FIFTY YEARS OF ROTARY

By R. V. RAGHAVA RAO

Secretary, Rotary Club of Vizayavada

ON 23rd February 1955, 8412 Rotary Clubs in 89 countries all over the world, will be celebrating the "Golden Anniversary" of Rotary International thus heralding the completion of 50 years of eventful existence and growth. During this period Rotary has grown into a vast international organization of enormous proportions with clubs spread over in practically every part of the globe except in totalitarian countries. In India Rotary has made great progress.

What is Rotary? There are many people who have not heard of Rotary except through an occasional glance at the newspaper column. There are also many who just associate it with some sort of luncheon club where people gather to eat. But in every leading city and town there are some who are leaders in their professions, for whom Rotary is not merely a club but a philosophy of life, a way of thinking. The fact that a man is a 'Rotarian' moulds his actions as well as his ideas.

The basic principles of Rotary International are "Service above Self" and "He profits Most who Serves Best". With these fundamental principles the objects of Rotary have been defined thus:

(1) The development of acquaintance as an opportunity for service.
(2) High ethical standards in business and professions and the recognition of worthiness of all occupations and the dignifying by each Rotarian his occupations as an opportunity to serve society.

(3) The application of the ideal of service by every Rotarian to his personal, business and community life,

(4) The advancement of international understanding, goodwill and peace through a world fellowship of business and professional men united in the ideal of service.

The unique feature of Rotary lies in

the fact that membership of Rotary links the community with a world-encircling chain of cities and towns where men are motivated by the same ideals and objectives. Their international character, their balanced programmes and activities, their assured financial solvency and above all their unique basis of membership based on the 'Classification' principle gives Rotary Clubs a degree of stability, permanence and utility unequalled in any other organization.

Rotary is not a secret organisation. It has no separate religion or political bias. Rotary expects its members to be true to their religion and loyal in their citizenship. But membership in Rotary is not open and there is no 'application' for membership in Rotary. Only one member is taken from one classification and a person who is considered deserving by the club is 'invited' to join Rotary after his 'classification' has been opened. But the classification principle is flexible and practically every variety of business and profession is represented with the only restriction that you cannot take more than one member representing each kind of vocation. This plan has been devised with a view to making the Rotary Club a true cross-section of the community's interests and activities. Each member of the club is expected to represent not only his own business but the entire business of the professional field of which he is a part.

The amount of service rendered by the eight thousand clubs all over the world is enormous. To mention only one instance, in one field of Rotary activity, Rotary International sends every year 111 scholars from practically every country in the world to different countries of their liking to study subjects of their choice under the Rotary Foundation Fellowship scheme. One candidate is sent from every Rotary district every second

year and thus India now sends three scholars each year. There is a likelihood of this being changed to every year and in that case India will be sending six and more than two hundred scholars will be studying all over the world under Rotary auspices. Besides academic distinctions stress is laid on the capacity of the candidate as a worthy representative of his community in order to qualify for the scholarship. One hundred unofficial ambassadors of international goodwill coming from every free country of the world studying in every country where advanced educational facilities are available, is a spontaneous contribution to world peace unequalled in the annals of non-governmental organizations.

Besides this every Rotary Club plays an active part in the life of the community. It gives scholarships, conducts elocution and essay contests, awards prizes, runs night schools, teaches safety measures, runs free clinics, affords free medical aid, fosters knowledge of hygiene and health, tries to eliminate unhealthy and cut-throat competition among business and professional interests, and above all helps every deserving cause. For example, when the River Godavari went ramping, in response to an appeal sent through the Rotary magazine "Rotarian" the Rotary Club of Vizayawada received contributions from clubs from as far away as Boston, Syracuse, and Bedford in the United States of America! Many an institution owes its origin to the enterprise of Rotarians, and many a social service project has been rescued from dying by the munificence of Rotarians. Rotary makes itself felt throughout the various aspects of civic life by imparting a sense of discipline, responsibility, cordiality and goodwill to its members who are spread all over in every important branch of activity.

Comparatively young among organizations of this kind, the first Rotary Club was started in Chicago by a young lawyer by name Paul P. Harris. He wanted to organize a club which

would bring together a representation of different business interests in order to promote friendliness and understanding among them. On February 23, 1905, the first club meeting took place and Paul Harris gave the name 'Rotary' to it since it was originally proposed to meet in rotation at the residences of the members. But as the clubs grew in size this plan was abandoned and the club began to meet once a week around the Luncheon table. These weekly meetings with a luncheon or dinner are now held by Rotary Clubs all over the world.

Ever since its inception, especially after 1910 when there were 16 clubs Rotary grew at a very fast rate. The first club outside United States was organized in 1910 and it spread to other countries. Paul Harris could not have dreamed when he started Rotary that it would one day become an association of a vast network of clubs all over the world but he lived to see this growth of Rotary. Today there are 8,412 clubs spread over 89 countries with a membership of 395,000 active Rotarians, wedded to the ideals of service, fellowship and goodwill. The growth still continues and since 1910 Rotary has been expanding at the rate of one club EVERY TWO DAYS! Each day somewhere in the world brings its quota of new members under the common banner of "Service above Self."

Never before has an international organization grown to such proportions in such a short time. On the occasion of the Golden Anniversary every club is working on top gear mobilising all its resources to start and sponsor, inaugurate and maintain several unique projects in all the four avenues Rotary Service, Club Service, Vocational Service, Community Service, and International Service. A tremendous lot has already been done by Rotary; but it is nothing compared to what Rotary is now planning to do in future, and will do. It is fast becoming the unofficial U. N. O. of the world.

Election Cross-Currents

By 'MERIDIAN'

SUPERFICIALLY the impression one gets is that the Congress, or rather the Congress Democratic Front, is bound to win a majority of seats in the Andhra Assembly. For such an impression there are two reasons; one is that the Press, whether it is on the side of the angels or not, is on the side of the Congress save for the Communist daily from Vijayawada which is breathing fire and brimstone. There is, of course, nothing exceptional about this Communist daily in view of the fact that its sole policy has always been to indulge in fireworks, elections or no elections.

On a tour of the various constituencies of the State I could safely gauge which way the wind is blowing. There is, first of all, the labour vote which is quite considerable. And it is here that the Communists are very strong. Labour as a whole is still under the hypnotism of the Communist bait—land distribution (five acres for each plus a cow).

Next, there is the middle class who have suffered most under Swaraj. Today it is the most disillusioned, dispirited and frustrated class.

The Harijans, most benefitted of all sections of the people after Independence, are a doubtful factor so far as the Congress is concerned. Lastly, there is the low class of ryots who fall an easy prey to Communist mantras. The upper classes which are quite well off today as they were under British rule, are the only ones which have the best of both the worlds. There is no doubt whatsoever that in the forthcoming struggle these classes will unhesitatingly support the Congress. But they form a minority compared to others. It is therefore, pertinent to analyse the trends among the latter.

Labour, despite its proclivity to Communism is clearly affected by the Congress propaganda which consists in recounting the various privileges, amenities and benefits provided to it

at the cost of the middle class by the Congress Governments. Apparently, the labour front is divided so that the Congress can expect support from a section of it, maybe the majority.

So far as the attitude of the middle class is concerned, it can be summed up thus: that it is far better to have the devil it knows rather than the devil it does not know. It can therefore be safely said that, barring an infinitesimal minority among this class, all would vote for the Congress.

The small ryot seems to have caught the point in the present Congress propaganda, namely, that under the Communist rule no tiller of the soil can own his own little plot of land and that he had to become a serf working according to the dictates of a totalitarian party. He is the one man who, perhaps out of fear of losing his little wealth or property, will surely vote against the Communist party.

The Communists are making capital of the Visalandhra issue on which the Congress is discreetly silent. The Communist party is today telling the people that it alone stands for Visalandhra. It knows that it is a touchy point on which all the Andhras, irrespective of creed or caste, are one.

There is another aspect of the Communist attack on the Congress. It is revealed in the oft-repeated statement by Communist leaders that their party is the only party following the glorious principles the Congress had preached during the freedom struggle, principles which it had now abandoned. This line is not convincing to most of the voters.

The greatest point of the Congress propaganda is that the Communists' sole aim is to make India a satellite of Russia. Andhras are quite a proud race and there is no doubt whatsoever that this aim will be abhorrent to them. It is here that the deciding factor of the elections comes in. The masses, whatever the trials and tribulations they have undergone under the Congress regime, will not vote for a party that looks to

foreign lands for its inspiration and guidance. The Communist arguments to counter this propaganda have not cut much ice. The intellectual standard of the masses is limited. At best they may understand their local problems. But

when it is a question of any kind of domination by another power they quickly react to resist it. It may not therefore be an exaggeration to say that the Congress victory at the polls is assured—though it may not be a very impressive victory.

MacArthur's Peace Plan

NEW YORK: General of the Army Douglas MacArthur vigorous at 75, is convinced that Asia is being lost through American policies he considers weak.

He also believes that Asian wars are not over, despite the present lull, and remains sure that the free world lost a great chance for peace by turning down his proposals for smashing Chinese military power in Korea.

Close associates say these are some of the thoughts MacArthur discusses privately as he nears the fourth year of his enforced retirement.

To the press and public generally, the General had been virtually unreachable since shortly after he was deposed as supreme commander in the Pacific by President Truman. The two men had differed on how to meet Red China's participation in the Korean fighting.

The General now spends much of his time in a plush apartment in the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, behind silken "security" that in some respects is tighter than that which he maintained in war time.

The elevator operator will not let a stranger off at his floor in the hotel—the 37th—without clearance from the hotel front desk. Aids say they can telephone him only when Mrs. MacArthur is present, because "the old man won't answer the phone." Talking with associates and others close to the General's new "headquarters," however, one gets a picture of a man who is busy and rounds out a momentous three-quarters of a century.

It is a picture of a man who has drawn the past, and some of his associates from the past, tightly around himself; of a General who never wanted to retire and still awaits a call back to duty that has never come; and of a man who clings fast to his firm convictions of the past.

MacArthur remains convinced, his associates say, that the Chinese Communists were assured that their Manchurian "sanctuary" would not be attacked before they entered the Korean war. He did not believe that any General would risk his major force in a peninsula like Korea if there were a chance his lines of communication and his attacking bases would be destroyed. It would have been easy, he is described as believing, for "someone playing both sides" to transmit that information to Peiping.

The General was stopped from destroying the Yalu River bridges, leading from Manchuria to North Korea, only because Washington spotted a routine order, the informants maintain.

Two years ago, MacArthur outlined to President Eisenhower and Secretary of State Dulles the global peace plan he had suggested in a widely-publicised speech to the National Association of Manufacturers. Intimates say this was the plan: Meet the Soviets secretly and assure them they would be permitted to maintain adequate defensive positions all along the global battle line as it then existed, in return for settling all outstanding East-West problems. MacArthur argued that primarily the Russians wanted to make sure of defending themselves against attack.

—P. G. Krishnappa

THE OTHER SIDE OF PROHIBITION

By Major D. V. RAJA RAO

THE Planning Commission has set up an enquiry committee to "suggest ways and means of making Prohibition policy more effective for implementation on a national basis throughout India in terms of the directive of the Indian Constitution as laid down in Article 47."

Article 47 reads as follows: "The State shall regard the raising of the level of nutrition and the standard of living of its people and the improvement of public health as amongst its primary duties and in particular shall endeavour to bring about the prohibition of the consumption, except for medical purposes, of intoxicating drinks and of drugs which are injurious to health."

That the directive about Prohibition is written into this article shows that Prohibition is not an aim and end in itself but it is recommended as a means of raising the level of nutrition, of the standard of life and health of the people. No schedule of intoxicating drinks and injurious drugs is given.

A policy of total Prohibition assumes that alcohol is an intoxicant *per se* irrespective of the strength and quantity of it consumed. Unqualified alcohol means absolute alcohol and it is not used as a drink. Alcoholic drinks vary in their content of alcohol from 45 to 60% in liquors, to 10 to 20% in wines and 3 to 5% in beer. Indigenous arrack is a liquor and toddy is comparable to beer.

It requires a concentration of 0.2% of alcohol in blood before it produces any intoxication. From 0.2 to 0.4% in blood it causes moderate intoxication, from 0.5% marked intoxication and from 0.7% deep narcosis. Taking 120 lbs as the average weight of an adult human being, the total quantity of blood in an average adult would be 8 pints or 160 ounces. It requires about half ounce of liquor or 2 ounces of wine or 3

ounces of beer in the blood to cause the least intoxication. Alcoholic drinks are generally sipped slowly and they are considerably diluted by the gastric and intestinal juices before they are absorbed. Alcohol reaches the maximum concentration in blood 1½ hours after being taken. Considering that alcohol is readily and quickly broken up in blood it requires large quantities of these drinks before the above mentioned concentrations of it are reached in blood. Indeed, while one gets intoxicated with a few pegs of whisky, it takes a few glasses of wine or a few pints of beer to cause intoxication. If we take an unprejudiced rational view it would not be correct to classify light wines and beer as intoxicants.

There can be no denying that alcohol taken in sufficient strength and quantity is an intoxicant and narcotic prejudicial to the health of the body as well as mind. But in lighter strengths and taken in non-intoxicating moderation it does not leave any damaging effects in the body or mind. Taken with or after food it improves appetite and promotes digestion. It is not food in the sense that it can build tissues. But it replaces carbohydrates and fats and saves proteins from being used up for body energy. To that extent it can be looked upon as food and in as much as it is absorbed without digestion and is easily and quickly broken up in blood liberating energy it is superior to other foods particularly for getting temporary energy. Alcohol does not increase muscular power but it lessens appreciation of fatigue and tiredness and gives a feeling of comfort and well-being so that more work can be done, and the stresses—physical, mental and emotional—of life are met and got over with ease and equanimity. It brightens imagination, elevates feelings, the intellect becomes clearer, the senses more acute, bodily activity

becomes more predominant, and some lower appetites are sharpened.

It is obvious from this that alcohol taken in light and moderate doses helps to improve the nutrition as well as the capacity for work or productive capacity of people. It is interesting to note amongst the permit-holders for alcoholic drinks some of the highest officials of the State, most successful businessmen, industrialists, lawyers, doctors and other professionals. Perhaps their success in life at least to some extent is due to increased capacity for work and clear thinking with the aid of moderate use of alcohol. To pretend that they are permitted to drink for medicinal purposes on the authority of a medical certificate is unconvincing and is an invidious distinction made between the privileged classes and the common man in contradiction of the fundamental right about equal opportunity.

IN evaluating the economics of alcohol to the worker its energy-giving and fatigue-lessening values also have to be taken into consideration. The argument that money saved on alcohol would be available for the better economy of the family ignores these values of alcohol to the worker and the relative superiority of alcohol over other foods in these respects. In as much as alcohol saves tissue waste in the production of energy it would be wrong to deny the food value of alcohol to the worker. In attributing the moral and social degradation of the working

classes to alcohol the effects of undernourishment, overcrowding in filthy slums and security of living are conveniently overlooked. In a maladjusted economy which denies security and the fundamental necessities of life to the worker, perhaps alcohol is the one thing that saves him from being broken down by the physical, mental and emotional strains of his life. Before assessing the moral and social effects of alcohol to the working classes, the other and greater contributory causes inherent in our economic distribution should be eliminated. If it is remembered that the effects of alcohol vary with the nature of environment and the inherent nature of the individual it will be realised that a realistic assessment of the effects of alcohol on the moral and social standards of the working classes cannot be made so long as our economic structure denies them the bare necessities of life and security.

A policy of Prohibition on a national basis in the context of improving the nutrition, standard of living and health of the people should be based on a correct appreciation of the pharmacology of alcohol but not on sentiment and dogmatic belief unsubstantiated by facts. With ambitious and expensive plans to rapidly increase our national wealth which call for the mobilization to the fullest extent of our economic and labour resources the loss in revenue and productive capacity which total Prohibition involves cannot be justified unless the benefits thereof based on correct statistical and scientific estimates outweigh the loss. A rational policy of Prohibition in this context would be to make drinks with low alcoholic content available at low cost and restrict their consumption within their beneficial limit.

The essential virtue of democracy lies in its respect for individual freedom so long as it does not interfere with the peace and safety of the society at large. Nutrition, and standards of living and health are purely personal matters in which a democratic State is not expected to interfere so long as an individual

U

YOU are my defeat,
Peace I forfeit;
You are my end
I hardly defend.

You are my heart's pain,
—My only gain
You are my heart's delight,
So need I fight?

SURYAKUMARI

does not offend the society in seeking these for himself. Our Constitution gives us some fundamental rights which protect us from inequitous discriminations based on religious, social and racial prejudices. But nothing is said about our right for freedom in our food and drinks, work and comfort and health and happiness. Perhaps our freedom in these matters within existing law is taken for granted. Obviously the possibility of the ruling party developing authoritarian trends in absence of a strong Opposition and making inroads on personal liberty was not visualised at the time of drafting the Constitution. It would be a matter for constitutional experts in democracy to say whether it would or would not be an infringement on personal liberty to deny a person the use of alcohol to improve his appetite and digestion, to work better and for longer periods without feeling fatigued, and to get over the stresses and strains—physical, mental and emotional—of life without offending the society at large. It would also be a matter for them to say if the phrase "shall endeavour to bring about" in Article 47 would amount to forcible compulsion with the authority of a law behind it or something less than that, such as propaganda, persuasion and permissive legislation.

THE committee set up by the Planning Commission would be serving the best interests of the country if they approach this problem with an open mind and in a rational and scientific manner without being guided by sentiment and credulous faith. Gandhiji preached Prohibition in the context of a programme to weaken and paralyse an unwanted imperial Government. To swear by it now in the context of the hectic struggles of a responsible Government to rapidly improve our national wealth would be the limit of our credulous faith in the word of Gandhiji. Gandhiji never asked for our credulous faith. Let not his memory be stained by our credulous faith coming in the way of our economic progress.

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RELIGION AND PUBLIC CONSCIENCE AID BEGGING

By P. A. VARADARAJ

PROBABLY it is not so well recognised as it should be that beggary, especially in India, is ages old. Seldom, in the past, was begging a social evil. Far from it, it enjoyed limitless toleration. More than that, it was even encouraged, though the motif was ulterior. It is common knowledge that people in ancient days were more under the influence of religion than today. Charity was, as with other religions, a fundamental trait of Hinduism. It was held as one of the few good things highly acceptable to GOD and for that matter, the determining factor for a better life in rebirth. The philosophic conception was almost universal that man's activities in this world would be judged according to their merits, and reward or punishment followed, deserving of the act, in the other world. Chinese philosophy, too, follows almost the same line. Even the founder of the marauding Mongol dynasty, Kublai Khan (born in 1216 and the 6th in succession to the terrible Jenghiz Khan) was won over to the Chinese belief about charity. Of him, the Venetian traveller, Marco Polo said that "not a day passed in which he did not cause to be distributed by regular officers, 20,000 vessels of rice, millet and panicum." The liberality, though astonishing, did not spring from a humanist view of things, but was conceived as a means to please GOD—to offset the horrible crimes of his hordes.

In a society based on this belief, it is inevitable that charity should be most indiscriminate and widespread. Beggars therefore are a natural corollary. More than poverty, our religious practices are responsible for the undue strength of the beggar population. It was no shame to beg in olden days. It was, so to say, a

proud antiquarian enterprise. Our Rishis and sages, deeply immersed as they were in the pursuit of heavenly knowledge and enwrapped in visions of GOD, depended for subsistence on what other mundane beings offered them. In his book on the Buddha (written for Western consumption) Edward Thomson draws a picture of Gautama going from door to door, with a bowl in his hand, asking for alms. With these great men, "begging" was but a means to an end and not the end itself. Nevertheless the state of depending on others for worldly material necessities was there, to be readily imitated by lesser men.

Originated and nourished in this background, beggars abound in the neighbourhood of temples, churches, mosques, etc., and do a brisk trade, exploiting the favourably disposed sentiments of the devotees. What incalculable harm their presence among a congregation of people does to the health and hygiene, not to speak of the nuisance and inconvenience caused, is seldom taken seriously by the average man. The unfailing incidences of epidemics, such as cholera, small pox, etc., in melas and festivals are directly traceable to the beggars who are always a veritable store-house of communicable diseases.

Studied in the foregoing context it is revealed that the roots of begging go deeply and extensively into the rich soil of faith and belief and it is not merely an outcome of economic conditions, as is commonly understood. No wonder, then, that it constitutes one of the toughest problems that ever baffled social reformation. Few problems are so chronic as this, which needs tackling in a combined ethical, social, economic and legal level.

With the impact, however, of West-

ern civilisation, largely since the establishment of British rule in India, the attitude towards beggary began to change. Besides, the growth of materialistic philosophy, an aftermath of the Industrial Revolution, has shaken the grip of religion, and consequently dogmas that went unchallenged had to run the gauntlet of rational criticism. Though the masses, to date, remain uninfluenced, the intelligentsia almost underwent a revision of outlook to such an extent that blind and indiscriminate charity came to be regarded as not merely unsound but even harmful to civilised society. Begging by persons physically and mentally sound was looked upon as a shameful manifestation of idleness. Civilised society acknowledges only dignity of labour and honest living.

While clear cut statistics on this subject are not available, there are enough beggars in our land to constitute an urgent and major problem for the solution of which the general public, social organisations and Government have to work in active and close co-operation. The magnitude of the problem demands scientific planning and limitless patience in the execution of any programme of action intended to tackle it.

It is imagined in some quarters that by merely placing prohibitory laws on the statute book, many a social reform can be accomplished. Nothing can be farther from the truth. Our recent experiences with Prohibition, etc., have exploded this myth. The States of Mysore and Madras, perhaps the pioneers in this task, did formulate measures, both legislative and administrative, in the direction of controlling the beggars and maintaining beggar homes in specified areas. But these efforts, mostly based on the theory that some action is better than inaction, suffer from inadequacy and do not touch even the fringe of the problem. So we stand where we started. The realisation comes on us that in the absence of public enthusiasm, sup-

port, and real co-operation—these can spring only from a revolution in the social conscience—beggary will always persist and have the upper hand.

To illustrate this point let us take a very common pattern of behaviour of the travelling public in the railway trains. Evading the cordon of watch and ward and camouflaging themselves from the view of the station and ticket checking staff, beggars cleverly steal passages into the trains, where they are sure to find asylum from passengers who usually help them in suggesting hiding places under seats, in the corners, lavatories, etc. The consensus of public opinion among the travellers is invariably in favour of the hiding beggars who are even given timely warning of the approach of the checking staff. Is it not an irony of fate that with the arrangements of the railway authorities, designed to secure travel comfort and safety of person and property, the passengers should themselves non-cooperate? The average Indian traveller, steeped as he is in a philosophy of life characteristic of the Orient, has, in the Western sense, little or no civic or social conscience. Such luminous slogans as "Railways constitute the country's largest national asset," "Ticketless travel and begging in trains are anti-social activities and public cooperation indispensable for removing them" have not so far caught his imagination.

THE conclusion is inescapable that educating and moulding public opinion through the media of the press and platform on an extensive scale, to enable a new look on modern issues and, alongside, a substantial increase in employment opportunities through planned economy are the fundamental pre-conditions for a lasting solution of the beggar problem. Legal enactments and administrative measures can serve only as catalytic agents.

PROFILE:

CHAUDHRY BRAHM PERKASH

By J. VIJAYATUNGA

DESCENDANT of the legendary clan of Yadavas or village headmen who were the foster parents of Sri Krishna, Chaudhry Brahm Perkash, who until the other day was Chief Minister of Delhi State, with its population of eighteen lakhs, is still at heart a villager.

In an alcove of his semi-circular verandah, facing the well-kept lawn, on a wicker chair, sat Brahm Perkash. The telephone rang. Shri Santaram, his personal secretary, brought the telephone on its long wire to him. He carried on a conversation in Hindi with a Minister of the Union Government. As he put down the receiver he handed back the instrument and got up and showed me into the drawing room.

It was simply furnished. There was a diwan with three bolsters on it. There were two rows of low, easy chairs facing the diwan and a settee at right angles to the row of chairs. A square carpet in the middle of the room.

On the mantel-piece was a large, framed picture of Mahatma Gandhi in a happy pose. On the wall bracket behind the settee was a picture of the President, also in a smiling pose, and on a wall bracket opposite was a print of that well-known photograph taken by an A. P. A. photographer in which Pandit Nehru and Gandhiji are laughing over some joke. On a small rectangular table in the centre of the room was a bowl of lovely roses from his garden.

I first met Chaudhry Brahm Perkash in 1952 at Sanchi. The little that he told me then about himself had drawn me to him. I reminded him of what he had told me and asked him, "You are not ashamed to be called a villager, are you?"

As a rule he speaks in a low voice,

but he raised his voice as he answered me.

"No. I am very proud to be called a villager. Even now I am seriously thinking whether I should not go and settle down in a village . . ."

Tea was served. He poured out a cup for me and one for himself with only a drop of milk. He is allergic to milk, cream and curd.

"I was born in 1918 in Nairobi. My father, though he came from a line of Chaudhrys (village headmen) had found himself impoverished through litigation, and by fragmentation of jointly-held land. Thanks to a Punjabi official who had befriended him he had picked up some education. But he must have been both disappointed and disgusted with his relatives. He emigrated to East Africa. He prospered there, built a big house, put money in the bank for my future education in England. We were two children, myself and a sister."

He emptied the cold tea from his cup into a glass and poured himself a fresh cup.

"My father returned to India, and started suits against his relatives who had grabbed his land and got his properties back. The villagers thought that he had brought back a fortune. I do not know. My father and I were never intimate. He used to thrash me frequently, not because I had done any wrong—I was good at school and did jobs in the house and behaved quietly enough—but on the suspicion that I had done something wrong. Yes, I was thrashed often. But I was healthy and strong. Then my mother died. I was ten . . ."

"My father married again. And he got me married. I was only twelve. My wife was a girl from a neighbouring village. He used to advise me to

rely upon myself, to learn to stand on my own feet. 'Regard me as dead,' he used to say . . . His second wife died and he married a third time. Shortly after his third marriage he was murdered. I was fourteen.

"I knew the identity of the murderers. My relatives urged me to bring them to justice. But I took no action. I buried the hatchet. I have never acted from malice . . . To go back to the scene of my village:

"My great grandfather had been a legend in the village and in nearby villages. Villagers who did not remember my father, nor yet his father, remembered my great-grandfather. 'Are you the great-grandson of Jokhi (that was his name) of Shakurpur?' they used to ask me. Once they knew I was his great-grandson their friendship towards me was unbounded.

"My father had left little. I had to begin from scratch as it were. I joined the Commercial College in Delhi and used to cycle ten miles each way daily. After returning from my classes I would go on my cycle and visit the neighbouring villages. My life in the village was not much different from that of the average villager.

"You can say that I lived with cattle and goats.

"I joined the Delhi Pradesh Congress Committee and took part in the Civil Disobedience campaign and was jailed. My wife died . . ."

"I came to Delhi. With my friends, Shri C. K. Nair, Mr. and Mrs. Joshi, and two others we started an experiment in communal living. My friendship with Mr. Nair goes back to 1936. Mr. and Mrs. Joshi too have been loyal friends. But two others of our group let me down badly. It was a great blow. I was advised to take action against them. But I did not.

"Then I went back to the village. Not to Shakurpur, but to another village nearby. We built some huts and started another experiment in communal living. I married again. My wife belongs to a village herself, but is educated. Her father was the principal of a college . . ."

"Property, money, jewellery, have never attracted me. I am told that this house which I occupy as Chief Minister is the best house in Delhi and that I have the best rose garden. But I often wonder whether I should not return to the village and work among my fellow-villagers."

I interrupted him. "You said you built huts in the village and lived there. Were they pucca huts or crude huts like those of the other villagers?" I asked.

