

SWATANTRA

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ON THE COVER:

Raj Kapoor greeting Nargis on her 26th birthday

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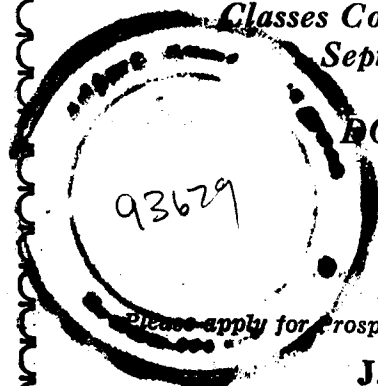
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A TEST OF FREEDOM

IN dealing with Goa Pandit Nehru has been adopting the same policy of peaceful negotiation which proved so successful in the case of the French possessions in India. He has expressed his determination to stick to that policy irrespective of the manner in which the Portuguese Government might behave. The Prime Minister's unswerving adherence to the method of peaceful persuasion provides eloquent proof of the soundness of the Indian cause. There is no need to wave the big stick for those that are convinced of the justice of their demands. Belligerency comes into play only when better means of carrying conviction are lacking. By old historical accident Western powers like Britain, France and Portugal established their rule over regions of varying size on the subcontinent of India. Under the pressure of modern historical forces, the greatest of these powers with the largest empire has had to quit. After the British withdrawal the position of France in Pondicherry became untenable, and France was compelled, after a little preliminary reluctance, to follow the example of Britain. Now it is the turn of Portugal. Less wise than Britain and France, and with much less at stake, Portugal has taken to sabre-rattling to avoid the peaceful solution that the British Government, and after them the French, found to be the most suitable way of dealing with the Indian upsurge for freedom. But it is all pathetically futile. There is no room today after emancipation from British rule in any corner of India for

occupation by a foreign power. The Portuguese possessions share a common doom with the British and the French and the exit of Portuguese authority from Goa is an inevitable result that no combination of circumstances can possibly prevent. Fully aware of the inevitability of the historical process of removal or disappearance of every vestige of foreign political power from India, Pandit Nehru looks calmly on, confident of victory over the Portuguese imperialists in Goa.

Meanwhile the Western powers, notably America, have lost a splendid opportunity of establishing themselves in the world as leaders of the freedom movement in convincing terms. Britain deservedly enjoys high prestige for the prodigious feat of setting India free without passing through further stages of violence and bloodshed. The lustre of the British example in India is tarnished however by the quite contrary practice being still upheld in other parts of Asia and Africa where Britain's mastery over subject nations continues undiminished. It is now known that part of the impetus that contributed to the liberation of India from the British empire came from President Roosevelt. America has also claimed to be a champion of freedom, and American statesmen have divided the world into two parts, the unfree part consisting of Russia and China and their satellites, and the free world consisting of all countries outside Communist domination. That the Communists have in recent years reduced millions of people outside their borders into helotry is a patent

historical fact. But the American claim to the leadership of the so-called free world does not make much sense to India. The reason for this is to be sought in the fact that within the confines of the American-defined free world there are large areas of totally unfree people cruelly subjected to imperialist persecution whose fate does not seem to have touched the hearts of the liberty loving Americans. The Indian Prime Minister's defiant challenge to the nations of the world to declare themselves for or against South African *apartheid* to reveal the extent of their love of liberty has to this day evoked no response from the American idealists. From this, that is, from the lack of any genuine centre of world leadership convincingly bent on human freedom as a dedicated cause, has stemmed Pandit Nehru's doctrine of dynamic neutrality which really is an indication of his own effort to make India such a centre.

Goa presents an example of colonialism which America has scrupulously failed to challenge to the detriment of American reputation for integrity as champions of freedom in the world. An amazing phenomenon now pervades the entire non-Communist universe. Millions of

dollars are poured into other continents by America on avowedly humanitarian enterprises, but there is no response of grateful appreciation for generosity on such a colossal scale. Even its recipients sniff at it as something not altogether laudable. It is the American patronage of notorious imperialists largely responsible for the world's misery that has diluted the world's appreciation of the colossal outpourings of American economic aid to backward countries. To remedy the prevailing suspicion and sometimes even hostility, American policymakers should lead a world freedom movement condemning every colonial power that has invaded other countries. There is no excuse for their studied aloofness on Goa or for their toleration of so much imperialism in the ranks of their coadjutors holding aloft banners inscribed with the letters of freedom at conferences. The test of liberty is the withdrawal of every country from every other region beyond its borders which it has subdued to its sway, and if the United States applies this test to its partners and upholds it in its policies, India will be thrown into the lap of America, and from that moment the world's peace and safety will be assured.

Sotto Voce

★

PROCRUSTES: OR THE PLAN-FRAME

MR. NEHRU discovered the Socialistic pattern of society in China. In the next few weeks he may bring us new tablets of the law from the Muscovite Sinai. Not that he ever had the prude's prejudice against Communism. He has always

found much to admire in it. But hitherto he has distinguished between Communism and the Communist or at least the Indian breed of that political animal. He has been contemptuous of their inefficiency and outmoded ideas. But if the Fatherland



of Communism can convince him that it has achieved miracles through Planning, even the prospect of being hugged by the hairy anthropoids of Indian Communism might not deter him from plumping for their creed.

He is, what is more, in a mood to be convinced. When people objected to equality at the expense of liberty, our Prime Minister silenced them with the rebuke that if we cannot have Socialism and liberty, why then, we must let liberty go. With the same certitude he now declares that if planning cannot be fitted into the democratic structure, it is not planning that will suffer. For Progress we must have at any cost.

If, by way of after-thought, he added that in a democracy one could not and ought not to force things down the throats of people, that may have been merely the psychological hang-over from his liberal phase. More likely it was due to a certain shrewdness of calculation. Mr. Nehru knows, like any other politician, that "we can only take the people along to the extent they agree." But a people like the Indian masses may be made to agree to anything. More accurately, they may be made to seem to agree—for no one really knows what they are thinking—and that is all that matters.

Thus we are told that the very first example of "physical planning" in operation, the employment of thousands of unskilled labourers on the Kosi Project, has been a gratifying success; though Mr. Nehru judicially pronounces it to have been less successful on the difficult left bank than on the easier right bank. It seems that the rural folk rallied in their tens of thousands to the call of the Nation and accepted less than the market wages. Alternative explanations are possible. The men may have accepted a half meal because a full meal had always been beyond their wildest dreams. And their patriotic zeal may have been kept from sagging by the well-directed prodding in the ribs of local officialdom who had a stake in making out

that physical planning was a stunning success.

In old India, the peasants who were summoned by beat of drum to repair a breach in the river bund were not particularly conscious of their patriotism. Nor did the Chola when he built the great stone anicut at Koviladi argue nicely about the ethics of 'Begar.' An emergency that threatened their hearths and homes was argument enough why they should give their labour, pay or no pay. They were not conscious democrats. But neither would they have understood our Socialistic planning which orders men about in peacetime as in war-time and cheerfully subjects them to all sorts of hardships and privations indefinitely because Prof. Mahalonobis's team of economists bred behind the Iron Curtain think it is good for them.

These men of mystery have prepared a plan frame which the Government of India's tame economists jibbed at when it was first thrust under their noses. But it seems that all but one of them have since seen reason and dutifully rallied to its support. For the Prime Minister has decided that if the country is to make any worthwhile progress it must achieve an annual five per cent increase in the national income. For this an investment of six thousand crores of rupees is the minimum required. And it must be found largely by the people tightening their belts round their already mythical middles.

The first plan has achieved a three per cent increase; though we, not being statisticians, must be content to see that increase with the eye of faith. The State will now have a go at basic industries. Inflation is to be shooed off by the Public Sector simultaneously plunging into small scale and village industries. If the State factories turn out millions of fountain-pens that will not write and umbrellas that will not stay open, I have no doubt that the patriotic workers in the heavy industries will

(Continued on page 42)

SIDELIGHTS ::

THE Congress High Command is reported to have advised that the election of President for the Andhra Pradesh Congress Committee should be unanimous. Apparently it is presumed that a unanimous election will put a curb on factions whereas a contested election will give a filip to them. Sri Gopala Reddi was elected Chief Minister on the theory that the unanimous election of the Chief Minister would put an end to the group mentality among legislators that had been devastating the standards of public life and administration in Andhra. This theory has turned out to be a total delusion. It has not served to strengthen the Chief Minister with the buoyant feeling of a resistanceless accession to power. Everyone of his acts and moves has been that of a fluke ruler unsure of himself. He put leadership, which is primarily a matter of individual responsibility, into commission and started a miserable process of consultations over the most trifling of issues such as no Chief Minister of a State ever exhibited in a like degree since the advent of freedom. His qualities of judgment stand revealed in the deliberate choice of Sri V. Kodandarama Reddi, a man wholly unsuited for public responsibility, as the Congress candidate in the Sarvepalle bye-election. The Chief Minister's other ambition of erecting Srimati Ammana Raja into a Minister still remains in the manoeuvring stage. Weak, vacillating, ineffective, he has already lost his chance of impressing the public imagination as a worthwhile leader, and within a few brief weeks he has succeeded in bringing the administration down from the very high level to which Sri Trivedi had elevated it, to a chaotic mess of uncontrolled impulses. Commenting on Sri Gopala Reddi's exploits as Chief Minister a public man of unblemished rectitude has written to me: "The dark ages are appearing again. I feel only a Communist government

can bring salvation to the people." The defeated Communists of Andhra are fortunate in having Sri Gopala Reddi as the State's Chief Minister. He is ensuring their success in the next elections by turning away a continual stream of voters from the Congress side with the despair and disillusion produced in them by his administration.

There never was such dissension inside the Cabinet as is witnessed now in Andhra. The Chief Minister and the Deputy Chief Minister never seem to agree on any one issue. Their relations are poisoned by the Chief's fear that underneath his unanimous election lie hidden tensions that might bring him down any moment, and the belief of the Deputy that if he had not stood aside for the sake of unanimity he might have won and topped his present Chief. Fear and regret, entering in unbroken sequence into the attitudes of the Chief and the Deputy in the Andhra Cabinet have made mincemeat of collective responsibility, and on practically every theme there is cleavage marked not by merits but by the jealousies of its two leading figures. There is the Gopala Reddi faction and the Sanjiva Reddi faction running across everything with which the Government has to do in the State, disrupting its harmony and poisoning the atmosphere. The after-effects of Sri Gopala Reddi's election as Chief Minister provide a warning for all time against artificial strivings for unanimity on a background riven by dissension. It is better that the parties fight each other out and arrive at a common-sense perception of their relative strengths as an inducement for compromise, than mingle in an illusory fraternity masking unsatisfied rivalries provoking at every stage irritation and disruptive tactics.

From the height of partisanship each backing his own candidate for

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the Pradesh Presidentship, Sri Gopala Reddi and Sri Sanjiva Reddi have compromised into joint non-cooperation pledging themselves to stand out of the election altogether. The natural evolution for excessive interest ranged in opposite sides is not running away from action. Insincerity is stamped on the Andhra ring leaders' pact for avoidance of conflict by lapsing into neutrality. If it becomes a general principle of conduct, irredeemable barrenness would be the destiny of the State on every occasion of a clash of interests which, to judge by past precedent, may be expected to occur almost always. Not being able, themselves, to agree on a single candidate to be supported jointly for the Pradesh Presidentship, what right have the Chief Minister and his Deputy to expect others to succeed where they failed and exhibit unanimity in the election? The suppression of the right to stand for any post open to election for the sake of unanimity is not a democratic virtue. Unanimity in the choice of candidates prevails in Communist States as a fit emblem of lack of individual freedom. It is one of the tests of democracy through which we should pass unhampered, that just as every voter has the right to exercise the franchise, he has also the further right of contesting for any post open to election. It is part of the discipline of democracy to fight at elections and combine afterwards in enterprises of common interest. To interfere with the constitutional foundations for the development of such a discipline is neither wise nor fitting on the part of the Congress High Command.

SAKA

ADULT EDUCATION

I have to acknowledge how much my grandchildren educate me. From them I've learnt all I know of jet-propelled engines, sound barriers, breaking through the light barrier and so on, but I must say I was staggered when one of them told me that soon someone would break through the time-barrier, and reach tomorrow before today was over. —Gertrude Pearce, in a BBC programme.



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THE MECHANICAL PRACTICES OF RELIGION

THEY LEAD TO TERRIBLE DECEPTION

The chief function of a religion in a man's life, according to MANAS, is to give order and precedence to his ends. The transformation of the religious scene in India is, from this point of view, most important and interesting, says MANAS. For "India is the home of the most philosophical religion the world has known," and "the identification of religion and culture has been most complete in India."

Extracts from the MANAS article are given below:

THESE are days when the question of religion is very much in the foreground of debate. Religion has become politically important in the struggle against Communism, so that the "religion as a weapon" sort of revival has become fairly common in the United States. In Europe, as recent events have made clear, Catholicism has had considerable success in its effort to obtain greater control over education. In Mexico, the Party of the Revolution continues its efforts to free the people of superstition, but finds progress extremely difficult, due to the hold on their minds which a combination of poverty and hopelessness has given to the Church.

Meanwhile, another kind of revival has been advocated by Arnold J. Toynbee, whose ponderous *Study of History* lays great emphasis on the importance of religion to the survival of Western civilization. Whether or not one agrees with Toynbee's evaluation of the role of religion, there can be no doubt of the fact that his attention to the subject marks some sort of awakening to the power of human aspiration and devotion as a historical force. His account of "true religion," moreover, as given in the *New York Times Magazine* bespeaks what may be called the "new universalism" in religious thought. He writes:

I would define true religion as being right belief and right feeling taking effect in right action. Without right action, right feeling and right belief have no virtue in them. By right belief I mean recognizing that (a) we human beings understand and control

only a tiny fraction of the universe and (b) that there is a presence in the universe which is spiritually greater than we are and which is Absolute Reality. By right feeling I mean awe in the face of the mystery of the universe and humility in the presence of Absolute Reality. By right action I mean trying to bring one's self-centred self into conformity with this spiritual presence behind the phenomena. I have tried to put my definition in terms that hold good for the religions of the Indian family (Buddhism and Hinduism), as well as for those of the Palestinian family (Judaism, Christianity and Islam), with which we in the West are better acquainted so far.

Except for the fact that Mr. Toynbee's definition seems to evade the pantheistic content of Far Eastern religions (the Self, in its highest aspect, is Absolute Reality), this is an admirable attempt to make the meaning of religion inclusive of all faiths. It is difficult to imagine a scholar of Toynbee's stature and popularity making a statement of this sort a century ago. Actually, there are men in many of the Christian denominations who are speaking of religion in this way, and whose efforts are bound to produce a broadening effect as the years go by. W. T. Stace of Princeton recently created something of a stir with his brilliant analysis of religious concepts and values in *Time and Eternity*.

Stace goes a step further than Toynbee. Toynbee offered a definition which, he hoped, would be broad enough to eliminate all sectarian claims and differences. Stace, however, distinguishes between what are

called "religious beliefs" and the true nature of religion. Religion, he holds, is the actual experience of reality, whereas religious beliefs are "those propositions by means of which the intellect seeks to interpret symbolically to itself that inner and ultimate experience which is religion itself." Thus doctrines, beliefs, and claims are not religion, but only devices which attempt to convey in symbols the meaning of the higher kind of experience men call "religious." Stace turns to the mystics for warnings against the attempt to make into "beliefs" any ideas relating to the ultimate content of religion.

From the Katha Upanishad: "He who has perceived that which is soundless, intangible, formless, undecaying, tasteless, odorless, eternal, without beginning, without end . . . is freed from the jaws of death." Brahman is without physical attributes. He is "colourless, odorless, formless." He is "beyond space, beyond time." But neither can mental or psychological attributes be ascribed to him. He is "mindless," wholly impersonal. No predicates whatever, either physical or non-physical, apply to him. He is undifferentiated unity, indeterminate, "beyond relation, featureless, unthinkable, in which all is still." He is "the Self . . . who is beyond the senses, who is formless, inexpressible, beyond all predicates." "If one knows him as Brahman the Non-Being, he becomes merely the non-existent. If one knows that Brahman is, then he is known as the real in existence."

It is, Stace says, "the rationalizing intellect, anxious to do away with the Mystery of God," which attempts "to make religious truth palatable to common sense and logic." But the ultimate content is beyond speech.

The various religions, then, are various systems of symbolism, not of "truth," and there is a sense in which their "truth-content," or symbolic accuracy, may be destroyed in a moment by the delusion that they are something more than symbols—that they are in fact the truth itself. Every great religion affords clues to this danger. In the *Bhagavad-Gita*, for example, there is this often-quoted passage:

When thy heart shall have worked through the snares of delusion, then

thou wilt attain to high indifference as to those doctrines which are already taught or which are yet to be taught. When thy mind once liberated from the Vedas shall be fixed immovably in contemplation, then shalt thou attain to devotion.

Thus, according to this view, belief in doctrines is all that is possible for those who are still in a state of delusion: doctrines or beliefs are substitutes for knowledge, not knowledge itself. This view of religious truth is even more emphatically put in Buddhist scriptures, and becomes almost the sole content of Zen Buddhism, which is filled with virtual contempt for doctrinal religion.

Stace offers philosophical analysis and criticism of the field of religion. Another writer, Arnold Kiamat (in *The Ethics of Civilization*) subjects the practice of religion to a similar scrutiny. In popular opinion, the forms of religious observance are regarded as an essential part of religion. Kiamat proposes that a distinction ought to be made between religious practices and religion itself—between Spirit and the things of the spirit. He writes:

There is a great deal of commotion today over the question of starting the school day with a prayer or a reading from the Bible, as well as the question of released time for the indoctrination of school children in theological beliefs. This is called introducing religion into the public schools. It is nothing of the sort. It should be spoken of as the introduction into the public schools of the mechanics of religion.

It follows that there is no reason to suppose that the spirit of religion is present wherever the mechanics of religion are in evidence. It is even likely that the spirit of religion may be barred and excluded by mechanical practices, so that the pursuit of those practices in the name of religion becomes a terrible deception.

Two basic questions are involved in any proposed reform of religion, or reform in the beliefs and practices of religion. The first question is: Can very many people hope to qualify as "mystics" and thereby be in a position to free themselves of the subservience to doctrine? What about "the masses"? Don't they have to

have religion, too? And if the refinements of metaphysical analysis are beyond them—if the austere commitments required for a life of inner perception do not attract them—must we not make some sort of peace with the compromises of doctrine and illusions of belief?

THE second question grows out of the first: Do the popular forms of religion inevitably conceal and lead away from the path to mystical truth? Could not the symbolisms of religious practice and devotional performance constitute a kind of portal to inward mystical religion?

The answer to the first question must be of necessity a speculation, depending upon one's estimate of the rate of human progress, and the capacity, in a given civilization or culture, for abstract thinking and ethical aspiration. There are, however, clues to be studied, indices to be evaluated. The United States, for example, affords a culture which is relatively free of the cult of national heroes and particularist traditions, and ought, therefore, to be able to give hospitality to impersonal religious thought. The heritage of America is a heritage of great principles. Not a Great Man, but a Great Idea about All Men, is the genius of American civilization. Accordingly, insofar as American culture is distinguished by unique values, those values derive from abstract thinking about the Nature of Man, the Rights of Man, and the Potentialities of Man.

The capacity of Americans for philosophical religion may be much greater than we suppose. The same answer would apply to all individuals and cultures in which major ideals of any sort arise from reflection on principles instead of from reverence felt for a Great Man who lived in the past or a Great Leader who lives in the present.

The second question involves more complex considerations. It raises, first, the problem of the origin of religions, and then the matter of their role in the formation, organization, and support of civilization. If one adopts the view that religion

gradually developed from efforts to give "system" to the irrational fears of primitive, savage tribes, and to lend supernatural meaning to the economic pursuits of agriculture and hunting, etc., then the second question is almost meaningless. But if it may be assumed that religions have grown up from the original pantheistic ideas of extraordinary men—properly called "teachers" because of their understanding of the needs of their fellows—then we may urge that every great religion at the outset was precisely what the question implies—a portal to the inner life of mystical perception.

From a practical point of view, the chief function of a religion in a man's life is to give order and precedence to his ends. Religious or philosophical conviction enables a man to establish what is in harmony with the realization of that good and what opposes. On this basis he can plan his life and make his decisions.

THE wholly mature man, then, is the man who is able to accomplish this ordering without any sort of external pressures or persuasions. He has the discipline to struggle toward the certainty he wants, and having reached it, he orders his life accordingly. This is the solution of his personal problem. Ethically, however, the solution of his personal problem is only a small part of his development, for both religion and philosophy propose that the truly developed man is also the man in whom the sense of self has expanded to include other human beings, and even the whole of life. Such a man, then, by definition, grows to final maturity only as he enters the service of others—becomes, that is, a teacher. It is here, perhaps, that his wisdom is most severely tested. For now he must take upon himself the difficult task of communicating attitudes which cannot be conveyed by ordinary means of instruction. Understanding the truths of maturity involves the actual *experience* of maturity, which is possibly the reason why the word "initiation" is found in some form or other in the traditions of all the mystical religions.

Since the ideas of progressive education are by no means new, but have been put into effect by every teacher who recognizes that learning is a matter of growth, and that growth is a matter of trial and experience, ancient teachers nearly always attempted to incorporate into the social order a kind of finite symbolism of the larger purposes of life. There is, for example, the "work" of the soul in refining its perceptions and enlarging its horizons; and this is paralleled in the daily "work" of self-support and economic services to the community. So it is that in many ancient religions, the duties and functions of daily life are accorded a semi-sacred character, in virtue of the higher functions in the life of the soul they are made to represent. So each myth, each tale of daring and discovery, hides an inner, secret meaning relating to the struggle, the trials, and the yearnings of the soul.

This, or something like this, we think, is the origin of all the great theocratic systems of the past. The social order was intended to represent an earthly symbol of the transcendental order. It is this correlation of the inward and the outward life, of the earthly and the heavenly scheme of things, which gives the dramas of Shakespeare, for example, their extraordinary power. Through this correspondence, the events of ordinary life whisper the secrets of the universe to those whose ears are alert, and the dramatist, when he assumes the role of teacher, articulates the correspondence so that the promise of the fulfillments which come from maturity may be brought near at hand for an hour or two. This is the meaning of the "Mystery" play, which employs the arts to intimate the grandeur and dignity which are a part of truly human life.

Where, then, in this scheme of cultural and human development, does the great revolutionary epoch of Western history fit? It fits as a kind of "natural" reaction to the corruption of religious institutions. We could even argue that a further cause of the rejection of religion and religious culture by the West was an

accession of self-reliance, which required a complete repudiation of the old, dead forms of religious observance before a new beginning could be made. When religious customs become a confinement rather than a channel for the flow of human aspiration, they must be broken down and destroyed. Whether the iconoclasm is performed by a Gotama Buddha or a Voltaire, a Thomas Paine or a Karl Marx, will depend, we suspect, upon the quality of the culture whose time has come for change—upon the salvage value of its existing beliefs and institutions. Those who choose Marx for their liberator do not deserve any better, and the new bondage which may result provides in turn a kind of penance for being unwilling to accept their liberation except at the hands of a brutal and ruthless materialism.

WE have here, it is plain to see, a theory of history which is almost Hegelian in its primary implications. It is that the spirit in man is forever seeking to fathom the meaning of the diversities of life, and is pressed on in this quest by inexpressible yearnings of the heart. If the individual, or the community or culture decides to settle upon some temporary synthesis—some time and place-bound version of truth and meaning—a lapse into decadence inevitably follows, bringing a cycle of static culture, and the triumph of orthodox symbols and practices over the impulse of the soul toward freedom and *individual* confirmation of its intuitions of truth.

Periods like the present, then, which are marked by religious turbulence, by reactions back and forth at every level of religious thought and practice, may be seen as times of tremendous readjustment when the forms of existing culture may be shaken to their foundations. The pleasant serenity of ancestral custom may be rudely disturbed by alien storms and acts of piety violated by vulgar interruptions. On the one hand, for example, a saintly man like Vinoba Bhave may be attacked by an enraged populace for leading into a Hindu temple some Untouchables who for centuries have been barred

from the community of worship by caste rules; or, on the other, pious Hindus may be shocked by the insults of Communists who have been taught that religion is the opium of the people.

The transformation of the religious scene in India of today is perhaps the most interesting phase of this entire transition. India is the home of the most philosophical religion the world has known—her influence upon the forms of religious faith known to man has been incalculable. The scholar who wishes to locate the purest expressions of spiritual devotion, the subtlest formulations of metaphysics, inevitably turns to the great scriptures of India. Likewise, the identification of religion and culture has been most complete in India.

BUT the gross evidence of excesses in the caste system, in the peculiarly inhuman condemnation as "unclean" of the Untouchable, and the custom of suttee are sufficient to suggest a corruption of original intent which may explain the vulnerability of Indian culture to the vigorous claims of Western "materialism." Asked recently by Waldemar Kaempffert, science editor of the *New York Times*, what would be the effect of industrialism on India's folkways, customs, and religious beliefs, Prime Minister Nehru said: "I think that the pattern of change in India will, in general follow the pattern of social change in the West. Beyond that I cannot go."

The Prime Minister spoke of the progress gained in the elimination of caste distinctions, at least in places of employment, but added: "It is by no means certain that the caste system will disappear entirely." He pointed out that eighty-two per cent of India's people live in villages, where social changes proceed very slowly.

It is Nehru's hope that India may gain the benefits of industrialization while avoiding its evils. Meanwhile, the problem of religious adjustment remains paramount. A writer in the *Eastern World* for last November summed up the situation well: "The educated Hindu of today frequently suffers from a sort of split-mind,

sympathizing sentimentally with the old faith, yet believing rationally in that which his developing State demands of him. It seems that unless some advance in the understanding of this problem—far more difficult than is generally believed—is soon achieved the internal conflicts will worsen to everyone's disadvantage. The frontal attack made by European type secularism upon established, if logically indefensible, beliefs has not hitherto been digested, and a spiritual reintegration is plainly clamoured for, which will demand the best of India's theologians. Heart, conscience, and civil duty have been sundered already too long, as India is well aware, and the alchemist who can recombine them will earn the world's, as well as India's homage."

COMMONWEALTH STUDENTS CLUB IN LONDON

Indian, Pakistani, and Ceylonese students now account for over one-quarter of the membership of the Commonwealth Students Club recently formed in London by the Imperial Institute.

The aim of the club is to increase understanding and friendship between students living in London by promoting companionship in leisure and shared activities. It was launched in October 1954, and by the end of the year 96 members had enrolled.

The membership of the club has now passed the 230 mark, representing no fewer than 31 Commonwealth territories, and about equally divided between the self-governing and the non-self-governing countries.

In the Institute's annual report for 1954 the director underlined the club's value for oversea students: "They come to London from all parts of the Commonwealth in search of education. They need it in the widest sense. The club makes it possible for some of them to find part of what they are looking for, in a common centre where friendships are not bred artificially but as the natural outcome of shared activities." The wisdom of this policy has been proved by the rapidly increasing membership of the club.

RADIATION AND THE FUTURE OF HUMANITY

By LEONARD BERTIN

Daily Telegraph Science Correspondent, here explains the complexity of the task which faces researchers into the whole field of human genetics, and shows why no swift results can be expected.

RECENT discussion on the long-term effects of nuclear radiation from weapons or other sources has emphasised the sketchy nature of man's knowledge.

The problem is basically one of human genetics, a subject about which scientists still know very little. All computations of the damage to be expected from atomic radiation have been made in absence of the one piece of information on which they need to be based, namely, the spontaneous rate at which "mutations," or permanent genetic changes, occur in the absence of any abnormal incentive.

Yet all present assessments of the harm that may be done to posterity by careless exploitation of atomic processes are based on assessments of the dose that would double this still unknown spontaneous rate.

Radiation damage strikes, in fact, at the very basis of the hereditary processes. It is therefore worthwhile to see how these operate.

In the broadest terms, it can be said that our inherited characteristics, the blue eye of the father, that special ability of the grandparent, every little variation that distinguishes us from our fellows, is passed from generation to generation in the male and female germ cells. The same process works in other animals and in plants. The various characteristics are recorded as stripe-like genes on a number of tape-like chromosomes that vary in number from species to species.

Dominant Traits

Every cell of the body contains such chromosomes. In human beings there are 48 of them, except in the germ cells, where there are 24. The full number of 48 is regained when

male and female germ cells unite. Parents hand on not only their own characteristics but those of their forebears.

Many of these will obviously be conflicting. The mother may have had blue eyes and the father brown. Some characteristics are known to be dominant, or self-assertive, and others as recessive. Thus in the battle between blue eyes and brown eyes the brown will tend to win.

But the matter is not quite so simple as that. The effects of earlier generations must be taken into consideration, and there will still be a chance for blue eyes to show themselves even in the children of brown-eyed parents.

All this may seem a far cry from atom bombs and X-ray machines, but it is not. For the chromosomes carrying the genes, or units of inheritance, are very subject to outside interference, especially by any form of atomic radiation.

Normal Mutations

Such radiation may destroy the cell or its ability to reproduce, or it may just damage one of the many genes. From then on the cell, if it is able to reproduce at all, will do so in the modified form. Any new characteristics will be passed on to posterity. This is what is known to scientists as a mutation.

Nature is continually producing its own mutations. To take one example of a dominant mutation, there are produced in Britain alone every year 63 dwarfs from parents who show no sign of dwarfism.

Some of these normal mutations are caused by atomic radiation from natural sources. One quarter of this radiation comes from cosmic rays that rain down on the earth.

from outer space; another quarter comes from minerals like radium in the ground; the rest comes from within the body itself, from naturally radio-active substances like potassium.

It would appear, however, that radiation accounts for only one-tenth of all mutations. Just why the rest happen it is the scientist's task to find out. Some are almost certainly the result of chemical reaction within the cell. It would be a curious thing if some of them were not simply the result of Nature's failure to duplicate exactly countless millions of times the cells involved in the normal process.

Effect of Atomic Tests

Compared with the many genetic hazards to which Nature has herself exposed us, it would seem that the increased dangers due to the nuclear weapons so far tested are insignificant. One eminent scientist has said that he was "a good deal more worried about crossing the road than he was about the present levels of radiation."

No Recovery

It has been ascertained that radiation damage is cumulative. Any exposure at all will result in mutations, and there seems to be no recovery from such damage.

Much work has been done on trying to discover the relationship between the amount of radiation and the damage, but research has been hampered by a number of factors. First of these is the impossibility of conducting any experiments on man. Many of the changes are "recessive", and may not show themselves for 20 generations or more, so that, apart from any ethical consideration, an experiment started at the time of William the Conqueror might only now begin to show results.

Another obstacle is statistical. To be of value any such experiment must take in vast numbers of subjects, all of which must be reared in strictly controlled circumstances.

When we start looking for suitable subjects we find ourselves driven to experiment with mice, with

insects far removed from man and with broad beans. But since the general mechanisms of reproduction are the same, it may be argued that the effects may equally apply to man.

The need for this kind of research became obvious soon after the discovery of X-rays and of natural radioactivity at the end of the last century. It was soon realised that these rays could cause serious damage to human beings. Hospital workers suffered skin burns and tumours. The painters of luminous watch dials who "pointed" their brushes, contaminated with radium, on the tips of their tongues paid heavily for man's ignorance. Scientists were burned by specimens of radium, carried around as curiosities in waistcoat pockets.

Radiobiology Research

Precautions were introduced to protect the bodies of operators. But it was only when war-time research brought atomic physics to the point where it could be exploited on a large scale that protection became a major problem. For one thing more people were exposed to risk and this increased the probability of recessive or hidden damage showing itself in later generations.

To meet this need the Medical Research Council set up the Radiobiological Research Unit at the Atomic Energy Research Establishment, Harwell, under Dr. J. F. Loutit. Its task was to find out all it could about the effects of atomic radiation on tissue.

"We started in 1947," Dr. Loutit told me, "with two men and a boy. None of us were experienced in radiobiology. We had to learn the hard way by trial and error." Work on the genetic side was carried out at the Institute of Animal Genetics, Edinburgh University, under Dr. T. C. Carter, seconded from Harwell.

Long-term Task

The main purpose of this group, working on mice under the direction of Prof. C. H. Waddington, has been to discover the long-term effects of continued doses of radiation. This small effort is the only research project of any size investigating the

effect of radiation on mammals, and it has recently moved to Harwell in order that the scale of the experiment may be enlarged.

Large sums have been spent on these matters in the United States, and some work is being done in Sweden and elsewhere. "Favourable consideration" has been promised for an increase in the British Government's grant if need is shown. Of the present grant of £208,000 only about £20,000 is spent on long-term genetic aspects, and probably only half of this figure at Harwell. But a rapid expansion of facilities would not be easy.

"The first essential," Dr. Loutit told me, "is men trained to do this work, and at the moment there are too few of them." Both Dr. Loutit and Dr. Carter believe that a minimum of four years is needed after a university man has gained his first degree to fit him for work in the genetic field.

Given the difficulties which I have outlined, swift and spectacular results can hardly be expected. But there is room for far more work using animals and plants, and no sphere of research however "pure" and irrelevant it may seem, can be ruled out. On the other hand, far more advantage must be taken of the information which human beings themselves provide. There is a strong case for the most careful study of man in a laboratory no smaller than the world itself.—*Daily Telegraph*, London.



RESEARCH IN MODERN INDIA

BRITISH SCIENTIST'S TRIBUTE

NATURE, in the Indian scene, has set problems which have intrigued the minds of many British men of science, excited their vision and imagination, and activated them to exercise a certain genius of their own, declared Professor Sir Alfred Egerton, F.R.S., in the course of his

Thomas Holland memorial lecture at the Royal Society of Arts, London, on May 19. "It has done the same to its own men of science.

"A distinguished Indian engineer, Ardaseer Cursetjee, was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1841; Ramanujam, in his short span of life, established a reputation as a mathematical genius of the highest order; Sir C. V. Raman as a great physicist; Sahni a distinguished botanist; and so on.

"There is no dearth of scientists of Indian nationality of high calibre. Perhaps one could remark that in the mathematical and physical sciences they have been particularly eminent. There have been excellent young engineers and chemists."

Amongst the more brilliant of the Indian chemists, said Sir Alfred, was Shanti Swarup Bhatnagar, F.R.S.—a man of quite extraordinary energy. "It is with his work," Sir Alfred went on, "that I am chiefly concerned. I will not speak of him as a scientist—though he was an inspiring teacher and research worker, particularly distinguished in colloid—and magneto-chemistry—but as a scientific administrator of special genius."

Historical Background

"In the days of the East India Company," Sir Alfred went on, "botanic gardens were established in various centres where the plants of India of value and interest could be collected and studied—the famous garden at Sibpur, in Calcutta, has such an origin.

"Then, under the Government of India, the Geodetic and Trigonometrical Survey, the Meteorological Department, and other scientific services were established. In 1935 the Government of India established the Industrial Intelligence and Research Bureau, with the object of laying the foundation on which a research organization could later be constructed.

"When the second World War broke out the need for making India industrially self-sufficient was urgent, and in 1940 the Government estab-

lished a Board of Scientific and Industrial Research."

"It was at this stage," said Sir Alfred, "that Dr. Bhatnagar was brought in from Lahore by the then Viceroy, Lord Linlithgow, and he was appointed Director, and Scientific Adviser to the Government of India."

The valuable work of the Director during the war and the connections established with leaders of industry led the Government to make a grant of Rs. 1,00,00,000 for the equipment and construction of a chain of research institutions. Even as early as 1942, proposals for a National Physical Laboratory and for a National Chemical Laboratory had been accepted.

Sir Alfred continued: "Although much was started before the attainment of independence, it was after 1947 that scientific research got the full recognition and encouragement due to it. Scientific research was announced as a portfolio directly under the Prime Minister in August 1947; the Department of Scientific Research was created in June 1948, with Dr. Bhatnagar as Director; and the Ministry of National Resources and Scientific Research was set up in January 1951, Dr. Bhatnagar becoming the Secretary responsible to the Minister . . . Under the stimulus of Mr. Nehru the development of the whole scientific organization in India has been remarkable."

National Laboratories

Concluding his address, Sir Alfred said: "We can pay homage to the work which has been done in such a short time, and to the conception of the plan under which it has been accomplished—that is, through the establishment of the Council of Scientific and Industrial Research and the chain of national laboratories. Every country has to adapt itself, in its own way, to keep abreast of the advance of knowledge and to apply it for the welfare and the betterment of the economic and social conditions of its inhabitants."

"India, realizing that the future of a great nation lies before it and not behind it, has gone forward. No praise is too high for the executive ability with which Dr. Bhatnagar had given shape to the Prime Minister's determination to bring science well to the fore in India's plan for the future."

"India's opportunities are tremendous, and it is not, perhaps, quite realized how quickly things are moving there. India has remained a member of the Commonwealth. The destiny of our Western workshop here is still closely linked with the great country with which we have been friends for hundreds of years and which, perhaps, of all countries at the present time holds the keys of man's destiny."

"The civilization of the future is perhaps not along the extreme technology of the West nor in the direction of despotic Communism, but in the hands of those whose ancient traditions and spiritual insight can, perhaps, give a fresh turn to the wheel which shapes man's future."



WORLD'S SMALLEST STORAGE BATTERY

A storage battery no larger than a postage stamp and about 1¼ inch thick has been developed by Yardney Electric Corporation of New York. Believed to be the smallest rechargeable battery in the world, the tiny cell weighs one-sixth of an ounce.

Zinc and silver electrodes are used in the battery, which has one-fourth the ampere-hour capacity of a regular battery that is 16 times bigger. It is expected that the battery will be used in portable communications equipment and electric wrist watches, and may "revolutionise" some photography and model airplane equipment. The battery could operate an electric-powered watch for more than a year without recharging, its makers say.

"... OVER A. I. R."

By M. KRISHNAN

RECENTLY a well-wisher suggested to A.I.R., Madras, that I should be black-listed because I had not always applauded Dr. Keskar's 'light music' policy in these columns. Dr. Keskar himself will, I suppose, be much less intolerant of fair comment, but he might not act on this thoroughgoing suggestion for a different reason. I do not know if he is a regular reader of SWATANTRA, and even if he is he might well have skipped these laborious monthly pages. However I hope, optimistically, that if not the head of the institution, someone in All India Radio interested in its light music will read this particular review.

As I have pointed out before, all that any reviewer can do is to say that he liked something or else that he did not. Most often, he cannot give logical reasons for his reactions, especially when writing of a broadcast of light music, for to attempt such criticism would involve much tedious discussion of things that are, after all, matters of taste. It is rarely that one can point to patent major defects in these broadcasts. In two programmes I listened to last month, I thought I noticed such defects.

I do not know whether the A.I.R. term 'Lalitha Geetham' connotes 'light music' or is the Southern equivalent of 'bhav-geet', but whether it is airiness or emotional appeal that sustains it my criticism is equally valid. Here is my criticism of the 'Lalitha Geetham' of the Southern stations in general and of the recital broadcast from Tiruchi on May 24 in particular. Why this so-horrible insistence on North Indian ragas, wretchedly rendered in Carnatic idiom?

Mind you, I am not saying this only of an amateur broadcasting in a late programme. I am convinced that the singing of North Indian tunes and ragas by our musicians, whatever their eminence, is a sad mistake, and that the attempt at

Carnatic music by Northern ustadhs is equally reprehensible. Yes, there is much in common between the music of the North and of the South and many extra-territorial connoisseurs of both, but the two styles just don't mix.

One of the most nightmarish recollections of my childhood is of a recital by the late Abdul Karim Khan, to which I was taken by two large, musically-minded elders who seated themselves firmly on either side of me. Now, Abdul Karim Khan was an ustad whose greatness was beyond question, and so long as he confined himself to the music of the North I listened to him with an interest which was far less self-conscious than that of my grown-up neighbours. Then, to please the Southern audience, the distinguished singer embarked upon a well-known Carnatic piece, Tyagaraja's 'Rama nee samaanam eva', no less. It was the most refined torture I have ever had to endure. As the Khan went on with his staccato, khyal-style rendering, an urgent desire to be elsewhere possessed me, but I was physically prevented. Fierce looks were turned upon me, fierce threats were hissed into my ears, and I was pushed back into my chair. Then my escorts whispered admiring remarks to each other across my suffering body, to show that *they* had not missed the master's nuances.

"How sympathetically, with what deep understanding, he expounds the raga!"

"Their Kafi is not unlike our Karaharapriya, you know."

Well, even those hypocrites could not have enthused over the 'Lalitha Geetham' from Tiruchi on the night of May 24. The programme consisted of six pieces, all in Tamil, and three were most outlandishly set in tunes highly reminiscent of Hindustani film-songs. Why should Subramanya Bharathi's celebrated address to Saraswati ("In the white lotus flower she lives, and in the strains of the

Veena") have been rendered in Bhimpalas, in a tune that at once suggested the song from 'Ramarajya' beginning with the words 'Beena, madhura madhura kachubol'? Subramanya Bharathi (I have to repeat the name in full, in view of the existence of other verse-writing Bharathis with whom I do not want the poet confused) has himself specified both the raga and the time-scale for this particular address—Anandabhairavi and Chapu. Why, then, sing this quiet, reflective piece in a melodramatic Bhimpalas? Another well-known song by the same poet was also sung in a raga different from that of his intention, but, thank heaven, in Carnatic Bilahari—this was the address to Lakshmi, 'Malarin mevu Tiruve, un mel maiyal pongi ninren', which the poet intended for a setting in Naattai. A song by Suddhananda Bharathi was sung in a rather doleful Bageshri, and another by N. S. Chidambaram Pillai in a raga that might have been Desh if it was not Tilakamod—or something else.

There was a Surdas bhajan in the Lalitha Gitavali broadcast from Madras on the night of May 20, and it was poorly sung.

The feature, 'Naattupadalkalil Nagalchuvai', broadcast from Madras on May 26, seemed all wrong to me. Now, there can be no doubt what the word 'Naattuppaadal' means: it means 'folk-song' and only that. Folk-songs, and all things that smack of folk-song, belong to oral traditions—in recent times they may have been written down or otherwise recorded, but they must have had an oral life for a few generations at least and must, sometime or other, have been truly popular. This, I think, is the true test of a Tamil folk-song. Not its ancient age; not the purity of its colloquial diction. I stress this point because there are critics who will not concede so much latitude, and I want it to be clear that I make no criticism of this broadcast from any extreme view.

Granted much latitude, most of the pieces chosen for this talk on 'The Humorous Element in Tamil Folk-songs' (I think that is a fair if somewhat paraphrased translation of the

A.I.R. title) were still neither folk-songs nor specially humorous. The instrumental accompaniments provided (the Mridangam, the violin, the Veena for one piece) seemed utterly out of place, especially as the songs were meant to illustrate the talk. But that is a minor point. One of the pieces selected was a verse by Anthahakkavi Veerarghava Mudaliar (a comparatively recent poet) which conforms in every way to the strict requirements of literary prosody which formally distinguish written literature in Tamil from the oral—by no stretch of imagination can this be called a 'Naattuppaadal'. It is a scornful description of poor food served to the poet on a specific occasion (Tamil poets were always quick with vituperative verse when served poor fare) and is an occasional verse in a set, literary, vituperative tradition. I know at least half-a-dozen similar occasional verses, by other poets, which have greater gusto and humour.