He said, "They were no different except that I had a telephone. As the Secretary of the Delhi Pradesh Congress Committee I had to be in touch with Delhi. We drew our water from wells. We used the jungle to answer the calls of nature . . ."

"It was an eleventh-hour decision which made me accept the Chief Ministership. I did not have the inclination. Perhaps some of my supporters were disappointed that I could not be used.

"What is your ambition as Chief Minister of Delhi?" I asked him.

"To make Delhi a beautiful city."

"What about those lanes in Chandni Chowk into which no sunlight ever penetrates?"

"They will disappear."

"What about G. B. Road?" (The Red Light district.)

"I am aware of everything. Dr. Sushila Nayar (Delhi's Health Minister) is considering certain steps. Any remedy will be double-edged. If we enact legal supervision for this area, then there will be an outcry that the State is earning dividends from legalised prostitution. If we remove them from the locality they will only start somewhere else. But we are thinking over certain measures. In the final analysis it is economic conditions that have driven women to this way of earning a living. If we can provide an alternative there will be some improvement."

A six-year-old child carrying a marigold garland came into the room. It was his son.

"Where is your other son?" I asked,

referring to his twelve-year-old son by his first marriage.

"Oh, he has gone out to play."

It was a quarter to twelve. I had been with him nearly two hours. I got up to go.

"Come and see the roses," he said.

They were big and lovely and many-hued. I asked him whether he himself did any work in the garden or left it all to the *mali*.

"Whenever I have any time I do some work."

"Do you own any property in Delhi?"

"No, but I own some land in the village."

"What do you grow on your land?"

"Wheat, and the usual crops. And roses—there is a demand for roses in Delhi."

"How do you pay your employees?"

"It is on a cooperative basis. Half the produce for them." It was time

to go. He sent Shri Santram to accompany me to the bus-stop.

His eyes are not those of a dreamer. But certainly they are the eyes of a man who is detached from material interests. That he has not used the privilege of office to amass money and power is self-evident. That he is detached as husband and parent is also obvious. His friends are few. Sometimes he invites them for a chat. At other times he goes out with them to see a film. He is fond of films.

A vegetarian, his lunch consists of a sandwich taken at his desk or with his fellow-Ministers in the common room, and a cup of tea. A chappati and a vegetable dish complete his dinner. No milk, no curd.

Brahm Perkash is unpredictable. He may despite the recent setback rise still higher. Or one fine day he will renounce everything and go back to his village to live and die as a villager among village folk. In any role he is incorruptible.

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S. KRISHNASWAMI,
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Las Vegas: The Gambler's Paradise

By V. P. V. RAJAN

TO Las Vegas, Nevada, my friend! Strange! No Indian except your maharajas, and millionaires, and movie and radio stars goes to this place, said my travel agent when I was discussing plans with him at New York. I am not an Indian maharaja, nor a millionaire, or a movie star. Yet I wanted to visit the place, just visit it. He agreed, "Please yourself, but only do not carry any money with you because you will not return with it."

I can understand the concern of this well-meaning travel agent. Las Vegas, Nevada, and Reno, are the paradises of gamblers in the world. Millions of dollars change hands daily. And Las Vegas, more than Reno, is fantastic. I decided to visit Las Vegas.

My friend was right. There is nothing but gambling and drinking and night shows in Las Vegas. The city, small in size, mainly exists on the revenue derived on gambling, which, as one of the residents told me, is the chief industry of Las Vegas. It has a romantic air about it. There are luxurious modern hotels with spectacular names like Desert Inn, El Rancho, Last Frontier, Apache, Silver Slipper, etc. With extensive grounds, and swimming pools, and arrangements for night shows, they form a class by themselves. To these hotels people from all over the world, millionaires, men and women, go. Leading film stars make it a point to visit the place periodically. There are streets and streets of nothing but gambling houses. To every hotel is attached a casino, where people drink and gamble. Next to gambling comes hotel business. The people of the city are mainly occupied in these avocations.

In the luxurious Apache hotel, where I stayed, I peeped into the casino, and went round to see how the business of gambling was going on. Lo! I found men and women, of all adult age groups, engaged in

different games—gambling and drinking. It brought to my mind's eye some of the movie scenes I had seen. Could this be real? I asked myself. It was. There was roulette—a cylindrical layout with numbered squares on the upper part, round which many men and women stood. Round and round the disc goes, and where it will stop nobody knows. And where the money goes surely one knows, out of one's hand into another. Craps is another game, and it was said to be the game for red-blooded He-men and She-women.

And there was a signboard, "How about trying 21." Even though it is said to be a favourite game in many homes, the way it is played in Las Vegas casinos is different. It is a game of cards, the dealer starting the game by dealing two cards, face down to each player—and one down and one up to himself. The object is to draw cards that add up to 21—or as close to 21 as possible—without going "bust" (drawing additional cards that will add up to 22 or more.) The Jack, Queen, and King count 10, the Ace counts 1 or 11 as you prefer, and the other cards at their face value. After looking at your hand, you either stand (draw no more cards) or tell the dealer to "hit" you (draw one or more cards until you are satisfied that the total count of your hand is closer to 21 than the cards the dealer will probably draw). If you go over 21 you go "bust" and lose, even if the dealer also goes "bust." If your count is nearer 21 than the dealer's count, you win. If your count is the same as the dealer's it is a stand off—nobody wins.

It is this game I watched more than one hour to understand how it is played. And then there are Faro Bank, Keno, Chuck-a-luck, Bingo, and other games. It is all the same, gambling and gambling. And waitresses busily going round and round supplying drinks. This goes on night and day 24 hours all through the seven days of the week. Restaurants and bars are attached to all the casinos. And for those who cannot afford more than nickels

613678

for gambling, there are the slot machines. They are also crowded.

It is in this hotel I met two people who left a deep impression in my mind—William Dorset, the millionaire-owner of the hotel and casino, and Jenoe Denorthy, maitre d' hotel. They are wild roses in a forest of gamblers. The owner and Jenoe never gamble. These two people are really international-minded, and something of philosophers, too. They have high ideals, and the owner especially impressed me as a person of elegant manners and deep learning. We discussed a lot about world conditions and the need for brotherhood and friendship. The maitre d' hotel is a widely travelled man, a linguist speaking eight languages, one of which is Persian, and he prides himself on having a number of Persians as friends, including some Parsis in Bombay. This only shows that what we consider bad and good can exist side by side. Both have a part in human life and social conditions. It is possible that I may forget the casino, the gambling there, and

drinking but never will I forget my talk with these two men.

I am no gambler, nor given to drink. So I was not in the game. But, the atmosphere, so to say, also corrupted me, and just to see what it is all like, whether there is any thrill in it, I tried two dollars worth of nickels in the slot machines, the easiest of the games. And lo! I got a "jackpot" of nickles at the sixth or seventh strike. It was about ten dollars. I continued to play the game some time more losing about three dollars out of the money I had won, but by that time Jenoe came to my rescue saying: "It is no good for you." And there ended my luck at gambling.

I came back into the hotel lounge, before collecting my things to leave for the airport. Suddenly there drew up in front of the portico a car out of which a decently dressed man got out and entered the hotel. I thought here comes another with money to lose. But he turned out to be the bell-boy of the hotel. He had come for duty in his own car.

The Libraries of London

By KATHLEEN GIBBERD

THE public library system of Britain is not bettered anywhere in the world and much of it is concentrated in the capital. Whether you want to read for study or recreation the books are available, usually without charge.

Assuming you are a free-lance scholar uncertain where to start, you cannot do better than make your enquiries at your nearest borough library. You will, however, need to have a guarantor if you are not a resident in the borough, before you can borrow any books. There are 28 boroughs in London and each has its own library, sometimes with branches. All draw on each other's books as well as from a central pool; all can borrow from specialist libraries; all are staffed by qualified librarians whose job is to help the reader.

Free to wander

On arrival at the "public library"

of the borough you will find newspaper and periodical rooms and probably a room for children. Disregard these and make straight for the lending department or the reference room. At the lending department counter you will receive at least two tickets on presenting your credentials. If you are not familiar with the system of book classification, ask to have it explained; if you prefer to wander round, no one will interfere; if the book you need is not there, ask if it can be procured and how long it will take.

It may be that you wish for information, rather than to borrow a book. In that case address your inquiry to the reference librarian in charge. Reference departments in the borough libraries vary in size and resources. One of the best of them is that of the Westminster library in St. Martin's Street. Even if you are confident that only the British Museum will have the books you seek, it may be worth trying Westminster first. At the British Museum, however, books

cannot be taken away from a reference library but it may be useful to know that your borrower's tickets, which probably came from another borough, can be used in the lending department here—or indeed elsewhere in London.

The British Museum

Of the research libraries in London that of the British Museum is the largest. It houses nearly every book published in Britain and many others besides. You will get a reader's ticket if you can satisfy the librarian that it is indispensable for your work. You can write for it beforehand or apply in person. Turn left after passing through the swing doors. A corridor lined with statues of the Roman Emperors leads to the director's office where an assistant behind a counter will be better pleased if you have brought a letter or recommendation from a university professor or a librarian. But you will find him kindly, not officious, and a temporary ticket for a day or two (which may be extended) may be given you on your own credentials if your need is urgent.

The library may not be used by anyone under 21 and is meant for research workers who cannot satisfactorily pursue their studies elsewhere. The great circular reading room is open from 9 a.m. till 5 p.m. You may ask for up to six books each day, but, owing to the great size of the library, they will take nearly an hour to arrive at your desk. It is therefore advisable to bring something to read while you wait, unless you have occasion to consult the many reference books that line the room. You may help yourself to these. For the same reason it is no good asking for a book after 3.30 p.m. unless you are ordering it in advance for the next day. Books may be reserved from one day to another.

Official Records

Another library of interest to some overseas scholars is the Public Record Office. Here you may inspect the archives of the English Courts of Law and of the Departments of State, which contain useful material for historical and genealogical

research. There is a small fee for the production of recent (post-1842) legal records. Apply to the secretary for the simple form of application and then ask your embassy or legation to request a letter of introduction for you from Britain's Foreign Office. In the two "search rooms", open from 10 a.m. till 5-30 p.m. (till 2 p.m. on Saturdays) a scholarly assistant keeper of the records will give you any help you need.

The library of the University of London, which is housed in the tall University Senate House, near Russell Square, is available for reference on application. Loans are not made to individuals who are not members of the University.

Specialist Libraries

Some more recent State papers as well as other literature relevant to their work may be seen in the libraries of some Government Departments though not all are open to visitors. There are also libraries in the offices of some of the Commonwealth countries and embassies. The American library in Grosvenor Square is exceptional in that books may be taken away from it. All these sources open the way to studies ranging from the welfare state to colonial policy.

Another specialist library of wide reputation is that of the Royal Institute of International Affairs (Chatham House). This is in a different category as the Institute is a private one with an exclusively United Kingdom membership. It has some books and documents not to be found elsewhere in London which you may be allowed to study with a temporary ticket for which you pay a small fee. Address yourself to the receptionist, armed with a recommendation. Chatham House also has a fine press-cuttings library and this is open to any *bona fide* student of international affairs, also for a small fee. The main Chatham House library closes during August.

All libraries in London are shut on Sundays and many of them on Saturday afternoon. The most usual opening hour is 10 a.m.

A Nightmare

BEYOND LOVE AND HATE

In my dream I was torn with jealousy . . . I awoke in terror

By KUMARA GURU

ONE night, more than a dozen years after my wife's demise, I dozed away, after a perusal of Guy de Maupassant's story, *Useless Beauty*, wherein a beautiful woman created a rankling jealousy in the husband, after she had borne him seven children, by solemnly swearing that one and only one of the children was not his, but she would not say which child it was, or of whom it was born. The reason was that she desired to be admired by the public, and not to lose her beauty by more child-bearing. The paintings of Rubens in the Munich gallery also came to my mind then: I had seen them during a visit to Europe I made only a few months ago.

It seemed my spirit was passing out of my body. I met my wife in the form of a golden halo, with all her features visible as on this earth, and we conversed thus:

HUSBAND

Dear, have you come to call me to yourself? Just before your losing consciousness, you asked me to sit on your bed, and called aloud each of your ten children, one after another, in the order of their birth. You said you had nothing to say to me in the way of advice, and that I knew too well of the path of duty; and you prophesied the future of each of your children. What have you to say to me now?

WIFE

I have come to warn you. You will soon be with me, since your work for the children whom we have brought into this world is over, and they can look after themselves; but—

HUSBAND

Why do you drag on the sentence and stop? Have I not been true to your love? Have I not discharged my trust in the proper manner?

WIFE

You have been unfair to my son, the prospective poet, whose lyrics may be sung in this land. Do you recollect when I conceived him?

HUSBAND

Yes. In the North Indian town of—, sometime before winter set in: It was just warm, and we went up to the terrace as the four children, we had then, were asleep in the room. I had been away on a tour of some weeks. It was a moonless night, but finely starlit enough to see even forty feet away on the top of neighbouring houses. I wooed you, but you were at first unwilling. You said it was too soon to bear another child, the last was but a year old, that you had just left suckling the son and that you had run dry of milk. (I observed to myself in the dream it was not three months only since the last baby was born, as in Maupassant's story). That is why I said, you were so attractive to me as the physical needs of the son were over.

WIFE

Yes, I succumbed to your wishes. While I was later reposing on your strong left arm, you drew my attention to a meteor trailing across the sky, and I exclaimed: A bright star has entered my womb! Do you remember the words?

HUSBAND

Yes, only too well. What of that? You have not yet told me how I have

been unfair to him. Have I, like Sir Austin Feverel, torn up his early outpourings in English prose? You passed away when he, barely sixteen years of age, had written a long English essay on one of our Sanskrit poets, with a versified translation in English of a few stanzas. I knew of his literary inclinations even from his school days. You showed me the prize which he had won for the best English essay of his class.

WIFE

You have left him very poor. With your new-fangled ideas, you have, despite the cost of the education of the girls, and their expensive marriages, given an equal share of your savings, without distinction, to all the sons and daughters. So you have left him practically destitute.

HUSBAND

Have I not given him sufficient education to earn his livelihood? If you loved the sons, I had compassion on the daughters. The son can pull a cart, or bear burdens and make a living. Do you expect the daughters to do so? Their need to live in comfort with ample nourishing food is all the greater, since it is they who bring the next generation into being. Modern young men are not inspired by a sense of duty to their wedded wives. They have neglected them, to my knowledge, when bereft of the charm and grace of youth, as they learn of the behaviour of man to woman in society, as depicted in the novels of the Western world. Have your Hindu lady-friends had their own way in spending their husband's money? Well, poets have been poor since the beginning of the world.

WIFE

Why did you send him for a medical education, and not foster his literary talent?

HUSBAND

You address me like your son in his teens. He often told me that I had wasted his life for seven years in medical education. You may recollect that there was not one doctor who would go over to see you, when

they felt that you had not long to live. I thought the doctor's profession a noble one, to alleviate the suffering of humanity, aye, to wrest from Nature her secrets for the healthy living of man, and I wished one of our sons to go in for that profession.

WIFE

Do you recollect his words that an ambition to earn fame and to shine in the world like Rabindranath Tagore stirred him?

HUSBAND

Yes. I told him that he knew blessed little of his mother tongue, as Tagore wrote in the first instance in his. Hence he misspent all his time in his medical course, reading up vernacular literature from the alphabets which you taught him. He cursed me so many times, when I warned him that he should soon try to support himself by his medical knowledge. He went somehow through his course with half-heartedness, since he vaguely realised that writing as a profession in India, where illiteracy is so paramount, is not even a crutch for support but a gaudy walking-stick!

WIFE

Has he not now turned to his mother tongue?

HUSBAND

Yes, but his literary expression in English developed because of my teaching it to him in early life. Do you know that he has changed his name from K. Guru to Valadi Guru, dropping the initial K of my name, and instead, taking the name of my paternal village which he has never seen? He disowns me thus before the world!

WIFE

He is born of my spirit. We have been students of literature for generations. In your blood there run three currents of intellect: mathematics, music, and chemistry as a tool for medicine. Had not your grandfather been preparing decoctions and extracts from vegetable drugs for treatment of sores, piles,

etc.? Did he not bring back to life a man whose pulse was falling fast, by some globules of a medicine ground over a stone? Yes, he is of my spirit and not of yours. Have you not always thought that you were more good-looking and illustrious than myself, though you said you loved the bright look of my eyes? After my death, you visited the art galleries of Europe and gazed at the paintings of beautiful women. Yes, you are only a clown, as Man is painted by Rubens, to beg of my embraces.

HUSBAND

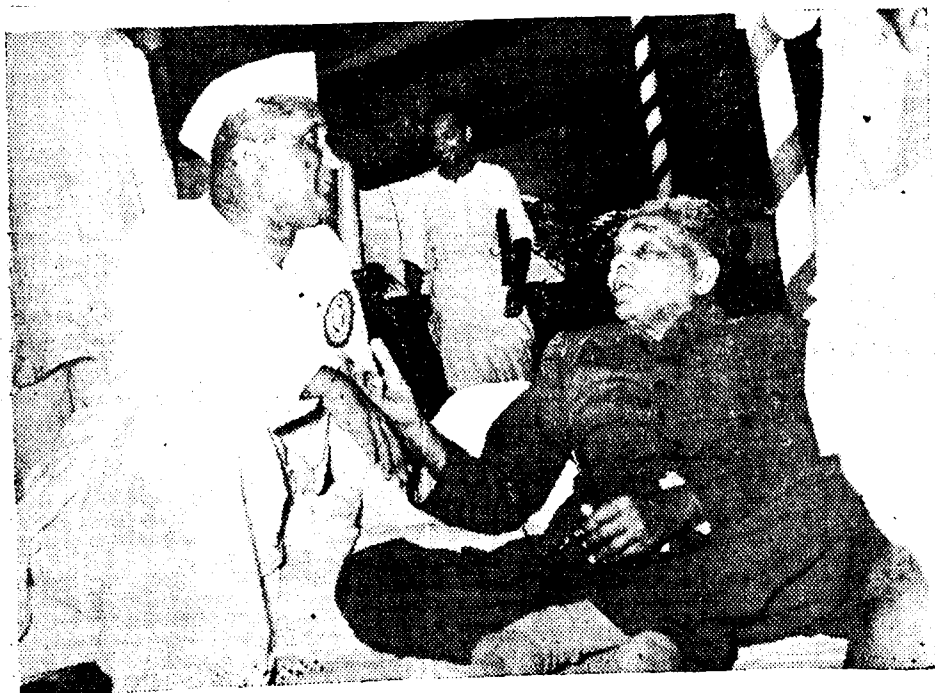
Is he not of my blood?

The vision of my wife disappeared all of a sudden, with no answer. In

my dream I was torn with jealousy. I ran like mad after her and wanted to strangle her. I awoke in terror, for I had never before doubted her chastity, in thought, word, or deed.

In broad daylight, I became aware that intense love and hate are allied, that love can be transformed into hate on trivial grounds. The rankling jealousy of a wife, dead more than a decade, was wrought in the dream by a son's disowning, for his literary work, under a childish resentment, the father's initials associated for ages with a son's name in this ancient land. I prayed to Lord Siva: Let me not lose faith in Thy goodness at least! I must grow, as the Gita says, to be beyond love and hate.

★ The author of this story, Kumara Guru, writes to the Editor, SWATANTRA, to say that a review of Bertrand Russell's second book of fiction entitled Nightmares of Eminent Persons, and Other Stories, which appeared in its issue for September 25, 1954 has prompted him to send for publication this nightmare of his he wrote a decade ago, the technique he employed striking him as similar to that of Earl Russell's. A nightmare is a nightmare for all that; its hideousness however—inclined to fun one might say—is determined by the degree of digestive or nervous disorders of the person whom it oppresses!



Sri S. K. Patil and Sri T. Prakasam at the Avadi Congress

THE INDIAN WRITER

By V. Sitaramiah

THE Indian writer is a total name for a number of different kinds of person. Two such are the writer in English and the one who used one of our Regional Languages. Then we have the traditional writer and the one who is modern and progressive, though definitions here are difficult and controversial. I refer only to those who have been affected by the Western influences, literary and cultural. Those not touched by the West are static; their kind of writing has been with us all along.

Our writers in English are a special kind. A few interpret the regional trends to each other and to the world at large, rendering a sort of Foreign Service to the Indian creation. Among those who use English on their own many seem to me like beautiful orchids. Their eyes look elsewhere for approbation and when they present Indian scenes and themes they write in a way to be acceptable to an international taste. They live high and apart. Even in good work of this kind the roots do not seem to be firm in the soil and the fruitage may not be wholly ours.

Our writers in the 12 to 14 Indian languages have a history and tradition of literature to live up to and build on. This century saw a vigorous awakening in all of them, a renaissance which worked itself out with the advent of independence to India. Revivalist, patriotic, freedom-loving, it cast its eyes all about and produced sizeable results. It opened out the local visions to new vistas, introduced a critical temper and tried to build on standards hailing as much from elsewhere as from India's own past. Its highest achievement was in self-criticism and in criticism by comparison. It brought on to the scene what was neglected before—subjects from common life and new modes and patterns of structure and feeling, adding almost a new dimension to our letters.

The last war has had an unfortunate aftermath for our writers. Most of them belong to the middle and the upper-middle classes. And all have been hit hard by it. Expecting a heaven on earth too soon after 1947 they have all felt disappointed and sore. Many do not see the good things shaping before them; nor will themselves lend a helping hand. They stand uncorrelated to the new environment. The malaise is one of temperament.

Writers of the earlier generation who are not repeating themselves and their successes are exposed to the full blast of the European movements in thought, feeling, choice of theme, ideology and technique. Every movement there has an echo here. With the result that there is a medley of discordant voices, attitudes and purposes. Spiritually this distracts, and even disintegrates our men and women. Book, periodical, clinical journal, judicial record, radio and propaganda sheet are all put to subscription. Much writing is but "shreds and patches," much love and song is what Romeo would call a "mis-hapen chaos of well-seeming forms," much preference shows cloven feet. Writing is wilful, loud, sexy, and violent. Its rhythms are as wilful. A few worthies are esoteric, or dwell in the cold mists, or on the metaphysical heights immune to this time's blasts and blights. Most are town-bred, live in a few big cities, assemble in coteries and clubs of the widest variety of passion and persuasion and often have no core of poetic or spiritual being. Those who do have a core tend to be conservative very much "to the right of the centre"—and so, are not in the fashion or influential. The language-press completes what such a situation engenders.

Creativity therefore gets this colour at all levels. The old subjects no longer satisfy. If a Shelley was content to sing of "the Dancing Stars, of

the Daedal Earth, of Heaven and the Giant Wars and Love and Death and Birth"—Shelley and his kind are now *de mode*. And is the new itself sufficiently understood or assimilated? Is it fully felt in the blood to be a live, literary passion or a major fact of imagination? No. Experience and inspiration are thin and such work has naturally no compelling truth or fulness of appeal. Publishers cater to miscellaneous demand and a few writers are just able to eke out a name or a competence. The temptation for all but the best is to water down quality, to suit the public taste, to swim in the fashion, to serve the journals or party politics, or the film-dom, or to trim and tidy up for acceptance by a Government Department. All this necessarily cramps the style of a great and original talent. Or, there is sheer preoccupation with medium and technique leading nobody any far in building up substance and spirit.

Yes. True substance and spirit, true voice and confidence these have

most need to form. But they cannot come from poor man or from men in a fundamental confusion of spirit. What is, does not feed the soul, it rather distracts, muddles, corrupts. How can integral vision and expression, how can healthful imagination or the vitality of any free fancy show up? Only one large voice is heard: that of the leader of the nation—above the narrow conflicts and the petty allegiances; it is manly, modern and inclusive; but the intellectual classes have yet fully to respond to it. Poetry, Drama, Fiction are not vibrant with a zest, purpose or vision such as his. Almost everything else round about disturbs the view and dissipates the effect.

Is this picture of the writer's condition depressing? It perhaps is; but this aspect of the truth deserves to be presented for—

If path to the better there be,

It exacts a full look at the worst.

—HARDY

TRANSFUSION

By M. P. BHASKARAN

How full of myself did I come to you
A little before sunset! Proud that I
Had held a blase crowd that came to yawn,
And kept it, for an hour, from the fields
Of sleep. I was still full of argument,
My ears still rang with the free laughter
Of cynical men and women, and the mind
Eager and aflame, like scimitars drawn
In a desert.

You took me full of myself and my pride,
The brain still racing and strewing the world
With confectionery of bright argument—
You took me, and like venom being coaxed
Out of a brimming fang, poured me out of
Myself. Adored physician, lover
Than sleeping oleanders or the droop
Of leaves, softer than an infant's dreams
Was your touch!

I felt nothing then, emptied; but when you
Poured into me, I sensed without belief
Each ambrosial drop, as soothing as the flight
Of cranes across a red sunset.—All that
I had asked of heaven was now, to be
For your blossoming the pure soil,
For your rarest of wine, the grateful cup.

FAMOUS BRITISH CRITIC TO LECTURE IN MADRAS



Dr. I. A. Richards

Sketch from an Early Photograph

THE Madras region of the British Council announces the news that Dr. I. A. Richards, Fellow of Magdalene College, Cambridge, who is shortly to visit the City, has agreed to give a talk on Shelley's "Ode to the West Wind" at the Council premises, 150-B Mount Road, on Monday, February 21, at 6-30 p.m. This is an event which those among the general public who are interested in or are devoted to literature, and the students in the Senior University Classes and their English teachers alike may look forward to with anticipatory delight. For Dr. Richards's role as critic in the rehabilitation of English criticism has been significant despite some of his arbitrary judgments of authors in his two important books, *Principles of Literary Criticism* (1924) and *Practical Criticism* (1929). The first book has run to thirteen impressions to-date, and the second, nine, which fact is indicative of their continued popularity.

In the Preface to *Principles* Dr. Richards wrote:

"Criticism, as I understand it, is the endeavour to discriminate between experiences and to evaluate them. We cannot do this without some understanding of the nature of experience, or without theories of valuation and communication. Such principles as apply in criticism must be taken from these more fundamental studies. All other critical principles are arbitrary, and the history of the subject is a record of their obstructive influence."

And concluding the Preface:

"Between the possession of ideas and their application there is a gulf. Every teacher winces when he remembers this . . ."

And to meet this difficulty he wrote the companion volume, *Practical Criticism*, which is quite diverting for the original and quaintly fascinating enquiries it carries into the responses of people with just ordinary education in reading poetry.

Oscar Wilde who was prepared to sacrifice the world for the sake of an epigram wrote, nearly half a century ago, something to this effect: Psychology is in its infancy. I hope it will remain so in the interests of literature. Poor Wilde! For all his brilliance in turning out *bons mots* he didn't know the Caliban that is the human mind. And now in this, the Age of Psychology, to quote the words of Robert Lynd, Dr. Richards has brought "a vigorous and well-equipped mind to the preparation of a new defence of poetry."

Other books by Dr. Richards are: *Coleridge on Imagination*, *Menicus on the Mind*, *Basic English and Its Uses* (Dr. Richards was for some time Director of the Orthological Institute—Basic English—of China), *Interpretation in Teaching*, *The Republic of Plato*, *The Wrath of Achilles*. He has collaborated with C. K. Ogden in two works: *Foundations of Aesthetics* and *The Meaning of Meaning*.