ANOTHER piece chosen for this talk was funny mainly for its free use of English words; here are two lines from that song, which tells of a discussion between a father and his son about the latter's marriage:

"Don't bother, antha thollai enakku vendaam"

"Stout female ladygallal sathur nadakka vendum"

The use of English and other foreign words in Tamil verse is a rather peculiar feature of the recent comic literature. Certain English words that have crept into Tamil, like 'car' and 'office', may be used in folk-songs—the latter would, of course, get transmitted to 'aapees'. A few English words, like 'minor', have acquired an altogether richer connotation in Tamil than they have in their native tongue; these, too, may be used in folk-songs. But they are not used merely for the sake of bringing in a foreign and therefore slightly ridiculous word; they are used because, in such settings, they are apposite and natural, because Tamil knows no colloquial equivalents for these words. In two wholly delight-

ful and authentic folk-songs from the Tanjore area all the three words listed above are used; these are comparatively recent in point of time, but are demonstrably true folk-songs.

In no Tamil folk-song can we find a whole sequence of uncorrupted English words, brought in merely for ridiculous contrast. In the *written* literature, conforming to strict requirements of rhyme and rhythm, we can find such sequences of English (and Hindustani) words. One thinks of Villiappan at once, but others, too, have used such sequences. Here the borrowed words are slickly fitted into the tight pattern of the verse with fiendish cunning, to provide an unexpected and surely calculated effect; the English word may be split neatly to meet the exigencies of rhyme; or there may be a play upon the sound of the foreign words to yield a meaning in Tamil.

No such craft characterises the "Don't bother" and "Stout female lady" (I like this) of the lines from the broadcast—they belong neither to folk-song nor to slick, humorous verse. They are just lines from mongrel verse, of the same category as English verse with Tamil words interposed, such as the address to 'Meenachi' with the jasmies in her hair, popular among Madras college students of my generation, or the song of the search for the lost golf ball by an European I.C.S. officer beginning with the line:

"Come kel to en ye badava payals utkaring on your pins".

Such mongrel verse is not 'Naattuppaadal' and has no currency among the people, who see nothing screamingly funny in a few English words thrown into a Tamil song. And I don't think the idea of a dance by a stout female lady is funny, after all. It could be tragic.

Present-day Tamil is unfortunately stricken with a brand of humour that consists solely of the sudden use of a few English words. To the extent to which anything vacuous and cheap is vulgar, this sort of 'humour' is vulgar, and radio-play writers are much addicted to it—in fact the play broadcast on the night of May 24 was largely sustained by such humour. The avowed policy of A.I.R. is to discourage all things vulgar in its 'light' programmes. Here is an excellent opportunity for A.I.R. to live up to its professed integrity and, simultaneously, to do a very real service to Tamil.

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"The modern teacher in India, due to a variety of causes, has found himself in a position where he can only teach but not educate."

CAUSES OF INDISCIPLINE AMONG STUDENTS

By S. KRISHNA RAU

ONE distinctive feature of ancient education was the intimate contact that existed between the teacher and the taught. Very often the pupil lived in the teacher's home as one of its members and toiled for the common good of the family, which was mostly the fee that he paid in return for his education. This contact extending over a number of years, often enabled the pupil to observe and appreciate human behaviour and relationships, and other social problems of his time. He formed his own impressions regarding them which were later either confirmed or corrected by the teacher in the fulness of his experience and wisdom. For there was nothing that was debarred from discussion between them subject, of course, to the limitations of the pupil's age and understanding. The study of the texts formed but a very limited part of their daily routine and was done mostly in the cooler hours of the day, away from noisy resorts. It caused no intellectual strain to the learner, and went hand in hand with the experience of life he gained from day to day.

Besides, the teacher was not one who picked up his occupation by accident or as a means of living, but belonged mostly to a line of hereditary men who were adepts not only in teaching, but also in the art of training the young in habits and behaviour. The discipline that they exercised over them was the discipline that by heredity they acquired and imposed upon themselves. Their scholarship and wisdom, their affection and concern for the welfare of their wards, and the high regard in which they were held by men and women around them, reassured the young in the wisdom of their word

and the infallibility of their example.

These men were the silent and unobstructive builders of the Indian nation whose sense of orderly living and love of peace have won world-wide recognition even today. They moulded into shape the great hero of the Ramayana whose rectitude has been the emulation of ages since gone by. It was one of these architects that transformed the genius of the spoilt child of Nandagokula into the mightiest statesman of his time, and was the author of the eternal message of Srimad Bhagawad Gita.

In short, the teachers of old not only imparted learning, but also moulded character.

Even today people hold that it is the teacher's duty not only to impart verbal tuition but also to build character. The school is considered to be the centre and the only place of such training. One would very much wish that both the teacher and the school could justify the trust thus reposed in them. But things appear to be different.

IN the first place the members seeking education have considerably swelled in the wake of the democratic surge whose impact has been felt even in the remotest corners of the country. The economic stress of the lower-income groups against better standards of life that have come into vogue has deprived their homes and hearts of the calm and confidence with which they formerly faced their problems. Life to a majority of men and women has become a struggle for very existence; and that had a disastrous effect upon the moral standards which once were their code of life. Education has become necessary no doubt; and it is not disputed that it is the only way to enlighten-

ment and the building of character. But at the same time, it is considered sufficient if education can provide employment.

Another important feature is that impact of the cultures of the East, Middle East and the West has increased our problems and the problems of the young, though undoubtedly it has enriched their life and outlook. More languages and more texts in a larger variety of subjects have to be studied. Faith in the home and tradition is rudely shaken. The emergence of an orderly and established administration seeking to have an intimate knowledge of the problems of the people and attempting to solve them for the promotion of contentment and general well-being, has brought into existence innumerable posts of responsibility both in the Government and private bodies that require to be filled by young men adequately equipped for their tasks. This is certainly a very desirable and welcome feature of modern life for it provides opportunities for a large number of persons not only to get employed, but also to serve the nation in some field of activity or other. But it has unfortunately shifted the aim of education from enlightenment to employment and from self-reliance to dependence.

THERE has also been a considerable change in the position of the teacher. He no longer belongs to the hereditary groups versed in the art of education. His equipment is very inadequate, especially in the lower rungs of the educational ladder. He has neither the training nor the space, much less the much-needed financial support to take children into his home for giving them that most important part of true education, viz., training in behaviour. Thus due to a variety of causes, the modern teacher in India has found himself in a position where he can only teach, but not educate.

The question of emoluments apart, which are admittedly too low to give him the barest needs of life, a sympathetic appreciation of the teacher's work at school is generally lacking. He works four hours out of five every

day; and part of the leisure he is allowed to enjoy is employed by his being asked to engage the classes of the absentee teachers. The classes are sometimes unwieldy, the number reaching fifty in certain cases. The number of subjects he handles is often more than two, involving the scrutiny and correction of school records. Besides there is always some measure of administrative work that generally falls to his lot. At the end of the day he is completely fatigued and, as I observed in several cases, does not command the necessary will even to recreate himself. He prefers to stay at home and await the welcome evening meal.

At home he has the usual share of family worries common to men who live always in want. He has perforce to undertake tuitions with all their attendant evils and exactions, which he does either in the mornings or in the evenings or both, according to the needs of his situation. There are of course the week-end holidays but the overburdened syllabuses which are mostly not covered due to the delays in the supply of text books, demand his services at school even on these days for the covering of unfinished portions.

Under these conditions will it be fruitful to burden the teachers with the task of moulding the behaviour of the child? To bring up a child in behaviour is not the same thing as teaching him a lesson. It requires continued personal attention, and plenty of imagination and patience. Can a teacher tied to the machinery of the school routine be expected to do this work satisfactorily?

There is no doubt that there are still some teachers of intrinsic moral worth who are interested in the moulding of character also, and who leave a lasting impression on the young minds by their high sense of duty and exposition of moral values during the course of their teaching. But the number is necessarily small, and the children admire and honour them, but not always copy their example.

A solution has thus to be found to suit modern conditions. That there is need to train children in beha-

viour also is admitted on all hands. The acts of indiscipline, for whatever reason, frequently reported in the papers demand attention.

There is no doubt that the home is the best place where this training can largely be given. In fact it is so given even now in homes where the problem is understood and appreciated. But in many homes the parents are poor and ill-informed; and traditions and surroundings too are not very congenial for them to bring up children in the proper way, however much they might wish to do so. But there is a large percentage of even educated parents who imagine that it is the responsibility of the school and the teacher only to correct and guide their children's conduct. Very often one reads in the newspapers exhortations from eminent public men and even educationalists to teachers telling them that the nation has entrusted them with the sacred task of moulding the future of its youth. There is no doubt that the teachers would most willingly respond to this appeal if they could. But the chances at present of their being really helpful in this regard are doubtful for reasons cited above.

There is no mistaking the fact that if the nation's children are to be its pillars tomorrow, the parents should cease to be indifferent but share with the teachers the responsibilities inherent in the task of educating them. A few suggestions as to how the home can help the solution of the problem have been outlined by the writer in his articles published in SWATANTRA under dates 2nd October 1954, and 23rd April 1955.

There are yet many children in their teens who live in towns or cities far away from their homes. They mess in hotels and reside in rented rooms. In a few small towns there are still boys who have their lodgings in the hotels only. One can imagine what guidance these little ones have outside their class-rooms. In a majority of cases the few good habits that they picked up in their homes are often reversed and they get accustomed to a sort of aimless living, their interests and attractions ranging from smoking to other abomina-

ble vices. Sometimes they stay away from classes without reporting themselves at their homes. There is none to check their movements and their career at school ends not only without bearing any fruit, but after creating enough problems for the parent to contend with later.

Sometimes one misguided boy is enough to infect many other normal boys and sow in their minds seeds of disrespect to duty, authority, and right conduct.

The only provision that has been accepted as a solution for this malady is the hostel or the boarding home. But not all places where there are schools or colleges have hostels. Their number is very small, and where they are managed by the educational institutions concerned, the attention paid to training in habits and behaviour is meagre. The manager or the warden is generally an overworked teacher who rarely commands the confidence and respect of the boarders.

COLLEGE hostels present generally a better appearance than those belonging to schools. It is probably due to the fact that most of the boarders are no longer adolescents but adults. But even here not all things can be said to be satisfactory. The rooms where the boarders live present often a very uncouth appearance, with books and papers thrown pell-mell along with soiled clothes and cigarette stumps. There is no doubt that there is an attempt on their part to look tidy, but they lack the eye to make the surroundings also look tidy. Water flows out from the bathing rooms making the soil around slushy, but no attempt is made to grow a few plants and render the spot look decent and healthy. There is late waking into the night and corresponding late rising. Correction is resented and often leads to unhappy situations. The general policy governing the hostels appears to be one of smooth-sailing, no matter what that means.

School hostels are a far rarer feature and have failed wherever they were started, the reasons being mostly lack of effective supervision and the inability of the generality of boarders to meet the costs.

Then there are the boarding homes mostly meant for poor children maintained by certain denominational agencies or by individuals, which generally lack the warmth of feeling that is so necessary to make children's lives happy and worth living. Once a poor parent told me that he would rather have his child go without education than submit her to the tyranny of the boarding home. And this is not a solitary instance. There are of course a few hostels and boarding homes that are run on fairly sound lines but they are like oases in a desert. It will not be incorrect to presume that these hostels and boarding homes, good and bad, do not provide for more than one or two percent of the children that live away from their homes.

JUDGING from the national consciousness that has been roused by independence and the franchise on adult basis, is it not time that the public and the administration pay enough attention to this important aspect of the children's training? Will they be content with talking about the indiscipline prevailing among them and admonishing schools and teachers for what is mostly beyond them to do satisfactorily? It is necessary to realise that in the complicated pattern of life of the present day, where the craze is more for the stamp than for the content, where the ends are considered more important than the means, and where material benefit outweighs all spiritual considerations, educational institutions can discharge only a limited task. They form but one wing of the educational edifice, imparting knowledge and training the intellect. They would gladly do the other job also, that of training the habits and conduct of children, but their opportunities are limited.

How can this other job be done? Though it is largely the field of technical experts who have a thorough knowledge of the working of the child mind and risks of adolescence and youth, yet without the assistance of men and women of experience who are well acquainted with the life of the community and with the working of the social mind,

the training given cannot be said to be complete. Moreover when there is acute dearth already for technically qualified hands to man educational institutions, to have such men employed to be in charge of hostels also may not be quite a practical proposition for many years to come. The responsibility therefore rests on others.

Thanks to long years of established rule in the land, we have an unending chain of retired men with intimate knowledge of men and things and also of administration. Among them one can count doctors, engineers, magistrates, judges, educationalists, etc., whose experience and wisdom is hardly availed of by society at present. By training they are not the kind of men who would rush into the limelight. But that does not mean that they are lacking in spirit of service for any good cause. And I am sure that the cause of education and children will interest and attract them, as they themselves would have undergone untold difficulties in dealing with the education of their own children during transfers while in service. If the parents, most of whom are already worried over the absence of a suitable agency to look after their children in towns, come forward and show their interest and concern in the matter, the sympathies and services of these men may be enlisted, free of cost in most cases.

This does not absolve the Government of its own share of responsibility. It should devise means of bringing into existence hostel facilities wherever there are secondary schools and colleges, in cooperation with the public. It should come forward with liberal grants to such hostels towards house rents, supply of utensils, running of a reading room and library, etc., the boarding and other incidental charges being met by the boarders themselves. Controls should be flexible and not too rigid to scare away public sympathy and cooperation. When the Government are spending large sums of money for national regeneration on a scale unheard of in recent years, it will not be too much to expect them to contribute a mite to this most urgent need of education.

KRISHNA MENON IN THE AMERICAN PRESS

By P. G. KRISHNAYYA

NEW YORK: The travels of Krishna Menon on behalf of Prime Minister Nehru seem to infuriate the American Press as a whole. Here we give some examples:

When World Is Having Dizzy Spell Menon Is Sure To Be On The Spot

There is a saying in diplomatic circles: Wherever Krishna Menon turns up, there the world is doing its darnedest to have a nervous breakdown.

Menon, who is India's representative at the United Nations, turned up in Geneva after the fall of Dien Bien Phu last summer to pave the way for the Indo-China sellout. Although he was only an "observer" at the Geneva conference, he, probably more than any other man, was responsible for Red China's victory at the conference table.

Seeing Krishna Menon for the first time at Geneva last June, a young American military attache asked: "Who's the lean guy with the hungry look?"

Man of Mystery

Today the world might echo this question. For despite his ubiquity, Mr. Menon still remains something of a man of mystery.

A strict vegetarian, he neither smokes nor drinks and is a bachelor at the age of 56. The austerity of his private life would make a hermit's look merry by comparison.

This is the man whom Pandit Nehru would like to make India's Foreign Minister if Mr. Nehru can shove him down the throat of the Indian Congress Party. So far the Congress Party isn't swallowing.

One reason for Mr. Menon's unpopularity in India is the fact that he has spent practically no time there. He arrived in England for six months study of economics and law in 1924. He stayed 28 years.

The British knew him as a starving student, a shabby figure who lived on buns and tea in a cheap room while learning his economic ABCs from Socialist Harold Laski.

Socialist Firebrand

As a Socialist firebrand, he got his real training in the rough-and-tumble of London ward politics. He learned his slippery footwork in one of London's poorest boroughs, St. Pancras, where he served as a Socialist councilman.

For 13 years "The Yogi of St. Pancras," as he was known, led his followers a strange dance. No hunger march was complete without the gaunt Menon. He carried banners in May Day parades, and wrote articles on India for the *Daily Worker*.

While whirling like a dervish through British politics of the depression, Mr. Menon never lost sight of his main goal, Indian independence. And when India won its independence in 1947, he was made its first High Commissioner in London.

Krishna Menon Says: Get the U. S. Out of Asia

V. K. Krishna Menon, who represents India's Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru, is going to Peiping to try to serve as middle man in arranging a peace between Red China and the United States.

A three-hour talk with Mr. Menon, covering the range of his viewpoints, has given U. S. News and World Report an idea of the peace terms that he wants to put across. Their purport: Get the U.S. out of Asia and give the Reds much of what they want in the Far East.

Step by step, here are the moves that Prime Minister Nehru and Krishna Menon are trying to promote:

First immediate and unconditional surrender to Red China of the offshore islands of Quemoy and Matsui.

Second, liquidation of Chiang Kai-shek's Nationalist Government, and establishment of a caretaker government on Formosa to negotiate with the Reds.

Third, a turnover of Formosa to Communist China.

After that, Mr. Nehru and Mr. Menon aim at a Far Eastern settlement that would do these things: Yield South Vietnam to the Communist regime that now controls the northern half of the country.

Dismantle all U.S. military alliance with Asian countries.

Force the withdrawal of U. S. military forces from Japan and Korea, and other parts of Asia. Also create an Indian-dominated neutral bloc, comprising all non-Communist countries of Asia, to replace U. S. power in this part of the world.

Unveiled at Bandung

Prime Minister Nehru and Mr. Menon gave this formula its launching at the recent conference of Asian-African nations at Bandung.

At that conference, Mr. Nehru exposed himself as a bitter critic of U. S. policy and a special pleader for the cause of Red China and Russia. Backstage, Krishna Menon buttonholed Asian delegates to spell out the Indian peace formula even more explicitly.

This is the line that Mr. Menon takes in his private conversations:

Red China: Mr. Menon believes that the Communists' main task is to consolidate their power and economy. He says they can do it best if there's no war—but that they will manage to do the job even if war comes.

Formosa: That island, he says, belongs to China historically and in every other sense. He scorns the idea of a plebiscite on Formosa to settle its fate as "ridiculous."

Chiang Kai-shek: Krishna Menon proposes that the Nationalist leader retire with his family to the U. S. and be pensioned off. Then, he says, a provisional government not "tainted" by Chiang could take over in Formosa to negotiate with Peiping.

Japan: China is looked on as Japan's normal trading partner. The Indian diplomat says that Japan's future depends on co-operation with the Reds.

Cambodia and Laos: Mr. Menon states that India has traditional religious and cultural ties with Cambodia, but will give those two countries no material or military aid against aggression—only moral support.

U. S. officials derided. In the course of a three-hour conversation, Mr. Menon repeatedly denounced American policies and derided U. S. officials.

Krishna Menon, who recently visited the U. S. to meet President Eisenhower, believes that the President has the prestige to win public support in the U. S. for a Formosa settlement. But he adds that President Eisenhower does not have the "mental furniture" to know what to do about it.

These ideas have long been held by Mr. Menon. As India's top envoy, he shows up frequently at international meetings to give Communist diplomats a helping hand. It was this man who played a large part in getting the West to make concessions to the Communists during the Korea and Indo-China truce talks.

Prime Minister Nehru, in the past, has been less consistent than Mr. Menon in supporting the Communist powers. While often critical of the U.S., he has sometimes criticised the Communist nations, too.

The Big Switch

Everything that Mr. Nehru says now, however, adds up to blanket condemnation of American policies—and he tolerates no criticism of the Communists. Here, in his own words, is how India's Prime Minister views the rest of the world:

Resistance to Red aggression: "War must be avoided at any cost."

Military build-ups: "This so-called realistic policy has brought us to the abyss of war."

Western European alliance: "It's one of the most powerful protectors of colonialism."

Russian imperialism in Eastern Europe: "These nations are members of the United Nations and have treaties with other countries. This proves that they are sovereign. Condemnation would be interference in their internal affairs."

No Critic of Russia

While attacking American-sponsored defense peace, such as that between Turkey and Pakistan, Mr. Nehru avoids any criticism of Russian-backed alliances, such as the one between the Soviet Union and Red China. He does not mention Russia's control over the military forces of its Eastern European satellites.

India's Prime Minister and his personal diplomat regard American military power in Asia as the real cause of tension and war threats. They say that, once U. S. military strength is removed from this part of world, Asia can trust Red China's "good faith."

Mr. Nehru and Mr. Menon have two goals. They want to satisfy Red China's immediate demands on the Formosa question. And they want to divide Asia into two spheres of influence. One would consist of the Communist bloc, extending from Korea through Vietnam, to be controlled by Peiping. The other would consist of the neutralist bloc, including the rest of Asia, to be dominated by New Delhi.

India's leaders are trying hard to promote these ideas among other non-Communist countries of South Asia. Their efforts, so far, are meeting with little success. Except for the Indonesians, leaders of these countries think that the Indian viewpoint is unrealistic.

As these Asians see it, Mr. Nehru's attacks on all who question his policies are gradually isolating him from other South Asian countries. Even Burma and Ceylon, largely guided in the past by Mr. Nehru's ideas, now have serious qualms about any attempt to force the U. S. out of Asia and buy peace through major concessions to the Communists. Ceylon's

Prime Minister Sir John Kotelawala is openly at odds with Mr. Nehru.

Other Asian countries such as Pakistan and Thailand, which have strong ties with the West, are even more opposed to India's formula for peace. These countries actually favour more American commitment in this area, not less.

There is growing rebellion among non-Communist Asians against Mr. Nehru's ideas. That revolt shatters the claim of the Indian Prime Minister to be the spokesman for Asia.

Closer to Reds?

As a result, some Asians think the West now faces a new complication—that Mr. Nehru's wounded vanity may drive him into even closer collaboration with Communist China. Neither Mr. Nehru nor Mr. Menon considers their ideas on Asia a sell-out to Communism. Secretly, both men fear the rising power of Red China. But they are convinced that the American policy of creating military alliances to counter Communist expansion will lead inevitably to war. And they see capitulation to Communist demands as a lesser evil than war. That viewpoint is the basis of India's formula for peace—a formula that Mr. Menon is taking to Peiping for the approval of Red China's leaders.



Those who would have life logical, a pretty geometrical design, a kind of finished garden city, to which no additions can be made, must, indeed, view its confusions and irregularities with uneasy apprehension. To pattern lovers, to neat minds, who prefer things in their proper places, ticketed and pigeon-holed, it no doubt presents a shocking spectacle, an inextricable tangle, a wilderness without ways, aflame with conflicting energies, swarming with creatures of a hundred million habits, involuted and convoluted to an indescribable complexity. Let it be so, and let us take a holiday from the requirements of a static logic, asking ourselves whether such a holiday might not benefit our spiritual health.