MANJERI S. ISVARAN

New Books

A FEW LATE CHRYSANTHEMUMS

BY JOHN BETJEMAN

John Murray, Albemarle St., London
9s 6d net

BELONGING to the generation of Auden, Day Lewis, MacNeice, Spender and Empson who rose to prominence in the thirties, and achieving a reputation for himself no less than that of several of his distinguished contemporaries, John Betjeman still seems to be overlooked by the anthologists and critics of modern English poetry. Perhaps his oddity accounts for this omission—his is a peculiar poetic domain, and since first he discovered it and established himself in it he has not moved out of it. And this domain has been measured and marked by the attitude—asccribed to him—of a “topographical predilection”—absorption in suburbia which is one of his three major poetic themes, the other two being religion and love. Osbert Lancaster while drawing an exquisite pen-portrait of John Betjeman writes that almost alone of modern poets, Betjeman “has succeeded in creating a world that is inhabited not just by various projections of the writer's own personality, not by bright young proletarians for ever struggling against demon fascists, not even by dewy-eyed wraiths from the neo-Georgian subconscious, but by real flesh and blood characters of every day life . . . In a predominantly middle-class civilisation he is the only writer who has succeeded in wringing poetry out of the middle-classes; who has done for the world of tennis tournaments and the Southern electric, of Baptist chapels and cycling clubs, what Chaucer did for a world, to him every bit as actual and as modern, of pilgrimages and pardons, of chivalry and feudalism.” In these observations is revealed the fact that the poet achieved an integrated personality in his poetry, and while



John Betjeman

the poetry caused such integration it was itself involved in a kind of “aesthetic revolution,” transcending the personality of its creator, to accomplish the pattern of an entirely new and original loveliness and an excellent seriousness, whatever the medium—parody, pastiche, or the comedic in the accredited English verse tradition. More, the pattern or the poem shaped itself so easily, fluently in the act of communication, with little or no attempt at any sort of deliberate thought that it gave gloriously without demanding. His atonce submerged and pronounced personality has tossed with grace to public acceptance such slim volumes of verse as: *Continual Dew* (1937); *Old Lights for New Chancels* (1940); *New Bats in Old Belfries* (1945). He delights to label these with sub-titles like *Bourgeois Verse* and *Verses Topographical and Amatory*. His *Selected Poems*, chosen and with a Preface by John Sparrow appeared in 1948, and it was Betjeman all of a piece.

The present volume, *A Few Late Chrysanthemums*, contains, says the publisher's blurb, “poems written since the appearance of *Selected Poems* . . . through all of them there is that magic which escapes

definition but which can so unmistakably be identified with Mr. Betjeman.” As aforementioned, it is Betjeman hundredpercent all right, but to one conversant with his earlier poems these new ones do not seem to offer any wider range, extended experience, newer magic. The poems are headed under groups: Medium, Gloom, and Light, but the same old moods and motifs recur in the same old background—blossoms in the bough of subtle legerdemain; however, there is no diminishing in the quality of verbal felicity that makes for their melodic articulation and graphic impression, as one finds directly in the opening poem “Sunday Morning King's Cambridge,” itself, in which the second stanza runs:

The white of windy Cambridge courts,
the cobbles brown and dry
The gold of plaster Gothic with
ivy overgrown,
The apple-red, the silver fronts,
the wide green flats and hgh,
The yellowing elm-trees circled
out on islands of their own—
Oh, here behold all colours change
that catch the flying sky
To waves of pearly light that
heave along the shafted stone.

Or, in ‘Harrow-on-the-Hill’:

There's a storm cloud to the Westward
over Kenton,
There's a line of harbour lights
at Perivale,
Is it rounding rough Pentire in
a flood of sunset fire
The little fleet of trawlers
under sail?
Can those boats be only roof tops
As they stream along the skyline
In a race for port and Padstow
with the gale?

In the Medium group of poems, ‘Verses turned in aid of A Public Subscription (1952) Towards the Restoration of the Church of St. Katherine, Chiselhampton, Oxon,’ ‘Christmas,’ and ‘Church of England thoughts occasioned by hearing the bells of Magdalen Tower from the Botanic Garden Oxford on St. Mary Magdalen's Day’ strike the religious note with a sunset melancholy and a grave awareness of sin and death, with the profound conviction that more things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of, and we

“of our charity will give our much, our more, our all,” praising “Eternity contained in Time and coloured glass.” Especially in ‘Christmas,’ after an affectionate raillery at the season's garishness—provincial public houses ablaze with lights, tenements riotous with divers-coloured paper decorations, and London shops “strung with silver bells and flowers,” the poet asks abruptly, eventfully:

And is it true? And is it true,
This most tremendous tale of all,
Seen in a stained-glass window's hue,
A Baby in an ox's stall?
The Maker of the stars and sea
Become a child on earth for me?

And is it true? For if it is,
No loving fingers tying strings
Around those tissue fripperies,
The sweet and chilly Christmas
things,

Bath salts and inexpensive scent
And hideous tie so kindly meant,

No love that in a family dwells,
No carolling in frosty air,

Nor all the steeple-shaking bells
Can with this single Truth
compare—

That God was Man in Palestine
And lives today in Bread and Wine.

Here is reflected clearly religion at work in the poet's mind—not in the manner it affected him originally by its material visible objects such as “church bells, transepts, organs and chancels”—but subjectively: through his own growing fear of death. Another poem, ‘Late-Flowering Lust,’ projects the same mood more tenebrously; its quiet horror is as breathtaking as its metrical conciseness, and recalls some of the stanzas in T. S. Eliot's ‘Whispers of Immortality.’ This is no parallel-hunting; it is done to illustrate the intensity in degree of the poetic image:

Webster was much possessed by death
And saw the skull beneath the skin;
And breastless creatures under ground
Leaned backward with a lipless grin.

Daffodil bulbs instead of balls
Stared from the sockets of the eyes!
He knew that thought clings round
dead limbs

Tightening its lusts and luxuries.

(ELIOT)

My head is bald, my breath is bad,
Unshaven is my chin,

I have not now the joys I had
When I was young in sin.

* * *

But I've a picture of my own
On this reunion to-night,
Wherein two skeletons are shewn
To hold each other tight;
Dark sockets look on emptiness
Which once was loving-eyed,
The mouth that opens for a kiss
Has got no tongue inside.

* * *

A week? or twenty years remain?
And then—what kind of death?
A losing fight with frightful pain
Or a gasping fight for breath?

Too long we let our bodies cling,
We cannot hide disgust
At all the thoughts that in us spring
From this late-flowering last.

(BETJEMAN)

John Betjeman has been called (by a critic in *The New Statesman and Nation*) as "a passionate observer of the second-rate." Maybe, if the objects of his observation like business girls and tennis girls, dons and the Old Liberals, electrolier, journalist and night-club proprietress can be called second-rate; but whatever he touches, he touches with an eventful freshness and beauty, depth in his glittering surfaces of fun and irony, and winsome dignity in his austerity. In this new volume of his poems, *A Few Late Chrysanthemums*, the third group entitled *Light* is Betjeman at his best. 'Station Syren,' 'Hunter Trials,' and 'How to Get on in Society' are pieces in which satire cuts deep, deeper for their delicateness. In an essay of his, 'Alas, Poor London,' Betjeman observes: "God has given to artists and poets the gift of making beauty out of chaos. To us the new suburbs are still chaos. For our peace of mind, for the satisfaction of that part of each of us which desires beauty, let the artists and poets show us some in new suburbia. Uneven individual fences and front gates, a stone dwarf in a front door, the arcade of inadequate shops, weird domes and gables, the flowering shrubs, municipal tennis, uneven roof lines climbing little hills—these are the material which they must give us eyes to enjoy." For his part, intensely

human, believer in the Immanence of God, and the genuinely good poet that he is, Betjeman has seen with wide open eyes and big enjoyment the beauty of the things he describes, and in wanting artists, poets and prose writers "always to be a leap ahead," he himself is, and remains

seraphically free
from taint of personality—

in Contemporary English Verse, and bids fair to be one of the minor glories of English Poetry For All Time.

Let The Night Cry

By Charlie Wells

A Signet Book

The New American Library,

New York 22 N. Y.

23 Cents

CRIME, right on the bloody tracks of Peter Cheyney and Mickey Spillane. A fairly neat tale, not cluttered up with too many corpses nor too many false leads. Pat is a girl who has brains and beauty, and uses both to blaze along, teaming up with Frank Thomas, a powerful gangster-boss who has the town of New Orleans in his grip. Among other things, she handles his dope-racket for him. She rakes in the dollars under cover of a night-club, and things go smoothly till Bill Fox, whose sister was allowed to die of tuberculosis by Thomas while he paid Fox to 'take a rap' for him, turns up in New Orleans to avenge the dead girl.

From then on, it is mayhem in B flat. Bill Fox takes whisky and punishment in nearly lethal doses, but comes back everytime asking for more. He is floored not only by Thomas's hoodlums, but by Pat and Judy, two girls who compete for handsome Fox with few holds barred. A close, well-run race.

Charlie Wells has the correct tone for crime, and a good idea of when to close a chapter. He should be successful merely pouring out the Cheyney mixture, but owes it to his talent to market his own concoction.

Right up the alley of those who like crime.

The Dynamics of Soviet Society

By W. W. Rostow and others

A Mentor Book

The New American Library,

501, Madison Avenue.

New York 22 N. Y.

50 cents

THE *Dynamics of Soviet Society* is the result of a series of investigations carried out at the Center for International Studies of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. One of the persons to whom this book is addressed is the "harried official who must plot daily moves in the chess game . . ." The harried official it seems wanted facts and the author gave him this book. The amazing intuition of the official who was able to carry on without facts for such a long time is admirable. The facts which have been collected for his benefit add nothing new to the already existing mass of details available. The approach is different though and the facts have been fitted into a pattern and a frame of reference has been evolved. The first part of the book deals with the evolution of the Soviet Union. The techniques adopted by the leaders of the party in centralizing power and the manouvres, strategies and tactics employed to establish the rigid structure of a monolithic state are dealt with. The bureaucratisation of power, the control exercised on the minds of the people through education and propaganda are some of the things which are treated at length and most of it is otiose. The second part of the book tries to analyse the balance of forces making for the stability of the internal structure of the regime and the third part presents conclusions. The authors of the book look forward to the dissident forces inside Russia to get on top and help the "interests of the United States and common humanity" to succeed. The dangers of such an attitude cannot be stressed too much. In a suspicion-ridden world ever on the verge of a catastrophe, to preach interference in a country's internal affairs is as baneful as it is tragic,

and the future of the world depends on the quickness with which such tendencies are scotched.

TELUGU

Kavitha

Periodical: Anthology of

Modern Telugu Poetry No. 2

Published by A. Chaya Devi, M.A.,

A-10-431 Himayatnagar,

Hyderabad

Re. 1-8 as

"SAY what you will; Tomorrow is more precious than today."

This assertion from Abburi Ramakrishna Rao, prominent member of the *avant-garde* of the Romantic School of Modern Telugu Poetry, serves as Preface to the second issue of *Kavitha*. There is no Omar Khayyam here; but the frank admission of the present frustration is perhaps offset by the confident faith in the Future. One may take this to be the view of the Editor of the anthology, and her collaborators. To many, however, it would be the well-accounted-for To-day that alone can earn a confident To-morrow.

In addition to the range of poets represented in the first issue of *Kavitha*, several new names figure in this Second Number. Tilak, Kaviraj Murty, and Pattabhi delight one with their facile verse which has a unique freshness about it. Baudelaire and Rimbaud—the savants, as well as Dylan Thomas and Emile Dickinson—the moderns, are presented in faithful translation. There is also a good rendering of a poem by the well-known Hindi poet, Rama Dhari Sinha.

Of particular interest to the general reader as well as to the discerning critic is a discussion in verse between Varada and Arudra about the aims of the new venture in Telugu Letters. Current concepts of Beauty, Truth and Knowledge are analysed and the two poets seem to agree on the premise that the aim of great poetry is but the pursuit of Beauty, and even if the travail is great, the effort is worth it.

This anthology has sufficient variety to whet one's appetite for more fragments from the promising efforts of those who represent what is new in Telugu poetry. One cannot help, however, being rather vexed at the employment of foreign words in the midst of chaste Telugu to express a strange idea. It may be quite clever to use a French or a Hindi noun with a Telugu verb and make it rhyme with the previous end-syllable; it may be expressively—to those who know the significance of the foreign words; but, the acrobatic effect far surpasses the poetic value of the verse.

A welcome feature is the filling up of tail-space with beautiful extracts from the work of earlier critics like C. R. Reddy and well-known Sanskrit authorities.

Kavita has come to serve a very useful purpose and we trust that as the list of acceptable new writers of real merit increases with each issue, the field of poetic experience covered will ever widen.

The Editor deserves our congratulations on the beautiful get-up of the anthologies.

TAMIL-FRENCH

Tiruppavai de Ste Andai

Rendered from the Original

Tamil into French

By R. Dessigane

Printed at the Sri Aurobindo Ashram Press, Pondichery

Re. 1; or, 75 Francs

THE object behind this little brochure is to introduce to an audience well-versed in French but ignorant of Tamil, the process of the Bhakthi marga as enshrined in Sri Andai's *Thiruppavai*. As stated by the translator himself the *Thiruppavai* is to the Tamil Vaishnavas—especially ladies—as sacred as the *Thirumanthram*, and they recite it with great reverence as brahmins recite the Gayathri and the Catholics their Ave Maria and Pater Noster. To non-Vaishnavas also, this has endeared itself very much, particularly in the light of the programme of *Thiruppavai-Thiruvembavai*, set in

motion by His Holiness Sri Sankaracharya Swamikal of Sri Kamakoti-peatam. The various steps and stages in the progress of Bhakthi are all explained at length in the *Srimad Bhagavatham* and *Adhyatma Ramayanam* and the Bhakthi sutras of Narada and Sandilya. Tulsidas has painted these various steps and stages very colourfully in the Sabari episode in his *Ramayana*. All rishis and yogis agree that the greatest bhakthas are the gopis of Gokulam and that the most outstanding illustration of the practice of Bhakthi is the ardent, selfless devotion, regardless of all consequences, of these gopis to Sri Krishna. Vyasa and others pay obeisance to the gopis (*Gopikabhyo namo vaha*). The *Thiruppavai* paints a radiant picture of this devotion of the gopis to Krishna. It is redolent of the fragrance and freshness of the "incense-breathing morn," and the "swallow's twittering in the strawbuilt sheds." The poem or hymn or ode points to the yearning of the Individual Soul (*Ame Individuelle*) to realise the Universal Soul (*Ame Souveraine*). The translator himself has stated this in his *Avant-Propos*. No further elaboration is therefore necessary on this point.

Translations, as observed by Cervantes and Shelley, do not convey the full flavour and melliflence of the original. Like the moths that attack a painting they eat away the honey of colour and sound and leave only the dregs. But if the picture presented by the translation is in its essential *semblable* to the picture presented by the original though the two (pictures) differ in details having regard to the different circumstances and environments of the two (original and translation) the translation may be said to be a success. Judged by this standard Mr. Dessigane who has held the post of Chief Interpreter of the Tribunal Superior of Appeal in Pondichery has done his work pretty well. His translation of the seventh strophe beginning with "O Fille insensee!" on page 19 is very pleasing. This beautiful rendering, the use of the words "candabres" and "alouette" for *Kuttu-*

vilakku and *Anaicchattan* and his footnote about Indians eating with their hands without using spoons so that the ghee and milk in the rice flow to the elbow, and the description of curd-churning resound in one's ears echoes of village *bruits* and village scenes in far-off France. Such good performance is sufficient to overlook minor errors. The translator may in the next edition use

the word "vachere" for a gopi instead of the word "bergeres". The spelling of Tamil and Sanskrit words in the French transliteration may be according to the phonetic alphabet. Badmanabha, Nandagoba, Sakadasura, do not sound well. The printing and format of the book are quite good. The few printers' errors on pages 7 and 27 have been corrected with pen and ink.

"KNOWEST THOU NOT ME?"

DEAREST of the dear friends

Many ages known to me,
Your beauty's mask but hides too well
The smile I long to see.

In how many former roles have not
Your lips poured forth their joy
To me in smile?—singing the silent song
Of our love, closed in openness, never coy.

Could I have survived so many storms
And fought brave battles through,
Would I have sweetly suffered such pangs
If it had not been for you?

Has our love, stronger by each century
Passed, swept through ages just to come
At last to this—eyes open, yet not to me,
Seeing, but not what is to be. Oh dumb

Lips! speak not these dead words
To one who yearns to see the sound
Of silent lips that smile. Searching among your
Eye's deep shadows our love I have not found.

Dark have been the days of our separation
When in lives apart we pined in vain,
Seeking the unknown lover, haunted by love's
Forgotten memories as by some lost refrain.

But now I know you, and know you are
For me. No mask can fragrance hide.
Your soul perfumes my sleep and draws
My thoughts, my heart, my body to your side.

Oh beloved of ages past and ages
Yet to be, "Knowest thou not me?"
How more cruel can separation be
Than making her abode in proximity.

Oh distorting flesh I hate you, for in
Meeting through you we have not met,
And yet, how I yearn to touch with
Eye and hand your sacred form. Wet

Are my eyes, dearest one, with the mist
Of your forgetfulness. Let the sun of your
Heart's awakening rise, light the soul
In your eyes, smile for me and cure

The wound of my waiting. Now in the
Shadows and mist in our love's shrine
I search for the altar we built, jewel by
Jewel. Come, dearest, light our flame with thine!

PETER HOFFMAN

What A Language!

ANDRE DRUCKER is a European who spent most of his early life in Bohemia and Vienna. He came to England fifteen years ago not knowing any English but within a year was broadcasting in his adopted tongue. He considers his English to be quite passable now but still finds it a bewildering language and in a recent broadcast he put forward some of the reasons for his bewilderment—reasons which could not be taken entirely seriously. The dictionary, he said, had defined language as “speech peculiar to a nation.” “It follows,” said Mr. Drucker, “as the English are somewhat peculiar themselves so their language must be particularly peculiar.” It was the only language, so far as he knew, which could be, and was, spoken with a closed mouth. “I am not a scientist but my guess is that the eternal fog and smog has something to do with it,” he said. “Naturally no-one likes a load of soot settling on one’s tongue every time one is saying ‘Grand morning, isn’t it?’ ” It was this closed mouth technique, he thought, which had created the stiff upper lip for which the English were so famous. He had seen the English mouth opened sufficiently to allow a pipe stem to be inserted, or a fork at feeding time, but for ordinary conversational purposes it remained shut.

But the chief difficulties in English were those of pronunciation and spelling. He thought at first that these peculiarities were defensive, a sort of “English for the English and keep the foreigners out of it,” but his present theory was that the confusion was kept up at great cost and at great strain on the memory because the English loved anything odd. “They stick to their own British systems of measuring, weighing and moneying, all utterly obsolete, cumbersome and difficult to grasp, and they love having a language which is more eccentric than anybody else’s. True, it is a nuisance but it is different and difficult,” he said. “So difficult that they have

accepted it as normal to remain semi-literate all their lives. Nobody raises an eyebrow if the most learned men of the country declare in public that they can’t spell their own language. They actually boast of it, especially at literary luncheon,” said Drucker. He cited the famous novelist who announced that her manuscripts were full of spelling mistakes, a confession that a foreign writer would consider degrading but which the English received with laughter. “They don’t like their men and women of culture, science, society and politics to be without weaknesses. A Siegfried-like hero who has only one vulnerable spot bores them. Happily they all share the spelling weakness. There is no greater market for English dictionaries than England”, he said.

Pronunciation was an even greater hazard and there was a wealth of confusion. He thought there was a great unknown someone who invented all the fearful and incomprehensible rules and ordained that “‘drought’ is ‘drowt’ and ‘draught’ is not ‘drowt’; that ‘rough’ is ‘ruff’ and ‘plough’ is not ‘pluff’ and ‘nought’ is neither ‘nowt’ nor ‘naft’ and ‘bow’ is also ‘baouw’ but ‘flow’ is never ‘flaouw’.” The people who had once mastered these intricacies had endless fun in keeping a poker face when a foreigner misbehaved, as he invariably did, with these utterly confusing syllables. Drucker had discovered that when broadcasting he was not allowed to pronounce certain names and words at the microphone until the producer of the programme had telephoned the BBC’s Pronunciation Unit, an essential department in a country that had such an odd language. Sometimes the producer would say that the Pronunciation Unit could give no definite ruling and he could please himself as no-one listening would know better. “It is on this point that the English make a grave mistake,” said Drucker seriously, “there are people about who know all about the English spelling and pronunciation. They are foreigners.”

G. D. NAIDU IN U. S. A.

UNITED NATIONS: To us in America in recent years have come stories about Mr. G. D. Naidu through various sources. Here is a man without the benefit of any formal education who started life as a humble bus driver and in a short span of time became the transport-king of Southern India, scientific wizard, inventor and philanthropist. When you read the full story of his life you cannot but become conscious that this man has literally lived the life of ten men.

We were at the Ceylon India restaurant in New York the other day dining with a friend and talking about practically everything under the sun. Suddenly our friend nudged us and said “Here comes the famous Mr. G. D. Naidu.” We looked up and saw a bald headed, famished looking individual in his sixties with shabby looking western clothes and a hat to match walking towards us. We were introduced and started chatting. The thought was ever present in our mind, “Is this the famous Naidu?” Indeed he was and another surprise was when he told us that his present trip to the United States was his third one. The more we conversed with him the more surprises he handed to us. Indeed Mr. Naidu is an incredible man!

His remarkable career is strewn with incidents of all kinds. When Indians sought knighthood with everything they can offer he spurned it when it was presented to him in 1946 by the then Governor of Madras, Sir Arthur Hope. He has invented an auto-vibrator testor, a camera lens adjustor, he has modelled a complete automobile with all its parts manufactured in his own factory, he has made the thinnest shaving blade in the world, and various other very useful things. He had given away about 50 lakhs of rupees in philanthropies of all kinds. His life indeed is the saga of a pioneer, stout of heart and resolute in purpose.

Asked about the purpose of his present visit to the U. S. A. Mr. Naidu said he had come to London for a holiday but he was requested by some of his friends to select diesel engines



G. D. Naidu at New York: Photo taken at an ‘at home’ in his honour. The host was Dr. P. G. Krishnayya, Indian Editor and Publisher of New York

for their use in India. Having heard that he was in London, the members of the auto-exhibition committee of Chicago extended an invitation for a visit to the States. At the request of the Governments of Madras and Orissa he bought educational films for their use in India. Having heard of his contributions in various ways to the industry and technical education in South India, the members of the American Institutes of Mechanical, Electrical and Radio Engineers requested him to accept membership in these societies.

Mr. Naidu bought a number of electrical and radio testing instruments and kits for their use by the students in technical schools and colleges in India.

Mr. Naidu said that the National Government of India under the able leadership of Premier Nehru was striving hard to lead India gradually to a Socialistic type of democracy. He is a strong supporter of the Nehru Government and he said that the Government was trying to get rid of Communism in India by all legitimate means. The United States is the only country which can help India on a large scale to develop her industries, he said. He hoped the Indian Government would try in the future to make the best use of American aid as quickly as possible without much waste.

Satyamurti in His Young Days

By "ARUNA"

IN the year 1908 when the Indian National Congress met under the presidency of Rash Bihari Ghosh in Madras Sri V. S. Srinivasa Sastri was the captain of the volunteers. Here on this page is published a photograph of one of the volunteers then. But he never knew that in 1955 a Congress session would assemble at Avadi near Madras and that the place of meeting would be named after him.

This is Sri Satyamurti himself. Born in Tirumayam, Pudukkottai State, the first son of Sri Sundara Sastrigal, Vakil, he was named after the presiding deity of the place.

His father was proficient in astrology. One day he called Satyamurti and said: "You will be famous by the power of your tongue." But when his prediction proved true Vakil Sastrigal was not there to enjoy his son's fame. He died in his 42nd year—he had cast his own horoscope—when Satya-



Satyamurti as a young man

murti was only eight. He had two elder and two younger sisters and three younger brothers.

Sri Satyamurti completed his F. A. in the Maharaja's College, Pudukkottai, and joined the Christian College, Madras, for his degree course. It was the time when there was an uproar against the partition of Bengal. Sri Satyamurti as a leader of the students led a successful strike.

In the B.A. class Sri Alladi Krishnaswami Aiyar was his history tutor (after Alladi, John Mathai). After completing his B.A. Sri Satyamurti himself served in the same college in the same post as tutor. One of his students was Dr. Subbarayan.

As a tutor he received only Rs. 55 a month as salary. Even with that small amount he maintained a family in Madras consisting of his mother, sisters and brothers. He was very brave and was able to bear any difficulty smilingly, with great strength of mind.

Sri Satyamurti after passing out of the Law College never practised as a lawyer for a long period. He spent



Satyamurti in the role of Manohara

his entire time in serving the country. His power of speech won praise everywhere. Even Gandhiji said once: "It is enough if Satyamurti alone enters the legislature representing the Congress."

One day when in the Central parliament a discussion was going on Sri N. N. Sarkar on the Government bench remarked: "Sri Satyamurti is immersed in catching mere votes." Immediately Satyamurti said: "Yes, we who have faith in a republic are only vote-catchers and not the Viceroy's tail-catchers!" The whole Council applauded.

Sri Satyamurti was a great art-lover. He took part in many Sanskrit, Tamil and English plays and

acted very finely. He was very fond of quoting a Sanskrit sloka meaning: "Those who have no feeling for poetry, music, and art are equal to beasts."

After India attained independence Satyamurti wished that every Indian should enjoy life. He used to din into the ears of the people the significance of the Gita sloka: "Therefore, Arjuna! Arise! Earn fame! Conquer the foes! Regain your country and enjoy life."

Sri Satyamurti wished that everybody should wear a fine dhoti, a silk shirt and a laced upper-cloth like him. May that day come!—*Translated from Ananda Vikatan.*

Threat to World Peace

By K. R. KARANTH

IT is most unfortunate that a war which nobody wants is already upon the world. None can say that the United States or President Eisenhower are eager for war, knowing all its consequences. And yet when a few days back Eisenhower wanted the U. S. A. Congress and Senate to authorise him to defend Formosa with arms, if need be, he must have found a situation in which war was becoming inevitable.

The case of the Chinese Communist Republic that the numerous islands near their mainland belong to them and that they cannot allow the Chinese Nationalists led by Chiang Kai-shek to occupy them or keep hostile armed forces in them is understandable. At the same time, however corrupt the regime of Chiang may have been, he and his men have been helped and befriended by the U. S. A. from the time of the last war and cannot now be deserted or thrown into the Pacific sea. We cannot easily forget that Chiang Kai-shek and his gifted wife were in New Delhi, during our own freedom struggle in 1942-44, trying to help us and were at one time great friends of Shri Nehru. Because Chiang failed in his fights with the Communists he had been forgotten by us. If he had succeeded he and his wife would have been our visitors like Marshal

Tito or the King of Cambodia. Nothing succeeds like success. But the people of U. S. A. have not such short memories as we have, and so rightly or wrongly they are still befriending them as much for past services and association as for preventing the flood of Communism spreading over the neighbouring countries of Asia.

Today as I write this, the U. S. A. Seventh Fleet has been ordered by Eisenhower to help in the evacuation of about 20,000 troops and civilians of Chiang Kai-shek in the island of Tachan. Nearby are poised for attack about 8000 planes and other naval craft of Communist China, some of which are of Russia. The U. S. A. planes which are to help the Seventh Fleet are said to be about 5000 and are ready to join battle. The Seventh Fleet is said to be a strong one and unless the U. S. A. is confident it would not have risked its safety.

But what pains one is that a great and good nation like the U. S. A. should get so isolated from all friends, even England forsaking her in this crisis. However aggressive or foolish sometimes her actions may seem, there is no doubt that the USA is the last bastion of the democracies. America saved Europe in the last war. In a third world war America will again be the last hope of saving Western Europe, or even countries like ours, which may try to stay neutral but will not be allowed by others to do so.

FILMS

By V. P. SATHE

THERE are again hopes that the doors of Pakistan will be opened freely for import of Indian films. The recent political developments which have brought about an atmosphere of amity and goodwill and the assurance given by Mr. Ghazanfar Ali Khan during his visit to Bombay have been responsible for raising these hopes.

It is said that but for the difficulties of exchange, this problem could have been solved much earlier. As it is, there is no doubt that the Indian films are very much in demand in Pakistan. The Pakistani picturegoer is only too eager to see Indian films. And aware of this demand, the Pakistani distributors are only too willing to buy Indian films and pay good prices for them. In spite of the alleged ban by IMPPA and restrictions imposed by the Government of Pakistan some of the Indian pictures like *Taxi Driver*, *Aar Paar* and *Ilzam* have been shown recently in Pakistan and they have been given a rousing reception. Of late there have been persistent rumours that all restrictions on import of Indian films by Pakistan would be withdrawn by the end of March 1955. How far these rumours have any basis of truth in them it is too early to say.

Meanwhile, taking advantage of the improved atmosphere, a delegation of Indian film producers left for Lahore last week. And it is hoped that unlike on previous occasions the delegation would succeed in regulating the import of Indian films on an equitable basis. The success of the mission undertaken by this delegation is very vital for both Indian and Pakistani film industries.

While this issue is undecided, Hollywood is making a bold bid to capture

the Pakistan market by dubbing some of their popular hits with an Oriental background into Urdu. Thus, for instance, I am told Cecil B. De Mille's *Crusades* is now in the process of being dubbed into Hindustani. This is a subject with a special appeal for Muslims and as such the dubbed version might prove a big hit in Pakistan; it might prove popular again even in India. Hence it is necessary to forestall Hollywood and make all efforts to revive the old trade relations for mutual benefit.

Picture of the week

About eight years ago Satyen Bose came to Bombay with the proposition to transcribe his popular Bengalee picture *Parivartan* into Hindi. His visit proved futile as he could not get any producer or distributor interested in the proposition.

Now thanks to the new vogue for children's films and State recognition of the same promised in the shape of the Prime Minister's award, even Filmistan, noteworthy for escapist and box-office entertainers, undertook the job of re-making *Parivartan* in Hindi with the Prime Minister's gold medal as the cherished goal.

As a result, for the first time Filmistan has given us in *Jagriti* a picture without romance and dances. Songs, of course, are there; but only of patriotic variety and that too just four songs as against the usual quota of eight or ten. The theme of *Jagriti* is essentially an educational one. It deals with a problem child who is always out to do mischief and who has no interest in his studies. How to educate him? Can the old way of stern action and punishment reform him? Or should a new way be found to canalize his talent in such a way that he starts taking interest in education? Of course the latter way alone can succeed in reforming such a child.

But as presented in *Jagriti* the new system of education is rather abstract while the drawbacks of the old systems are all lost in ridicule and fun. It was wrong to make the character of the first superintendent of the

hostel who beats children and treats them callously as comic and ridiculous, by choosing a person so abnormally fat to play the role. As a result, the first half of the picture is extremely amusing but in a rather slapstick way. It fails to bring out the basic shortcoming of the old way of treatment of children. And the very idea of the superintendent falling victim to the pranks of the boys and leaving the hostel, appears to be rather unreal and unconvincing.

The second half begins with the arrival of the new teacher with new ideas of education. He tries his new ways with the problem boy but somehow does not succeed. In fact it is the accidental death of a crippled boy who is his great friend that brings about the change in the boy who devotes himself to studies and win many honours. Thus the efficacy of the new system is not properly illustrated in terms of drama; it is only illustrated through dialogue and rather abstract references to the new system. That is another weakness of the screenplay. In this connection it is interesting to recall how almost a similar theme and ideological conflict between the old style and the new style teachers and their pupils was effectively presented in an Italian picture *Tomorrow Is Too Late*.

In spite of these shortcomings *Jagriti* is essentially a good picture enlivened by the numerous pranks of the hero which provide so much laughter and entertainment. Pathos

and poignancy is lent by the characters of the crippled boy and his poor mother. But unfortunately Rattan Kumar is rather miscast as the crippled boy; had the producers chosen a very slim boy with more sad and sympathetic face the character would have become more poignant. The character of the poor mother suffers from pedestrian handling in spite of good acting by Pronoti Ghosh. Abhi Bhattacharya as the new teacher and Raj Kumar Gupta as Ajay, the problem boy, give excellent performances.

All the four songs by Pradeep play on patriotic sentiments; but no dramatic use has been made of these songs and at least one of them is not effectively rendered. The last song with a message for children is aptly sung and picturized and it sums up the entire theme of the picture brilliantly. The production values are elaborate, though the sound is faulty at places.

All said, *Jagriti* is a far more elaborate and entertaining version of *Parivartan* but in all the elaborateness, the original poignancy has been lost considerably.

Personality of the week

Seth Tolaram Jalan of Filmistan is the man of the hour. At the moment he is the only producer whose three pictures are running in Bombay simultaneously, viz *Nastik*, *Nagin* and *Jagriti*. He has two pictures at the studio ready for release, viz *Bhagwat Mahima* and *Munimji*, two

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pictures on the floor, viz *Durgesh Nandini* and *Hier* and a third launched by Raman Desai with Premnath in the lead only last week. In addition, he has six pictures under Preparation to be made by I. S. Johar, Kamal Amrohi, Kishore Sahu, Satyen Bose and others. Then, one international picture is also being launched by Filmistan for which S. Mukerjee has gone abroad to finalize the details.

To cope with the heavy production schedule new stages are being erected at the studio.

Apart from intensive production Shri Jalan is taking keen interest in distribution as well. He has now his own distribution offices all over India. He is perhaps the only producer in Bombay to have an all-India distribution organisation of his own. And for the distribution organisation he is securing outside pictures as well like *Taj*. Jalan is controlling the distribution of Shantaram's technicolor film *Jhanak Jhanak Payal Baje*.

Not content with this, it is reported that he is securing a number of theatres at all important and key centres in India. He is not buying theatres as such, but their playing time. Controlling production, distribution and exhibition on such a wide scale, Tolaram Jalan seems to be destined to be the biggest film magnate in India now.

When Jalan bought the shares of Filmistan Ltd. at a fabulous price, the people in the film industry thought that he was a novice who had joined the film industry to lose his fortune. As luck would have it, in the beginning he met with certain reverses. But, undaunted, he and his associate S. Mukerjee went on making pictures. And then came *Anarkali* and *Nastik* the two phenomenal hits which placed Filmistan absolutely on the top.

No wonder, shrewd businessman that he is, Jalan is cashing in on this top-position and making a bold bid to become the top magnate of the film industry.



Photo taken when Andhra ladies and children in New York gathered to celebrate Sankranti

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.

Ends And Means

Sir,—This letter is encouraged by reading Saka's *Sidelights in Swatantra* of 22nd January.

It has become a fashion for the leaders of political parties to proclaim, when questioned about the merits and demerits of candidates set up for elections, that principles count more for them than persons. It is sad to see Sri Jawaharlal Nehru also talking in the same confused vein because one of the points that distinguish our Prime Minister from others is his unqualified insistence on purity of means. Principles being admitted as sound, how are they to be translated into practice except by individuals? The individual alone is the means to achieve the end. And unless the means are pure, the end, in its realised form, will not be pure. Hence the much-boasted principles will lose their soundness inevitably if the individuals chosen to practise them are not of the right type. Whenever this truth is ignored in the flush of self-righteousness and ideological intoxication, the results are disastrous not only to the parties concerned but to the people also who are gullibly persuaded to fondly await "the heaven on earth". Many an idea professedly noble is corrupted not by its enemies but by its followers. And one of the reasons for this is choosing worthless individuals to achieve a worthy ideal. Now that a goal is definitely proclaimed, is it not of the utmost importance not to be carried away by egoistic ecstasy but to stick to the truth, i.e., the purity of the means?

Insistence on purity of the means is more necessary to a party said to be wedded to truth and non-violence than to a party which is ready to achieve its ideal by any method. The result of twenty five years of lip-sympathy and blind devotion to the principles enunciated by Gandhiji is that in spite of the serious and vigorous combing of the Congress personnel by the High Command, Congressmen of stature could not be selected in many constituencies in Andhra to face the elections.

"HASAJA"

A. I. R. And Cinema Songs

Sir,—Saka has rightly observed that "State policy has to be actuated by imaginative liberality if the people's leisure is to be regaled with worthwhile attractions." Extreme puritanism brings many evils in its train. Ever since the Government of India banished cinema songs from A. I. R. programmes people have turned to Radio Pakistan or the Radio Ceylon for them. It is absurd to impose restrictions on the aesthetic tastes of people. Everybody cannot enjoy Sastraic music. A good cinema song certainly makes one forget himself in its melody.

J. RAMAKRISHNA MURTY

Sirpur

No Incubator In City Hospitals!

Sir,—When recently an incubator (not an egg-nest but a medical device for regulating temperature) was needed for a new-born babe of a friend of mine, the most searching enquiries elicited the surprising information that in the whole of this great city not a single one could be found.

This lapse could be pardoned in private nursing homes and hospitals, but the overtaxed citizen of Madras is surely entitled to expect that at least the Government hospitals will be provided with the elementary necessities of modern hygiene. In a country with a high infant mortality rate, it is sickening to reflect that one of the premier cities is so ill-provided as not to possess even a single incubator and is thereby indirectly depriving the country of many of its future citizens. And surely our children are not Spartans.

T. M. SRINIVASAN

Southern Railway Services Commission

Sir,—It is very regrettable that the Southern Railway Services Commission has failed to give sufficient representation to the Andhras in the recruitment of candidates to the subordinate services. The recent census shows that a large number of Southerners with less qualifications are recruited as against those with more qualifications available in the Andhra area. Most of the district offices and stations in the Andhra State are dumped with this staff who do not know the language of the area. Unemployment is already on the increase in Andhra and the Service Commission has been doing great injustice and harm to the Andhras. Sri K. Raghuramaiah, M.P., once speaking in Vijayawada at the annual conference of the Central Excise staff said that he would fight with the Railway Ministry to get an Andhra mem-

ber appointed to the Southern Railway Service Commission but nothing has yet materialised. The Postal Department, the Income Tax Department and the Central Excise Department, etc., have their Andhra zones but unfortunately the Railways have been singled out to make an exception in this respect. The absence of an Andhra member is keenly felt when a large track of Southern Railway is spread far and wide in the Andhra area. Will the Railway Ministry take immediate steps to stop this systematic victimisation of Andhra interests and act with justice and fairplay in giving representation to the Andhras in the Southern Railway Services Commission and redress the long-felt grievance.

"ONE AGGRIEVED"

Memorials for the Dead

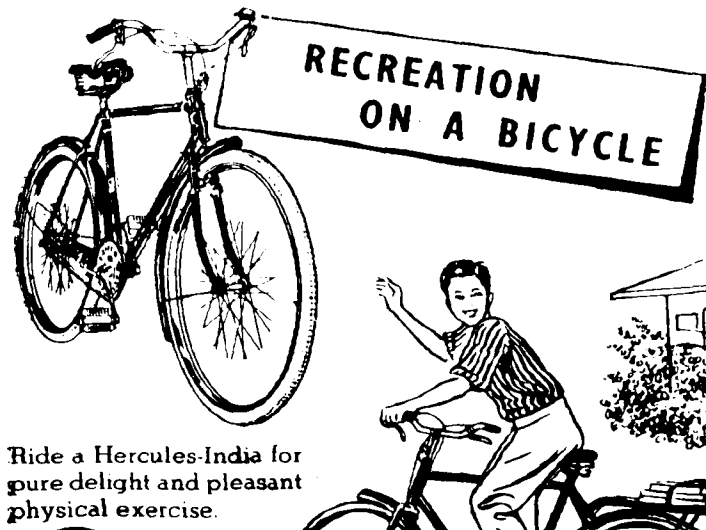
Sir,—Memorials built for the great in the land are only intended as a symbol to perpetuate the principles for which they lived and fought in their lives. The Congress politicians hastily changed the name of Victoria Gosha Hospital into Kasturba Memorial Hospital without caring for the public, thinking it will get them cheap popularity. Nobody liked

the change. Having changed the name, should they teach now birth control methods there? It looks incongruous. I realise it may not be possible for a Government to do everything for which personages like Kasturba Gandhi stood for. On the other hand, from the way the Government are moving they may have to do many things contrary to their ideals. So will it not be wiser to revert to the original name Victoria Gosha Hospital? I would like the Government to think seriously about this and stop wounding the feelings of many.

In this connection it may not be out of place to refer to the Gandhi Mandap at Madras. From the way India is shaping, who knows the Mandap may not be converted into a military headquarters in the next generation. May I suggest that the Mandap may be called after Rajaji and Shri Sri Prakasa but for whose enthusiasm and position in life so much money would not have been collected in these days of depression? The donors, too, I am confident, will not object to this change. It will be a symbol of the unity of North and South.

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ON THE COVER:
Madras Flower Show

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.

Subscription rates (including postage); for one year; Inland Rs. 20; Foreign, £1-16sh., or \$8; Half-year: Inland, Rs. 10; Foreign, 18sh., or \$4.

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SWATANTRA

Vol. X. FEBRUARY 26 SATURDAY 1955 No. 4

WELFARE STATE IN ACTION

IF the Railway budget presented by Sri Lal Bahadur Sastri this week is any indication of the Socialistic pattern of society to which the Congress pledged itself at the Avadi session, the proposed pattern is not likely to be greeted with much enthusiasm in the country. The doctrinaire definitions of Socialism often provoke much heat and fury among professional politicians that profess to be its votaries, but they are not of much practical interest to the general public. The commonsense case for Socialism arises from the unequal distribution of property and income in the prevailing order of society. Its objective of economic equality in a country like India is attractive to the bulk of the people as these are poor and stand to gain at the expense of the rich who constitute but a small minority, under the administrative recipes associated with Socialism. It is the speciality of Socialism that State administrative control is not limited to law and order functions but extends over a very wide field of economic and industrial activity. As Socialism advances, State control over industry and other means of providing employment will supplant the ownership and enterprise of private capitalists. The presumption is that under State control the poor will receive a better deal than under private capitalist control. Control, of course, is always exercised by executive administrators, and whatever be the system in vogue, the character of executive administrators determines to a large degree the extent of beneficence of the government con-

cerned. The promise of Socialism to millions of poverty-stricken people cannot be properly fulfilled if the executive instruments of government do not change with its advent but continue to be inspired by loyalty to the same old vested interests of rich proprietors. We shall then have only theoretical Socialism belying in actual performance its delectable promise.

This anomaly is to some extent reflected in the Railway budget. In several important particulars, it loads the dice heavily against the small customer. If you travel a small distance you have to pay a higher rate per mile, than another making a longer journey. Consignments of foodgrains are charged at higher rates per mile for distances of 300 miles and less, penalysing irrationally internal trade in contiguous territories. Not only on the basis of distance, but also on the basis of weight, the small trader is discriminated against. For instance, consignments of 20 maunds and less are subjected to a double disability—a rise in minimum freight of 50 per cent and a surcharge of 12½ per cent. These provisions in the Railway budget do not seem to be actuated by any preferential concern for the comparatively poor that can be pressed into any pattern of economy deserving to be characterised as *Socialistic*.

Of course heavy commodities and long distance transport are entitled to extra consideration from the railways, and under any system of tariffs they must come in for special

concessions. But the structure of the classifications of goods and passengers marked out for special adverse discrimination in the Railway budget is intrinsically un-Socialistic. It is like singling out the lowest income groups for the heaviest burdens in the ordering of income-tax gradations. The whole conception of the Welfare State which is Socialism's contribution to the revolutionary change that has taken place

in modern concepts of democratic rule, rests on the principle of taxing the rich to improve the prospects of life for the under-privileged poor. The very first Railway budget of the Congress Government after the Avadi session reveals a regrettable reversal of this principle, betraying the unreliability of the grand promise made at the session of impending sensational changes towards the achievement of the Welfare State.

Sotto Voce

★

ART BY THE BUSHEL



THE Union Education Ministry is unwearied in its pursuit of Beauty. Having established Akadams for various purposes, it has turned its attention to Art with a big A. Our sovereign status requires that we should have a National Art Gallery. And our zeal for modernity must express itself in the setting up of a Gallery of Modern Art. The Ministry looks to a Committee it has appointed for the purpose, to acquire art treasures with which the National Galleries may be well stocked without much delay.

The Committee has been happily busy at Hyderabad, according to a newspaper report. It examined 5,000 articles in two days; which is quick work, considering that Art is a rather confusing thing, and artists kittle cattle. We are not told how many items were purchased. But an outlay of Rs. 35,000 under such auspices errs, I must say, on the modest side. I am sure there are members on the Committee who are rare hands at a

bargain. All the same I should feel more easy if I knew who they are.

It is just possible that information regarding the membership has been made public; in that case I can only blame myself as a Rip Van Winkle. But, except for a Ministry official whose name conveys nothing to me, the report I have seen mentions no names. Now, with a limited sum of money to be utilised for buying works of art, you can do a number of things. You can buy one or two rare and exquisite pieces; you can buy a houseful of junk; or you can lay out the money on "good copies." Itinerant buyers in a hurry, however, rarely land a masterpiece; they are far more likely to seek refuge in the average.

It must be an extraordinarily catholic as well as competent committee that could find its way with certainty through such miscellaneous and bewilderingly varied assemblages of art-ware as seem to have been

offered. They ranged from Moghul paintings to 'bidri,' from Arabic calligraphy to brocaded silks and inlaid swords. There is something in the Mughalai atmosphere of Hyderabad that makes it a natural mart for curios. But the very profusion must make the sifting for quality an even more exacting job, than it normally is. The Salar Jung collection is a typical example of uneven worth as well as amazing variety and range.

★

Far more bizarre is the abundance that clutters the Mullick Palace in Calcutta. By any test this must be one of the most eccentric individual collections of *objects d'art* to be found anywhere in the world. An insatiable passion for possession, coupled with the jackdaw's delight in gewgaws and a bottomless purse has resulted in the erection, in a side-street off a busy thoroughfare, of a temple to the genius of Rococo which seems to have dwelt in strange amity side by side with Victorian stodginess. It was perhaps in the fitness of things that the curator of one of these very personal collections assured me in all earnestness that a mechanical toy of the time of Louis the Magnificent was the most precious thing in his charge. Actually there were a few pieces, there, each of which might have fetched a fortune at Ritchie's. The curator's taste was apparently moulded by the spirit of the Institution.

★

I find I have wandered from the Art Gallery Purchasing Committee, but not really far. We have Mullick Palaces enough in this country, without the Government having to waste good money in adding to the number under the mistaken impression that they will raise the national prestige. Art galleries can no more be built in a day than Rome was. Actually there is an extraordinary amount of valuable material, hoarded in back-rooms for lack of space, which await proper classification and display in some of our Government museums. Has any attempt been made to draw on this hoarded wealth—for example,

from the Calcutta Museum itself, for the benefit of the National Museum?

★

As for the Gallery of Modern Art, it seems to me that far greater circumspection is called for. Even in a country like England with a long tradition of public patronage of the arts, modern art is a veritable bone of contention. The reverberations of the fierce controversy over the purchase policy of the Tate Gallery, have hardly died down yet. Epstein has now been translated to the official Valhalla and wears his halo and mantle, with composure. But if the Government started buying the daubs of the *avant garde* under the advice of out at elbows 'modernist' critics or self-styled connoisseurs, there would be a Cabinet crisis in Downing Street tomorrow.

VIGNESWARA



Sri K. Gopalan, Publicity Officer, Madura Mills, talking with Sir James Doak and Rajah Sir Muthiah Chettiar in the Mills' Stall at the Congress Exhibition.

SIDELIGHTS ::

CONGRESS and Communist leaders have both been claiming victory at the polls in Andhra. Only the counting of the votes will show which of the claims is justified. It is not a reliable method of assessing the election prospects to depend on the size of the crowds attending the respective party meetings. In the last Travancore-Cochin elections Pandit Nehru collected wherever he went huge concourses of people. From millions of hoarse throats stentorian cries of *Nehru-ki-Jai* greeted him everywhere in that hectic tour of his, as indeed they do wherever he is sighted in a public place throughout the length and breadth of India. Nehru has inherited from Gandhi the adoration of a crazy public normally expressed in vast gatherings that collect for *darshan* and clap hands ecstatically shouting *jais*. The Indian people honour the gods in their pantheon this way. But it does not mean a thing. One might say it means nothing as an indication of the political barometer—and in Travancore-Cochin the rout of the Congress was as spectacular in the last elections as the enthusiasm of the public greetings that welcomed Pandit Nehru in every place he touched in his election tour of the State.

We are rather a starved people, not in nutrition alone but in the matter of entertainments. The depressing economic conditions do not encourage opportunities for social pleasures or demonstrations of collective joy. The nation however has found in hoary tradition a system of periodical escapes from the routine mournfulness of a poverty-stricken existence ill provided with facilities for convivial relaxations; and particularly after the introduction of Prohibition in some States the hold of the tradition has deepened. It is expressed in the regular distribution throughout the year of *days* dedicated to the summoning of enormous crowds from far and near

on some pretext of social or religious significance, but really as an outlet for boredom by blending devotional make-believes with the thrill of a *thamasha*. Such *days* have become woven into our customs in fairs, festivals, *melas*, *utsavams*, *aruvathimuvvar* and the like. The backdrop of centuries is manifest in the Indian propensity to throw up on the slenderest of excuses crowds running into lakhs such as can be found nowhere else in the world,—not even in the monolithic stadiums specially constructed to accommodate the football fanatics of America. Our mania for congregating into record crowds has found new incentives in modern times in the annual Congress sessions, in cinema stars and in the visits of the Prime Minister. The crowds are conglomerations of cross-sections of the whole population, and it would be ordinarily an error to attach political significance to any of them.

In the Andhra elections as in all elections, the irrelevance of crowds as an index of the poll is worth noting. But the crowds seem to have entered more into the inventory of Congress assets for victory than into the Communist estimate of favourable factors. And quite naturally too. The Congress canvassing for votes has been limited to the making of speeches and door to door expeditions at election time. In between the elections the Congress leaders forgot the people and paid no attention to the electorate. The Communists, on the other hand, have not been idle between elections. They have maintained throughout at a high pitch an incessant and continuous propaganda, ostentatiously constitutional, illegal when necessary, and conspiratorial in spirit. The present *united front* of the Congress is really a chapter stolen from previous Communist practice. For it is the Communists that initiated the device of the united front, and set up, time after time, many united

fronts to inveigle the unwary into their net. Some of the very prominent leaders of the present Congress United Front were no less prominent a little while ago as partners of the Communists in a different kind of united front. The Communists in the past captured many fellow-travellers, including even members of Government, with their united front technique.

The fate of the Andhra Congress United Front hangs in the balance now, and it is not likely to survive the elections, especially if victory should crown its efforts. The bleak record of the first Andhra Congress Ministry has won for it no trust. Its record justified its defeat. The only consideration that prevailed or could have prevailed, to make people overlook the past and return the Congress to power in Andhra was the fear that otherwise the Communists will step in as the ruling party. Two main objections against the advent of a Communist Government were driven home into the popular consciousness in the course of the elections—the superior loyalty of the Communists to Moscow and their inveterate totalitarian trend and terrific party fanaticism carrying with them a threat to democracy along with the emergence of an eternal, irrevocable, one-party rule. To what extent these arguments have influenced the elections, only the results of the poll can show when they are duly announced. But in the very nature of the case, arguments like this may win through once or twice, they cannot serve their purpose for all time. Even if they enable the Congress to defeat the Communists in the present elections, they will not help the Congress to sustain its primacy indefinitely, nor will they suffice in the next elections.

The Andhra electoral position illustrates the progressive polarisation that is taking place in the country as between the Congress and the Communist party. No third party has emerged capable of taking over the administration through a shift in electoral support. All hopes of Socialist advancement have been shattered by the ineffectiveness of Acharya

Kripalani's leadership, the retirement into spiritual adventures of Sri Jaya Prakash Narayan, internal squabbles among second rung stalwarts, and the sabotage of the party from within in an important State like Andhra by leaders of the stamp of Prakasam and Viswanatham. Other minor parties in the country do not matter as effective political forces. The Congress and the Communist party between them hold the field as practical alternatives for running the Government, and apart from temporary sentimental deflections, it is inevitable that the gains of the one in the acquisition of public confidence would be reflected in corresponding losses on the part of the other, and *vice versa*. If a Congress victory at the polls in Andhra is not accompanied by a swift change for the better in the character of the resulting Ministry, nothing more will be required to hasten the downfall of that Ministry, and the installation of the Communists in its place at the next electoral opportunity.

The bid for leadership in a prospective Congress United Front Ministry will undoubtedly be made by Prakasam, Gopala Reddi and Sanjiva Reddi, with the old power politicians coming once again to the fore with chess moves to crown or thwart one or other of the three contestants. A return to power of Sri Prakasam will be worth a million votes to the Communists. This ancient, venerable warrior, the hero of countless battles in the freedom fight, is beloved of the multitude who cherish for him an infinite admiration for his intrepid feats matched only by an incorrigible forbearance for his plentiful blunders, and he towers over all contemporaries in his native State like a king who can do no wrong. But all his faculties have reached the stage of exhaustion leaving him in the grip of senility, and nothing remains now of the old Lion of Andhra except tenacity to cling on to the helm of power which he has ceased to be able to sustain with dignity or even tolerable sobriety. It will be most unsafe to permit Sri

(Continued on page 41)

DR. I. A. RICHARDS

An Interview

By MANJERI S. ISVARAN

IT was a very interesting discourse that Dr. I. A. Richards gave on Shelley's "Ode to the West Wind" at the British Council premises in the City on Monday (February 21) evening. After a few humorous observations on the electric fans revolving overhead—in contrast to the blowing of the poet's West Wind!—which were promptly switched off by the eager hand of Mr. S. H. Best, the regional representative of the Council who introduced the learned Professor briefly, handsomely, to the audience, Dr. Richards began his talk with a recital of the Ode:

*O Wild West Wind, thou breath of
Autumn's being,
Thou, from whose unseen presence
the leaves dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an
enchanter fleeing*

and on and on to:

*The trumpet of a prophecy! O,
Wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far
behind?*

The Ode, as Shelley's own note to it says, "was conceived and chiefly written in a wood that skirts the Arno, near Florence, and on a day when that tempestuous wind, whose temperature is at once mild and animating, was collecting the vapours which pour down the autumnal rains. They began, as I foresaw, at sunset with a violent tempest of hail and rain, attended by that magnificent thunder and lightning peculiar to the Cisalpine regions."

Dr. Richards's voice with its pleasant timbre, his soft and sharp modulation of the words created the effect of an incantation imbued with an ineffable charm. There was the teacher's inevitable blackboard in the background, and his recital of the poem over, Dr. Richards wrote the ratio A:B :B:C on the board and explained its meaning in relation to poetic



Percy Bysshe Shelley

value and imagery. He remarked—in parenthesis—that since Dr. Johnson wrote the *Lives of the Poets*, it had not promised well for poetry. *Not the poet—but the poetry.* One was free to lead any kind of life one wanted to, it had no relevance whatsoever in the judgment of the work one produced. He spoke with great vigour and clarity, and whenever he deviated briefly from the main tenor of his disquisition, *sotto voce*, he elicited gentle laughter from the audience—he was never doubtful of such a response; one could see the bright twinkle relieving the thoughtful irises of his eyes—which are those of a thinker—behind glasses, flashing brighter. He concluded his talk—arbitrarily of course—by a quotation from one of the Upanishads about Self and the All-Pervasive, and suggested that instead of Ode, *Hymn to the West Wind* is more appropriate—a thing quite appealing to the mind of the Hindu, for to him Wind is God

Vayu—Marut. Shelley is an exquisite poet and he could not have a more exquisite exposition of his poetry than Dr. Richards's. Interpreted by this critic through the stimulating practical method—evolved by himself—"of conciliation in which understanding is the primary act," Shelley is no "beautiful and ineffectual angel beating in the void his luminous wings in vain," and although very much the child of his age, was far from being vague and other-worldly, but an elemental power, purposeful in thought, his poetry stemming from a complete personality, who, as A. N. Whitehead has said, if "he had been born a hundred years later the twentieth century would have seen a Newton among chemists."