—W. Macneille Dixon in "The Human Situation."

TENANT EVICTIONS: NEED FOR A SANE LAND POLICY

By D. V. RAMA RAO

TENANT evictions, about which Prime Minister Nehru has been complaining recently, were rare in the past when there was hardly any tenancy protection, but have been on the increase only in recent years. Castigating the non-cultivating landowner as an intermediary and parasite on the one hand and, on the other, calling him heartless if he seeks to farm a portion of his land, which necessitates tenant eviction to some extent, hardly shows understanding of the problem, nor does it help towards finding a sound solution.

It is the fear of losing both investment value and the right to farm at least a portion of one's land, aggravated by loose slogans and confused policies, that is leading to evictions and friction. For instance, the Orissa Tenants Protection Act, extended yearly since 1948 and recently expired, reduced the crop-share of those owning more than 33 acres and also disallowed them from farming even a cent of their tenanted land; it afforded no relief or protection to the vast majority of tenants of those owning less than 33 acres who could evict tenants. Instead of remedying the defects by, for instance, making the share relief provisions applicable to all tenants and extending the right to farm upto the prescribed limit to all landowners subject to a general safeguard such as that no non-landowning cultivator should be evicted from more than half his holding, a lopsided temporary measure like the Orissa Tenants Relief Bill has been sprung as a surprise. The very announcement about the Bill has led to a scare among the middle class, largely comprising modest investors in land, and in some cases to intransigence on the part of cultivators, leading to evictions and friction. If the landowner's share is reduced so low as to make the position of an owner of 50 acres or more of tenanted land worse than

that of a farmer of ten acres, naturally, it is bound to lead to evictions, or in some cases forcible occupation of land by non-tenants, and to litigation, especially as, in many cases, the lease deeds are not recorded, thus making tenancy protection largely illusory.

Instead of haphazard and widely varying fixation of crop-share ranging from three-fifths to one-sixth to landowners, from State to State, it should be regulated, rather than rigidly and arbitrarily fixed, on sound and equitable principles. The tenant's share should not be less than what an independent farmer would incur by way of costs including farmhand wages or supervision charges; the landowner's share may yield 3 to 4% on investment value which is much less than the rate of interest or dividend allowed in other sectors and sufficiently low to discourage rentier investment in land. An average farmer in the case of most crops, would incur about one-third value of crops by way of all costs; since the tenant is expected to do the work of farmhand or supervision, the actual costs incurred by a tenant would be less than the above. The landowner has to meet taxes, periodical repairs and the like. So, one-third to two-third share would yield a net income of 3 to 4% while three-fifths to two-fifths share in crops leaves a fair margin to tenants. In fact, the need for ensuring a liberal share even to tenants-at-will arises not so much on grounds of equity as from the fact that tenancy holdings are often too small and alternate or supplementary means of earnings inadequate. So, three-fifth to two-third crop-share to tenants may be taken as basic, subject to minor local variations and flexible adjustments. If tenancy holdings are sizeable, even a half share in crops may prove lucrative to tenants in many cases.

The fact that land has come to be the most common investment for hard-earned middle class family savings in industrially undeveloped areas may not be ignored; and that the State, as yet, is unable to provide alternate means of livelihood or social security for all. As such, it would be putting the cart before the horse if millions of modest investors in land were to be practically deprived of their incomes, in many cases their sole means of livelihood, by too drastic reduction of the landowner's share which would also unduly depreciate land values, especially that of tenanted land, to the detriment of general mofussil economy including rural credit and co-operative and land-mortgage banks, besides adversely affecting the maintenance of numerous temples and charitable institutions usually endowed with land. It is to the interests of farmers too, who outnumber tenants by several times, to have fair capital value for land which serves both as means of occupation commanding credit and salable capital in times of need. Most tenants of today may be prospective independent farmers of tomorrow.

Further, a disproportionately large share to tenants may not prove an incentive to efficient production in the case of many who have subsidiary occupations like hereditary crafts, or who ply bullock-carts (said to be more than 8 millions in the country) or have lands of their own or who work in nearby urban areas for their main earnings. It may induce many to sub-let surreptitiously.

As regards the need for increasing the purchasing capacity in the countryside, which factor, perhaps, also influences the national planning and agrarian policies, apart from the fact that only about 11% of rural population in the country consist of tenants, it should be done by providing more gainful or varied supplementary occupations through promotion of cottage and medium-scale industries, extension of utility services and the like, and not by merely reducing the purchasing capacity of investors in land who too, having

modest incomes in most cases, spend practically on necessities; as such, it would be fictitious from the viewpoint of increasing the purchasing or consumption capacity on necessities, as opposed to luxuries, in the nation as a whole.

Lastly, since about 70% of cultivators own land in the country after zamindari abolition and since there is a marked tendency on the part of the middleclass to transfer their former investment in land for the most part to other sectors, which if done would be conducive to the capital formation so necessary for the success of planning policies, and since several cultivators also are able to purchase the land available at buyers' price, transference of as much land as possible to cultivators by normal, mutual transactions should be encouraged, if possible, by advancing loans on easy terms to the needy non-landowning cultivators; in the absence of which, the amount of 'dead capital' with cultivators who, as a rule, invest on land only, cannot be known. Unfortunately, due to confused and hasty policies, added to unscrupulous agitation by some parties bent upon creating disharmony, an artificial deadlock is created in normal land transactions between landowners and cultivators in some States much to the discomfiture of the middle class and to the detriment of the much-needed flow of capital into the non-agricultural sector. In this connection, the suggestion made on previous occasions, of imposing a suitably graded special cess ranging from 5 to 10 per cent on all personal incomes above a certain level, like the Income-tax, both agricultural and non-agricultural, during the planning period may be considered. That might yield Rs. 50 to 70 crores a year and may be specially utilised for financing a national rural bank with the main object of facilitating purchase of land by needy cultivators to the extent landowners intended to part with, and help settling some on available cultivable waste land.

A stable and balanced policy requires to be adopted till the completion of the second Five Year Plan,

after which the situation could be reviewed. By that time, with increased occupational and investment opportunities in mofussil areas and with general increased prosperity, the problem of too much pressure on land, as well as that of rentier investment in land, will probably be automatically solved to a great extent.

Evictions, in short, would practically cease if landowners are assured of an equitable share in crops and of the permanent right to resume for farming upto a fair limit, if at all a

limit is necessary, subject to the general safeguard that no non-landowning tenant should be evicted from more than half his holding. If this is done, as in the past, most of the landowners are not likely to exercise the right to farm in a hurry, or at any time at all.

One is afraid that ill-conceived legislation, like the recent Orissa Tenants Relief Act, rather than heartlessness on the part of landowners, is primarily responsible for tenant eviction.

A Fashion Model's Life

A FASHION model's life is, according to popular belief, one long round of wearing beautiful clothes at smart functions. June Duncan, a fashion model broadcasting in the BBC's Home Service, said that in reality it is a life of very hard work. Although the fashion model is photographed in gorgeous clothes she has to provide the accessories herself. When posing for an advertisement of a summer dress, for instance, she must take along to the studio gloves, shoes, hat, bag, and perhaps umbrella hoping that they will be suitable for the dress she is to wear.

June Duncan was originally trained for the stage which helped her very greatly when it came to posing and showing clothes. She found, however, that modelling seriously interfered with her private life and she often had to cancel a date at the last minute when she was given a rush job to do or kept late at the studio. "But if you're going to get on you must put the work first, the same as in any other career, and all these wonderful tales of premieres and cocktail parties, and handsome young men picking you up in beautiful cars, well I can't say that's happened to me," she said. "Mostly I stagger home, take my shoes off and cook myself supper and then relax for the night—I don't want to go anywhere or do anything." Hairdressing was very important to a model, whose hair had to be well-groomed. "I think it's essential to have a hair style that you can alter because the

more versatile you are the more work you get. But you have to have it done every week, there's no doubt about that," she said. Make-up styles also varied from year to year and what one photographer thought the height of glamour caused another one acute pain and the model had to whisk off one complexion and paint on another at quick notice.

"There are the two types of models, the show girls and the photographic girls, and as a rule a girl who shows beautifully is not photogenic and vice versa. But some of the free-lance girls have to do both to make up the money," said June Duncan. The model's day was an exhausting one. "When you do a show in London you usually arrive about half past nine in the morning and you rehearse all day, and you wear about eight or ten things," she said. "I personally treat this as a stage show, as an entertainment, and when I put something on I look for some feature of the garments, particularly with hats, and out I go and smile and give all I've got—as they say. This isn't always liked in England; I don't know whether it's because we don't like any form of exhibitionism whatsoever. But in Paris they love that, they think that's really giving something, it's chic." Modelling was a chancy but fascinating profession that depended on the whims of the magazines and fashion houses and a model never knew from month to month whether she would be rich or poor. But whenever the customers wanted to use her she was only too pleased to be used.

Short Story

Manjeri S. Isvaran

THE THOUGHTLESS DONKEY

The donkey thought as per its dreams that it had met its redeemer and he perhaps had the power to turn it into a horse, to pursue its equine destiny.

THE lowest thing in evolution to the elect contribute to the wisdom of the world; yet the world remains cock-eyed, how cock-eyed you and I have no idea, the philosopher and the scientist have no idea. Especially the scientist who, as one of our humorists observes, has got his nose stuck so deep in his crucible that he does not notice he is growing the ears that Titania put on the head of Bottom. Life is in a ceaseless quest of itself; gay, ludicrous and tearful, cynical and ironic; in its quest are born characters and backgrounds; as in a game of chess it moves the characters to establish their import or allow for their irrelevance; and from under degrees and varieties of camouflage it passes on the mystery to the creative artist for explanation or elaboration as best he may.

Once upon a time there was a donkey. A washerman's donkey. Its master worked it all the livelong day and never fed it properly. Bearing loads of linen washed and unwashed, wet and dry, its middle sagged and almost touched the ground, it seemed to be worn out into an ant. The washerman's wife too was not kindly disposed towards it; her tongue was both a rapier and a lash; and whenever her husband came home drunk, she vented her spleen more upon the donkey than upon her man; so also the man when he came to words with his wife; and between master and mistress the poor creature stood as a bulwark, bearing their blows and abuse with the patience of Mother Earth. But it smarted more under their abuse, being ever addressed by the name of its own species, with varying adjectives to suit mood and temper, for under its lazy exterior the donkey hid a sensitive heart,

always dreaming that it was born a horse and pained with the thought of man's inhumanity in altering its destiny.

And all its yesterdays came as stabs of pain in its sensitive heart; but the stab of yesterday was the fiercest of them all. It was so hungry that it had drunk in one breath the whole vat of *kanji* mixed with indigo, which the washerman had prepared for the final wring of the cleanly-washed clothes before putting them to dry in the sun. And he was both shocked and amazed at the disappearance of the *kanji*; had it evaporated under the hot sun, he wondered and scratched his head, haunted by a hundred excruciating doubts. Then had he seen the bloated belly of his donkey, guessed in the batting of an eyelid that it was the culprit, and thrashed it within an inch of its life, leaving that inch in its tail to be pinched and twisted as she pleased, to his gracious spouse. The donkey had digested the *kanji* despite the blows, but the undigested indigo had seeped through its skin and shaped into a little blue patch on its stomach. The washerman had seen it and pointed it to his wife; together they had laughed uproariously over the phenomenon, and the washerman had said:

"I shall make your whole body blue, not with my indigo, but with my stick."

And the washerwoman had chimed in merrily:

"Lord Siva has a blue neck, our donkey has a blue belly!"

IT was a particularly hot day in midsummer. The donkey cropped the grass on the river bank, hopping and skipping, for its forelegs were tied. Other donkeys were also

grazing. And as it cropped the grass the sound of washermen beating the clothes on the stones down the water's-edge fell on its ears in fifty different sharps and flats. It thought of the happening of yesterday and it swooned with hunger as it nibbled the grass listlessly for its master had not given it a morsel of feed since it had drunk the whole vat of the indigo *kanji*. It thought and dreamed, and dreamed and thought. Suddenly, with the tail of its eye it caught sight of a man resting in the shade of a banyan tree, some distance away. He had a box by his side. It thought that the man looked with sympathy upon it, knowing its woes. Encouraged, it drew to his side, hopping and skipping, and neighed to him softly in asinine language:

"Will you save me from yonder wisherman? A few more days with him and I will be dead."

The man smiled benignly, took the cue, and cut with a stroke of his penknife the knot in the forelegs of the donkey. "Come with me," he whispered, "your work will be light but your feed will be heavy."

And forthwith he lifted the box by his side and put it on its back. The donkey was in a phrenzy of delight. This redemption was unlooked-for. This load was light as feathers.

Meanwhile, the washerman coming up with his wash from the water's-edge had noticed the disappearance of his donkey and after a moment of dumbstruck rage and surprise raised a hue and cry; other donkeys near by had given tongue, and as the voices of the washermen and the donkeys mingled and made the air clamorous, the escaped donkey trotted by the side of its redeemer, he with his hand upon the box on the back of the animal, the two taking a neglected cactus-ridden path which forked off the main road, to avoid pursuit.

"Suppose he discovers me!" said the donkey, hoarsely.

"He never will," said the man, determined.

"How?"

"I shall make you different."

"How?"

The donkey was pleased and surprised; it thought as per its dreams, that this man perhaps had the power to turn it into a horse, to pursue its equine destiny.

"By going to a barber," said the man, nonchalant.

"How?" asked the donkey.

"You are stupid. The barber will snip off the grown hairs on your body and you'll look moon-smooth. Your master will not be able to recognise you then."

The donkey had a flash. It said: "But there's the blue patch. Look underneath my belly, on the haunch, to the left. He knows it, the mark of identity!"

The man looked as directed, thought it was another of the dhoby's mark usually put on clothes, but this one a trifle bigger, and said unconcerned: "Don't you worry."

NOW it came to pass that the man was a bangle-seller. And the donkey which thought that it had only the light load of a tin box to carry, found by and by that an additional box, sometimes two boxes were piled on its back, or wreaths and wreaths of bangles made up in rough ropes of coir passing over its spine and dangling on either side its flanks. And it had to be on the move, without a moment's rest, all through the day, ambling along dusty roads, crossing bridle-paths in sunscorched plains, from village to village, from house to house, in the professional rounds of its new master. And it did not get enough to eat either. The bangle-seller showed himself in his true colours, in all the colours of the bangles he sold.

The donkey was vexed, the donkey was perplexed in the extreme. At times it was pained too. It began to think of its old master, the washerman. He certainly was the better of the two. At least the washerman's loads of linen were smooth to carry, though heavy; these wreaths of bangles covered over by pieces of jute from torn sacks, abraded its clean-shaven flanks and cut its spine. And the bangle-seller took special care to hide the blue patch on its

tummy lest by inadvertance the washerman might see and recognise the absconding animal. It had reached his ears that the washerman was on an intense search for the vagabond.

The donkey thought. Every day with the bangle-seller only added to its misery and hunger. It began to hatch plans to reach its old master. Suddenly, as if struck by a thought, it would stop short while travelling with the bangle-seller; a clout on its head will awaken it to resume its journey. It would think and think, it would forget the moment it thought. Hence its ears always stood pricked up in perpetual thought, in perpetual forgetfulness.

ONE afternoon, ah happy sight!—while returning from a neighbouring village, it saw its whilom master, the washerman, coming in the opposite direction along the road. There was no bundle of clothes on his back, but it

saw that his gait was unsteady. He walked all over the highway. The joy of the donkey knew no bounds, also its suppressed ire against the bangle-seller who had decoyed it to its present misery. So coming to an instant decision, as soon as the washerman was within a few yards of it, it gave a loud, hearty neigh and shaking over the load of bangles fell on the road, and tossing its four legs high up in the air, rolled in quick, sharp jerks in the dust, writhing hideously, neighing loudly, joyously, and inflating its belly to attract the notice of the washerman to the blue patch thereon he knew so well.

The bangle-seller stood rooted to the spot, speechless with fury. He saw his precious wares, the bangles that beat the rainbow and robbed the birds and butterflies of their hues, smashed to bits and scattered all over the road, imbedded in the dust. He

(Continued on page 34)

THE RIVER'S STORY

TO this very spot, tripping hand in hand
Down ledge by ledge of rock, they used to come
With the faith of children, and sit on the same
Slab that now you stand upon, paddling legs
In my curbed waters, on warm, late evenings.
Oh, the old story. But tell us.

I have listened by the hour to their vows,
And it soothed me to lave their feet. We were
Together then, the muted trees, the birds
Stretching out of nests to laugh wisely at
This pair without a nest, and the tolerant sky.

You talk of the past. What was wrong?
Her devout brother. He hated the kaffirs.
She told her fears to wait, and in
Her lover's arms, blushed at his boldnesses.
When they kissed, I ran faster to my sea.

And then?

He was stabbed. When she saw her brother spring,
She was as struck by lightning, and could not
Cry out. I took him down my course, at first
Warm with blood, then cold as a widow's dawn.

They married her off, I suppose.

She tricked their vigilance, and when the groom
Hired the white horse that was to ride him
To his bride, came down to this very slab
Of familiar stone and kissed it. I
Took her too, but she was already cold
As death.

M. P. BHASKARAN

New Books

HOMER'S DAUGHTER

BY ROBERT GRAVES

Cassell & Company, Ltd., London

10s 6d net

ROBERT GRAVES has a double distinction: as a poet and as a novelist—writer of a new kind of historical fiction. Born 1895 he belonged to the generation of Edmund Blunden and Siegfried Sassoon (both of them English) and himself Irish, who went through the fire of the First World War and recorded their inclement experiences in verse. Graves had his early education at Charterhouse and later at St. John's, Oxford. At the age of thirty-three he wrote his autobiography *Goodbye to All That*, and five years after produced—as said above—the new kind of historical fiction; a two volume novel *I, Claudius* and *Claudius the God* which is an enthralling reconstruction of a “violent, scandalous era in history,” through Claudius Caesar's own story of his life in Rome during the sanguinary reigns of Augustus, Tiberius, and the mad Caligula, the events of which ran parallel with the life of Jesus Christ. This work published in 1934 won for him both the Hawthornden and the James Tait Black Memorial Prizes. *Count Belisarius*, a novel about Justinian's celebrated general followed *Claudius*; in 1939 he was the recipient of the Femia Vie Heureuse Award. The distinction that graced his autobiographical writing and historical fiction was apparent earlier in his biographical study—*T. E. Lawrence and the Arabs* (1927)—of his friend, T. E. Lawrence (renowned in legend and history as Lawrence of Arabia) whose renown today, Richard Aldington, the poet, in his unfitting and ineffectual role of historian, has been at great pains and maliciously to debunk. After these books came his highly provocative portrait of Milton in *Wife to Mr. Milton*. “a historical novel about Milton's life with Marie Powell, his



Robert Graves

first wife,” at whose publication reviewers on both sides of the Atlantic were roused to a great indignation. But Graves walked away with it, and then turned his attention to the great days of yore with *The Golden Fleece* and *King Jesus*. His other works include *The White Goddess*, sub-titled *A Grammar of Poetic Myth*; *Seven Days in New Crete* which forecasts a nascent shape of things in which the old Mediterranean civilization is restored to the world after the failure of science which has only spelt destruction; *The Common Asphodel*, comprising his essays on poets and poetry revealing a vigorous talent for controversy and a critical faculty to crack the bitterness of conventional ideas, not as a sobersides but as an enlivener of original views on the function of the creative mind; *Occupation: Writer*, a miscellany of essays, plays, short

stories and articles. And all through the years from his second decade to the sixth into which he has entered just now, he has written poetry—for poetry has always been his prime concern—whose beauty and simplicity are of a kind apart from that of contemporary poets with inflated reputations. He has gone his own honest, peculiarly original way, fitting the content of poetic experience into ever varying forms sought through lively experiment such as would satisfy his mood of savagery and tenderness, to shock and soothen, to anger and amuse, to be fanciful and grotesque. In 1938 his *Collected Poems* was published; a further revised edition of *Collected Poems 1914-1937* appeared in 1948; then *Poems and Satires 1951*, and *Poems 1953*.

And here is Robert Graves, in the year 1955, making his bow to the public not with a slender volume of poems, but with a novel, mythology reconstructed into exciting fiction—*Homer's Daughter*. Nearly sixty years ago, Samuel Butler, the author of *Erewhon*, propounded the theory that the person who really wrote the *Odyssey* was not a male by name Homer, but Princess Nausicaa, not of mythical Phaacia—"an ungeographical place"—but of Western Sicily. Hardly any one among Butler's classical contemporaries "for whom Homer was

(Continued from page 32)

was speechless with amazement. He thought the brute was mad. Then he saw the washerman standing beside him, staring stupidly at the donkey that was bloating its belly against him, to make the blue patch look aggressive. He realised the situation in a flash. The next moment he had begun to kick the animal violently, in a whirl of dust and oaths.

The washerman burst into peals of laughter.

"What a stu-stu-stu-peed do-o-conkey!" he cried, the bottles of toddy inside him trammelling his tongue and feet.

necessarily both blind and bearded" paid his theory the slightest attention; they laughed it away "as a good-humoured joke." Now, Robert Graves, in the words of the Cassell blurbist, "while working on his *Penguin* dictionary of Greek Myths has found Butler's argument for a Western Sicilian setting and for a female authorship irrefutable." In a Prologue to the novel, *Nausicaa*, "this honorary daughter of Homer," tells us all about herself, her father, mother, and her four brothers, and it was at the age of fifteen when she began to think seriously of death that she "grew melancholy and reproached the Gods for not making me immortal; and envied Homer." She proceeds to observe:

"This preoccupation of mine with death excuses, or at least explains, the most unusual decision I have recently taken: of securing for myself a posthumous life under the mantle of Homer. May the Blessed Gods, who see all, and whom I never neglect to honour, grant me success in this endeavour and conceal the fraud."