There was not the usual question-time at the end of the lecture and as I wished to draw out Dr. Richards on life and literature in general, I asked him for a short private interview. He very kindly gave it me; I met him the following morning at Mr. Best's place. We conducted our talk in a question-and-answer style—the questions being mainly by me. Here is its gist:

I: Dr. Richards, were you interested in India and in the Indian culture before you ever thought of coming out to this part of the world?

R: I was here in 1927. I ought to know more about India's culture than I do. And I have been interested in it since my first visit.

I: Has Western thought penetrated beyond that of the Upanishadic seers?

R: I don't think there is a Beyond in the same direction. Beyond suggests directions of which there's an infinite number. Of course there's plenty of thought in the same direction. I don't think you can measure depth after a certain point. In the kind of thought represented in the Upanishads and the Vedas generally, language fails. In the various formulations the different kinds of translators achieve they look in different ways of saying the same thing.

I: Does Beyond imply a Hereafter?

R: A notion of a Hereafter conflicts with the concept of the Eternal.

I can't judge because of language difficulties. Western thinkers have interested themselves much more in the Eternal. They are so obsessed with Time that is endless. Except Nietzsche who borrowed quite a lot of Indian thought and Schopenhauer, I think there has been no major European figure that has contemplated on the Timeless.

I: I feel and there are some friends of mine who share my feeling that modern English Writing has moved away from the dignity that we associated with nineteenth century writing. Do you agree?

R: What about Shakespeare? Don't you think that the modern writer has taken a universal view of Man? Whom do you mean by moving away from dignity?

I: Sometimes writers like D. H. Lawrence and James Joyce—I don't speak of the lesser fry. Lawrence with his strange dark gods and blood lust and James Joyce swamping his central theme with all kinds of experiments and acrobatics in language fabrication.

R: I agree about Lawrence. He was obsessed.

I: Is there a return of interest in the British reading public in Lawrence after all the fire and dust he raised?

R: Yes, there is a continual return of interest in Lawrence. But he didn't achieve any masterpiece. And Joyce's *Ulysses* was experimental, as you said.

I: What do you think of Lawrence's poetry?

R: A little of it is very good indeed. A large proportion of it is about flowers and beasts—quite charming.

I: I now come to Mr. T. S. Eliot. Has the younger generation of poets in England been influenced by him?

R: One of the difficulties is not to write like Eliot. Also like Yeats. It is quite a danger to any contemporary poet or to any poet coming after.

I: That's because Yeats grew and grew to the last moment of his life.

He could write and did write like the youngest of the young poets.

R: That's right.

I: Do you approve of the large number of allusions Eliot packs into his poetry?

R: Yes. But they needn't be followed. Everybody wants to trace it to some source or another. That's misapplied ingenuity. And this sort of detective work is not important.

I: You said that the private life of a creative artist is not a pertinent factor whatsoever to judge his work. This is rather arbitrary. Don't you think that his private life does in some measure impinge on his imaginative productions?

R: Such a thing comes in the study of social history. It's not relevant to literary criticism.

I: What do you think of the debunking of older reputations by certain modern English critics?

R: Whom do you mean?

I: D. S. Savage for instance, in his *The Withered Branch*. E. M. Forster comes in for some quite rough handling here.

R: I think such persons are wasting their time and other people's. And I don't think such criticism is sufficiently interesting to comment on.

I: Has independent India got any significant role to play in a synthesis of world cultures?

R: I don't know enough to answer that. Obviously there should be many roles. The Vedas have such a one.

I: Has the interpretation of Vedanta by writers like Aldous Huxley and Christopher Isherwood been of any help to the Western man? Somerset Maugham too has toyed a little with Hindu philosophy—

R: Isherwood is in the same role as W. B. Yeats. He works under the direction of an Indian scholar—a Swami. It is not independent scholarship. The non-historical nature of India's culture the West discovered long ago in the whole world of her hoary past, her wealth of monuments, her great archaeological discoveries.

I: I am a warm admirer of the late Dylan Thomas. I would like to know what you think of Thomas's poetry.

R: It is not all of a piece. Some of it I admire much. It is experimental in many places.

I: Has he influenced any of the poets of his generation or any of the succeeding?

R: I wouldn't be able to quote to you. There isn't much influence. But in stature, Dylan Thomas is not less than Yeats or Eliot. He has quite a personal technique as a writer. The best thing for any creative artist is not to write like any other creative artist.

I: One more question, Dr. Richards, and I finish off. Do you think that a cross-fertilization of Indian thought and English forms of expression both in prose and verse attempted by Indian writers will achieve anything worth while for world literature—apart from translations?

R: It just needs the genius to achieve this. It can occur.

On that optimistic note we ended our talk. "It can occur," Dr. Richards repeated softly, and in his smiling eyes, I saw the shadow of an engaging seriousness.



In the world of today the Americans occupy the position which the British so long, and for all their failings not ingloriously, held. Perhaps it would be to their advantage to profit by our example and avoid making the errors that have cost us so dearly.

A brown man can fire a Sten gun as straight as a white man; a yellow man can drop an atom bomb as efficiently . . .

I do not think it can be denied that the British conferred great benefits on the people over which they ruled; but they humiliated them and so earned their hatred. The Americans would do well to admit it.

—W. S. Maugham in his Preface to the *MEMOIRS OF AGA KHAN*, recently published in England.

PRESS COMMENT

CHANGES IN THE KREMLIN

Be-tough Policy triumphs

" . . . The changes which have taken place . . . throw much light on the all-important question of (a) the balance of power within the Russian ruling clique, (b) the general stability of the regime, (c) the probable direction of domestic policy in Russia and (d) the effect which all this is likely to have on the rest of the world.

Of the internal relations among the dozen or so men who rule the Soviet empire, it can be said that the uneasy compromise arrived at between them after Stalin's death nearly two years ago has come substantially nearer to being resolved. It is almost axiomatic that a rigidly authoritarian regime, such as that installed in Moscow cannot work, even at the highest point, on the basis of 'committee rule'. A dictatorship demands a dictator, and there is no provision in it for the give and take of democratic government or the conflict of opinions and policies. Sooner or later one man must arise with the authority which can make the system work.

We now know that Mr. Malenkov is not that man . . .

It would be a mistake, however, to regard these events merely as part of a struggle between personalities for personal power . . . They concern the major issues upon which the whole future of the communist empire depends.

The central problem may be summed up as that of the rate at which Communism should expand its power . . . It is the advocates of toughness who have triumphed. Having fought and won his battle against Zhdanov in the post-war years, Mr. Malenkov has succumbed to Mr. Molotov and Marshal Bulganin and Marshal Bulganin has been succeeded as Defence Minister by Marshal Khukov, the most out-

standing professional soldier in the Soviet union. That this was the real sense of the changes was made clear at once in the foreign affairs speech which Mr. Molotov delivered to the Supreme Soviet. In place of the "peaceful solutions of world problems" which was Mr. Malenkov's theme-song, we had a reversion to "peace through strength" . . . Again we saw in Mr. Molotov's mind the vision, first outlined by Lenin, of Europe plus China plus India and the victory of communism secure. . . . He is impatient and, therefore, dangerous.

For two years since Stalin died the western world has cherished hopes of coming to terms with the Communist monster. These hopes, never very rosy, have now been destroyed. We are left with a sense of the still greater urgency of uniting the free world in its own defence and of using all our strength, our skill and our devotion to the civilization in which we live to resist Mr. Molotov's policies. We have no time to lose.—*Time and Tide, London.*

Portent for Asia

Malenkov's confession included a warning to all good communists that they must ignore the "slandorous speculation" in the west which his fall was bound to provoke. Undoubtedly, for all who live under communist rule, the only safe attitude to adopt until the dust has settled will be that of the three wise monkeys. In the free world . . . speculation is already universal . . . First, is this the end of the struggle for power that began nearly two years ago, when Stalin was brought to his death-bed? Second, what does the new palace revolution mean for the Soviet people? Third, what are its implications for the world at large? . . .

Khrushchev himself seems a most unlikely personality to remain at the top of the Soviet hierarchy for long. Moreover, it is unsafe to assume that Bulganin will serve him as a mere figurehead. The two men may well work together successfully for some time, as they have done in the past. But the point must be made that it is no mere clash of personalities that torments Soviet political life; it is a clash of factions and of rival hierarchies.

Malenkov had inclined towards business efficiency and the freeing of the managerial class from the paralysing grip of their Party watchdogs. Now Stalinist orthodoxy is reasserted, and Khrushchev is herding the bureaucrats off to a bleak pioneering life on the steppes.

For the free nations, the most important lesson to draw from Malenkov's fall is surely not that the age of "co-existence" is now over, but something far more fundamental—a lesson about the essential nature of the communist system it-

self. . . . The idea that there is any kind of democratic element in the Soviet political system was disproved in blindingly clear fashion when the 1300 members of the Supreme Soviet meekly and unhesitatingly accepted a change of government forced upon them by backstage intriguers who did not even trouble to make out a convincing explanation. And the idea that communism offers an easy road to economic plenty for any backward country vanished in the same puff of smoke. The fall of Malenkov and Mikoyan was a portent for all of Asia and Africa; and it is to be hoped that the record of the past few months will be studied carefully enough for all to see that in Communist practice the well-being of the people is at the mercy of the arbitrary and doctrinaire decisions of the men at the top. . . .

—The Economist, London.

Uneasiness among the satellites

" . . . The change in leadership has been treated in public as blandly

as possible—as just one of those periodic reshuffles which are to be expected among the disinterested rulers of a truly democratic state. . . . Communist newspapers in Western Europe have argued that, if events in Moscow seem puzzling to the outside world, this is only because bourgeois Prime Ministers, unlike Mr. Malenkov, are not in the habit of admitting their incompetence. . . .

Yet it is possible to suspect a certain uneasiness behind the mask. . . . Since the war the faithful have had to weather three great shocks, involving men who had long been regarded as beyond open question. The first shock was the anathematization of Marshal Tito; the second, the death of Stalin and the subsequent decline in the glory accorded to him; the third, the arrest and the execution of Beria. This week's shock is not, perhaps, quite on the scale of the other three. Mr. Malenkov is still alive; his name can still be mentioned in polite society. But all the same it is now shown that of the three men who were chosen to carry on the mantle of Stalin in the mother country of communism one was a traitor, another a bungler. What does it all mean?

This question is now being asked with more anxiety in those countries which have a communist government than in those where communists enjoy the luxury of opposition. The satellite states are all modelled as closely as possible on Russia. Their constitutional theory and practice conform to the Russian pattern. . . . Are the slogans of the past two years now to be abandoned?

The switch will not be popular, and satellite leaders are more sensitive to unpopularity than are the leaders of Russia, where communism has been entrenched for more than a generation. . . .

—The London Times

Collective leadership, a myth

" . . . The conclusion would seem inescapable that the role of the military leaders has been enhanced by

the latest changes. Apparently there was more than mere accident in the Pravda front-page picture two months ago showing Marshal Zhukov between Khrushchev and the then Premier Malenkov.

Former Premier Malenkov's status, at least for the immediate future, has been clarified by his new ministerial assignment and his appointment as Deputy Premier. For the time being, at least, he is not an "enemy of the people and imperialist spy." Yet his future outlook can hardly be bright. . . .

Whatever other changes may occur in the future, one fact is now abundantly clear: The "unity" of leadership in the Soviet union since Stalin's death has been a myth. . . . only the existence of deep jealousies and great rivalries among Stalin's successors can explain what has happened since March, 1953.

Unchecked by the popular will, those at the seat of power are under the inevitable compulsion to resolve their rivalries by intrigue and machinations that culminate in purges and executions. The end of such a process can come only when one man is sufficiently skillful to rid himself of all challengers, surrounding himself with abject servitors who can be removed or murdered at will. This was the equilibrium which Stalin achieved for a quarter of a century. Khrushchev, it would seem, is still in the first stages of achieving a similar equilibrium, though he has already made substantial progress.

—The New York Times



Peer for the gods he seems to me
And mightier, if that may be,
Who sitting face to face with thee,
Can there serenely gaze;
Can bear thee sweetly speak the while,
Can see thee, Lesbia, sweetly smile,
Joys that from me my senses wile,
And leave me in a maze.

—CATULLUS

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ENGLISH PUBLIC SCHOOLS

By MATTHEW HALTON

For centuries the public schools have produced leaders and been the passport to success. Here's a survey of their strength and weakness.

THERE are many things I do not like about the English public school system. For one thing, as you know, they are not public at all; they are not State schools. They are private, and expensive. They are monastic, and the monastic life is surely not quite natural for boys. They give a small minority educational and social advantages over the large majority. They contribute to the stubbornly continuing class distinctions in British life. But they are part of the very fibre of Britain. In spite of a social revolution they are stronger than ever. The English public schools have endured for centuries and they will probably endure for centuries more.

The "Right Accent" Important

The names of the most famous public schools are known all over the world—Eton, Harrow, Winchester, Rugby, Marlborough, Wellington, Shrewsbury, Charterhouse, Clifton, St. Paul's, Westminster, Merchant Taylor's, and the two oldest of all, the Cathedral School of St. Peter's at York and the King's School, Canterbury—two schools which have been described as "older than the House of Commons, older than the universities, older even than the throne or the nation." They are comparatively few in number but for centuries they have been producing leaders. Most of the ministers in any Conservative government, and many even in the Socialist governments, wear an "old school" tie.

And why are these exclusive and expensive private schools called "public?" The answer takes us back to the middle ages. The first schools in Christian Europe were church or monastery schools, created to prepare boys for the church. As long ago as the year 809, however, the Pope issued a decree providing for "scholae publicae," that is, for the

admission of lay students as well as clerical to the church schools. Hence the "public schools." After the Reformation they were separated from the church, and many scholarships were provided for talented boys of poorer family. Today such scholarships are provided in increasing numbers; and the name "public" continues—and will endure.

It is no exaggeration to say that the English professional and upper middle classes would rather go hungry than send their sons to a state school. It is an astonishing phenomenon of the English social system.

To say "snobbery" is not the answer, though snobbery is involved. Britain is by far the most class-conscious country I know. It is still the country where one is immediately marked, and his place in society revealed, the moment he opens his mouth and speaks. The "right accent" is almost indescribably important to those Britons who have been brought up with the "right accent." And if they send their children to the free state schools the children might come home with the wrong accent.

Even people who hate the snobbery of accent have to take it into account when educating their children, because the "right accent" and a public accent are still in England the best passports to success, other things being equal. Given two boys of equally good intelligence and character, one with a public school education and speech and the other from a state school, the former will get the job the two are applying for.

Training for Leadership

The income of the white-collar classes has not kept pace with the cost of living and rising school fees. It costs nearly \$1,000 a year now to keep a boy at a public school. The

result is that many thousands of parents are scratching desperately, denying themselves not only luxuries but necessities, to raise school fees. An increasing number are forced to send their children to state schools but they find it a bitter blow.

What are the advantages and disadvantages of these famous English schools? (They have them in Scotland, too, but they are basically an English institution.)

The first advantage is simply that they provide a first-class education. The American high school graduate of 18 is not in the same street for education and culture, hardly in the same world, as the English public school graduate of 18. When I came to university in England to do post-graduate studies, I found that my new friends just out of school were

as educated as I was after my three years of university in Canada.

Secondly, the English public school education is a deliberate training for leadership. In fact, that is the main reason for its existence. The boys are conditioned to be leaders. The schools concentrate intensely on the development of a sense of responsibility. I have seen young English officers behaving splendidly in battle not because they were particularly outstanding young men but because they were brought up—conditioned—to take responsibility, to lead, not to show fear or weakness—to "play the game."

The chief weaknesses of the English public school system are summed up in the word "monastic." The boarding school life is hardly a normal life. The boys are not mixing with girls or adults and therefore they are not seeing a cross-section of society. The family is the natural unit of society. A boy has much to gain by hearing a adult conversation at home; by seeing and taking part every day in the flow of ordinary life; by going to a day school, in which he associates with both sexes and with all classes of society.

My own son loves his school, and when I back him into a corner and advance my arguments against the system he has his answers.

A snobbish system? On the contrary, he says, it is absolutely democratic. Try putting on any "side" at school.

Monastic? What about it? Life is full and interesting from the first bell in the morning until lights out at night. Games, church services in the wonderful cathedral, debating and dramatic societies, cycling clubs, shooting clubs—and lots of



Photo taken when two Russian doctors, Obrosov and Skoniakova, recently visited the Puttur bone setters' clinic at Chintadripet, Madras. They were accompanied by Dr. K. C. K. E. Raja, Officer on special duty, Ministry of Health, Government of India

hard work under the best teachers Britain can produce.

Privileged? Well, says my son, I can't help that. I wish every school were as good as mine—but I'm glad I'm at a good school.

This boy has only one argument against the public school system—the food isn't as good as at home.

Many of the public schools used to be little hells of severity and cruel punishment. Sir Winston Churchill has described how, even at prep school, when he was still a child, he was beaten till he bled. All that has changed with the times.

Canterbury was an important town in Roman times. In 597, after the Romans had gone, the Pope sent Augustine with 40 monks to Christianize England. Augustine converted King Ethelbert, built a church in Canterbury, and then started a school to train young monks in Scripture, Latin, verse-making, music, astronomy and some arithmetic. The first school was a one-storey shed with a steep thatched roof and walls of wattles daubed with clay. The Norse invasions came. The heathen ravaged the land of Kent. In 1011 the Norsemen burned the city, the church and the school and killed the archbishop. The church rose again and became the cathedral which is one of the glories of Christendom. After the dissolution of the monasteries the school received a charter from Henry VIII and became the King's School, part of the pride of England.

The Famous are "Old Boys"

Beauty must be an inspiration, and the boys live surrounded and steeped in beauty, in tradition, in "the last enchantments of the middle ages." They enter the library over the Norman staircases, a treasure of architecture. Some of their rooms look down on the beautiful mint yard, where the medieval archbishops struck their own coins. One day I saw the school dramatic society play

Henry V, and they played it in the Chapter House, built before the battle of Agincourt which is the theme of the play. They read the names of famous men who have been educated at their school down the centuries from Christopher Marlowe, in Shakespeare's day down to Somerset Maugham and Montgomery in their own. At service in the cathedral they are flanked by the steps where Thomas a Becket, archbishop of Canterbury, was murdered and by the great tomb of the Black Prince, and the music they hear every day is like the choirs of heaven.

These things are enough to banish even a sceptical Canadian father's doubts about the English public school.—*NNF*



ARGENTINIAN WELSHMEN

It is now ninety years since a party of a hundred and fifty-three Welsh people sailed from Liverpool to set up a new community in South America in which they could develop the Welsh way of life and culture and keep alive their beautiful and ancient language. They settled in the Ghubut Valley and in due time became Argentinian citizens but always retained a great pride in their Welsh ancestry. Many of them inter-married with Argentinians but although they maintained their Welsh they forgot their English. They are all bi-lingual still but bi-lingual with a difference as they now speak Welsh and Spanish. The early settlers built many non-Conformist chapels in the valley, calling their settlements, which have now grown into prosperous towns, by such names as Trelew and Bryn Hyfryd and in time they founded a Welsh newspaper. This, called *Dravod*, is still in existence, and its new editor is a woman with the bi-lingual name of Irma de Hughes Jones.—*B. B. C. London Letter.*

ORGANISATION OF SOVIET INDUSTRY

By H. R. VEDANTA IENGAR

ST. PAUL said: "He that will not work, neither shall he eat." Though the church and Christianity have no place in Soviet Russia, St. Paul's dictum has been written into its constitution. For, the Russian constitution lays down: "He who does not work, shall not eat." In Soviet Russia today, work is worship, the state-owned factories and "Kolkhozes" (collective farms) are the temples, and output (with a capital O) is the offering which the people offer to please and propitiate the Almighty state.

Historically, Socialisation of industry is not an exotic plant in Russia. Even before the Bolshevik Revolution, industrial growth in that country owed much to Government intervention. No doubt Russian industry in the 19th and early 20th century was stimulated by a large influx of foreign capital and foreign entrepreneurs and technicians, who helped in the establishment of new industries like coal, steel and petroleum and in modernizing the old Russian textile industry. But the Russian Government throughout took active part in fostering industrial development by its protective policy and by grant of state subsidies and the like. Bureaucratic tutelage and guidance were thus not unknown to Russian industry prior to the dawn of the Communist era. When the first world war broke out, the railways were largely under Government ownership (nearly 70% of the total railway mileage was state-owned) as also a number of other industries and mines, and private enterprise was to a substantial extent financed, subsidised and regulated by Government. Nevertheless at the time of the 1917 Revolution Russia was still industrially backward, by Western standards. Of the two wings of Russian Social Democracy, the Mensheviks advocated the postponement of Socialist revolution

until Russia's industrial backwardness had been remedied and an industrial proletariat created in large numbers, as required by orthodox Marxism, which says that Socialist revolution stood its greatest chance of success in those countries in which industrialisation was most highly advanced and in which the working class formed a substantial part of its population. On the other hand, the Bolsheviks (including Lenin, Trotsky and Stalin) held that Russia's industrial backwardness was not a liability but an asset, not a hindrance but an opportunity, and that the working class should skip directly from industrial backwardness to Socialism. And the Bolsheviks had their way.

Still-born Syndicalism

In the first flush of Bolshevik revolution, an abortive attempt was made to establish workers' control over industry. The working classes took it for granted that the factories now belonged to them and began to operate them on their own account and in their own interest. Instead of Russian Industry being controlled by the state, each unit was sought to be controlled and managed by "syndicates" or trade unions, and this led to widespread industrial breakdowns owing to lack of labour discipline and absence of skilled technicians and competent managerial personnel who were all "bourgeois" and had therefore been got rid of.

Lenin stopped the rot by establishing centralised control and one-man management and by employing 'bourgeois' specialists with the requisite technical and managerial skill. Lenin confessed that there were a number of transitional stages to Communism and that the way to Communism lay through bourgeois democratic revolution, state capitalism and Socialism, though expediency led them to skip these three

stages in Russia. The disasters of the early syndicalist experiments brought on a new awareness of the need for labour discipline, the importance of production—incentives, the value of technical skill and professional competence and the complexity of industrial management. Under the NEP (New Economic Policy) of the earlier years of the Revolution, the Soviet Government sought to attract foreign capital by offering concessions, but without success. The need for consumer goods was desperate and this situation was sought to be met by promises of freedom from nationalisation to new industrial enterprises and by leasing nationalised factories to the former owners for operation. As these measures produced but poor results, NEP was scrapped and the era of the Five Year Plans, or the so-called "Third Revolution," began in 1928.

Gosplan

The aim of the first Five Year Plan was to double the fixed capital of the economy and attain a marked increase in per capita consumption by a programme of rapid industrialisation. The actual result was that owing to a disproportionately heavy investment and concentration on defence and heavy industries and coal, electricity, machinery, transports, etc., the production of consumer goods was relegated to the background and there was a marked decline in living standards. The high temper of industrialisation was almost exclusively directed towards heavy industries and armament manufacture. During the mid-thirties, however, the standard of living rose as a result of development of light and consumer goods industries under the 2nd Five Year Plan beginning 1933. But with the coming of world war II there was renewed emphasis on heavy and war industries and standards of living were again depressed. In the immediate post-war period, living standards rose markedly, though not attaining the level of the mid-thirties but the Korean war and the "Cold War" brought on a fresh drive for armament manufacture, again resulting in

depressed living standards. The first post-war Five Year Plan—the fourth in the series of Five Year Plans—which commenced in 1946 envisaged long-range schemes to triple the pre-war level of industrial production. The fifth Five Year Plan commenced from 1952. After the death of Stalin, Malenkov adopted the policy of increasing the output of consumer goods in order to increase living standards and make the people's lives brighter and less austere. This policy was reversed very recently, emphasis on heavy industry being once again restored. Malenkov's policy cost him his Prime Ministership. The sixth Five Year Plan is due to commence from next year with the accent on heavy industry and war production reinforced, consumer goods industries resuming the status of cinderella of Soviet industry. This plan is expected to provide for the conversion of Soviet industry from coal to atomic energy.

A well-known American economist, Seymour E. Harris, has in a frank and objective appraisal of the "remarkable accomplishments of the Soviet, particularly since 1928" written: "Over a period of twelve years (1928-1940) individual output rose by 65% and real per capita income by 35%; and there were significant rises in productivity. (Russian figures indeed are not thoroughly reliable and corrections for price changes offer many difficulties; but all competent observers agree that there has been no significant attempt to manipulate the figures). The gains indeed were absorbed in the production of capital goods and war goods and did not contribute adequately to an improved standard of living. Capitalist nations may not approve of Russian methods like control of the allocation of economic resources, serious infringements on private liberty, etc. But the Russians nevertheless have shown that, if a country is prepared to pay the price in curtailment of personal liberty, then rapid rates of industrialisation, very rapid advance from a low level of output, and full employment without the large inflationary pressures that seem to accompany full employment

in democratic countries—all these can be achieved. The Soviet has shown the capitalist world that through coordinated rationing, allocation, taxing, pricing and saving policies, the state can achieve a balanced growth of the economy and can largely determine the distribution of goods."

According to recent figures, Soviet Russia's production of steel increased from 28 million tons in 1950 to 41 million tons in 1954, output of coal rose from 260 million tons in 1950 to 345 million tons in 1954, generation of electric power increased from 30 milliard KWH to 147 milliard KWH and the output of oil (in which Russia stands second in the world) rose to 58 million tons.

Out of a total of 25 ministries in the Government of the U.S.S.R., 12 are all-union or centralised ministries covering one branch or other of heavy industry. These 25 ministries deal respectively with Internal Affairs, Foreign Affairs, Defence, Internal and Foreign Trade, Agriculture, Culture, Health, Finance, Justice, State-Control, Communications, Light and Food Industry, Metallurgy, Machine Building, Transport and Heavy Machine Building, Electric Power Stations and Electrical Industry, Coal, Oil, Chemicals, Defence Industry, Building Material Industry, Timber and Paper, Heavy Industry and Machine Building Plants, Transport, and lastly, Sea and River Transport. This list reveals the degree to which heavy industry dominates governmental activity. The fates of the top-most men hang on their attitude to heavy industry vis-a-vis other industry. Indeed heavy industry is given the highest priority and is the most highly centralised and controlled sector of Soviet economic life. The State Planning Commission is called the *GOSPLAN*. The plan drawn up by it dominates the entire activity of the state and every citizen of the Soviet. The national economic plan which *GOSPLAN* works out requires the approval of the council of ministers before its issue to all concerned as a mandatory directive. In the initial stages of planning, *GOSPLAN* was more concerned with drawing up

plans, but latterly it has been paying more attention to checking on execution by calling for progress reports and field inspection to ascertain the extent of compliance with the plan targets and to detect evasions. It is said that the budget of the Soviet Union is merely the financial expression of the National Economic Plan. The dominating objective of the plan is to build up military strength on a heavy industry base, in order to accelerate industrial growth and provide for the development of a modern armament industry. The fulfilment of planned industrial targets is of supreme importance to the technical and managerial elite whose future prospects are entirely dependent on their attaining or surpassing these targets. An observer describes the dilemma of a factory manager thus: "The manager who fails to attain prescribed targets cannot point to extenuating circumstances allegedly beyond his control to justify his failure. So he has either to violate the law and meet the plan or obey the law and fail to fulfil the plan. Both involve risks, the latter being more risky. Minor violations of the law may be forgiven but non-fulfilment of the plan is a major disaster."

Factory organisation

In the earlier stages, the management of the factory shared its responsibility for plant operation with trade union representatives and the Communist party authorities. But by 1929 as the first Five Year Plan got into its stride, the interference of trade unions in factory administration was eliminated and managerial authority strengthened. Until 1934 industrial plants were being run on the "functional" basis, each department of the factory functioning as an autonomous unit, with the factory manager or director as merely a co-ordinating agency for all practical purposes. With the adoption of the principle of "One man management" in 1934, the responsibility and authority of the factory director or manager were fortified considerably. According to the present pattern of factory organisation in Soviet Russia,

the factory director is vested with full powers and responsibility (subject to the surveillance of two other sets of parallel authorities who report respectively to party headquarters and MVD or Internal Affairs Ministry) for the fulfilment of the quantitative and qualitative indices prescribed for each factory in the state plan. The chief engineer, in a typical large factory, is the first assistant to the director and his duties are confined to the technical direction of production. The chief engineer is assisted by an assistant chief engineer. The factory is composed of a number of workshops, each under the control of a chief superintendent who is assisted by a shop engineer and other subordinate functionaries. Each workshop is divided into sections in charge of foremen and each section is in turn divided into brigades in charge of brigadiers or brigade leaders. The foreman or "the lowest commander of production" is vested with considerable power. He can levy fines for labour indiscipline and has a "bonus fund" at his disposal to reward workers for good work and he has a voice in determining pay categories for workers in his section. Foremen are exempt from production duties so that they may be free to organise the work of workers in their sections, but brigadiers are not exempt from labour.

The factory director has powers of appointment and dismissal and has at his exclusive disposal what is called the "director's fund" with which to reward loyalty and efficiency. The size of this fund grows with the success of the undertaking.

There is one respect in which the Soviet factory organisation is unique and which distinguishes it sharply from factory organisation in democratic countries, that is, in the superimposition of party functionaries and the secret police on the factory director. The party is represented at each factory by a party secretary responsible to the party hierarchy. The party secretary does not usually interfere in the day-to-day affairs of the factory but only checks plan fulfilment and carries on propaganda among workers to increase output.

The party secretaries are recruited from the ranks of managerial personnel, technicians, engineers, etc. The factory director and the party secretary are both held responsible for the success of the factory and for its plan fulfilment. Every factory has also a "special section" headed by an MVD man (secret police) functioning independently of the factory administration and reporting directly to the MVD headquarters. This "special section" is intended to keep a watch on the entire factory personnel for evidences of disaffection, sabotage and other irregularities and report on the political reliability of the factory director.

While the factory director wishes to restrict factory plans to feasible proportions, the concerned ministry and the GOSPLAN exert pressure from above for raising targets and maximising production. The factory director's all-absorbing preoccupation is production fulfilment. His difficulties in meeting his plan are greater if he is in charge of a low priority industry. The dominating priorities in Soviet Russia are military needs and heavy industry and scarce resources are allocated accordingly. The director of a munitions factory is a more powerful claimant to scarce resources than the director of, for instance, a textile plant. In view of the high priority enjoyed by war industries and heavy industries in the allocation of resources, the directors of light and consumer goods industries find themselves in irksome positions since the resources legally made available to them for plan fulfilment are often inadequate. They are then forced to resort to illegal subterfuges to fulfil their plans. In 1939, the party rules were revised to admit managerial and technical personnel into party membership. This was a most significant step in merging party and state administration. With this assimilation of the technical intelligentsia into the party, the Soviet authorities have ensured the loyalty of the technical and managerial elite to the party, obliterated the distinction between the politically neutral public service personnel and political party

functionaries (a distinction which is jealously safeguarded in democratic countries) and equated the party with the state and coalesced the administration with the party. This step was necessitated by the growing power and influence of the managerial and technical cadres in the operational direction of the Soviet economy and their loyalty and efficiency thus became matters of great importance to the Soviet regime.

Technical Education

Technical education made great strides facilitating accelerated industrialisation. With the inauguration of the Five-Year Plan era, an Industrial Academy was set up to train rapidly the urgently needed specialists. At first, "cram courses" were organised providing for intensive and highly socialised training, but when the defect of accelerated education and narrow specialisation came to be recognised, these courses were in the mid-thirties replaced by a more comprehensive and broadbased engineering curriculum which allowed time and scope for mastering fundamentals. Thus a vast training programme to produce the technical intelligentsia required was inaugurated.

In Soviet Russia the graduates of technical institutes and universities are subject to the disposition of superior authority and can be dispatched wherever their superiors see fit to send them irrespective of their own personal wishes. Recruitment of highly qualified technical (as well as administrative) personnel is the responsibility of the various ministries or agencies, not that of the civil service commission. Every sector of industry and administration has its own corresponding advanced schools and institutes which feed their graduates into it. Annual admission quotas are prescribed for each school or institute. After graduation the students are at the disposal of the appropriate enterprise or agency for assignment to a job. The graduates must remain on the jobs assigned to them for at least three years. Refusal to accept the job given or withdrawal

without permission may entail criminal prosecution.

There is ample provision also for the training of labour. Skilled labourers undergo a two-year training course and unskilled labourers are trained for six months, the emphasis being on practical job training. Foremen and brigadiers are workers with limited technical education and they cannot rise above chief foremen. Shop superintendents (chief superintendents) are usually engineers with some form of higher technical education and can become in due course chief engineers and factory directors by dint of their efficiency recorded in fulfilling the Plan.

Trade Unions

Subsequent to the early "workers' control" days, trade unions in Russia have become far less powerful than the factory director, party secretary and the "special section." The primary role of the Soviet trade union is in the sphere of social insurance and welfare. Trade unions have been excluded from decisions regarding production and wage policies, and administration of labour welfare activities has taken the place of independent bargaining and democratic control of industrial life. Strikes are neither specifically authorised nor forbidden by the Soviet law but any attempt to take the benefit of doubt and exercise the right to strike is looked upon as a serious challenge to the authority of the state and punished accordingly. The chairman of the factory committee elected by the trade union must be one who is acceptable to the factory secretary and factory director. Trade unions in Soviet Russia have nothing to do with wage rates, hours of work and other matters which in democratic countries are subjects of labour disputes, bargaining, and strikes. These are fixed by the state administration and are not open to alteration by negotiation between trade unions and managements. Soviet trade unions have exiguous rights but many obligations to promote labour, productivity and labour dis-

cipline. Their functions are confined to the administration of social insurance funds, management of sanatoria and rest houses meant for the workers, food, housing, and other welfare activities and enforcement of safety regulations.

The trade unions function through a number of commissions. For instance, the "council on social insurance" deals with workers compensation, invalid pensions and such like. The social insurance scheme is used as an instrument to stimulate labour productivity and discipline. Trade union members who stay on the same job for long periods (this is intended to keep down labour turnover) and who distinguish themselves as "Stakhonovite" performers (that is, outstanding output men) derive substantial advantages from the social insurance scheme. Next, there is the "wages commission" which may be consulted by the management regarding the application of state-prescribed basic wage rates to the plant. This commission is expected to facilitate introduction of progressive piece-rates and encourage "Socialist emulation" among workers. The "commission for labour protection" is concerned with safety rules; the "commission for cultural and educational activities" with recreation and workers' clubhouses; the "housing commission", which has no funds of its own, with the duty of persuading the management to provide housing for labour; the "commission for workers' supplies" with the responsibility of overseeing factory canteens and cooperative stores attached to the factory; the "commission for worker's inventions and rationalisation" with the task of stimulating inventions and rewarding worthwhile proposals.

The RKK (Norms and Conflicts Commission) on which the management and trade union are both represented deals with minor complaints of labour, such as claims for job-reclassification, for over-time, vacation and for reinstatement because of alleged unjust dismissal of workers, etc. If the RKK fails to give agreed verdicts, the complaints go to the

people's courts. But major questions relating to wage rates, hours of work, labour discipline and the like are outside the purview of any court or commission.

It is said that the control and discipline to which Soviet labour is subject is without parallel in the democracies. The first Five Year Plan was marked by great labour turnover and absenteeism. Drastic punishments were therefore meted out to 'deserters'. Soviet youth is recruited to state labour reserves for service in industry on a conscription basis. Violations of labour discipline are punished by dismissal from the job, entailing expulsion from living quarters, reduction of social insurance benefits, etc. Employees more than 20 minutes late for work (except for valid medical reasons) are subject to the penalty of compulsory labour in a labour camp and 25% reduction in wages. Repetition of the irregularity is visited with more drastic punishment. In 1940, all workers were frozen on their jobs. Changes of employment or resignations without permission of the management are severely dealt with. Certain categories of technical and skilled labour can be transferred from place to place regardless of their individual wishes.

Directors, chief engineers, etc., of industrial establishments are subject to imprisonment from five to eight years if found guilty of releasing poor quality or sub-standard products. This is indeed a classic example of the Draconian nature of the Soviet criminal code as applied to industry.

Inequality of Rewards

"Stakhonovism" is the symbol of the repudiation of the principle of egalitarianism in Soviet Russia. Skilled workers, brigadiers and "Stakhonovites" constitute the Soviet labour aristocracy, enjoying as they do substantial privileges which the ordinary unskilled worker does not enjoy. The monthly earnings of a "Stakhonovite" are 5 to 10 times those of an unskilled worker. Besides, they get special bonuses and perquisites. They are shown preference in

allotment of housing and rest houses and vacation resorts. The Soviet industrial system makes abundant use of the carrot in addition to the stick. Ordinary workers are paid enough to sustain their productive efficiency. The workers' pay is subject to a number of compulsory deductions, of which one item is the obligatory contribution to state loans. Stalin denounced the early trends towards egalitarianism as the "Leftist practice of wage equalisation" and readjusted the wage structure so as to provide for incentives. The system of wage payments was completely overhauled and wage differentials were developed to attract workers to heavy industry. Piece rates were rapidly extended in order to "tailor wage payments to productivity." Output above prescribed norms is paid for at progressively increasing rates. The "Stakhonovites," or outstanding workers, are liberally rewarded materially and lionised as the heroes of the Socialist order by award of titles, etc. In short, the system of income distribution in Soviet Russia is the negation of Socialism and is intended only to provide incentive for increased production and efficiency. In keeping with this widening of income differentials to reward the productive and penalise the laggard among workers, the technical and managerial intelligentsia are also rewarded on the basis of their performance. Considerable premium is placed on technical and managerial competence. It has been said that the structure of society in Soviet Russia is hierarchical, with carefully graded payments in terms of skill, productivity and responsibility, even welfare services like education, medical care and social insurance being differentially allotted to reward leading workers, while giving others a certain minimum protection. The pay of the unskilled labourer is 400 roubles, that of a semi-skilled worker is 800 roubles, while a junior minister gets 23,000 roubles. (11.2 roubles—£1)

Marx or Keynes?

This survey of Soviet industrial organisation and achievement inevi-

tably gives rise to some larger reflections. It cannot be pretended that the Soviet system amounts to either Socialism or Communism as these terms are strictly understood. Socialism and Communism have undergone mutations of a fundamental character at the hands of Lenin and Stalin. There is no democratic workers' control in Soviet industry. Trade unions are feeble agencies concerned with comparatively inconsequential issues. The rigour of Soviet labour discipline makes one's flesh creep; and egalitarianism, that word so dear to the heart of the Socialist, is conspicuous by its absence. But it is true that Soviet Russia has an impressive record of achievement to its credit in the matter of assuring racial equality and educational opportunities and in achieving technical and industrial advance. The free schools, free medical service and other welfare features of Soviet life are also noteworthy. It is said that if Soviet Russia could only abandon collectivisation of its peasantry and slow down the tempo of industrialisation and militarisation and devote a large part of its industrial resources to production of consumer goods, then the regime could become more popular. Seymour E. Harris has, in the passage quoted earlier, said that the Russians have shown the way to rapid industrialisation, rapid increase in output and full employment without inflation, if a country is prepared to pay the price in curtailment of personal liberty. It is for each country to decide how far it will go to satisfy this latter condition in the light of its own sense of values and of the importance it attaches to the means for achieving the desired ends. President Eisenhower exalted the nature of this "price" to sublime heights when he said recently: "The true nature of the struggle taking place in the world is not merely of economic theories or forms of government or of military power. At issue is the true nature of man. Either man is the creature whom the psalmist described as 'a little lower than the angels' crowned with glory and honour holding dominion over the works of his creator; or man is

a soulless animated machine to be enslaved, used and consumed by the state for its glorification. It is therefore a struggle which goes to the roots of the human spirit and its shadow falls across the long sweep of destiny."

On the other hand, a man like the late Lord Keynes who exerted profound influence on public policy and economic thinking in the democratic countries during the 20th century, was disinclined to take the issue to such empyrean heights or to visualise the struggle in such cosmic terms. He suggested that the struggle has always been between rival economic ideas; "The ideas of economists and political philosophers both when they are right and when they are wrong are more powerful than is commonly understood. Indeed the world is ruled by little else. Practical men who believe themselves to be quite exempt from any intellectual influences are usually the slaves of some defunct economist. Mad men in authority, who hear voices in the air, are distilling their frenzy from some academic scribbler of a few years back. I am sure that the power of vested interests is vastly exaggerated compared with the gradual encroachment of ideas. Soon or late it is ideas, not vested interests, which are dangerous for good or evil."

Underdeveloped countries like India are striving to attain what Soviet Russia has achieved—rapid industrialisation, a very rapid rise in output and productivity and full employment without the incidental inflationary consequences, but are too democratically-minded to be willing to pay the price in terms of serious or drastic inroads on personal liberty. Their choice lies between the ideas of Keynes and the ideas of Marx. Both economists agree about the inadequacies and deficiencies of capitalism. Keynes wrote: "Capitalism is not a success. It is not intelligent. It is not beautiful. It is not just. It

is not virtuous—and it does not deliver the goods." But while Marx advocates ending capitalism lock, stock and barrel, Keynes is in favour of mending it and evolving a system of liberal capitalism or conservative Socialism, or as Maulana Azad would say, a Socialistic pattern. The essence of Keynesian economics is that *laissez faire* capitalism is outmoded; the tumours, snags and excrescences of capitalism must be removed; there must be governmental control of money, interest, savings and investment, etc., but individual liberties to choose occupations, select goods for consumption and to make profits must not be impaired. Keynes believed in the need for a great deal of central planning and central management (not detailed planning) in so far as the desired results could not be achieved by un-coordinated individual efforts. He was in favour of broad qualitative controls on the economy while some of his disciples to the "Left" advocate more positive and extensive state regulation. Keynesian economics applies to hybrid economic societies or mixed economies—partly Socialist and partly capitalist—and as long as mixed economies exist Keynesian economics will serve as a very useful guide-post to public policy.

If India is to succeed in reaching the promised land, the New Jerusalem of high living standards, a high level of output and full employment without inflation, through accelerated industrialisation, without paying quite so high a price as Soviet Russia has paid, then there is no alternative to the adoption of some variant of Keynesian or neo-Keynesian ideas rather than the grim theories and practices of Marxism-Leninism-Stalinism. When India does succeed in her objective by such means and reconciles economic security with a certain minimum of freedom, she would be making a historic contribution to the evolution of human institutions.

STABILISATION OF AGRICULTURAL PRICES

By G. SRINIVASARAGHAVACHARI

WITH reference to the question of stabilising agricultural prices now pending active consideration with Central Government, I would like to invite attention to a recent memorandum submitted by me to the Planning Commission and Ministry of Commerce and Industry, and published in SWATANTRA of 27th May 1954 from which it will be seen that price stabilisation is necessary not only to staple food grains but also for other absolute essentials of life which have made living very costly and that, unless and until the present high prices which are three to four times the normal are brought down so as to be within the reach of the common man, the present unrest and troubles are bound to continue. The memorandum will also show that the prevailing prices have no relation to cost of production and that in the case of products of agriculture which is unorganised, they are arbitrarily fixed by middle-men merchants, traders and other speculators with an eye to their own profit solely with reference to the demand and supply of the day in the customary market centres. In the case of products of industries (which are well organised) the prices are fixed by the industrialists concerned who generally combine together for the purpose of marketing their products to their best advantage. The real beneficiaries of high prices in the case of agricultural products are therefore the large class of middle-men traders and a few of the bigger class or rentier landholders who can afford to hold up their produce for a better market; while in the case of industries the beneficiaries are the industrial magnates, a fact which will be borne out by the high profits derived, which enable them to pay handsome dividends to shareholders, to carry forward large amounts to

their different reserves and to grant several months' bonus to their establishments, not to speak of fat salaries and allowances paid to managing agents and top officials. In this connection, it should be noted that small landholders, that is, those owning 5 acres and less and lessees of similar extent, whom the Government want to help, are not benefited by the high prices as they have little or no surplus to sell, as what little they get is generally hardly sufficient for their own subsistence and future cultivation expenses. On the other hand, they become victims of high prices when they are obliged to purchase foodgrains themselves during the years of partial or total failure of crops, which are not infrequent. Even during favourable years, these small agriculturists have to meet their other expenses from earnings from other sources, if any, or from borrowings which account for their permanent indebtedness.

The complainants of fall in prices are therefore the profiteering classes above referred to, who raise a hue and cry and agitate for the maintenance of high prices at the maximum once reached, and it is a matter for serious consideration whether the Government can, as now contemplated, take any action towards arresting the fall, to the great prejudice of millions of consumers and small agriculturists. On the other hand, circumstances now seem to demand that the present prices should be considerably brought down by taking all possible steps. Even the rentier landholders who have a large surplus to dispose of have no objection to the prices of foodgrains being reduced to the pre-control level, provided the prices of other essential articles are similarly brought down.

Causes of high prices

Besides the increase caused by profiteers, there are other causes for high prices which can be checked by proper measures as below:

(a) *Short supply due to inadequate production.* This defect can be rectified by careful planning of production and distribution. At present predictions are made in a most haphazard manner without any regard to actual requirements, of which either the producers or even the Government have no idea, with the result that supply either falls short of demand as is happening in the country or is considerably in excess as in America and other countries, which find it difficult to dispose of their surplus which no other country wants, even if given gratis, for fear that the prices of their own products will be seriously affected.

(b) *Depletion of stock by the inroads of traders and merchants from deficit places to the prejudice of people living in surplus areas.* This may be prevented by dividing the States into suitable zones for production of essential articles and by preventing exports until the requirements of each zone are fully satisfied or secured.

(c) *Artificial scarcity created by hoarding or cornering.* This may be prevented by making hoarding and cornering a cognizable offence punishable with heavy fine and imprisonment.

(d) *Heavy railway freights.* These may be reduced considerably in the case of food and other essential articles.

(e) *Delay and difficulty in the matter of transport.* This may be prevented by top priority being given for movement of foodgrains and essential articles.

(f) *Heavy burdens of land taxation.* These may be reduced by suitable revision of our land revenue policy, which has been pending for a very long time.

(g) *Multi-point sales tax.* This may be restricted to one point in the case of essential articles.

(h) *Heavy customs duties in the case of imported essential foreign articles.* These may be reduced considerably without fear of loss of income as such loss can be made good by resulting increase of imports.

(i) *The present Government policy of fixing high wages on the plea of rise in cost of living without fixing a minimum for out-turn of work.* This should be revised as many employers of labour are unable to pay the high wages fixed and are closing their business, which means more unemployment.

Fixation of Fair Prices

Proper exercise of the checks indicated above may gradually bring down the prices of essential articles so as to be within the reach of the common man, but this would take some time. Meanwhile it is desirable and urgent that prices should be stabilised and maintained at reasonable levels. Stabilisation involves determination of fair price, which should be one for the producer and another for the consumer. The former should provide for the normal cost of production of essential articles in their production centres plus a reasonable return for the capital outlay while the latter should include the normal cost of transport from the producing centre to the places of consumption. Fortunately, our country is so situated climatically and otherwise as to be able to produce all the articles needed by the common man in one or the other part of each State if not in all the villages. What is now needed is to make out a list of essential articles and to form suitable centres for their efficient production. Each centre must have a price committee consisting of agricultural and industrial experts, presided over by a Deputy Director of Agriculture and Industries to be appointed for each centre and such committees should be made responsible for not only fixing fair prices by necessary enquiries and consultation with the officers of the nearest Government agricultural farms and industrial concerns but also for collection of all statistics required and doing all that is necessary to make

each centre self-sufficient in course of time. Publication of fair prices as determined by responsible authorities from time to time would be greatly helpful for stabilisation of prices.

Action needed

Now that Madras State has appointed an able and experienced I. C. S. officer as Development Commissioner, the opportunity may be taken to have this scheme for stabilisation of prices worked out by the officer and thus set an example for other States to follow. This seems to be the only possible course to get over the present unrest and trouble caused by soaring prices. The proposal to stabilise prices by means of allowing export of an imaginary surplus merely on the score of some sudden fall in prices probably due to want of purchase at high prices is not a safe policy to adopt. Nor is the proposal that the Government themselves directly or through their agencies purchase staple foodgrains direct from producers numbering millions and release them as occasions demand, practicable in view of the formidable nature of the task, involving the Government as it must, in great loss as the recent Government food control policy has proved.

In dealing with the stabilisation of agricultural prices and land reforms, the following facts may be borne in mind:

(i) Agriculture is a risky and generally not a profitable occupation, subject as it is to the vagaries of the monsoon, attack of pests, natural diseases, fluctuation of prices.

(ii) As every other profession, it also requires three things, viz, land, labour and capital, which rarely exist combined in one individual. It is therefore wrong to give undue prominence to labour and ignore the rest as the present proposal to make the tiller of the soil its owner would indicate. It should be noted that even the so-called "tiller" has to employ a large amount of extra labour during the busy seasons of transplanting and harvesting and also for other agricultural operations. The proposal, if carried out, will only result in lands passing from a set of landholders bound to finance agriculture into the hands of small peasants who have neither the necessary resources nor the credit and whom, for want of repaying capacity, even co-operative credit societies functioning with borrowed capital cannot accommodate, certainly not with that readiness and urgency which occasions may demand. The Government must, therefore, find another more suitable agency for financing agriculture and also for providing the small agriculturists with suitable subsidiary occupations, which may not be an easy task for infant States which may have to pass through another stage of infancy as a result of their re-organisation on linguistic basis.

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University Education in Dependent Territories

BY WALTER ADAMS

Secretary of the Inter-University Council for Higher Education in the Colonies

THE non-self-governing territories of the Commonwealth had only two universities in 1946. One was the bomb-damaged Royal University of the little island of Malta; the other, the university on the island of Hong Kong, the buildings of which had been gutted under enemy attack. Today these two universities have been re-established, and at a strength greater than that of pre-war. A new university has been created in Malaya. Four university colleges have been established—one for the Caribbean, one for the Gold Coast, one for Nigeria and one for East Africa; while a fifth is now being created to serve Central Africa.

It was realised at the end of World War II that these territories would need large numbers of teachers, doctors, agriculturists, veterinary officers, administrators and other professional men and women. It was realised, too, that most of these would have to be recruited from among the people of the territories themselves and that the training of such numbers could not be undertaken by the overburdened universities in the United Kingdom. For this training purpose alone, therefore, new universities would have to be developed. But universities are much more than training institutions; they are centres of research and as such equally essential to the rapid advance of the territories towards their emergence as independent States. No State can regard itself as self-sufficient if all its intellectual leaders have to be trained in other countries and its research has to be done for it overseas.

Development grants

The taxpayer in the United Kingdom has supported this programme of university development by grants of £7,250,000 from Colonial Development and Welfare Funds. These

have been used almost wholly for capital purposes such as buildings, scientific equipment and libraries. These funds have been supplemented by financial gifts—including a recently announced grant of £250,000 from the Nuffield Foundation—far exceeding that sum in total, from the people of the territories themselves through their governments and through non-governmental and private benefactions. Local funds have provided the running expenses, endowments, site-purchases and other capital grants.

The material growth of these universities is not, however, their most important feature. A university, as a community of scholars, is judged above all by the quality of its staff and students. In this the new institutions have aimed high. In selecting staff they have asked their expert advisers to apply the same standards as they would use in any university in the United Kingdom. All appointments have been and are advertised for competition and decided on merit regardless of nationality. Although most of the staff are from the United Kingdom, many are from other parts of the Commonwealth. The members include Dutch, German, Swiss, Danes, Poles and Americans, as well as a gratifyingly increasing proportion of scholars from the West Indies, Africa, the Federation of Malaya and Singapore.

In selecting students and in setting examinations the new institutions have kept to the same high standards. The university colleges, for example, prepare their students for the degrees of the University of London. In the October 1954 examinations for the London medical degree, both the West Indian and the Nigerian students got a much higher percentage of passes than is usual for United Kingdom students. These universities and colleges have deliberately set for themselves the standards of United Kingdom universities and are successfully measuring up to them.

Self-governing

In many other features they show their predominantly United Kingdom origin and inspiration. They are

self-governing, not government, institutions. They are nearly all residential and co-educational. In teaching methods there is strong emphasis on tutorials to supplement the lecture courses. Student social and athletic activities are organised by students' unions, with their elected officers and committees.

Modelled as they are on the United Kingdom pattern, these new universities are not just standard models exported. Each is quite different from the others. This is partly due to the personalities of the pioneer principals such as the late Sir Thomas Taylor in the West Indies, Kenneth Mellanby in Nigeria and David Balme in the Gold Coast. It is due still more to the adaptation of each to its local needs and opportunities. The medical schools, for instance, place a growing emphasis on teaching in social and preventive medicine in terms of the local environment. The faculties of agriculture or of veterinary science base their courses directly on local conditions. Each has worked out a history course that includes regional studies, such as the history of the West Indies or the history of Africa.

The synthesis that is taking place between the external and the local cultures owes much to locally born men of the calibre of Robert Gardiner and K. A. Busia in West Africa and Philip Sherlock and Hugh Springer in the West Indies. As more such men emerge, the more quickly will these institutions become the "national" universities of their regions.

Whatever may be the political future of these territories when they achieve self-government, whether or not they stay within the Commonwealth, there have been forged through these universities tough links that will endure. They are tough because they are personal and professional. The United Kingdom universities have given unstintingly of their help and experience. These new universities are therefore something of a paradox; they are powerfully assisting the non-self-governing territories to equip themselves with trained personnel so that they can become independent as quickly as possible; at the same time these instruments of freedom are themselves among the strongest bonds of partnership between the United Kingdom and the colonial societies.

RONDEAU

Love little things. The world today is yours,
The world of men, where progress churns and roars,
Where cities clog the landscape, and a bill
Is rendered for each heartbreak. Where the till
Must balance every night behind locked doors.

Look to the world, bold youth; the choice is yours,
The herded choice of man-allotted chores.
But when you've tried, rejected, had your fill,
Love little things:

The morning sun, mote filled, on painted floors;
A window wide to harmony that pours
From insect wings, pulsating on the hill;
The evening hush, caught by three notes that spill
From shadowed brush. Life robs, but faith restores.
Love little things.

M. C. S.

T. K. C.

By "KANYA"

THE death of T. K. C. has removed from us the greatest creative critic of the Tamil language. If Dr. Swaminatha Ayyar had resurrected the classics of Tamil literature from oblivion and if Subramania Bharathi had freed Tamil from the affectation and pedantry of the pandits, T. K. C. has breathed new life into the continuity of appreciation of Tamil poetry and has created a taste for all that is best and noble in Tamil. Fanatical as he was in the appreciation of Kamban, his love for other poets was in no way less. It was he who made us enjoy Mutholiaram and Mukkoodarpallu. Kalingathuparani and Kuttalakuravanji, Nandikalambagam and the lyrics of Silappadikaram.