It is a thrilling, magnificent fraud, perpetrated with events, scenes and characters jumbled as in a kaleidoscope; Nausicaa tells how, during her father's absence, in search of his eldest son, his throne is in jeopardy, "of seizure by the discontented nobles," and she herself is besieged by unwelcome suitors. This is the story of Penelope whose role she takes upon herself; and there are frequent references to Homer's Odysseus and his adventures, and one who has read them should not pause and essay to find points of resemblance between them and Graves's surpassingly daedalian manipulations. Nausicaa finds ultimately and unexpectedly an ally in a Cretan noble who, "surviving shipwreck," is cast ashore near her palace, and is smitten with her charms at first sight. The scene is the bright seabeach where the Princess along with her girl companions bathes and sports: the commotion caused by the Naked Stranger—the survivor from shipwreck—emerging from a thicket by the seashore, is exquisitely described: Graves has no need of prudery, his candour is as nude as

the moon stripped of her robes which are the unclouded blue. The Cretan speaks to Nausicaa:

"Madam . . . My eyes being dimmed alike with exhaustion and sea water, I cannot trust them to inform me whether you are a goddess or mortal. If a goddess, you can only be Artemis the Huntress: your body is so slim, so strong, so regal. But if a mortal, how I envy the parents of such a paragon . . . Yet infinitely more enviable than your parents will be the man who succeeds in persuading them, with lavish gifts, to accept him as a son-in-law! . . . Look: I am poorer than an infant of one day old; he, at least, has a cradle of his own and a warm swaddling band upon which loving kinswomen have embroidered his clan mark. I have not even a loin-cloth to hide my nakedness; the greedy sea has stripped me of everything but courage and these two strong hands."

Here in *Homer's Daughter*, Graves has excelled himself as a describer, dialoguist, delineator of domestic details; psychological lapidary and archaeological explorer; his prose in its rhythms and cadences is often wound up to the pitch of sheer music: the chiaroscuro of things—palace, landscape, laundry, repast, whatever he touches—is rendered memorable; but for all the charm that Princess Nausicaa casts, she with the help of her Cretan briskly and with manly power planning to rid herself of her suitors and her father of his enemies, *Homer's Daughter* remains a notch below the Claudius books.

Love In the Poems And Plays of Kalidasa

By V. Raghavan, M.A., Ph.D.

The Indian Institute of Culture,
1, North Public Square Road,
Bangalore 4, India

Rs. 2

LOVE is a perennial theme, and Kalidasa, pre-eminently, is the poet of love. He is the supreme master of the *Srngara rasa*. The present brochure by Dr. V. Raghavan, Professor of Sanskrit, University of Madras, is made up of three lectures on the theme which he delivered at

the London Branch of the Indian Institute of Culture during his European tour in 1953. After a short, illuminating Introductory, stressing on Kalidasa as "the greatest apostle of beauty," and "an authentic voice of Indian Culture," Dr. Raghavan expounds with suitable examples, the beauties of this puissant emotion, love, as handled by the poet in his three *mahakavyas*: *The Meghasandesa*, *The Raghuvamsa*, and *The Kumarasambhava*, and in his three dramas: *The Malavikagnimitra*, *The Vikramorvasiya*, and *The Abhijnana Sakuntala*. His critical appraisal runs like a golden thread through the texture of the narrative portion; some of his elaborations look like bits from a technicolour picture; we are transported to the age and clime in which Kalidasa's characters lived and moved and had their being unaware of their immortality. The brochure contains two beautiful art-plates: reproductions of a Chola stone image of Ardhhanarisvara and of Somaskanda, a Chola bronze. In this, his study, Dr. Raghavan achieves a pleasing blend of classical learning and catholicity of taste.

Triveni (Quarterly)

Vol. XXVI. No. 1. April, 1955

Edited by K. Ramakotiswara Rau

Triveni Publishers,

Masulipatam (Andhra State)

Re. 1-12 as

IN India, *Triveni* must be said to be the only example of a non-specialist periodical which has published the largest number of specialist articles on music, painting and sculpture, politics, history, economics, and sociology, side by side with literary writings, creative as well as critical, of a very high order. Its chief aim has been to interpret the literatures in the various Indian languages, through translations into English, for intranational and international unity in Culture. Starting as a bi-monthly over a quarter century ago, the Journal has passed through many vicissitudes in the form it began, then for a brief time as a monthly, finally

as a quarterly—first in the place of its birth, Madras, during the Second World War at Bangalore, and now in Masulipatam, and there were crucial periods in its life, when it looked it would close down, but its Founder-Editor, Sri K. Ramakotiswara Rau has kept the flag bravely flying. In the first number of all, he wrote: "All movements that make for Idealism, in India as well as elsewhere, receive particular attention in *Triveni*. We count upon the willing and joyous co-operation of all lovers of the Beautiful and the True." Such have been many and they have appeared in the bright pages of the Journal. Its Silver Jubilee was celebrated at Bangalore in November, 1954, followed by the publication of a Special Jubilee Number in January, 1955. The present issue which is the first of the twenty-sixth volume contains, as usual, reading material of the standard that *Triveni* has set for itself. Sri K. Ramakotiswara Rau in his Editorial Notes, "The Triple Stream," among other items of domestic and foreign political interest, has something vital to

say on the role of Academies, Government of India and State-sponsored, for the development of Literature and the Fine Arts which have not sufficiently "penetrated into the lives of the people." He writes:

"There is a gulf between the generation which is resting on its laurels and the one that is passing through a phase of unrest and uncertainty. This is true of all realms of creative endeavour . . . If the Academies could widen the scope of their activity and arrange group conferences in different parts of the Indian Union, the resulting contacts may be expected to bridge the gulf."

Specially to be enjoyed in this number are 'Aunt and Nephew', an Assamese short story by L. N. Phookan and 'The Author in Kannada' by Sri A. N. Moorthy Rao, President of the Kannada Sahitya Parishat. Oddly enjoyable too it is to see C. R., the astute politician, turning his hand to versification in English—he first efforesced in this wise in the Silver Jubilee Number—and in 'Turn Back' beginning with a bang and ending in a whimper.

HOME STUDY BOOKS

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K. MAHADEVAN

82-A Royapettah High Road,
MYLAPORE, MADRAS 4.

★ Earth's Hottest Spot

THE earth's inner fires make the Pacific Ocean floor off the west coasts of Central and South America the hottest spot so far known to scientists. This discovery was made recently by the University of California's Scripps Institute of Oceanography.

Records taken on the Albatross Ridge, a vast undersea plateau of the eastern Pacific Ocean, show that the heat flow there from the earth's molten core is three times greater than the average in other parts of the world. This is chiefly because the crust of the earth is thinner in that area. The earth's crust varies in thickness, ranging from a minimum of four miles beneath parts of the Pacific Ocean to 20 miles beneath the adjacent continents. It is warmed by heat rising from the hot molten core of the earth.

AN INTERVIEW WITH INDIRA GANDHI

By V. V. PRASAD

ON the eve of her departure to Moscow, Mrs. Indira Gandhi told me that Soviet Russia was the only country in the world where there was complete equality between men and women. "I was very happy to find that in Soviet Russia they don't treat you in a particular way because you are a woman—as they do in other countries." She added, with a twinkle in her eye, "I am not sure whether all women like to be treated in that manner, but I certainly liked it. Some of our women at least would like to feel that things are being done for them because they are women. That is because of the tremendous difference between the status of men and women in our country."

Mrs. Indira Gandhi told me that in Indonesia too women had a far better position than in India. "We are really very backward," she said. "There is such a terrible gap between the position of men and women in India. Some women ask for more and more legislation. What good is legislation if we are not keen to implement even the existing law? I am of the view that if only the women of India worked for the implementation of the existing social laws, our position would vastly improve."

"One of our servants went on a month's leave some time ago," said Mrs. Gandhi. "Nobody asked him why he wanted leave, because he was entitled to it. After he came back, I casually asked him what he did in his village. He told me that he celebrated the marriage of his son. I enquired how old he was; and he replied that he was ten. I asked whether he did not know that there was a law against child marriage. He simply said that everybody in his village was married before ten, and if he did not get his son married at

ten, he would be boycotted by his *braatheri* (village community)."

The same kind of problem faced her when she tried, with ultimate success, to train women from Indian villages in elementary civics. The Kumbh Mela is an excellent occasion for such a purpose, she said, because people come there with open hearts and open minds. They wished to establish a Camp for Women at the Kumbh Mela so that they might help in cases of lost women and children. But nobody would come to the Camp. "I therefore had to run some kind of a regular election campaign, going from village to village and addressing half a dozen meetings every day. Gradually, women began to come forward. My idea was to take two women from each *panchayat*, and not all from one area. It therefore took some more time. Ultimately, we had about seventy women. All of them were heavily veiled. And the first thing that they did in the Camp was to refuse to eat together.

"The Camp Commandant, a very able girl from Bombay called Kamala, said that she wished to be relieved as Commandant because the first condition in any Camp was that the inmates of the Camp should all eat together. She had great experience in these matters and had received her training in Wardha. I had a lot of trouble in convincing her that they should be allowed in the beginning to have their separate *choolas* (kitchen-fires). They began with their separate cooking, but as days passed, most of them joined the common meal. Only a few stayed out, although they too had personally no objection to eating together. They said that their husbands would throw them out if they ate with the other women. And they were prepared to join the community meal provided I took the responsibility for them if

and when they are thrown out. Naturally, I could not take any such personal responsibility. Economic independence and security for women is essential for any social progress in India," said Srimati Indira.

A few days later, the Prime Minister was to visit the Kumbh Mela, and the organisers of the Camp wished him to see the trainees. But he was too busy, and she therefore suggested that the trainees should be brought to the Kumbh Mela Camp. There were a number of women, smartly standing at attention, and Panditji asked Indira whether these were the trainees. She assured him that they were not, because they were all veiled women. But the trainees protested. "Behenji! Aap hamko paichaanthe nahin?" How could she recognize them when they did not have their veils on? And when they did not bring their children along with them for the parade as they always insisted? This was a very pleasant surprise for her. "Our women are excellent people," she said. "If only we get them out of their poverty and ignorance, we can work wonders."

After the great Kumbh tragedy, the women were told that there was nobody to give them orders because there was a complete breakdown. They had to act on their own initiative. These women from the villages, some of whom could just manage to read and write, and some of whom could not, did magnificent work. They inspired confidence where the police—with their reputation—would only have caused fear and anxiety, especially in the work of lost women and children.

In the middle of one night, two men turned up at the Camp, wanting to see where their wives were sleeping. The Camp Commandant immediately took them inside the Camp and showed them where their wives were sleeping. The men were completely reassured, because no men were allowed into the Camp. They were also ashamed that they should have listened to the wild talk of the people in their village. Anyhow, the incident greatly helped to dispel the rumours circulated by the ignorance

of the people in our villages.

"We have now established a permanent Kamala Nehru Basic Education Centre on the outskirts of Allahabad. After prolonged negotiations lasting several months, the Defence Ministry released for their use a shed which has been in a state of disrepair for several years—and we had assured the Ministry that it would be vacated at a week's notice. Things were being stolen from the shed all these years, and there was nobody to look after it. Actually, it was part of an aerodrome which the Americans had built during the War, but which for some reason was never used. All the same, it took such a long time to secure permission to use it," said Mrs. Gandhi.

Reverting to Russia, Indira Gandhi said that the people of that country were more hard-working than people anywhere else in the world. She had seen workers in England and America, who also worked hard, but the Russians seemed to work with a much greater zeal. Many of them were completely oblivious of the amount of personal exertion that it involved. They were looked after very well by the factories, and received regular holidays at rest homes and sanatoria. She was particularly impressed by the Concerts and the Theatre and the film shows which are organised for the entertainment of the workers in Russia.

Mrs. Gandhi said that we have to do a lot for the entertainment of our people. Our great rural arts should be revived. Mrs. Gandhi was in favour of censorship of our films at the script-stage, although she felt that might not be enough, because so many things depended on the way in which things are said and done. There was need for films which were not only sad—all our good films seemed to be sad films, like Bimal Roy's—but which were full of laughter without being cheap and vulgar, or which were good mixtures of comedy and tragedy. She thought that unless the scripts were censored, the producers could not be prevented from losing money on films which might afterwards be not passed.

WOOING THE MUSE: HOW AUTHORS WRITE

By SUBHASH J. RELE

THERE is a widely prevalent misconception that authors sit ensconced in a comfortable chair or stride the carpet during dictation. Victor Hugo however always preferred to work standing up against a shoulder high desk. He wrote the whole of "Les Misérables" thus. Sometimes he worked in this position for 14 hours at a stretch. James Joyce preferred to lie flat on his stomach and write.

A few writers were able to compose good poetry and write better while in a garden or a park. Dr. Johnson has once said that he wrote poems for 'Irene' walking in a park. Savage wrote speeches for his play as he walked the streets up and down because he was too poor to afford a lodging. Rossetti speaks of finding the lonely walks in the garden far more favourable for composition than anything else. Wordsworth, the celebrated English poet, penned his best poems outdoors, in the garden. Even his servants would inform visitors who asked for the poet's study: "This is the master's library. He studies in the fields." H. E. Bates does a great deal of his work sitting with a pad on his knees on an old sofa in the summer house of his lovely Kentish garden.

Many authors have regular working hours, but some prefer to work at unorthodox times. Edgar Wallace always worked in the night, but Alexandre Dumas, once he started a book, would go on working night and day until it was finished. He developed a curious idiosyncrasy. He would lock himself in his room handing his boots and outer clothes to a servant outside so as not to be able to leave the room and be forced to keep himself to his desk for a couple of days at a stretch. He possessed an inexhaustible source of energy. In addition to this, of course, he employed a number of ghosts, who did a considerable amount of the work for him.

From time immemorial writers have employed various devices to stir up their Muse. Some could write under effects of drugs and stimulants. Ghalib drank wine to inspire him into writing. And so did Oamar Khayyam. Both of them required no extra embellishments. Then there are those who cannot write a single paragraph without devouring cups of coffee or tea. Pope has confessed that he needed coffee to 'cheer' him up. Balzac was the most famous of the coffee addicts; he wrote from midnight until midday, gulping innumerable cups of coffee. "I will die of 10000 cups of coffee", he said. The German poet Schiller relied solely upon the fragrant aroma of the store of rotten apples he kept at his desk for refreshment. Strangely enough, this acted as his only intellectual stimulant.

An average writer strongly resents any disturbance in his work in the form of noise. Some of them have acknowledged in no uncertain terms that they write better in a closed room. We read of Emerson going forth into the silence of the woods to hunt out a thought. Gibbon wrote well when, undisturbed from his home, he dwelt alone in what he called his 'solitary paradise'. Tennyson wrote best in solitude, for he was truly himself when alone. It is said of Carlyle that he went into a nervous fit whenever someone shouted or made noise. To inspire the creative impulse, he required pin-drop silence. It is well-known that Montesquieu fled from busy Paris to write his most magnificent book "Esprit des Lois" in the solitude of his lonely house in a neighbouring village. On the contrary, there are writers to whom noise makes no difference. Conan Doyle wrote his detective novels in the hubbub and bustle of his club. The coming in and going out of the multitude never broke the train of his

thought, neither did it disturb him in any way. Rabindranath Tagore penned his poems in the noisy waiting rooms of the railway stations.

A great number of writers still use pen or pencil. Dickens wrote all his novels laboriously in none too clear script. Bernard Shaw did all his work in what he calls Pitman phonography, not ordinary shorthand. He claimed that this had saved him years of arduous labour. Edgar Wallace's method of writing was equally remarkable. He used to dictate 1,200 words in 20 minutes sitting at his desk in a pair of dungarees with a dictaphone mouthpiece in one hand and a cup in the other.

There are speed-maniacs in the writing world too. Johnson says, "I wrote forty eight of the printed octavo pages of the Life of Savage at a sitting; but then I sat up all night." Belloc was another rapid writer who had no subject when he wrote. Robert Louis Stevenson, obsessed by his inspirational dream of the story, dashed off the first draft of the 30,000 words of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" in six days and this during a period when he was dangerously ill. George Bernard Shaw ridiculed the idea of thinking a plot before writing. P. G. Wodehouse sat before his type-writer, thought for a while and typed out a 5000 word story. Agatha Christie usually completes the whole genesis of a book in about six weeks, thinking over the plot and characters. "Then one fine day," she says, "you start and that's that."

The speediest author on record is Edgar Wallace, who employed the "fastest stenographer in the world"—dictaphone, and high blood pressure methods. Although much of his work was dictated into this machine at the abnormal rate of around 2200 words an hour, he could, if need be, dictate 3500 words an hour. His peak effort was the dictation of a 36000 word article on World War I which he finished in 24 hours. He wrote his novel based on the life of the criminal Charles Peace, "The Devil Man" in 60 hours spending a whole week end at his desk.

Writers like Sir Walter Scott, Alexandre Dumas, Voltaire and Balzac must have worked extraordinarily fast without mechanical aids like typewriters and dictaphones. All these authors have produced colossal individual outputs.

Provided with writing materials, great detenus like Bunyan, Tasso, Sir Walter Raleigh, Oscar Wilde, Goldsmith and several other notabilities wrote in prison. Tasso, the great Italian poet, wrote many books during his seven years in jail. John Bunyan spent the gloomy hours in his cell in writing his "Pilgrim's Progress" and "Holy War." If Bunyan had not been put in prison, we would not have had his magnificent works. Sir Walter Raleigh, the great favourite of Elizabeth, was imprisoned by James I in the Tower of London for 12 years on a charge of conspiracy against the monarch. He made the best out of his jail life by writing many books, the most popular of them being his "History of the World."

ALL writers have queer writing habits. Swinburne required something to inspire him. Chatterton wrote well when he was hungry. Perhaps his best work "Ballad of Chariety" was composed when he was half-starving. Swift wrote powerfully when in great agony of mind. Chesterton required somebody to goad him and his publishers must raise a cry for the books which he would not finish unless they clamoured. Macaulay wrote on nothing he did not know. He even travelled miles to write a para or studied books to write a sentence. Paul Trent during the 30 years of his career as an author, wrote 90 novels. Dumas sometimes preferred dressing up to write. He once received Wagner wearing a plumed helmet, cork life-belt and a floral dressing gown remarking slyly "Half my ideas are lodged in the helmet and the remainder in a pair of woollen socks I put on to compose love scenes."

So each author has a singularly unique way of writing and each wooed the Muse in his own characteristic manner.

FILMS

By V. P. SATHE

THE stars are again on the ascendant. Whatever little hope the producers had entertained about making pictures without stars has now been abandoned. For, once again it has been proved that the stars provide a great initial draw. And it has been found that while star-flops enable the producer to recover some amount, the flops without stars do not bring any recovery.

No wonder, then, that all producers are setting a big premium on stars. But obviously the producers from the South have succeeded in bagging the stars because they are in a position to pay the fantastic prices our stars demand. Even a producer like Shri Vasana has gone all out for stars of Bombay; and for the first time in 'Gemini' history the star-cast is being publicized in the advertisements of *Insaniyat*. When even a mighty and big producer like Shri Vasana had to stoop down and go in for stars in a big way, the other producers cannot just afford to make pictures without stars. Thus thanks to the boom in the star-market we find both S. M. S. Naidu and Bimal Roy banking on the same star pair of Dilip Kumar and Vyjayantimala.

All the stars from Bombay worth the name are in Madras this week, working in Gemini or A.V.M. Never before so many stars including Dilip, Raj, Dev, Nargis, Ashok, Bina Rai, Nimmi, Kishore have been out of Bombay for work.

Thanks to the renewed craze for stars, though many Bombay producers are financially in a tight corner, the stars are making money again. In fact these fabulous contracts from the South have helped many of the stars to pay off their debts and get over the financial crisis confronting them a year ago. No wonder, the stars are feeling

happy at the turn of events. The stars must thank S. M. S. Naidu for this; for it was the signal triumph of Azaad with all the Bombay stars that has been responsible for this craze in the South.

Meanwhile, it is worth noting that the Maharashtrian producers of Marathi films are faced with acute actor shortage, with the marriage of Shakuntala and the migration of Usha Kiran to Hindi films. Yet undaunted they continue to make pictures without stars and as in the case of Raja Paranjpe's *Ganget Ghode Nihale*, they make very good pictures with astounding results at the box office. The success of starless Marathi comedy directed by Raja Paranjpe who does not play any role in the film is a pointer in the correct direction. It shows that a picture with intrinsic merits does not need any glamour of stars; or as it was put in a recent advertisement, it is pictures that make stars and it is not stars who make the pictures!

Picture of the Week

The latest offering *Sitara* from Arora after three Arabic costume dramas is a social comedy based on a story by the noted Marathi author P. L. Deshpande (of 'Mahatma' fame). But like all Arora's films the inspiration comes from a foreign picture entitled *Slightly Dangerous* starring Lana Turner, produced over a decade ago.

It is the story of Kamla, an extra girl who, leaving her mother on her death bed, reports for shooting only to find that the shooting is cancelled because of the death of the heroine's dog. She returns home to find the mother dead. Unable to get any other job, hunted by a goonda (rowdy), ejected by the landlord, she meets with an accident and is transported to a palatial house.

Pretending first to be badly hurt, she gets the idea of pretending to be the long lost daughter of a rich Seth, Kalidas, from Calcutta. The pretext succeeds; and by luck she even passes the "test" of finding out her favourite toy in childhood in the nursery. Rich, she meets the right man who loves her for her own sake and not for money.

Yet she is not happy; for she knows that she is an impostor. The advent of another girl to whom she gives refuge leads to complications. For, though the girl does not know it, Kamla realizes that she is Ragini, the long lost daughter of Seth Kalidas. Moreover, Makhan, an extra supplier, arrives on the scene to expose her identity.

Instead of dramatising this exposure through suspense, the author and director have played on the conscience of Kamla who herself declares the truth. This is the main weakness of the screenplay which begins very well. The first sequence about the film people full of caustic satire and irony is brilliant. The chase scenes between Amar and Vyjayantimala are good; but the episode with Jayant and Indira Panchal is unnecessarily long drawn out.