For some choice spirits a love of poetry comes and grows of itself. They pass without effort from the early delight in nursery rhymes to the works of great poets. Such a choice spirit was T. K. C. He was an eternal reveller in the world of image and music fashioned by the Tamil poets and this imparted to his face an air of sweet inebriateness. Gentle of speech, perfect in manners, unruffled by criticism, face serene and lit by two dark and vivacious eyes, T. K. C. looked like an ancient seer in a modern garb or, as Kalki used to say, a beardless Tagore.

In the task of discriminating between poetry and verse and of expounding the treasures of Tamil poetry, T. K. C. has done remarkable service. Credit goes to him more than anybody else, for having drawn the attention of the English educated Tamils to the beauties of Tamil poetry. To him poetry was the crown of literature and the summit of the achievement of the human mind. It was his firm conviction that the main thing in poetry was the poetry itself, that criticism and commentary were justified only in so far as they added to the enjoyment of poetry, that they must never, be allowed to usurp the main interest and that poems must be sung and not read since poetry

was meant to appeal first to the ear. With the fewest and simplest words, he used to conjure up a scene and stretch it before our mind's eye with a charm all his own. It was he who after V. V. S. Ayyar showed us that Kamban possessed the greatest beauty which is the beauty of arrangement and the highest quality which is structural. It was he who emphasised the emotional value of poems, an aspect which was generally ignored by our critics. "A man who is emotionally educated" says D. H. Lawrence, 'is rare as a phoenix. A critic must be able to feel the impact of a work of art in all its complexity and force. To do so, he must be a man of force and complexity himself.' T. K. C. fully justified this and he was a rare phenomenon.

T. K. C.'s love of poetry did not stop with the poets who were no more. If the most severe test of criticism is the ability to select a good new poem, T. K. C. had it in abundance. It was he who brought to limelight the gentle and simple Desigavinayagam Pillai. It was a rare and stimulating pleasure to hear T. K. C. sing poems.

As a letter writer he had few equals and none excelled him. Those who had corresponded with him intimately and those who have read the letters in that small biography of T. K. C. published some years ago by Sri T. M. Bhaskaran can see in his letters the refreshing candour of his expression, the delicate nuances of the local idiom, the forceful manner of exposition which characterised his talks and that rare abandon which marks the communion of kindred souls. A collection of his letters, a volume of all his published essays and an anthology of poems which were dear to T. K. C. with his prefatory notes and comments wherever possible can be published by his friends like Sri Maharajan and Sri Bhaskaran. They will be the fittest memorial to this greatest creative critic and aesthete of the Tamil language.

Time may nip and flower may fade
But fragrance dwells in fancy's shade.

A Short Story

GUILTY?

"This is poison, this will kill him" . . .

By A. MADHAVAN

THE block of sunlight which came through the window was cut into fat slices by the iron bars. But as it fell upon the bed in the corner of the room it became pliant and lost its solidity. The crumpled sheet and blanket made irregular shadows and the face that was visible on the pillow was relaxed in the rigidity of death.

A man flitted past the open doorway and cluttered down the wooden stairs noisily. He stopped midway as if he had forgotten something and came back. He entered the room yawning and went to a rickety old table. Without a glance at the bed, he opened the drawer and took out a tube of toothpaste. Not finding his brush, he squirted an inch of paste on the end of his right forefinger. When he had thrust the drawer back into its proper place he turned and saw the morning sunlight playing havoc on the bed. He looked at the face on the pillow and knew it was dead.

He darted out of the doorway to the head of the stairs and called: "Sarala, Sarala, come here, come here, quick."

"Why do you call me?"

"Come up, come up, quick."

She came panting up the stairs, slovenly and ungroomed.

"Look!" he hissed and led her into the room. She saw the cold, clay face on the pillow.

"He's dead!" she exclaimed.

The man moved close to the bed and held his left hand under the nostrils of the face.

"Quite dead," he confirmed.

"I didn't kill him," she said breathlessly.

The man looked at her sharply.

"I didn't kill him," she repeated quickly.

"Who said you killed him? Probably he died in his sleep."

"But I gave him his medicine early this morning."

He shot another sharp, suspecting glance at her.

"I didn't kill him, I tell you."

"All right. Shut up, you fool." And he went downstairs vigorously brushing his teeth with his forefinger. She gripped the post of the bed tightly and whispered in panic: "I didn't kill him, oh God!"

II

AFTER the funeral their neighbours and friends began to call, offering condolence and asking for details. Sarala sat moping outside the kitchen, dazed and tired. In the front room Ramanan was dealing with the gentlemen.

"How did it happen?" asked the old widow who lived three houses away.

Sarala was repeating the story for the eleventh time and the widow had heard it already through a neighbouring housewife.

"It must have happened suddenly. We never knew. He seemed to be in good spirits last night. He even laughed with the boys before they went to bed."

"It often turns out that way, Sarala. Why, when my uncle's brother-in-law passed away, we could hardly believe it: only on the previous day he had walked fifteen

miles from Srikasi to our village. The ways of God are inscrutable."

"But of course my father-in-law had been laid up in bed for a long time," explained Sarala. "The heart attack must have seized him unaware, poor man, because he never called us. He died in sleep," she lied.

"What a peaceful release! I wish I shall have the same fortune," said the old woman unctuously.

"It was only in the morning at 5-30 when I went to give him his medicine that I found he was dead. I thought he was sleeping and tried to wake him."

"Poor dear, what a shock it must have been for you!"

"Then I called my husband and he sent for the doctor immediately, but it was all over."

Sarala rose and went inside the kitchen to prepare coffee for the living.

III

SHE started suddenly, becoming aware of his fixed gaze.

"Don't look at me like that. I didn't kill him, I didn't."

"You shouldn't be so nervy, Sarala. Go and take some rest."

"God knows I had provocation enough," she said bitterly.

But already the suffering she had been through seemed somehow trivial and unimportant. The old invalid upstairs, now dead and unmourned, had for three long years overdrawn on her patience and kindness. She was not by nature a self-willed woman, else she could have turned a deaf ear to his frequent summons. How that feeble voice used to grate on her ears! She would clench her fists and curse him under the breath but she would do as she was bidden. The old man was a difficult patient. When she was busy downstairs he would call her just to open the window, and after some time he would call her once more to close it. She was prepared to make some allowances: he was old, and ill, and lonely. But the

nuisance was truly unbearable. And often she had wished him dead.

"Why do you feel so guilty, darling?" He posed the question quietly, disarmingly, and with infinite pity in his eyes.

Then she broke down and sobbed: "Because I am guilty. I killed him."

He went over to her and tenderly held her shoulders in his hands.

"It doesn't matter, Sarala. You will forget."

"I can't forget."

"You shouldn't brood. Tell me everything."

She wiped her eyes with the end of her sari but they still betrayed terror.

"I got up early in the morning and went to his room to give him his first dose of medicine. He was awake. He insisted on having hot water and I had to go downstairs for it. I was seething with anger and vowed vengeance. I determined to poison him."

"But how, Sarala?"

"I came up with the hot water and took the bottle of red medicine from the table. I said to myself, 'This is poison, and I'm going to give it to him.' As I poured out the usual dose I went on repeating to myself, 'This is poison, this will kill him.' The old man drank it quietly and lay back on his pillow."

"But you never poisoned him."

"I knew it would kill him. I willed it to be poison."

"But don't be absurd, Sarala. Even if you wished him dead you never killed him, do you understand?"

"I gave him poison. I killed him, I killed him."

"You are being superstitious and hysterical. You never killed him, do you understand?"

"I killed him, I killed him."

He shook her shoulders strongly, and he saw in her eyes not terror but madness.

In the courtyard the two boys were coming to blows over a disputed iron screw, but they were glad of this unexpected holiday from school.

ANDHRA DILEMMA TODAY

By A. RAMALINGA SWAMY

THE Andhra elections have a special significance in that they give a glimpse of India's reaction towards Communism. In these elections the fight is mainly between the Congress and Communism. Communist ideology and tactics have received an unprecedented onslaught from the Congress United Front which is a coalition of the Congress, the Krishikar Lok Party and the Praja Party. While these elections are a determinant factor in the Communist struggle for power in India, the Congress has to wait for future elections to get the verdict of the people on itself; for it fought these elections not on its programme or on its past record but against the Communist menace and all its attendant horrors.

The only alternative before the people in these elections is either to vote for a Congressman or a Communist, and the people sought the lesser evil by voting for the Congress. In spite of all the evangelical crusading spirit that the Congress has let loose in the elections, still the names of Kala, Sanjiva Reddy, Gopala Reddy, Ranga, Prakasam and Viswanatham continue to be anathema to the public mind. These leaders would do well to put an end to their power politics.

To one who remembers the mischievous and meaningless political moves of these leaders in the dissolved Assembly, and their mutual jealousies and old antagonisms, it is hard to entertain the happy view that the Congress United Front can be a durable front. Take away their common enemy, the Communist, from the field, the United Front will collapse like a pack of cards. Sri Latchanna and his Krishikars had voted the Congress down from power, but now they have joined hands with them. Nobody knows what these Krishikars stand for in the world. Though Sri Ranga is prepared to forget the past and join the Congress, Sri Latchanna has never come out with unequivocal approval of his mas-

ter. Though Sri Prakasam can peep freely into any party as if nothing has happened, Sri Viswanatham has stubbornly maintained his own identity.

The Andhra Congress has no policy. No Andhra leader has come out to defend Nehru's "Socialistic pattern of society." The leaders of the Congress United Front are being guided by political expediency rather than by any principles. The defeat of Communists is welcome, but the elevation of these old guards to power is to be regretted. Such is the dilemma in the Andhra public mind today.

In Andhra, the P.S.P. has not been strong enough to take the place of the Communists. The P.S.P. is not influential in Andhra. The main reason for this is that such men as Sri Prakasam and Sri Viswanatham have freely used it as a pawn in their game of power politics, and in the end betrayed it wilfully. Moreover, the political morality of the Congress in India is open to question today. The actions of the Andhra and T. C. Congress leaders amply illustrate this point. Yet there is hope for the Andhra P.S.P. In Sri P. V. G. Raju, Secretary of the Andhra P.S.P., Andhra has an uncompromising leader, resolute, sincere and confident. He said recently that Andhra has to wait for some more time to usher in democratic socialism. Yet Sri Dhebar decries all other parties that stand in the way of the Congress and pleads for an absolute majority for the Congress. Absolute majority should be

The scientist is a modern figure. He had his precursors, but the scientist, as he is known and held in awe today, is a creature of the last hundred years. Our public has been taught to think of him as a mental colossus and a moral paragon—austere, dedicated and all but beyond vanities in his pursuit of truth.—*Christian Century*.

given to a party that sets to work constructively and not to one that is reactionary from head to foot. It will be to the benefit of the Andhras themselves if the Congress does not win an absolute majority in the present elections.

These elections in Andhra have drained much of the strength of the State. Today, the Andhra public is the most educated in politics in India, and also the most expectant of governmental action to alleviate their miseries. And a party which steps into the limelight can indulge in carelessness and indifference only at its peril. Obviously, the Front leadership has not thought of this. The Andhra Congress has not yet learnt how to work in peace time when there are no crusades to demonstrate its evangelical fervour.

The Andhra elections have also profoundly disturbed the tranquility of the public life; respect for high

moral and ethical conduct in the people is waning; and the standards that people expect from public institutions in general have sunk to the lowest level. Andhra Congress leadership had repeatedly proved that it is true to democratic traditions only as long as the interests of democracy do not conflict with their self-interest. They do not even pause before thrusting aside the decisions of the Legislative Assembly. A pay of a thousand rupees has become necessary for these professed "Gandhi-ites" to live in a town like Kurnool. They did not permit elections to the district boards because the tide of popular feeling was against them. They did not respect public opinion in locating the capital and the High Court. They encouraged corruption on all hands. And yet the Congress has found such words as Gandhi, Nehru, Independence and Socialism at their service to erase from the public mind memories of their reactionary policies. All protests against this play with words has been drowned in the election maze they have created assisted by such men as Nehru.

With Birlas and Goenkas controlling the finances of the Congress, Nehru assures us that he will usher in his lofty era of the "Socialistic pattern of society." Azad's elucidation and exposition of the Congress brand of Socialism at Avadi was so full of exceptions and modifications that what was left after them was anything but Socialism. Of course nobody can cast a doubt on the sincerity of Nehru. His difficulties are great. Had he used the word "Socialism" instead of "Socialistic," the Congress by now would have been a divided house. He wants to prevent this and with this objective, he is trying to carry along with him both the conservative and the radical elements within the Congress. The Congress as a whole can never reach this objective, and India need not cry for the moon.

The Andhra public need more than ever good journalism which is the only hope for infusing into the public life the forgotten democratic values.



G. Venkateswara Rao, of Vijayavada who received one of the five prizes awarded on the Republic day by the Union Ministry of Education in their scheme Encouragement of popular literature for his book "Gruhalankarana-Muggulu" in Telugu. The Prize amount is Rs. 1,000

GEORGE WASHINGTON: 223rd Birthday Anniversary

GEORGE Washington, whose 223rd birthday anniversary is observed throughout the United States on February 22, is honoured by Americans as "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." It was Washington who played perhaps the most important role in liberating the American colonies from British rule as well as in guiding the fledgeling nation through its early years as a democratic republic.

Born in 1732, Washington spent his youth on his father's large tobacco farm in what was then the British colony of Virginia. At the age of 16 he became a surveyor, and made maps of the wild frontier between the colony and French territory in the interior.

When war broke out between the British and French in 1753, 21-year-old Washington was made commander of the Virginia Militia guarding the colony. Because of his knowledge of the frontier, he was asked to assist an expedition of British troops deep into the wilderness.

The British army was ambushed and its general killed. Young Washington took command and saved the troops. His military fame spread through the colonies. When the French were defeated, he retired to his Virginia farm.

But unrest over British rule grew steadily. In protest against import taxes, colonists disguised as American Indians dumped a cargo of British tea into Boston harbour. Soon fighting broke out between colonial farmers and British troops. Thus in 1775 began the war for American independence.

Washington was called from his farm to command the colonial forces. It seemed a hopeless task to fight trained and well-equipped British regulars with poorly-armed volunteers, but Washington accepted. In a surprise night attack, General Washington captured a British force by moving his army across an icy river. But his small, badly-supplied army met many defeats. Washington shared its hardships, and kept his men alive one bitter winter by begging food from farmers. Finally, with French aid, Washington was able to defeat the main British force in 1781. The colonies were free and Washington could return to his beloved farm.

He was, however, soon called to head the new U.S. Government. In 1789 he was elected to the first of two terms as America's President. As the first



George Washington with his family at their home at Mount Verrah, Virginia.

President of the United States, he guided the new government in its infancy.

He inspired confidence in the untried government and gave it dignity. An able administrator by any standard, he was superior in judgement to his brilliant assistants, among whom were Thomas Jefferson as Secretary of State and Alexander Hamilton as Secretary of the Treasury.

The first President personally directed his administration in a way which no modern successor could hope to do. Besides Hamilton and Jefferson he had only one other department head, the Secretary of War, General Henry Knox. There were no cabinet meetings at first, and the three secretaries were supposed to be assistants to the President.

Jefferson has left an interesting description of the way in which official correspondence was handled by the first President and his three assistants. Every day each Secretary made up a package of letters received, with the drafts of his replies, and submitted it to Washington. The President kept his eye on everything, but he was not dictatorial. Generally he returned the letters without comment, thus signifying his approval; sometimes he attached comments and suggestions in little notes. Sometimes he held up matters until he could confer with a Secretary.

As an administrator, Washington was prompt, judicious but decisive, exceedingly exacting of his subordinates, and probably too exacting of himself.

He was scrupulously fair in his distribution of social favours and very conscientious in the performance of what he regarded as his social duties. Although he found such official occasions as senatorial dinners and formal receptions extremely boring, he thought them necessary and insisted that strict formality be observed.

George Washington's capacity for wrath was well-known. But ordinarily he vented his anger only in private and against men whom he considered disrespectful, unpatriotic or dishonest. He never gained fame as a raconteur or a public speaker, though he occasionally told a story at official dinners. Those who knew the President, however, soon learned that he had a quiet humour and a vast amount of sympathetic understanding.

Jefferson, who later became the third President of the United States, looked back upon George Washington, the man who had been his leader and friend, and made this appraisal of him: "On the whole his character was in its mass perfect, in nothing bad, in few points indifferent; and it may truly be said that never did nature and fortune combine more perfectly to make a man great."

BIOGRAPHIES & MEMOIRS

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FILMS

By V. P. SATHE

ALL the aspects of the film industry will be discussed this week in the Film Seminar at Delhi. This is the first time that the film people are assembling in Delhi since independence to discuss their problems. For once, the spokesmen of the different Ministries will have an opportunity to know at first hand the views and attitudes of the film people.

True, the personalities chosen to speak on the various issues are not representatives of any organisations. But no one can deny their competence. In fact, Devika Rani is to be complimented in choosing such intelligent and experienced people to give their views on topics vitally concerning them. And these persons are not likely to indulge in platitudes and just blame the Government or the censors for all the shortcomings of the industry. Having had an opportunity to meet and discuss the Seminar with some of the delegates from Bombay I feel that for once the film people would be self-critical and dispassionate in analysing the various issues confronting them.

Unfortunately in the Seminar there is no spokesman of the picturegoers as such. For, after all, the picturegoers should have also been represented in these discussions in which their opinions should matter most. But that is not altogether the fault of the organisers. The picturegoers are so individualistic and subjective that so far they have not formed any representative associations as such. True, in Ahmedabad and in Calcutta perhaps the film fans have their associations; but these associations are mostly concerned with stars rather than pictures. What we need today is associations of socially aware and educated picturegoers who should not only discuss the films that are made in this country but assert

themselves by canvassing support for good films and discouraging bad films. For, all said and done, unless we have associations of picturegoers who can distinguish between good and bad films and encourage the good and even boycott the bad films all this talk of progress and realism would just remain talk. It is the pressure not from censors or Government but from picturegoers that can force the producers to stop making cheap and vulgar films and undertake the production of good, progressive realistic pictures. As long as picturegoers prefer nonsensical, absurd, cheap and escapist entertainers to realistic, social films the producers would be compelled to give up the idea of making realistic films. Hence, it is vitally important that the picturegoers, at least the intelligent section of them, become as much aware and conscious of their responsibility as we want our producers to be.

Picture of the week

Bimal Roy has done it again. He has followed up his *Do Bigha Zamin* with another realistic and timely picture in *Naukri*. In fact, *Naukri* is the timeliest picture dealing as it does with a problem that is engaging the nation's attention today.

Having taken a vital problem for his theme Bimal Roy has presented it not as a messiah who has a ready-made solution for every problem nor as a journalist in a form of reportage. The artist and the creative genius that he is, he has presented it in terms of human drama by recounting the experiences of a young man who after graduating with distinction leaves his old mother and ailing sister and goes to Calcutta in search of a job.

The job-hunt is narrated in a series of incidents which though episodic in nature provide brilliant cameos of our social life revealing the irony and paradox of the present order. And as the treatment is light and satirical these incidents amuse and delight the audience. Moreover, thanks to excellent characterization of three unemployed youths, a crazy poet, a loyal and warm-hearted ser-

vant, a jobber, a music enthusiast and other members of the boarding house where the hero stays the incidents do not become monotonous and are enlivened considerably. In addition, a girl staying just across the road provides romantic interest to the hero and this romance is accentuated by the puritan father of the college girl.

Ratan, the hero of Bimal Roy's *Naukri* tries every conceivable trick to get a job and fails. He ultimately gets a job in Bombay but not without reason. Behind his 'luck' is the 'failure' of other workers to organise themselves and their consequent victimisation by the boss. In fact, when Ratan tries to defend his 'fellow-workers' he gets the sack and in the revised version, thanks to the efforts of his fellow-workers, he is reinstated in the end.

Without being bitter or melodramatic Bimal Roy has succeeded in bringing out the irony of the whole situation of unemployment as it affects the educated middle-class youth. He has been subtle and restrained even in his light and satirical presentation and never resorted to slapstick. But his direction is very effective. Even the creaking of a new shoe has been used to underline the irony of the poor jobless youth buying new shoes in the hope of getting a job. The scene in which Ratan sees a man dying in a railway accident and instead of sympathising with the dead man rushes to the deceased man's office in the hope of getting his job, the scene in which Ratan receives the telegram reporting his sister's death simultaneously with a letter informing him of a vacancy in the T. B. Sanatorium for his sister, the various encounters with the head-clerks and managers of big firms reveal the master touch of director Bimal Roy in depicting contemporary reality.

He has been helped considerably in this task by cameraman Kamal Bose, editor Hrishikesh Mukerjee and artistes Kishore, Kanhaiyalal, Krishnakant, Achala, Bikram Kapoor and others. Kishore has undoubtedly given the best performance of his

career; the first two songs he has put over with charm and grace. Unfortunately Salil's music, though soothing, lacks the gusto and warmth that characterized his tune in *Do Bigha Zamin*. Similarly, Sheila Ramani's performance is too artificial and unconvincing. Yet, all said, *Naukri* is Bimal Roy's finest directorial achievement.

Stars of the week

Every year, the exhibitors of U.S.A. and Canada select ten top money-making stars of the year. The poll has been conducted by *Motion Picture Herald* for the past twenty-three years. This poll determines the star value of every artist. The ten top-money-making stars for 1954 have been announced. They are: John Wayne, Martin & Lewis, Gary Cooper, James Stewart, Marilyn Monroe, William Holden, Bing Crosby, Jane Wyman and Marlon Brando.

Out of these ten stars, eight are male stars, one, Jane Wyman, a dramatic actress and only one, Marilyn Monroe, a glamour girl. And even amongst the male stars, barring Martin & Lewis, the comedians and Bing Crosby, the singer, all the remaining stars owe their popularity to the tough he-man roles they have been playing. William Holden is perhaps the only exception; even, James Stewart has been appearing in Westerns frequently. But all these stars are excellent artistes as well and as such their success in the popularity poll is well merited.

In India, we have no such poll; and the exhibitors would not probably be in a position to select the most popular stars. But if the prices paid to the stars are any indication, then in India too, the first place would go to a male star. The two male stars who can get better price than any female stars are of course Dilip Kumar and Raj Kapoor. But in any first ten top money-making stars, the female stars would be predominant.

Having accepted the star-system, it is high time we devised a fool-proof method of asserting the popularity of stars and graded them accordingly.

REHABILITATION OF THE VILLIS

By S. R. VENKATARAMAN

Servants of India Society

HARDLY thirty miles away from Madras City live the Villis, members of a nomadic tribe scattered all over the Chingleput district in distant villages in groups of ten to twenty families. Their population is estimated at ten thousand.

Racially the Villis are said to be the cousins of the Yenadis in the Nellore and Chittoor districts of the Andhra State, and Irulas of the Coimbatore and the Nilgiri districts in the Madras State.

The Villis of the Chingleput district are in different stages of development. For instance, the Villis of Oonamancheri near Vandalur cannot be distinguished ordinarily from the other communities living in that village. They have been influenced a great deal by the habits of the people amidst whom they live.

In remote villages like Nayappakkam, Minjur and Palur they are backward and economically poor. These are more backward than the Villis of Oonamancheri in their social and economic condition.

But by and large the majority of the Villis belong to the third category and are the most backward and primitive. On the road to Mahabalipuram, via Chingleput one may see groups of these people living under the shade of the trees with no settled occupation.

The Government of Madras have settled them in colonies so that they may pursue some occupation and lead a normal life. One such is the Villiar colony at Dorainallur, about twenty miles from Madras on the Nellore road, where about twelve families have been settled. Each family is given three acres of land, a pair of bulls, a plough, and a well for irrigation purposes. They raise only one crop of paddy, as the water supply is inadequate for a second



The Nayappakkam Colony

crop. During the off season the Villis go out of the colony in search of employment to distant places and return only during the cultivation season and often they find their huts, lands and cattle deteriorating. One of the colonists who was of great help to me in pushing through the housing scheme in the colony, left the colony all on a sudden as a contractor had offered him a salary of Rupees 60 per month for collecting a herb called Navagunji, which is exported in large quantities outside India. He has gone to Kurnool to scour the hills for this particular drug, leaving his house and lands in the colony to their fate.

The only way to remedy this evil is to create conditions in the colony and in the neighbourhood which will keep the colonists fully engaged all through the year, and which will obviate the necessity to seek employment in distant places. The provision of water supply at least for raising two crops in a year, the intro-



A Villi family

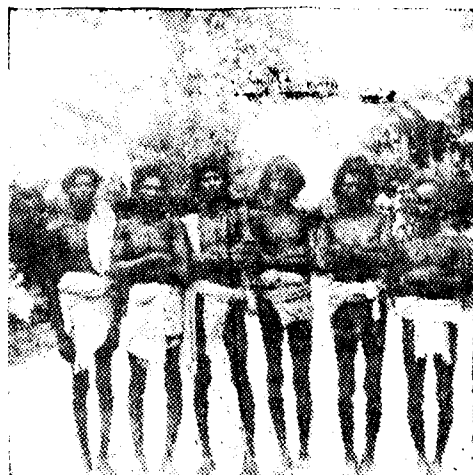
duction of subsidiary occupations like poultry farming, beekeeping, sheep rearing, vegetable gardening, weaving and other profitable cottage industries will keep them engaged during the slack season. It is necessary to work out a complete and comprehensive scheme which will prevent the colonists from seeking jobs two hundred miles away, thus defeating the primary object of colonising them. It will not much matter if they go to work within a radius of five miles and return home at night. If, in a small colony like that at Dorainallur, two Villis go out of the colony in search of work it has a demoralising effect on the other colonists. One way of solving the problem has already been suggested, namely, the provision of adequate water supply for irrigation purposes and the introduction of subsidiary occupations. But this in itself may not lead to the desired result. At least for a period of three years, the administration of the colony must be in the hands of an official of the Co-operative department or under the supervision of a representative of a well-established social service organisation, who will

be a philosopher, friend and guide to the Villis.

The Servants of India Society has been engaged during the past several months in providing huts to these homeless Villis. This has been made possible by a grant received from the Government of India which the Harijan Welfare Department turned over to the Servants of India Society for housing the Villis. So far eleven families in Ponneri, seven in Minjur, nine in Dorainallur and eleven in Nayappakkam making a total of thirty-eight families have been provided with huts. The average cost of each hut comes to Rs. 50.

Improved type of huts with asbestos cement sheet roofs are now being provided for eighteen families in Onamancheri, Chingleput and Palur at a cost of Rs. 300 each. The work is progressing and will be completed before the close of the current official year.

Progress of this work is, however, being impeded by delay in issuing orders permitting the construction of huts on *poramboke* lands for the Villis by the Revenue authorities. The Servants of India Society has undertaken this work in anticipation of getting early orders assigning the lands to the Villis. But so far the orders have not come. Meanwhile the vested interests in one particu-



Villis of North Arcot district

lar village, it was complained to me, compelled the Villis to work gratis for them for the sin of having put up huts on *poramboke* lands. Even though the Villis have been living on the *poramboke* lands for generations together under the shade of the trees, the provision of huts to enable them to live permanently on the land, has roused the resistance of the vested interests. Thus the difficulties of the Villis in the villages,

when they have none to look to for help, can be well realised.

The solution lies in the Government issuing early orders in favour of Villis permitting them to put up huts on *poramboke* lands. By nature the Villis are timid; and I will not be surprised if they leave the new huts and the village in search of employment elsewhere, yielding to the threats of the anti-social elements in the village.

(Continued from page 7)

Prakasam to rule again as Chief Minister in Andhra even for a single day; and if the Congress High Command permit it, they can write the State off the map as Congress-ruled territory. Sri Prakasam can no longer bear the strain and responsibilities of active political life, he needs rest and comfort, and the State and Central Governments should provide him for the remaining period of his life a proper residence and a liberal pension.

The other two prospective candidates for leadership have already had experience as Ministers. The standard of probity and of character revealed by them on those occasions leaves much to be desired. Sri Gopala Reddi oscillates between a haughty and offensive arrogance while in power and a sweet reasonableness reaching even to humility during periods out of office. Sri Sanjiva Reddi as Minister descended down to levels to which a Minister should not in the indulgence of petty personal animosity, as when he stooped down to under-secretary status to deprive Dr. Chalapathi Rao of his passport in time and giving it to him after it had become useless. The besetting sin of the Andhra leaders has been the substitution of smaller interests like family, caste and district for the overall needs of State welfare, and in the pursuit of lesser aims they worked themselves into paroxysms of quarrelsome strife that left the State uncared for in its larger interests. Andhra has plenty of local leaders drawn into warlike array with banners inscribed with regional battle

cries, but not one towering figure capable of integrating all the conflicting elements into one supreme loyalty of a constructively patriotic or public-spirited type. That is why, compared to other States of equal importance, it wields a cipher influence in the Centre. The aspirants for power in the post-election Andhra set-up are really taking on themselves a terrible responsibility. They will be the architects of the nation's fate; they with their conduct as Ministers will be deciding whether the Congress or the Communist party will be winning the goodwill of the electorate in the days to come.

THE Health Minister declared in the Madras Legislative Assembly on Tuesday that no age limit had been fixed for superannuation of honorary medical officers in the State. It is perhaps not fixed in the sense that the Minister can get rid of the officers whom he does not like and treat those whom he favours to continual extensions. The whole system governing the retirement age of honorary doctors and officers in Government service is erratic, unprincipled, and subject to no uniformity. We have decrepit persons in senile condition preferred for arduous tasks from which more robust claimants good for some more years of work had been turned out on the pretext of some formal rule. All this is fantastic, taken in conjunction with the well known fact that in the case of Ministers charged with the most taxing of all duties, nothing less than mortality suffices far too often to separate the holder from the office!

SAKA

New Books

LAST RECOLLECTIONS OF MY UNCLE CHARLES

By Nigel Balchin

Collins, St. James's Place, London

12s 6d net

MASTER NOVELISTS like Hardy, Kipling, Wells, Bennet, Galsworthy, E. M. Forster, D. H. Lawrence and Somerset Maugham are also short-story writers of great



Nigel Balchin

distinction; whereas the specialist in short fiction is not very much attracted by the full-length novel, the novelist likes to saunter into the short-story-form and he is able to make a success of it sometimes. Of Maugham it may be said that as a short storyteller he quite outshines his reputation as a novelist. This is true of Lawrence also. "Novel: a short story padded. Peace be to its ashes"—remarked the acidulous Ambrose Bierce; but, from the ashes, certainly, a short-story writer cannot rise like a phoenix too frequent.

One of the outstanding among modern novelists and in his middle forties, Nigel Balchin is a writer

endowed with well-defined gifts, the highest of which is the technique he has perfected for an intensification of experience and for a fuller living of life. With a strong scientific background—he read natural science at Cambridge and afterwards worked with the National Institute of Industrial Psychology, and during World War II served as Deputy Scientific Adviser to the Army Council—and a singularly sagacious detachment he exposes the twists in human nature in a way that you and I can understand them as he understands—with no extra persuasion from his side. *Mine own Executioner. The Small Back Room. Darkness Falls From the Air. A Way through the Wood. Sundry Creditors* are some of his novels which demonstrate this quality through plots evolved in high tension.

Now Mr. Balchin has come out with a volume of his short stories: *Last Recollections of My Uncle Charles*, in which all his gifts as a novelist are brilliantly manifest. In an Author's Note which introduces Uncle Charles who is the prime begetter of these stories—it is a charming micro-biography of the old man—Mr. Balchin says that he came to know him well only after his (Mr. Balchin's) father's death, but by then "he was getting rather old, and not only taking no part in the game of life, but not even standing on the sidelines . . . He died very quietly, quickly and undemonstratively, in 1952 in his seventy-third year. He had fought in the 1914-18 war, and had been awarded the Military Cross. Apart from this feat, towards which his attitude was decidedly cynical, his life had been one of supreme and apparently enjoyable uselessness. He had never married." As to the reminiscences of this 'crazy' old man,

often 'a painful bore,' which have gone to the making of these stories, Mr. Balchin says that they came to him . . . " (often more than once) in restaurants, clubs, trains, motor cars, my own home, or indeed anywhere where there was little chance of escape. He had a knack of lulling one into a sense of security, from which one awoke suddenly to find oneself gazing straight down the barrel of a fully loaded story."

Uncle Charles reminds one of a similar creation by H. E. Bates whose imaginative integrity is such as to make one feel that he—the old rogue Uncle Silas—is a real living person like Mr. Balchin's uncle. Both have charm and one finds them pleasant company.

In the fifteen stories that Mr. Balchin gives us, his mastery of the novel form, as pointed out earlier, comes into vivid play. Whether in Italy or England, in the town or in the suburbs, Uncle Charles is Uncle Charles: the odd, the improbable, the funny encounter him wherever he goes and whatever he sees, and his cynicism has its roots in a deep kindness. The opening story, 'Mine Host' gives a foretaste of the succeeding stories all of which provide pleasure at various levels. The narration is uniformly superb. 'Mrs. Sludge,' 'The Country Wench,' 'The Tinfield Mascot,' and 'The Forgetful Man' are things to which one would like to return again and again. This side-stepping of Mr. Balchin, the novelist, into the short-story form, is enjoyable without being eventful. One needn't bother about the technique, the twenty different ways of writing a short story and apply anyone or all of them to the stories in *Last Recollections of My Uncle Charles*.

Search for the Sun

By Charles Furcolowe

A Signet Giant

The New American Library

New York, N. Y. 22

35 cents

WHAT Drives a Married Man to Other Women?—is the question asked on the cover, suggesting to the prospective buyer that

Search for the Sun gives the answers. We thought that after the Kinsey reports, such questions were not asked anymore in the U. S. Mr. Furcolowe's approach to the problem of the unfaithful husband is astonishing. If, as is fairly certain, he wants his hero Frank Slade to be taken as a representative American male, then Mr. Furcolowe splits the male's needs into two well-defined and mutually exclusive sectors; one, the home sector, where the wife, who must be a 'good' woman, keeps house and bears children, and with whom the husband can be intimate on a 'refined' level, but with whom he must never, never experience sexual satisfaction; and two, the 'other woman' sector, where an abandoned hussy caters with success to the demands made by lust on every man. A man's sexual needs can be met at home, but more powerful than these is the urge to lust; no married man is free from this urge; and so the answer to the question asked on the cover is now clear.

This unbelievably crude theory is clothed in equally crude narrative. From the first page of his novel, Mr. Furcolowe shows an aptitude for trite sentiments expressed in prose more soporific than any we have read for months. His hero is a commonplace and dull salesman who marries the girl he loves, and later has a liaison with a merry widow who is less inhibited but as dull as he is. Mr. Furcolowe makes the mistress as uninteresting as the wife, so that we are tempted to ask: What, apart from his creator's theory, drove Frank Slade to the other woman? Was the poor man's journey really necessary?

We do not know the number of hares started by Mr. Furcolowe in his book. We lost count very early.

Tyagaraja

Great Composers Book II

By P. Sambamoorthy

Indian Music Publishing House

Madras 1

Rs. 4

A FULL hundred and seven years have passed since Tyagaraja attained samadhi and the need for a

detailed and authentic biography of this 'father of Karnatic music' was keenly being felt by lovers of music, despite the extensive bibliography that has sprung up around his personality. A first-hand account of the composer's life, written shortly after his death by two of his close disciples, Walajahpet Venkatarama Bhagavatar and Tanjore Rama Rao, is somewhat scrappy and comes to an end with the death of Tyagaraja's first wife. The brilliant monograph written by Mr. C. Tirumalayya Naidu, now out of print, contains very few biographical details. In a short, but fairly reliable, biography published by Mr. Ramaswamy Bhagavatar, grandson of Walajahpet Venkatarama Bhagavatar, the author had promised the public a larger volume but he too made his submission to all-consuming time before he could commence the work. Those of us who cannot reconstruct the saint's personality from a study of his compositions but develop a thirst for biographical details, which is the fashion of the day, have to depend upon a number of pseudo-biographers who have been all along dishing up for our consumption an amalgam of legend, fable, miracles and unwarranted interpretations of some of his kritis. There is a host of such biographies of Tyagaraja including two in Sanskrit verse.

According to this school of chroniclers, almost every second kriti of the saint was composed by him for an occasion and a collection of such incidents, with a few miracles thrown in for effect, is presented before the public as his biography. 'Tradition' is a convenient phrase that covers a multitude of sins. A number of his compositions on purely general themes, which bear no reference to any incident, are stated to have been composed by him in connection with certain events in his life. For instance, the kriti "Ela ni daya radu" is said to have been sung by him when he had a darshan of his personal God and the pieces in praise of Narada when the sage appeared before him and presented him with a musical work 'Svaranavam' (Pro-

fessor Sambamoorthy adds 'Naradiyam' to the list of books alleged to have been presented by the divine visitor). None of the kritis contains any reference to the incidents mentioned above. Similarly, the kriti "Endaro Mahanubhavulu" is attributed to the composer's meeting a musician called Shatkala Govinda Marar from Travancore. This kriti, which incidentally contains no allusion to the meeting, is not likely to have been composed *impromptu* by Tyagaraja as it is one of the Pancharatna group, the creation of which in the five ghana ragas must have been pre-planned and executed by the composer. The song "Nidhi chala sukham" stated to have been sung by him when he refused presents from the king of Tanjore is really one among several pieces composed by him in the same strain like "Kasichchede" in Gaulipantu. Other kritis of Tyagaraja connected with incidents in his life include "Nenendu vethukudura" when he lost his idols, and "Kanugontini" when he found them again, "Mundu venuka" when he was attacked by a gang of robbers and "Tera tiyaga rada" when he found the temple curtain at Tirupati drawn across the shrine. A recently published life of the saint goes to the absurd limit of assigning the kriti "Koti nadulu" to Dhanushkoti and "Manasu nilpa" to Madurai because the words Dhanushkoti and 'madhura ghanta' (actually meaning a sweet-sounding bell) occur in the pieces. Even an ordinary scrutiny of these songs is sufficient to show that the references made by the composer relate to high philosophical truths and not to commonplace incidents in life. Far from helping laymen to understand the real greatness of Tyagaraja, such melodramatic accounts of his life make them conjure up visions of the saint as he was depicted on the screen a few years ago.

The modern biographer of Tyagaraja should avoid these pitfalls if he aims at convincing a twentieth century reader about the saint's greatness as a musical composer. We do not, for instance, read in a biography of Beethoven, who was a con-

temporary of Tyagaraja that the Muse Euterpe, who presides over music, appeared in his dream and presented him with a book that enabled him later to compose his immortal symphonies, sonatas, overtures and operas.

Professor Sambamoorthy is qualified in every way to write a biography of Tyagaraja that will appeal to the modern reader. He has the distinction of having spent over a quarter of a century in musical research and teaching and during this period, had access to such material on Tyagaraja that does not usually come the way of the average music teacher. He mentions having perused manuscripts not noticed by earlier biographers. He has packed all this material, old and new, into this book of 230 pages and has made it replete with information of every kind about the bard of Tiruvaiyar.

The author has not, unfortunately, escaped the pitfalls mentioned above in this review. In his anxiety to classify Tyagaraja's compositions into 'group kritis,' as he calls them, he has included "Narada Gana Lola" in Athana to four other pieces on Narada and named them as "Narada Pancharatna." "Narada Gana Lola" is not a composition in praise of Narada but to God Himself and has

as its background the sruti "Tat srushtva tadeva anupravisat." Similarly the kriti "I Vasudha Ni Vanti" in Sahana contains no reference to the spreading of Tyagaraja's renown in the world. The words "Bhuvana-mandu Kirti Galga Jese" refer to the benefits which Lord Sundaresa showers on devotees who worship Him at Kovur.

The author has referred to a "Nagapuri" (Negapatam) Pancharatna in which only two kritis are extant and has omitted all references to the Lalgudi Pancharatna in which all the five kritis are available. There is no evidence to show that the Bilahari kriti "Nive Gani Nannevaru Gatura" was composed in praise of a deity on the banks of the Svarnamukhi river near Kalahasti. The word "Svarnadi" in this song merely means the Ganges. The late Kirtanacharya C. R. Srinivasa Iyengar has committed the same mistake in one of his articles on Tyagaraja.

With less emphasis on the supernatural, pointless analogies and numerical parallels and more accent on the personality of Tyagaraja and the unquestioned greatness of his compositions, there is no reason why this book should not become the standard work of biography of the Saint in the Indian music world.

CONFUSION ON THE RAILWAYS

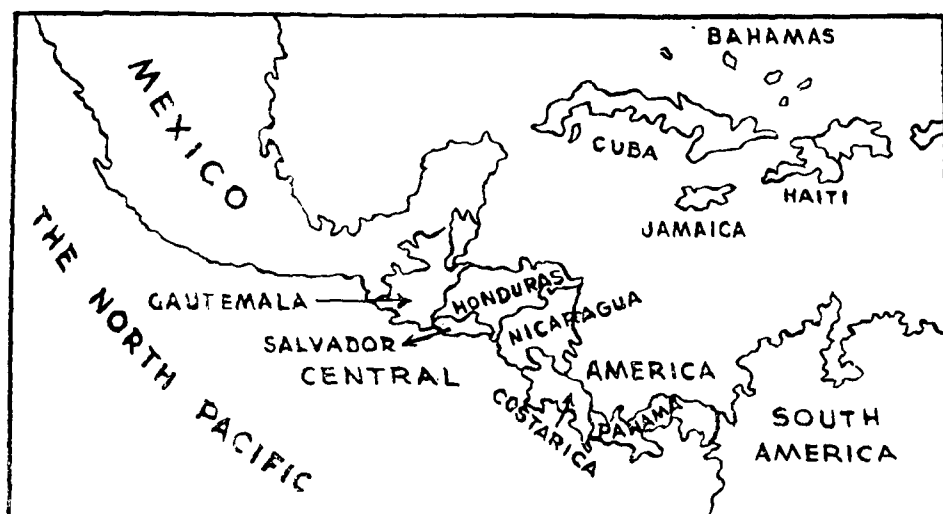
By N. V. R. SWAMY

THE Railway Ministry has announced that the present second and inter classes would be known as first and second classes. Since the attainment of Independence, the reclassification has been effected as many times as there were changes in the Railway Ministry. Originally there were 4 classes, first, second, inter and third. Then the Roman letters were changed into 1, 2, inter and 3. After some time, the inter class was abolished with a view to reducing the number of classes and the inter class compartments were altered to class 2. Subsequently they appeared again and there were 4

classes as before. Again there has been frequent mention of reduction of classes and during the past year the abolition of first class was taken up. But instead of leaving it there, air conditioned coaches have been introduced in its place, thereby making the total number of classes four again. What is the object in introducing these coaches? Neither the Railway Ministry nor the travelling public have been benefitted by these frequent changes, which have only given additional work to the railway offices and unnecessary expenditure to the railways which could have been avoided. They have also caused confusion to the passengers who are not able to understand why these changes are being made.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS--By SANTHA RUNGACHARY

TROUBLE IN THE CARRIBEAN



THERE has always been trouble in the Carribean—of one kind or another. The Latin American Republics (including Central America which is the Carribean area) have a peculiarly homogenous heritage of violence. The world has held its breath at the doings in recent times in the isolated dictatorships of Europe and the Middle East. But here is a whole continent which is a hot-bed of murder, intrigue, despotism and violence of which we are hardly aware except when another military coup deposes another president in one of its twenty republics. Even that, like the fall of the French governments, has lost its thrill and glamour. You feel Latin America is overplaying the theme-song.

No other area in the world has written, abandoned or denied as many constitutions as these colonies of Spain and Portugal which achieved their independence early in the 19th century. Simon Bolivar, the great architect of South American freedom, believed these Latin States were ungovernable and that the ruthless hand of a dictator was necessary to keep them in any kind of order. The military and political

upheavals which occur in this area with almost monotonous regularity seem again and again to prove him right. The President in these republics is not merely the head of the state, he is the state. He is the Executive and above the Judiciary. The only unit in the state that he fears is the Army. If it is with him, nothing—not the people, not the law—can touch him. If it is against him, it means his days are numbered. And if he is a wise man he will flee over the border into the next republic and try to mobilise a little sympathy there. The President is, significantly enough, rarely called by his official designation. He is called Strongman or Toughman So-and-so. North of Mexico lies the United States of America which has had a democratic, constitutional government now for nearly a hundred and seventy-five years. South of the border is chaos.

It was only when the Panama Canal opened a door between the Atlantic and the Pacific did the Carribean come to be considered the Mediterranean of the Far West. And it was even later before the United States realised that its soft under-

belly, to use a Churchillian phrase, had become very vulnerable to pressure from the south and that a foe who struck at Panama would be striking at one of the nerve centres of North America. Upon this realisation she landed her army and established military governments in the Dominican Republic, Haiti and Nicaragua. This militant attitude, however, did not last very long. It was quickly replaced by Franklin D. Roosevelt's Good Neighbour Policy, a policy which ushered in a period of great amity and friendliness between the two continents. Through a series of inter-American conferences between 1933-1942, the United States also put herself in a position from which she could control to some extent the tide of affairs in the American republics. At Montevideo Roosevelt started by relinquishing all rights to interfere in the affairs of the individual states. At Buenos Aires he gave the idea for a solid front so that *others who . . . might seek to commit acts of aggression against us, will find a hemisphere wholly prepared to consult together for our mutual safety and our mutual good.* At Lima, the United States extracted a promise for inter-American consultation if German agents tried to establish puppet governments in Latin America. At Havana, she won complete freedom to do whatever she thought necessary to prevent Germany seizing Dutch and French possessions in the Carribean. At Rio she persuaded the Latin American states, with the exception of Chile and Argentina, to break relations with or to declare war on the Axis Powers. Last year at Caracas, the Latin American Republics pledged themselves to joint action against infiltration and subversion. At the recent Economic Conference at Rio de Janeiro, a substantial loan was promised from the Export-Import Bank for sound economic projects of public interest in South America.

Latin America now needs all the help that the United State can give her. The republics suffer from all the economic and social maladjustments that are the fate of a country which, either through necessity or by mis-

direction, has imposed an industrial pattern on a predominantly agricultural economy and way of life. It was necessity really. Once during the Great Depression and again, when Germany declared war on Europe, suddenly and unexpectedly Latin America lost her European market. Her goods boomeranged and inundated the home market. Into the sea went Brazilian coffee. Wheat from Argentina was burnt in locomotives. Determined to lessen their dependence on outside markets, Latin Americans threw themselves in desperate earnest into the task of building up industries at home which would assure them a living. In Puerto Rico which sustained its war economy mainly by the sale of rum, roughly a hundred industries have sprung up since 1942. There are factories making artificial flowers, paper bags and synthetic hormones. Latin America was trying everything.

During the war, the United States, concentrating on the defence of Europe not only paid scant attention to its southern republics but also made abnormal demands on them. But even after the war was over, the Great Democracy still had her face turned towards Europe which had to be literally raised from the rubble. Mr. Sumner Welles in 1948 warned that *the inter-American system is in danger of collapse.* But even as he was saying it, the U. S. Congress was declaring that *the success of the E. R. P. depends in part on the successful mobilisation of Latin America's capacity to produce and export increased quantities of foodstuffs and raw materials.* When the United States turned from economic assistance to the defence of Europe, the Republics began to question the bonafides of American intentions south of the Carribean. They began to disengage themselves from the apron strings of the United States. Argentina, Chile and Paraguay concluded a treaty of mutual assistance. Argentina and Brazil have signed seven bilateral pacts with communist countries. A new trade union organization—ATLAS—has sprung up claiming to represent

18 million workers and declaring its opposition to *imperial capitalism*.

American attention might not even now have veered from Europe towards South America if a suspicion of Communist infiltration into the Republics had not entered the American mind. The communists are not yet a positive menace. Probably they never can be in this area. There is no room in the life of any nation for two dynamic ways of life. And dictatorship has had a long headway. Even in a choice between two terrors it is human nature to choose the familiar terror. Certainly, there are communist parties in every Latin American country. In Brazil, Cuba and Chile they even tampered with the government during the 1920s. There were Communist ministers in the late '40s in Ecuador, Cuba and Guatemala. But Communism in Latin America has proved to be more a force of reaction against the indifference and neglect of the United States than a positive, vital new ideology receiving moral support and inspiration from behind the Iron Curtain. It is not a mass or people's movement.

Last May, the United States was galvanized into action by the news that Guatemala, the biggest and most heavily populated of the Central American Republics lying 800 miles east of the Panama Canal had purchased 2000 tons of arms from Czechoslovakia. It was obvious, and President Jacobo Arbenz did not care to conceal it, that the government was much influenced by the Communist trade union movement. The United States moved swiftly. She supplied arms to Honduras and Nicaragua by air-lift. In July, President Arbenz was deposed by anti-Communist top army officers. Castillo Armas no sooner came to power than he deprived the illiterates of their vote, took the tax off gasoline and dissolved all leftist groups. Within weeks, counter-revolution forced him to the border of Honduras from where he retreated back to the palace on the side of a third revolution.

All of which proves that commu-

nism has not yet taken hold of the minds or the imagination of the Latin American peoples. Communism can come only *after* democracy and democracy has not yet come to Latin America. The intrigues still continue unchanged. Not long ago the President of Panama was shot dead at a race course. There is no love lost between President Anastasio Somoza of Nicaragua and Jose Figuerres of Costa Rica. Deposed Presidents still cross the border and bide their time. Former President Arbenz of Guatemala is now in Mexico. Bolivia has had seven presidents and eight revolutions during the last ten years.

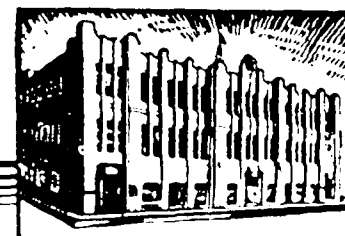
Latin America and the United States need each other. Latin America accounts for about a quarter of the U. S. foreign trade. It is the principal source of many U. S. food-stuffs and raw materials ranging from coffee to copper. The U. S. depends on Latin America for many strategic materials like antimony, petroleum, and lead. The Mexico area is still an important defense zone of the U. S. The United States needs too Latin American support in the UN, the Organization of American States and allied specialised organizations. In each, Latin America has twenty votes, which is one-third of the total in the U. N.

Latin America needs the help of the United States to sustain her economy. She really has not got the basic requirements for an industrial set-up. She has no fuel, no raw materials, no skilled labour, no assured world market.

The question now seems to be: would the United States dare take the risk of introducing democracy south of the Mexican border? Striking at the root of the traditional form of government in the Republics would the United States bring on herself the very peril which she is hastening to avoid? And, not least, would not the security of American business in the Caribbean be endangered by tampering with the way of life of the Latin Americans?

The danger is that the United States would try to eat the cake, have it and give it to the poor, little boy next door.

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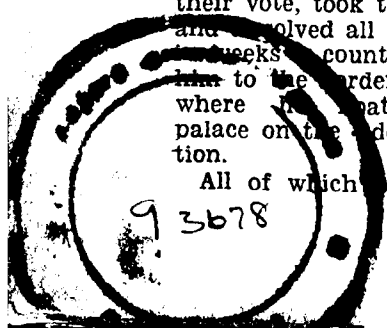
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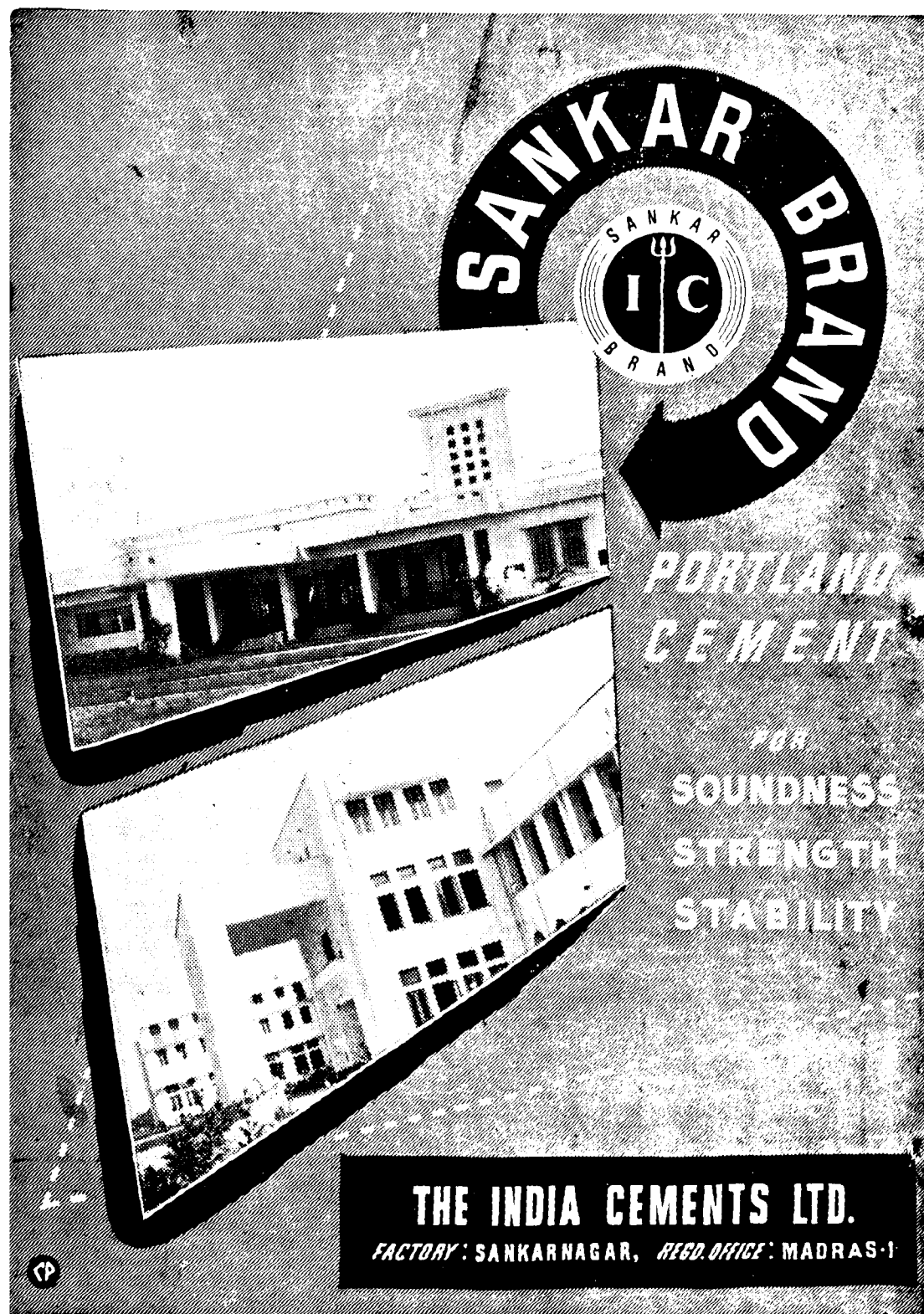
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2, BRODIES ROAD, MYLAPORE, MADRAS 4.