Yet, the first half of the picture which ends with two bewitching dance numbers beautifully picturized is very scintillating. The arrival of the other girl, instead of accentuating the suspense and drama, unravels the whole mystery in too prosaic a manner. The romantic scenes between Pradip and Vyjayantimala are the duller of the lot. It is Om Prakash who again enlivens the film and carries it on his shoulders in the end.

All in all, it is one of the better pictures to come from Arora and marks the come-back of Ojha as director.

(Continued from page 5)

gladly accept them in lieu of the two-roomed tenements and the standing space in buses that will still remain an unattainable dream. The Private Sector cannot very well complain: has it not the whole of Agriculture—at least till we go in for collectivisation and kulak-liquidation? The Private Sector, properly abashed by Mr. Deshmukh's threat to look into its boasted efficiency, should be as thankful as the crane was when it was allowed to redeem its bill from the fox's throat.

VIGNESWARA

Personality of the Week

Who is the oldest actress in India today still working in pictures? "Old" does not mean the age but old in years working in films. Personally I think it is Sulochana (Ruby Myres), the heart-throb of silent days. Seeing her playing the role of an ayah of Vyjayantimala in *Sitara* I could not help recollecting the days when she was the highest paid star of India. Those were the days when Sulochana and Imperial Film Co. were in full bloom. I felt sorry when the audience on preview night laughed as Sulochana started singing a lullaby song (sung by, of course, Lata) and wondered what Sulochana must have felt if she was also in the audience. They laughed, of course, not at Sulochana but at the wrong synchronization of lip-movement which was immediately corrected in the next show.

Sulochana has been acting for over thirty years now in films; and she has been a gallant trouper all these days. From a mere typist girl she rose to the pedestal of the Queen of the Indian Screen in the twenties; she reigned supreme in the early thirties and her pictures like *Madhuri*, *Indira M.A.* (directed by Nandlal Jaswantlal) *Father India*, *Temple Bells*, were big hits. But then in the forties she went into the background. New stars who were young and could speak Hindustani better dominated the screen. Sulochana was forgotten. Her marriage and subsequent events in her life went unnoticed.

But Sulochana could not give up acting for good. She had not amassed a great fortune. She had to work and so she started playing bit roles. The most popular *Anarkali* of silent days had to be content with playing Jodhabai in Filmistan's *Anarkali*. In thirty years a lot of things have changed; Sulochana realises it too well. But she is not one of those artistes like the one portrayed in *Sunset Boulevard* who live in part glory. She has the sense of humour to move with the times and accept the present lot with a smile and courage. As a result, on the sets she can still joke and be

sociable. She is the real trouper of the Indian screen.

★ Indian Film Producers To Attend London Festival

THREE well-known Indian film producers are to introduce their own films at London's first-ever Indian Film Festival, taking place from June 21 to 26. The names of the six films selected for the festival have just been released in London by the Asian Film Society, its organizers.

The film *Jhansi ki Rani* will be introduced by producer Sohrab Modi and his wife, Mehtab. *Munna* is to be presented by its producer, K. A. Abbas, and *Amar Bhoopali* by producer V. Shantaram. Other Indian feature films to be shown during the festival are *Do Bigha Zamin* (to be introduced by a representative of the studios), *Parineeta*, and *Babla*.

Indian film stars who are going to London to appear at the festival

include Nimmi, Nirupa Roy, Meena Kumari, and Sitara.

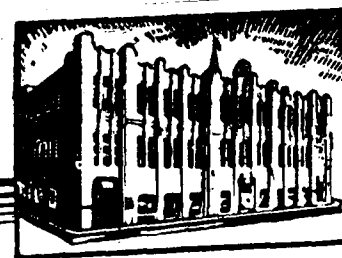
Documentaries

Feature films shown during the festival will be supported by documentaries from the Government of India Films Division and other privately-produced "shorts".

The festival of Indian films is being organized in response to the demand of Asian Film Society members. The Society, a cultural, non-sectarian and non-commercial organization, has so far shown its members Indian, Pakistani, Ceylonese, Indonesian, Chinese, and Japanese films. On May 20 it extended its scope to include Egypt, presenting Lotus Films' *Life or Death*, the first Egyptian feature film ever shown publicly in London. In the same programme was an Indian film, A. V. M. Productions' *Bahar*.

The proceeds from the festival are to be shared by the National Society for Cancer Relief and the World University Service.

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THE LONELY VIRTUES—SILENCE

FORTY-TWO years ago Monica Baldwin went into a convent and in 1941, after twenty-eight years as a nun, she rejoined the world. In a BBC talk she said of her return, "What completely took my breath away was the shattering contrast between the slow-moving world of peace and silence that I had left behind me and the world of hurry, conflict and noise into which I had emerged. I don't believe anyone who has not actually undergone that experience can have any idea of the shock that I received." The noise of London's traffic overwhelmed her but she was even more distressed by the psychic atmosphere, generated by many thousands of agitated persons, almost all of whom appeared to her to be more or less disturbed within themselves.

In most convents generations of nuns had persevered in a sustained effort to build up the atmosphere of silence in which their consecrated lives were spent. The Rule prohibited talking during most of the day, but the Mistress of Novices constantly instilled into them the necessity of training themselves to do nothing to disturb the silence of their cloistered life, never to raise their voices, to walk on the tips of their toes and to make sure that even their smallest movements were quiet and deliberate.

"If one were only laying down a pair of scissors on the work-room table, or turning the pages of a book, it had to be done without a sound," she said. There was the far more complicated art of interior silence to be acquired too, for it was an integral part of the life they had embraced and without it there could be no deep or genuine spirituality. "As a result of all this, a silence which almost amounted to a spiritual fragrance, had ended by saturating the convent from cellar to roof," she said. "Even the air seemed to hold something of that breathless hush of adoration which emanates from those whose lives are spent in perpetual consciousness of the presence of

God." Silence also had other aspects. Dr. Max Picard, the Swiss philosopher, had pointed out that instead of being something negative that came into being only when talking ceased, silence was intensely positive, a creative healing fullness that held in itself the beginning and end of all things. "One cannot help observing how people whose characters have their roots planted deep down in silence, possess a peace, a strength, a happiness unknown to those who have never really achieved an escape from noise," said Monica Baldwin. It seemed to her that people nowadays disliked silence because their outlook was becoming more and more materialistic and the world of silence to which the mysteries of the Christian faith belong repelled them. There was a close connection between reverence and silence and it was possible to catch a glimpse of this swift reaction of silent wonder when human beings were brought face to face with the more solemn mysteries of life. "But you see it most strikingly before the greatest mystery of all: the supreme mystery of God," she said. She thought this instinctive reverence and silent wonder were noticeably lacking in modern children and remembered the wise and enlightened Reverend Mother who declared that any decline in the spirit of reverence in a community was a disaster of the first magnitude for the devil was the devil simply because he entirely lacked reverence. If silence were banished from people's lives they would become increasingly superficial, "because silence, the mother and nurse of any thought that is worth while, must be the deep earth in which those thoughts are rooted." Silence was now viewed as something wholly unimportant, little more than a 'technical hitch' in the everlasting flood of noise. "Today one hears much about the godlessness of the people in this country. But if silence—which is so closely connected with the world of the spirit—could be brought back to us, might it not be, perhaps, one step at least towards the beginning of a return to God?" she asked.

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.

The Medium Of Instruction

Sir,—Sri C. Subramaniam who holds the Madras Government's Education portfolio has called for a conference on June 18 to suggest ways and means for making Tamil the medium of instruction in schools and colleges. His intentions are welcome. The Hindi-Tamil controversy apart, the importance of English along with these two Indian languages has to be properly defined. English, it is needless to iterate, is a highly developed language in universal use today, its scientific, technological and imaginative vocabulary providing an apt medium for the presentation of the master minds of the world, up-to-date in their advancement, by translation wherever necessary. Hindi, although less developed than Tamil, has been made statutorily the *lingua franca* of the Indian Union, and knowledge of it is made compulsory for employment in the Central Services. Some common language is necessary to consolidate the Union and for purposes of inter-State communication, and there is no point in any Southerner grudging Hindi its crown. As for Tamil, it is undeniably bound up with the future of the Tamillian; its growth is his own growth. Tamil, no doubt, has a very ancient and glorious past, but this glory should not blind us to the fact that for the dissemination of the literature of knowledge, especially in the realms of science and industry, it is deficient.

No Indian can afford to reject the hard-earned knowledge of English now or ever. And, too, it is not sane to oppose Hindi as a factor of national integration. Tamil, quite reasonably, must need develop itself. And whatever the regional language, that,

English and Hindi should be conceded a fair degree of importance in the educational curriculum.

Lack of suitable text-books need not stand in the way of making Tamil the medium of instruction even at the college level. Text-books in English may be prescribed and the teachers may adopt the method of translating and expounding, whatever the subject to be taught. English words and phrases may be brought into the regional language for elaboration of ideas. Such a method will give a fillip to the creation of suitable technical terms which, copied by the journalists, will gain wide currency.

Ad hoc committees appointed for preparing lists of technical terms or text-books will not serve the authentic purpose: it would only mean waste of precious money, only interested individuals profiting thereby.

In the administrative services, from a humble clerk to the Governor of a State, acquisition of basic Hindi should be made compulsory for all non-Hindis. Conversely Hindis should acquire a basic knowledge of some other Indian language.

English need not mean King's English as in the days of British rule, but knowledge of it should not be allowed to deteriorate as it has already been deteriorating for the past about a decade. Many of us, though not proficient in the expression of English, have shown capacity to understand the most abstruse ideas in the language; here, naturally, the stress is on the capacity of comprehension which should be maintained. The way should not be blocked to those who desire to achieve mastery of English through the direct method of learning. Thus the study of English will be compulsory without the colour being laid too thickly on its compulsoriness. I R.

Martha Berry's Example

Sir,—I perused with interest the article entitled "A great educational experiment" published in your weekly (May 15). The system of education resorted to by Martha Berry is indeed revolutionary and as you have pointed out, an example full of inspiration for the educationists of New India. When I compared it with what is prevailing in India

a sense of frustration and regret settled on my heart. Miss Berry's system of education launches a death-blow on the blind conception filling the minds of our boys and girls that education is confined only to the cramming-up of a series of text books and passing some specific examinations.

Our boys consider an educational institution as a monotonous building where they attend regularly, take their seats, and expose their ears (most of them sleepily) to what passes the lips of the lecturers. From morning to evening they are confined in various chambers and they obligatorily listen to the appalling lectures, looking at their wrist-watches anxiously. At the stroke of four when the college bell rings the students rush out and fill their lungs with fresh air. Indeed our colleges are almost akin to prisons. During the studyhours students are scarcely permitted to work or play in the open air. Can knowledge be solely derived from printed books? It can be better acquired by practice. For example the students can work in the college gardens and can be trained to handle ordinary tools. When can a boy feel more happy than when he finds that things made by his own hands are useful to others?

It is a matter for regret that our colleges do not offer such opportunities of practical knowledge. There is a basic drawback in our pursuit of learning. We are taught the heights of mountains, the intricacies of algebra, the dates of kings and the abstruse chemistry of organic compounds but nothing on how we should stand on our own legs. Knowledge outside the pale of text-books is now strange to every Indian boy.

Martha Berry has shown the right way. Let us at least follow in her footsteps.

R. RAMACHANDRAN (A Student)

Five Year Plan For Ramanathapuram

Sir,—The plan adumbrated for the development of Ramanathapuram district is in the nature of a rehash of the old Grow More Food campaign with all its defects and drawbacks. The strengthening of a kanmoi bund here or the deepening of an irrigational channel there does not in any way do justice to the vast and pressing requirements of this most backward and uncared for district with its distressing tale of prolonged drought and famine and large scale exodus of people. The shifting of the headquarters of the district from Madura to a place in the district itself, like Sivaganga or

Karaikudi, is a desideratum and the change has been put off on the untenable ground that no place in the district can be regarded as centrally situated. This argument is no more valid than that Madras is not suited to be the capital of the State as it is at the northern extremity. Secondly, the linking of Manamadura with Maniyachi by rail would make for economic development of a huge area. Likewise, connecting the coastal towns of Tondi and Thiruppalakudi with Madura via Karaikudi by rail would establish a close link between the Western Ghats and the Bay of Bengal and would give a tremendous impetus to internal trade on the one hand and development on the other of Tondi and Thiruppalakudi as minor ports, establishing a firm trade relationship with Ceylon. Thirdly, the exposed coastal area, especially from Vattanam to Devipattanam, is now a smugglers' paradise and vulnerable to attack in the event of war. The Sethu Rastha, now in an abandoned state, should be rebuilt as a military road with jeep petrols to prevent smuggling, which is now causing a considerable loss to the public exchequer. Fourthly, cotton mills and a few allied heavy industries should be started in places like Sivaganga, Manamadura and Paramakudi in the Vaigai River Valley where there is plenty of waste lands for construction of buildings, labour is cheap and underground water springs are good.

Government should firmly adopt the policy of not allowing any new mills or industries to be started in cities like Madura, which has the result of depopulating villages and bloating towns. The area to the south of Manamadura is a rich cotton growing tract and the produce is now being taken to Manamadura by road and from thence to the mills at Madura. This is a costly process adding to overhead charges, which could be avoided by locating the mills at Sivaganga, Manamadura or Paramakudi. Fifthly, as against hundreds of tube wells in Uttar Pradesh, we should have at least a few of them here tapping the rich underground water spring in places like Karaikudi and Sivaganga. Sixthly, big tanks in the erstwhile zamins of Sivaganga and Ramanathapuram like those of Nettoor, Kanoor, Maranad, Sevarakottai and Rajasingamangalam should be repaired by the P.W.D., using bull dozers to remove the accumulated silt of ages, instead of merely deepening the water-pits near the bund by professional contractors in the name of "repairs." Seventhly, land mortgage banks should be started in important places in East Ramnad, as the ban on their starting in zamin areas no longer exists. Eighthly,

fertiliser depots and tractor organisations should be extended to interior areas and facilities should be given to people in rural parts to use them. Much hard propaganda is required in this behalf. Lastly, at least one good college and basic training centre should be organised at Mudukulathur which is a huge Marava crime area and the former Agricultural and Industrial Training School at Sivaganga with its compact fifty acres of land, two big wells, hostel and class rooms should be acquired and restarted as a basic training residential school. I trust that these suggestions would commend themselves to the authorities and that the development plan of the district would be recast accordingly.

M. G. GURUSWAMI AYYAR

Sivaganga

Qualification For Legislators

Sir,—In view of the recommendations of the Election Commission, it is very likely that the electoral law of India will be recast. It is worthwhile to consider if the prescription of certain minimum qualifications for legislators should not be one of the reforms. It may be that such prescription is not known in other democracies. But as Gokhale once said in another context, history has not come to an end and it may be given to India to write a new and better chapter in democracy. For value is more important than precedent. Babu Rajendra Prasad, when he was President of the Indian Consenbly, remarked that it was rather odd that no educational qualifications had been prescribed for candidates to the legislatures. In so far as democracy postulates the right to vote, it is fully met by giving the vote to every adult. It will not be less of democracy if certain minimum educational qualifications are prescribed for candidates. Legislators need qualifications no less than lawyers, doctors, teachers, artisans, mothers and nurses, and all other skilled and semi-skilled workers. If lawyers and judges, who have to interpret laws, need high qualifications including apprenticeship, legislators, who make laws, need them no less. It may be that Akbar was illiterate and yet a great statesman. But it is over-optimism to imagine that the millions, who are entitled to vote without any educational qualifications, are all Akbars, fit to be legislators.

It is suggested that the minimum educational qualifications for legislators should be as high as for lawyers and judges, for instance. Further, a candidate for the provincial legislature should have been a member, for at least a term, of a local self-government body.

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S. KRISHNASWAMI,
Secretary.

like a municipality or district board, and a candidate for the central legislatures should have been a member of a provincial legislature. Other alternatives may be preferred, if better. It is true that education and experience may give knowledge, but not necessarily wisdom and character, but that is so universally. But that has not made qualifications superfluous in the case of other professions.

Bangalore

P. KODANDA RAO

Anti-Andhra Discrimination In Orissa

Sir,—When a local cultural organisation, the Andhra Vignana Mitra Mandal, wrote to Pandit Nehru and Pandit Pant to visit this organisation during their visit to Berhampur for the A.I.C.C. meetings, they wanted the organisation to meet the Congress Chief, Sri Biswanath Das. Sri Das did not have the courtesy to decide this way or that and prevaricated. The result was that this cultural organisation was deprived of a precious opportunity. The fault of this organisation, apparently, is that it has the prefix "Andhra."

An enthusiastic member of this organisation offered a purse to Sri Dhebar for distribution of khadi among the poor and the needy. The matter had natu-

rally to be arranged by the high priest Sri Das and Sri Das had the usual satisfaction of making the young man dance around him for sometime and dropping him without arranging the presentation of the purse. The fault of this young man is that he is an Andhra and belongs to the Andhra Vignana Mitra Mandal.

Sri Das has not changed. In the past he was guilty of similar actions. In 1945, when Mahatma Gandhi came here the Andhra Town Congress Committee proposed to present a purse but Sri Das, as Chairman of the reception committee said he would not allow its presentation because it came in the name of the Andhra Town Congress Committee which he would not recognise. Who was he not to recognise an organisation which the A.I.C.C. had recognised? But Sri Das had his own way and the Town Andhra Congress Committee had to send its President to Madras where it was presented to Mahatma Gandhi after explaining the circumstances. Mahatma Gandhi laughed at Sri Das's fanaticism. The Congress Chief of Utkal should acquire a sober national outlook without which he would bring this noble national organisation in Orissa into contempt.

M. V. RAMANA RAO

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POST-ELECTION ZULUM

THE democracies of the world have extracted from Communism the greater part of their present social welfare programmes. Heavy taxation of the rich and death duties are Communistic in spirit. The conception of the Welfare State owes its inspiration to Communist ideas of government. It is the one-party pattern of the Communist technique of power that has made Communism dreaded in the democratic world. Under the one-party system of Communist rule there is no room for any sort of dissent from authority. Conformity with the party running the government is enforced with deadly vigour. In a Communist State, to be a nonconformist is to perish. Deviation is treated as the worst of crimes. It is this system of punishing dissent from enjoined doctrine with heavy penalties that renders Communism so terrible an instrument of tyranny, such a malignant force for the suppression of individual freedom. The initial attractions of Communism have to be paid for in the form of a bureaucracy impossible to shake off, because of the concentration in its hands of a degree of excessive power not possible in other systems. In a Communist State there is no easy transference of ruling power from one party to another or from one leader to his rival. Very often defeat in the political competition for power means death.

We have no illusions about Communism. If it gets established once, it goes on indefinitely and public opinion will be powerless to see it its elimination. The only practical

way of safety against Communism is to be forewarned about the unshakable tenacity of its grip and prevent its advent in the very first instance. It was on the ground of the virtual impossibility of ever getting rid of a Communist regime after it has once managed to get a foothold that we warned the voters against supporting Communist candidates in the recent Andhra elections. But even Communist candidates have their rights. It is the essence of democracy that these rights should not be violated and full protection should be conceded to them within the framework of individual freedom permitting each citizen to vote as he likes in an election. Unfortunately this condition of democratic freedom does not appear to have been realised by the Congress leaders with the result that the advantages that pertain to governmental authority have been most freely employed to bully and browbeat the voters and persecute such of them as have proved impervious to the electoral persuasions of the Congress vote-catchers. In the Andhra Chief Minister's own district of Nellore a deplorable state of misgovernment has set in with the emergence of the present Ministry. The relatives of the Chief Minister apparently think that the government belongs to them and they can do what they like to teach lessons to persons defying their authority. The extent of amenability of the police to these petty tyrants is appalling. People that dared to vote for Communist candidates in the recent elections or worked for them are being singled

out for systematic pressure of various kinds. If they are agricultural labourers work is withheld from them. The powerful Congress landlords have started even employing the police machinery to terrorise and humiliate their opponents. We know of a case in which a man considered too independent was handed over to the police as a recalcitrant and was thrashed by them till he bled. It has become common for the powerful landlords in their arrogant conceit of power to involve their political opponents with the connivance of the police and the magistrates in fantastic criminal cases. Straight-forward officers with a sense of duty are somehow mysteriously transferred. The district officials are made to feel that powerful influences from above are easily accessible to the local tyrants and if their wishes are thwarted they will suffer for it sooner or later. They therefore yield in dread to the mighty oligarchs playing the monarch in the district and day by day the local administration is being brought more and more into contempt in the public eye.

Today the rich landlords that are the allies and relatives of the Chief Minister are drunk with election success. Imagining that there is no power in the district greater than theirs they have begun a regular campaign of persecuting their political opponents and every resource of ingenuity is brought to service to bully, oppress, terrorise and humiliate persons that supported the Communists in the last elections. To such a limit is this campaign being carried that in the revulsion of sentiment caused by it many persons not ordinarily friendly to the Communists are being driven into sympathy for them. The administrative misdeeds engineered by the power-drunk local landlords and tolerated if not connived at by the Chief Minister are very effective in collecting friends and supporters for the Communists, refashioning the latter

in public judgment as martyrs of Congress oppression. There is no greater dis-service than this to the Congress and that dis-service is now being done to the Congress in Andhra by the Chief Minister and the closest of his relatives and associates in his own district. And yet, almost in the very first statement issued by him the new President of the Andhra Pradesh Congress Committee has given an assurance of protection and support to the leadership of Sri Gopala Reddi! We have no hesitation in saying that within a very short time Sri Gopala Reddi has with his omissions and commissions helped to bring the administration into disgrace and it has now become a matter of imperative urgency for the Congress if it is to rescue itself from utter discredit to get him removed from a post which he has shown himself wholly unfit to occupy. There is a very sound case in fact for the impeachment of the Chief Minister on the one single issue of the level to which he has permitted the administration to sink in his own native district under the influence of his relatives and hangers-on.

FREEDOM OF VOTE

In any political election . . . the voter is under an absolute moral obligation to consider the interest of the public, not his private advantage, and give his vote, to the best of his judgement . . . His vote is not a thing in which he has an option . . . It is strictly a matter of duty; he is bound to give it according to his best and most conscientious opinion of the public good. Whoever has any other idea of it is unfit to have the suffrage . . . Instead of opening his heart to exalted patriotism and the obligation of public duty, it awakens and nourishes in him the disposition to use a public function for his own interest, pleasure or caprice; the same feelings and purposes, on a humbler scale, which actuate a despot and oppressor.—John Stuart Mill

Sotto Voce

★

THE UNDEFEATED IDEALIST.



THERE may be born journalists who have not achieved journalism, but I doubt it. The journalistic tick, like murder, will out. You find it in the village gossip, in the wide-eyed enthusiast who buttonholes you in the bus to air his views on Viet Nam or the A.P.C.C. debacle. Armed with an impersonal egoism which cannot be repressed by ridicule or indifference and an endless ingenuity in baffling Bumbles, he regards any traffic hold-up, including world wars, as an ideal opportunity for haranguing the crowd. He stops buzzing only with his last breath.

Not all journalists get on to a newspaper, though. On the other hand, there are quite a lot of people on the journalistic establishments, big and small, who had never any business to be there. A man may be born into journalism and find it as difficult to escape from it as the eldest sons of English peers find it difficult to escape the House of Lords. Or he may be a born Pooh-bah with a natural instinct for being offensive, like those crawling insects which leave their trail of slime on the green grass. It is this sort that ululates on the degeneration of journalism into a trade and consoles itself at the first opportunity with a gilded sinecure as a reward for its strident patriotism.

But there are other sorts of journalist too. I stumbled by accident on a couple of them who, with a rare disinterestedness, have been exercising their craft for years now in a district town hardly a hundred miles

from Madras. They do not wait on the convenience of printers; the high-paid vagaries of the rotary leave them cold. Their art in fact goes back to old Rome if not to old China. They run, not to keep the reader further on tenter-hooks, a wall newspaper, an edition of just one copy written on marmoreal stone which has received more impressions of perishable truth than the oldest palimpsests of Asia Minor.

The long compound wall of an old choultry divided into natural panels by the supporting pillars is their medium. In 'columns' separated by reasonably straight lines drawn with a free hand this 'newspaper' carries its daily quota of hot news, editorials, human interest stories, jokes with a bite and even advertisements. Exigencies of space have made them evolve a technique as original and stylised as that of *Time*, caption, comment, forecast and persiflage all rolled into one. "No subscriptions, no donations," as one of the partners smilingly informed me. He was a mouse of a man, who had fallen for Gandhi. So had his collaborator, a long-limbed, ageless Puck in pants, who flourished his chalk-piece like a sword. He bubbled with merry excitement over his task and smacked his lips with enjoyment as he turned a neat quip or a complimentary *padya* with equal fluency.

This wall-paper was started thirty years ago by a retired policeman to give his neighbours news of the great

(Continued on page 42)

SIDELIGHTS ::

THERE is now a case on trial in the Court of the District Magistrate, Nellore. The parties are: the State of Andhra represented by the Station House Officer, Buchireddipalem (Informant) and Sri B. Sivakota Reddi, also of Buchireddipalem (Respondent). In the notice served by the Court on the Respondent it was stated:

"Information set out below has been laid before this Court to show that you are so desperate and dangerous as to render your being at large without security hazardous to the community. You are therefore directed to show why you should not execute a bond for Rs. 500, with two sureties each for a like sum, to be of good behaviour for a period of three years."

Here is one item from "the information set out below" referred to in the paragraph above:

"About a week prior to 2-4-'55, you chased one K. Chalamiah, a servant of B. Venkatakrishna Reddy, but the said Chalamiah ran away and escaped. On 2-4-'55 you sent for him, beat him and threatened to do further harm and danger to his life. One V. Ramalah is said to be present at that time."

There has been one hearing of this case so far. At that hearing it was represented before the Court that Chalamiah, alleged to have been chased and beaten by the Respondent, had been dead these four years. The State of Andhra, represented by the Station House Officer, Buchireddipalem, thereupon took leave to amend the complaint, and a living man was substituted for the dead one as the victim of the Respondent's violence.

A fortnight ago the Harijan Welfare Department of the Madras Government exhibited a poster to illustrate the provisions of the Untouchability Act penalising the observance of untouchability. The poster represented the proverbial Brahmin with the tuft and sacred thread in two different situations. In the first, he is pointing the finger of scorn at a rustic-looking villager, presumably

symbolising the untouchable, and warning him off. In the second, he is caged behind bars. The significance of the juxtaposition of the two pictorial presentations is plain. It indicates that after the Act the fate of the arrogant Brahmin brought up in the tradition of untouchability will be to find himself landed in jail. The historical fallacy of the picture lies in its foisting on one community the whole blame for a social evil traceable to no one cause or sect in particular, and owing its origin to an entire series of circumstances spread over a long period of years. Perverting social evils of this kind into an opportunity for vicious assault on particular scapegoats brought collectively under a communal brand will only create a new pattern of untouchable in place of the old; and the more intelligent and sagacious leaders of the Harijans themselves do not seem to be happy over it. For example, read what Sri Thiagarajan, President of the Harijan Progressive Association, Sivaganga, has to say of the Madras poster:—

"As a Harijan myself and as President of the Harijan Progressive Association, Sivaganga Taluk, I wish to express my feeling of disgust over the offensive poster produced by the Madras Government. We, the Harijans, are deeply indebted to the Brahmin leaders like the late Sri A. Vaidyanatha Iyer, A. Rengaswami Aiyengar and M. G. Mukundaraja Aiyengar and others for the steps they have taken to improve our status and condition. Without their efforts we would be nowhere. It is from the cruelty of the higher caste Hindus like the Kallars, Maravars, and Ahambadiyars that we are now suffering most. We cannot enter the village temples, nor take water from the village well. We cannot walk in public streets with foot wear or shirts on. These and several acts of cruelty are perpetrated not by the Brahmins but by non-Brahmin caste Hindus. It is highly unfortunate that instead of recognising the good services done to us by the high-minded Brahmin leaders they should



have become the target of a mean attack. And the attack comes not from the D.M.K. but from the Government department itself. At a time when the Government should firmly place its foot down on casteism and communalism, it is regrettable that the Government themselves should have produced this poster. We, the Harijans, demand its withdrawal."

Out of consideration, apparently, for the protests provoked by the poster, it has been withdrawn lately, but even when doing the right thing by withdrawing the poster, the department concerned failed to act with grace. Instead of frankly owning their error, they assume an attitude of immediate response to agitation pending further elaborate consideration of the pros and cons at greater leisure. The rush for publicity in advance of achievement is full of dangerous pitfalls for the causes advertised. There is need for a saner balance between our social objectives and the propaganda effort surrounding them if the wastage of

crores of good money over ill-conceived stunts that benefit nobody, is to be avoided.

For three months certain, and possibly three months and a half, beginning from 15th June, I shall be away in the United States and some of the European countries. The American Ambassador was kind enough, some six weeks ago, to extend to me an invitation on behalf of his Government to visit the U.S.A. for "conferring with American editors and working journalists." As SWATANTRA has a very limited staff, it was not easy to accept the invitation. But the staff themselves left me no choice. They gallantly offered to shoulder the extra burden of work involved and release me for the American visit. Once before when I went to England on a similar invitation from the Com-

monwealth Relations Office, Srimate Santha Rungachary deputised for me as editor—and she did it so excellently that I had many qualms about displacing her on my return. She will act for me in all editorial matters once more now in my absence. With one or two exceptions there is none in the whole field of journalism in the country that can hold a candle to her in originality, vigour and daring, in drive, in competency of craftsmanship and in the richness and variety of her journalistic accomplishments. I am only like a figurehead lending my name to the imprint. If SWATANTRA has done some good work and won a few laurels the credit for it belongs mainly to devotees inside the office and out who dedicated themselves to it with a marvellous spirit of identification with its central aims and mission. These will continue to impart to it its distinctive, integral character. I have the confidence that I will not be very much missed.

SAKA

BRITAIN AND THE FAR EAST

By DENIS HEALEY

THE contrast between the statements of Foreign Secretary Eden and Secretary of State Dulles on the Bangkok Conference shows that there is still a dangerous gulf between British and American policies on the Far East. Britain looks at the Far East across Europe and the Arab world. For her, its natural center is the Indian Ocean, where fellow members of the Commonwealth exert a decisive influence. America looks straight out across the Pacific to Japan and China, with memories of Pearl Harbour in her mind. For her, strategic considerations predominate. She naturally puts the defense of her forward bases in the Pacific before less tangible political and economic aspects of the scene west of Malaya. Britain, too, has her immediate strategic interests in the Far East. But she is concerned above all with the long-term danger that the Communist world may win the manpower of Southern Asia. While America is still obsessed with the loss of China, Britain's chief worry is to prevent the loss of India.

Britain's own strategic weakness in the Far East has made it easier for her to recognize that, until the West can win the minds of Asia's millions, it will be impossible to defend their bodies. With two centuries' experience of Asia behind her, she sees irresistible forces sweeping the continent, to which outsiders must adapt their policies: the revolt against white domination and the revolt against poverty. The Western conflict between democracy and totalitarianism has much less meaning for most Asians.

Eight years ago in India, Britain met the double challenge by handing over power to the Indians themselves and by making great economic sacrifices to enable the new Indian Government to establish itself. The first evidence that this policy was right came when India decided of her own free will to remain a member of

the Commonwealth. The clinching proof came only last month with the rout of the Communists in the Andhra elections. By contrast, the external and internal instability of Indo-China and Indonesia confirms Britain's wisdom. For the troubles of these countries are mainly due to the reluctance with which France and Holland relaxed their grip.

For many Englishmen, the Communist revolution in China had as much to do with the Asian revolt against poverty and white control as with the cold war between Russia and the West. In some quarters, there was at first the same sort of wishful thinking as in the U.S. about the relations between Chinese and Russian Communism. But even today expert opinion does not exclude the possibility of a break between China and the Soviet Union, providing the West does not keep pushing them together.

The Chinese Communist party has often disagreed with the Russian on both doctrine and policy. It is difficult to imagine Russia tolerating for long the autonomy of a foreign Communist party as large as her own. Moreover, the two parties are bound to compete for the allegiance of Communist parties in other parts of Asia. To these purely party frictions must be added the national frictions caused by conflicting economic and diplomatic interests and the existence of a long and ill-defined common frontier. China has much less to lose in an atomic world war than Russia, and is likely to demand a very high price in capital investment for modifying her foreign policy to suit the Soviet Union.

Thus, Britain sees a relaxation of tension in the Far East as helping the frictions between Russia and China to develop. In addition, Britain feels that a major war in the Far East at any time would be a war in the wrong place—a dangerous diversion of effort from the most criti-

cal front in Europe. But the decisive factor in Britain's attitude to China is the reaction of India.

Nehru has an unchallenged position as the leader of 600 million Asians who are thus far uncommitted in the cold war. Whether right or wrong, his opinions are of immense political importance. Thus, it is essential that, if China does embark on an aggressive course, India and the countries which follow her lead should be in a position to recognize Chinese aggression for what it is and not see it as an understandable reaction to Western provocation. For example, though the initial Communist attack in Korea was universally recognized in Asia as aggression, the entry of Chinese forces was seen by many as provoked by the United Nations advance to the Yalu. In Indo-China, too, the fighting was seen by most Asians as a colonial war.

THUS, Britain's policy in the Far East aims at building a moral frontier around Communist China, any step across which will set off a political burglar alarm in Asia and justify the arrival of the police. This seems also to be the aim of Nehru's policy, with its Principles of Coexistence, though Nehru would claim much greater optimism about its chances of preventing aggression. For the last two years, Britain and India have tried to operate a common policy in the Far East, one aiming primarily at influence on the U. S., the other at influence on China. The end of the fighting in Korea and Indo-China is the direct result.

With this background, British policy on SEATO and Formosa is more easily understood. SEATO was the price Britain paid America for allowing the Geneva Conference to succeed. Of course, Britain never opposed the establishment of a military organization in the Far East in principle, but she felt that military measures would be premature if taken without the support of the major non-Communist powers in Asia. Moreover, since America has proved unwilling to provide more land forces for the defense of Asia, there is little scope for any strategy

but the dangerous and ambiguous doctrine of "massive retaliation." The only land armies in Asia ready for action against Communist aggression are those of Chiang Kai-shek and Syngman Rhee, outside the SEATO area. And the political damage which their adherence would do in uncommitted Asia far outweighs the possible military advantage. On the other hand, air and naval action would not be effective against aggression in most parts of Asia unless directed at the cities of the Chinese mainland. And this, besides the risk of swinging neutral Asia to the Communist side, might bring in Russia under the Chinese-Soviet Pact and start a general atomic world war.

This being so, the threat of "massive retaliation" may tempt China into local experiments in the hope of "calling the American bluff," with disastrous consequences whichever way America reacts. This is why Britain so acutely fears the ambiguity in American policy on Quemoy and Matsu. The plain fact is that, until the countries on the spot are ready to build up the land forces needed to halt aggression, a Communist attack anywhere in Asia might prove to confront the Allies with the intolerable choice between appeasement and atomic world war.

So the overwhelming priority must go to the political and economic measures required to change opinion in neutral Asia. Unfortunately, America still seems far from understanding the way in which most Asians see the issue. And despite the noble work of men like Harold Stassen and Chester Bowles, the Administration seems unready to ask Congress for the sort of economic programme which would make a real impact on poverty in Asia.

So, for the time being, Britain's efforts must be concentrated on ending hostilities on the one remaining battleground—the Formosa Straits. On this issue, there is far less difference between the British Government and Opposition than they both pretend.

Labour and Conservatives alike want the withdrawal of Chiang's forces from the offshore islands so

that the seventy miles of open sea west of Formosa may produce a *de facto* cease-fire. And the Labour party, like the Government, has implicitly withdrawn its support from the Cairo declaration which made Formosa a part of China. The Labour party has reaffirmed the policy it first announced in 1953—that Formosa should be neutralized under international control so that its own people could decide its destiny.

The one major issue on which there might prove to be a gulf between the British parties is that Labour insists on removing the Kuomintang leaders from Formosa before a plebiscite. The Government has so far expressed no views on this, though informed comment about the "two Chinas" policy sug-

gests that it may aim at simultaneous recognition of both Mao Tse-tung and Chiang Kai-shek.

The West has little to fear from the reaction of the countries which border on the Indian Ocean—most of their governments have already made contact with China without disaster. Japan is the country which is most likely to be affected—the recent elections proved the failure of MacArthur's occupation policy in this respect. But, here, too, the day can be saved if America has learned the lesson which she herself taught Britain two centuries ago. No Asian country will choose the West unless it is allowed to choose quite freely. And if the West mistrusts the consequences of a free choice, it has lost the battle before the fighting begins.



COLOMBO PLAN TRAINEES IN U. K.: A party of 14 scientists from India, Pakistan, Ceylon, Burma, Indonesia and the Philippines who are now in Britain on a six-month tour under the Technical Co-operation Scheme of the Colombo Plan

BRITAIN'S ECONOMY ON ELECTION EVE

By W. T. C. KING

A CROWDED sequence of major events compressed themselves, by odd mischance, into the four weeks of Britain's newspaper stoppage. When normal publication was resumed, Sir Winston Churchill had retired from the premiership of Britain, though not from British politics; his successor, Sir Anthony Eden, had sought a dissolution of Parliament; the party machines had begun their preparations for a general election on May 26; and Mr. Butler, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, had introduced his fourth Budget.

The state of Britain's economy on election eve is exceptionally well documented. The annual picture presented in the Economic Survey and in the white papers on the balance of payments and national income has been amplified by the estimates and forecasts given in the Budget speech, providing altogether a wealth of information for anyone anxious to make a detailed study.

The outstanding feature of the Budget was unquestionably its buoyancy of mood. Many economists had indeed felt that the strength of demand within Britain's economy had left no scope for tax relief this year, despite the fact that restraining influences had been set in motion two months ago—by the increase in Bank rates to four-and-a-half per cent and the imposition of restrictions upon hire-purchase trading.

Mr. Butler accepted this argument in part, since he declined to give relief from indirect taxation (except relief for the specific purpose of aiding the hard-pressed cotton textile industry) because that would encourage consumer spending. But he founded his policy as a whole on a conviction that it is only by expanding production, and not by restricting demand, that Britain's equilibrium will be assured. And he empha-

sised afresh the principles that were implicit in the measures of last February. This is the first threat to sterling since the war that has been met solely by the traditional regulators of a "free" economy and Mr. Butler made it plain that he would put his trust in these regulators, the flexible instruments of monetary and fiscal policy, instead of reverting to direct physical control.

Buoyant approach

This buoyant approach led Mr. Butler to conclude that some lightening of the load of direct taxation was needed to "give industry the spur to be more competitive"—and he gave relief by cutting the standard rate of income tax from nine shillings to eight and sixpence in the £ (with cuts of threepence in the reduced rates that apply to the lower ranges of income) and by raising the tax-free allowances on personal incomes (especially on family incomes)—changes that have the effect of taking an additional 2,400,000 persons out of the income-tax brackets altogether.

The reliefs as a whole, costing £134 millions in this fiscal year and £155 millions in the first full year, were handsomely covered by the available surplus. Although the Government's current expenditures (as shown by the so-called "above-line" account) are estimated at fully £250 millions more than was actually disbursed last year, the prospective buoyancy of revenue was such as to promise a surplus of £282 millions at the old tax rates, compared with the surplus of £433 millions realised last year. After the tax reliefs, therefore, the prospective surplus is estimated at £148 millions.

By the narrow orthodoxy of pre-war principles of budgeting, such reliefs would have seemed not only justifiable but very conservative. The

tests of modern principles, which require the Budget to be a counterpoise to ensure due equilibrium between demand and supply within the economy as a whole, are more exacting in present circumstances. But Mr. Butler sought to show that his Budget satisfied these tests also.

Because of the new strains upon the balance of payments—the rising volume of imports and the higher prices that have to be paid for them—it is imperative that the total domestic demands upon Britain's production should leave a sufficient margin of capacity available for an increase in exports. After allowing for an estimated increase of some £15 millions in fixed investment outlays, the Chancellor thought there would be such a margin; but his conclusion rested on the assumption that consumers' expenditure would rise less rapidly than it did last year and that the scope for further expansion of output was "at least as great as it has been in the past, if not greater."

Optimistic assumptions?

Many commentators upon the Budget have judged these to be optimistic assumptions. On the one hand, recent strong increases in wages will sustain consumption and may push up export costs. On the other hand, last year's good rise in output, carrying it to a record level, was achieved only by dint of an increase in overtime working, reduction in unemployment to a very tiny margin and an unexpectedly large increase in the labour force.

The Chancellor is assuming, however, that the hire-purchase restrictions, in particular, will keep down consumption; that past investment outlays will fructify so that output can rise without any corresponding addition to the labour force; and that the need for additional exports may not be quite so great as was assumed a few months ago, because imports at the end of 1954 and early this year may have been unduly and temporarily swollen for the purpose of building up stocks. This stock-building, it is hoped, is now being

checked by the tighter monetary policy. In addition, there is a possibility that the added burden from the terms of trade will be less onerous than was first feared; the ratio of import prices to export prices declined by roughly one per cent in March.

Action by Banks

There is not, in fact, any reason for believing that a higher Bank Rate is needed now or will be needed in the early future. The mere possibility of an advance has carried the Treasury bill rate up further, to three-and-seven-eighths per cent. The tendency for substantial holders of liquid funds to withdraw them from bank deposit accounts (which, by agreement between the banks, receive not more than two-and-a-half per cent) for employment in bills has become of major importance, providing a sanction for the enforcement of firm monetary policy upon which no one had counted a few months ago. This has convinced the banks that the pressure upon their liquidity ratios that began when the Treasury was repaying Treasury bills from its seasonal surplus is not merely a transitory tendency.

Nearly all the banks, therefore, have now felt obliged to strengthen their ratios by sales of gilt-edged securities, and some of them at least have tightened their scrutiny of applications for bank advances. Pressure of this kind seems likely to extend further, and so long as there is this clear evidence that the present monetary policy is working effectively, the authorities are unlikely to make any further overt move.

In the meantime they are continuing their tactics of keeping a tight hold upon credit supplies in the money market, and borrowings by discount houses at the Bank of England have become a frequent occurrence. It certainly cannot be said that the process begun in 1951 of creating again a flexible monetary apparatus is yet complete; but very rapid progress has been made in these past three months.

SCHOOL CHILDREN'S HEALTH PROBLEMS

By ARTHUR GORDON

IN Los Angeles, California, the devoted and energetic members of the Parent-Teacher Association (P.T.A.) have learned it is not enough simply to provide first-rate schools for their children. It is equally necessary, they found, to provide first-rate children for the schools.

For years they had been searching for the solution to questions that plague parents in every American community, questions like: What can be done for children from low-income families whose hearts hammer alarmingly when they climb stairs, children with persistent coughs, children who have to squint to see the blackboard, children who urgently need dental care? What does the teacher do about a first-grader who tries every day to run away from school and screams constantly if she is forced to stay? What can be done for such children if they come from homes where the family budget is already stretched to the breaking point?

To these, and a thousand other questions like them, the P. T. A. volunteers in Los Angeles found the answer: a \$700,000 Health Centre built not with tax-payers' money but with small sums earned at countless school carnivals, bazaars, paper drives and cookie sales held under the auspices of California's Tenth District P.T.A.

Staffed largely by volunteer physicians, and magnificently equipped, the Health Centre treats well over 200 children a day. Some need cardiograms, some need blood tests, some need chest X-rays, some need psychiatric help—and so do their parents. Whatever the need, it is taken care of at a cost scaled down to the patient's ability to pay. The results are so heartening and inspiring that in December 1954, the Tenth

District P.T.A. received the Lane Bryant Award, given annually for outstanding volunteer contribution to community welfare.

The health service programme of the Tenth District P.T.A., goes back to 1905, when the members began maintaining a single bed in the old Children's Hospital in Los Angeles. The programme expanded rapidly and filled an urgent need in a community where school nurses and doctors were allowed to diagnose but were legally restricted from providing treatment. But it failed to keep up with the fantastic growth of the city. By 1945 it was evident that something had to be done—and on a big scale.

It took courage and vision, but by this time the Tenth District was one of the largest P.T.A. organisations in the world. (Today it has 231,419 members in 309 locals.) It also had experienced and aggressive leadership. There was enough money in the treasury to buy a site. The members decided that if they could raise \$300,000, some mortgage company would lend them the rest.

They were determined not to ask for federal help or city assistance. All fund-raising efforts, from scrap collections to rummage sales, were approved by the Board of Education and carried out by the P.T.A. No money came from lotteries, or any other form of gambling. In four and one half years they raised \$265,000. After considerable difficulty (as a volunteer organisation they had no credit standing), they were able to borrow the rest of the money. By 1951 the building—all 60,000 square feet of it—was an accomplished fact. Already more than half the cost has been paid.

Inside the handsome, air-conditioned structure efficiency and cheerfulness prevail. "It really does

something for you spiritually," a staff member said, "to see a handicapped child straightened out. It is not the physical improvement only, it is the personality change that so often comes with it."

During the 1953-54 school year the orthopedic section of the Health Centre handled about 2,500 patients and reported marked improvement in more than half the cases.

The heart clinic, according to Dr. Morse J. Shapiro, who directs it, is "just about a perfect medical workshop." Staffed by 10 volunteer specialists, it does a superb diagnostic job, not only uncovering serious heart conditions but also reassuring hundreds of worried parents whose children are sent in with "murmurs" or other irregularities that turn out to be nonexistent or unimportant. So far 20 cases of major heart surgery have resulted from the clinic's diagnoses—all of them spectacularly successful.

The 11 experts on the chest board, using the X-ray and laboratory facilities of the Health Centre, are working toward the complete elimination of such disasters as tuberculosis and other chest ailments.

The services of some clinics are available to all children, regardless of financial status. Others are limited to children whose parents cannot afford private medical care. The Centre does not encourage pauperism, though. All children referred by school doctors or nurses pay a fifty-cent registration fee. Interviews are conducted by social service workers to determine family economic status, and this, in turn, fixes the percentage of cost of treatment the patient must pay.

Once registered and screened, a child is routed swiftly to the section that specialises in his type of trouble. A youngster with faulty vision will have his eyes checked by a specialist. If glasses are necessary they will be supplied at minimum cost—sometimes at no cost at all. The tender feelings of adolescents are taken into consideration too. Growing girls who are sensitive about how they look in glasses are allowed to choose from a glittering array of

frames ornamented with miniature flowers, spangles and other devices.

A child showing signs of deafness is examined by an ear-nose-and-throat doctor and tested with an audiometer, a device that measures hearing capacity. An astonishing variety of foreign bodies has been removed from small ears and nostrils: buttons, pencil erasers, beans, peas (some of them sprouting!), small marbles, pieces of crayon—some of recent origin, others apparently lodged there for years. If the hearing difficulty is of a type that does not yield to treatment the child will be assigned to classrooms where hearing aids are available, or if necessary given courses in lip-reading.

Children with grievous skin eruptions, children with malformed bones, children with teeth so neglected that they require complete dentures—the functions of the Centre cover virtually the whole field of preventive medicine. Its own laboratory carries out all manner of clinical tests. Its own pharmacy dispenses drugs at cost. Its gynecological clinic handles several hundred cases each year, a few involving unmarried mothers, who are referred to the proper welfare agencies.

ONE of the most active divisions of the Centre is the child guidance clinic, under the direction of Dr. Marion Firor, an outspoken psychiatrist with a deep understanding of children and their emotional problems. She heads a staff that includes 11 psychiatrists, three psychologists, eight psychological social workers and a number of clerical assistants.

When a child is referred to the guidance clinic he is first checked over physically (behaviour problems are sometimes caused by glandular imbalance or other hidden illness). Next psychological tests are given. Then, if the difficulty is clearly emotional, the psychiatrist goes to work, watching the child, talking to the child, playing with the child.

Parents are guided too. While the psychiatrist observes the child, a psychiatric social worker interviews

the parents. Each interview lasts an hour and takes place once a week. A typical case will be under treatment for three or four months. Dr. Firor feels that beneficial results are obtained in 80 to 85 percent of all cases.

Cooperation between the Health Centre and the Board of Education

New Process Developed For Dehydrating Potatoes

THE preservation of potatoes by drying is at least 2,000 years old, but the process usually had an adverse effect on their taste and colour. Now, improved methods of dehydration can preserve potatoes so that they retain their original flavour and appearance.

Under new processes developed by the U. S. Department of Agriculture (USDA), dehydrated potatoes will be marketed as flakes and granules from which mashed potatoes can be made, and as potato puffs and potato-chip bars.

Various USDA research laboratories throughout the country have contributed to the research. The Department's Eastern Regional Research Laboratory developed the process for preparing potato flakes. These flakes are made into mashed potato by mixing them with hot milk or hot water.

When the flakes are manufactured, potatoes are peeled, cooked, mashed and fed into a double drum drier. The potato mash covers the surface of the drums, which rotate continuously. The mash is dried by steam, then removed in sheets of carefully controlled thickness, and broken into flakes before packaging.

In USDA's Western Research Laboratory a drum has been developed that produces acceptable potato granules. Previous processes had broken many cells, often causing the product to be pasty. Earlier processes also left too much moisture content which often caused off-taste and off-colour to develop in storage.

The Western Laboratory's new drier, like that in the Eastern Laboratory, lowers moisture to three per

cent, greatly improving storage stability. The previous low in moisture content was seven per cent.

In this new drier, hot air coming up through a porous plate suspends the bed of granules above the plate so that they move constantly. Continuous and thorough fixing insures even drying. This drier, already in use at one commercial plant, can finish about 1,000 pounds of potatoes an hour.

The Western Laboratory researchers have also developed a fat-free, pillow-shaped, puffed potato titbit that can be flavoured and has a crunchy texture and toasted colour. It is good for out-of-hand eating, as a breakfast food, and in soups, stuffing and casserole dishes.

The puffs are made by blanching peeled potato strips in boiling water, then rapidly drying the surface and heating at the same time. Steam formed inside expands the strip. The puffs may be flavoured with such materials as cheese, garlic, onion, sugar, monosodium glutamate and salt. Generally the flavourings are added to the blanching water.

For a high-calorie, high-density military ration with taste appeal, the Eastern Laboratory has developed a bar from crushed potato chips. The new bar occupies only a twentieth of the space of conventional potato chips and is superior in keeping quality. The new bar thus has a high transportation and storage value. The crushed chip fragments are bound into the bar by using high-melting hydrogenated vegetable oils in the frying process.

The armed forces, restaurants, institutions which feed large groups, and housewives are expected to find these new dehydrated potato products of great value and use.

ANDHRA ASSOCIATION, CALCUTTA

APPEAL FOR BUILDING FUND

THE managing committee of the Andhra Association, Calcutta, have issued an appeal for a building fund. The committee consists of Messrs. Returi Bhaskara Rao, Ch. S. Prakasa Rao, M. S. Chakravarty, G. S. Chainlu, P. J. Rama Rao, P. Ramamohan Rao, R. Ramalinga Sarma, G. Prabhakara Rao, S. Sanyasi Rao, R. Seshagiri Rao, T. S. C. Sekhar, B. Sadasivan and Srimati M. Radha Devi, Kumari K. Sumati Devi, Sri K. Vizaramaiah Pantulu, Sri T. V. Raghaviah and Sri P. Jagannadham. The appeal of the committee is published below:

The Association is 18 years old. From modest beginnings it has now reached a recognizable stature and stability, thanks to the tireless efforts and unstinted support of its members, well-wishers and sympathisers. We have on the rolls about 300 members, among whom some are holding very responsible and key posts in the Governments of India and West Bengal. With the formation of the Andhra State and the spectacular celebrations in Calcutta by the Association to mark the occasion, the Andhras and their association attained a new stature in the city's cultural and social life.

With the increased membership and with the formation of the State, the activities of the Association have increased and are increasing. One of its efforts has borne fruit in the establishment of a much needed school for Telugu children. The present strength of the school is 250.

Besides the school, the Association's activities include the youth section, the ladies' section, study circles, the club section, sports and games, the staging of dramas, publication of annual numbers, social and relief work among its own members and among sufferers at times of national calamity like the Midnapore cyclone, the Rayalaseema famine, the Godavari floods, etc.

The Association is still leading a nomadic existence for want of suitable premises. The acquirement of its own premises in the premier city of Calcutta not only rests with its own members but with the Government and people of Andhra.

The Association had its start in this direction during the year 1945 and staged a number of dramas. The net receipts which ran to 4 digits had given a fillip to the members to continue the efforts through various channels and the fund just exceeded Rs. 4,000 by the end of 1954. Thanks to voluntary donation from some of the members and from Messrs. N. C. H. Row & Co., Calcutta and Sri K. Vijaramiah Pantulu, the building fund at present stands at Rs. 15,000. In this connection we have to express our deep gratitude to Ganakokila P. Subbalakshmi and Sri Banda Kankalingeswar Rao for giving us benefit performances at Calcutta in the last few months. The drive for contributions from the members still continues with added vigour.

As the Andhra Community is relatively small and as most of them are wage or salary earners, the contributions that can be raised are of a limited nature. Hence we wish to make this direct appeal to one and all of the citizens of Andhradesa. The task of having a building of reasonable size for holding the classes as well as to cater to the needs of the Association is enormous. A site of 1250 square yards alone will cost round about Rs. 75,000 and unless we acquire the land, the chances of getting the help of the Government and other large donors for the construction of the building will be delayed. Hence the managing committee of the Andhra Association, will be grateful to accept any donation, big or small, for this deserving cause. Your valued support and cooperation in this respect will be highly appreciated.

Contributions may please be sent to the Andhra Association, Calcutta, 5, Satyan Dutt Road, Calcutta-29.

SARDAR PATEL

By SUBHASH J. RELE

SARDAR PATEL has his place in the history of India as the 'Iron Man' of action who built up a parallel administrative machinery to take the place of the crumbling edifice of British imperialism. His career exhibits the foresight of a statesman, the qualities of a commander and the endurance of a martyr. Through sheer force of will he had accomplished several impossible things. To Indian politics he brought the leaven of commonsense, acutely alive to practical realities and the conditions by which Indian political aspirations had to be governed. It was this realisation coupled with characteristic intolerance of visionary policies and a fiery enthusiasm for first principles and logical endeavour which made him the eminently constructive nation-builder that he showed himself to be.

From a ploughboy of Gujarat to the Deputy Prime Ministership of Independent India: that sums up the story of Sardar Patel. This elevation of a son of the soil to the ministerial gadi is one of the extraordinary romances of Indian history. It reminds one of the rise of Lincoln from the log cabin to the White House, or of Stalin from a cobbler's corner to the Kremlin. Sardar Patel had been a fighter of many battles and a triumphant hero of them all. His miraculous achievements in a very short period of power will be recorded in India's history with pride and admiration. He devoted himself to the great task of unifying the country and maintaining its stability against all disruptive forces. In particular, his genius was demonstrated in the way he handled the difficult and complicated problem of the old Indian States. He made a United India out of hundreds of heterogeneous States whose separate existence would have been a powerful force for disintegration in these troublous times.

Sardar Patel was born at Karamsad, Nadiad Taluka, Kaira district, in 1875. He was brought up at his maternal uncle's house at Nadiad. Having his primary education at a village school at Karamsad, at an early age he qualified himself for practice as a lawyer. From early youth he displayed a rare genius for leadership which combined courage with amazing capacity for painstaking study. He, however, made his reputation as a militant nationalist in his Bardoli no-tax campaign. He consolidated it as the organizer of the Civil Disobedience campaign of 1930-31, the movement which will be recognized as the real prelude to Indian freedom because it convinced British opinion that Indian nationalism was a force not merely to be reckoned with but one which must eventually fulfil itself in Independence. By his courage, discipline and genius for organization, he became one of the principal lieutenants of Gandhiji and a great leader in India's struggle.

IN politics, Sardar Patel represented Gandhiji's realism, his judgment, his capacity for taking lightning decisions and backing them with a rock-like faith and firm action. His passionate love of the villagers and their simple folk, with their crafts, occupations and way of life and his self-discipline, hard-work and lynx-eyed alertness were reminiscent of Gandhiji. Many times in the onward march of the struggle for freedom, in the dark days of lathi charge and ordinance rule, his compatriots looked upto him for guidance and counsel.

His picturesque personality was a compound of integrity, independence and fearlessness. There was a brusqueness about him which reminds one of his rural origin but it was extremely useful to the country, for it assisted in the dispatch of public business and kept people firmly to the ground. His tackling

of Hyderabad and Junagadh are standing examples. To his rural origin may also be ascribed that shrewdness of mind and pawkiness of expression which so often enlivens the countryman's talk. One of the dominant features of his character was his firmness. Indeed, it may be said that perhaps the most signal service he has done to the country was to keep Government firm in its pursuit of Law and order. It was this quality that gave stability and substance to the Congress organization. With Cardinal Newman he would say, "One step is enough for me." In sheer power of organization he had few equals. In success, he was never elated; in defeats never depressed. One thing he could not endure was insincerity and when he came across it his comments could be quite barbed.

THERE was no political leader in India who was so well informed about public opinion as Sardar Patel. However unpleasant the consequences of firm action might appear to be, and whatever the unpopularity it might bring, the Sardar, having once weighed the pros and cons, always unflinchingly stuck to his guns. There was a challenging attitude in every gesture of his being and an unfailing hopefulness in his eyes. Whether it was the R. S. S. which threatened to disturb the public peace, or the Sikhs who wished to cause embroilments or the Communists who would spread disorder throughout the countryside, each had found in the Sardar an indomitable opponent, animated by the sole desire to maintain order in the State with uncompromising firmness.

The perspicacity of his mind betokened logical thought which instinctively rejected the false with unerring accuracy, winnowed the grain from the chaff and created for him that reputation for being right which was his greatest asset in commanding the following he had. A thorough appreciation of essentials and realities enabled him to eschew error to a degree that won him in his own life-time fame of almost legendary quality.

The Sardar was essentially a man of action and all men of action live under perpetual criticism. No leader has evoked so many contrasting sentiments as Sardar had done. The Socialists charged that he was a pro-capitalist. This was the most unfair criticism of Sardar Patel and wholly biased. It was however the Sardar who put an end to the princely order and the capitalists, too, knew that he was no friend of the capitalistic system either. His friendship for the individual capitalists and princes was rooted in the assumption that they were not devoid of patriotism and good sense. He was far too practical to under-rate their experience or ignore how badly the country needed their services. It was conceded even by his staunch critics that in the process of compromise his sense of realism was of the utmost value. He knew better than anybody else that capitalism and vested interests would not survive; at the same time he was not unaware that the capitalists were interested more in private accumulation of wealth than in national enterprise. He saw that what India needed most if she were to consolidate her freedom and take the road to progress and plenty, was to create a sense of security and confidence in the "haves" and thus wean them away from the "locking up" habit and make them take to industrial investment and generate and build the productive forces in capital for national well-being. When this became general and the "locked up" or hidden wealth was brought out of the safes and hidden places and channelled into productive use, then would come the time to raise the issues of social justice and equitable distribution of wealth. This explains his oft-repeated statement that we must have wealth before we can talk about its distribution.

During his political career, Sardar Patel was many a time attacked and scurrilously lampooned by his opponents. But all these fell on him impotently. His opponents, however adroit, were unable to understand rationale behind his policies. At one time, he was bitterly criticised as

being reactionary. To tell the truth, Sardar Patel was never opposed to any reform, however radical, provided it could be shown to be practicable and in the best interests of the country. He never did anything for personal gain. That was the reason why he was able to command respect and regard both from friends and enemies in equal measure.

TO many, he was a strange enigma, an aggregate of inconsistencies and his subtlety of argument was often incomprehensible and baffling. But of his courage, his integrity of purpose and his deep patriotism and his fine example of public conduct and personal sacrifice there was all but universal recognition. That the public good came first to him was invariably established by his standing aside in favour of Pandit Nehru when perhaps his age, experience and service gave him the better claim to be the first Prime Minister of India. More than any other thing he must be considered as the chief architect of Indian unity, who hammered out a consolidated nation by ironing out the political angularities of the maharajas who stood in the way of the country's unity. In a country where centuries of alien rule had established an inferiority complex he created wherever he moved an atmosphere of self-dependent strength.

It is fascinating to study the sharp differences in outlook and approach between Pandit Nehru and Sardar Patel. The former is first and foremost a dreamer, an idealist. Strangely enough, the world of ideas is as real to him as the world of action. Perhaps day-dreaming is more suited to his temperament. The Sardar was a practical politician. Ideas were valuable to him to the extent they could be put into practice in daily life. Because of his quality of getting to the root of things and acting realistically, he has achieved great things for India. John Gunther rightly said that the Sardar knew no culture but agriculture. Being a man of action, he could never afford to live among clouds which seems to be Pandit Nehru's forte. The Sardar was a peasant at heart, being born

and bred a peasant. Naturally, he had a peasant's dislike of Utopian, book-learned theories and empty talk. He once said, "I have no doubt that if we conduct ourselves as practical men, as those interested in and concerned almost solely with the problem of everyday life, as those to whom what matters is practical results, rather than theoretical debates, we shall see through our problems and difficulties much quicker and much more effectively than if we engaged ourselves in perpetual wrangles about rights and wrongs of one principle or another or of different isms."

In a time like this when India is being threatened by an enveloping crisis, when Goa and Portugal are still a headache, the country misses more than ever the steadying influence of Sardar Patel who had that rare combination of audacity and calculation which ensures success. "Don't reflect, act," that was his gospel and that was in short the crux of his statesmanship. The sombre truth, however unpalatable, is becoming clear that Pandit Nehru is served not by seasoned advisers but by a bunch of amateurs anxious to catch the master's eye.

TO SHRIMATI

WHERE thou art honoured, there all blessings grow,
And where dishonoured, there no sacred rite
Yields joyous fruit, but soul-corroding blight;
And home-sweet-home, the only heaven we know
Upon this earth, becomes a hell of woe;
And love of home, whence love of country springs,
Killed at its very root, all baleful things
The tree of national greatness overthrow.
This truth recorded time doth loudly tell:
Therefore, O goddess of the Home's sweet shrine,
Let not the false lights of the reckless West
Tempt thee descend thy lofty pedestal
Of Womanhood, with sordid strife to wrest
Man's power and fame that cannot equal thine!

THEO. W. LA TOUCHE

THE DIONNES COME OF AGE

SLIGHTLY more than two decades ago, five babies were born in dire poverty in the north woods community of Callander, Ontario. On May 28, their birthday, four of those babies who now survive as young women of 21 came into equal shares of a fortune of approximately \$1,000,000.

Brought up from babyhood as strict Catholics, they have been carefully schooled. Their tastes are simple; none has shown a desire to enter into secular life. Nuns have been their teachers and advisers. Emilie died in a hospital convent last August, stricken with epilepsy. Marie entered a convent with the intention of taking the veil, but poor health forced her to return to her home.

Thus, a miracle of the Canadian forest reaches its climax as Yvonne, Marie, Cecile and Annette Dionne split the fortune which was built up for them when they were the wonder babies of the world.

Mostly in bonds, it will be divided into five equal parts. The share of the late Emilie will then be split up into 14 equal parts, one for each of the Dionne family, including the parents.

The Quintuplets never knew the poverty into which they were born. The ramshackle old house with its uncarpeted floors and outdoors plumbing was long ago abandoned.

By the time the babies were a year old, money for their support and upkeep in a trim little hospital nursery was coming in from NEA Service for picture rights and from advertisers and merchandisers. The late Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe devoted his full time and attention to the babies and two nurses were in constant attendance while a cook and housekeeper supplied the meals.

This may sound like an ideal arrangement, but Mr. and Mrs. Clive Dionne were not happy with it. They still lived in the old family house, with the elder children. Mrs. Dionne could not understand why she could not take care of her five new babies,

instead of nurses. Dionne did not like any part of the arrangement.

He had no idea, of course, what the cost of caring for the babies amounted to. There was friction, protests, rumours of kidnapping plots and all was confusion during the early years—except in the little hospital where the nurses and the babies were serene and happy.

The first commercial deal that was made after it became reasonably certain that the children would live was for still picture rights. After days and weeks of excited bidding and various sorts of offers, Fred S. Ferguson, president of the NEA Service, was successful in negotiating a contract with Joseph Sedgwick, of Toronto, who had been assigned by the Canadian Government to represent the official Quintuplets Guardians.

As it turned out, the basic principle of this contract was the foundation stone of the billion-dollar Quintuplets fortune.

Offers for all rights—pictures, merchandising, advertising and movies—ran as high as \$50,000 and \$75,000 for a period of about a year. Since there was no guarantee the babies would live, it sounded like a lot of money, but on the basis of the way expenses were running to maintain the Quintuplets, it was obvious such sums wouldn't last long. Also, if there was any profit to be made, it would go to the outsider who bought the over-all rights.

As a consequence, Mr. Ferguson proposed that it would be better business for the guardians if they sold only the still picture rights, reserving the advertising, merchandising, and movies for Quintuplet Guardianship in order to assure greater income for expenses in the event the children lived. All such income from the commercial sources would then go to the Dionne babies and not to some outsider.

This proposal was accepted and the first contract signed by NEA called for payment of \$10,000, half of the

amount in advance. Then came annual renewals at increased figures until the last, five years later, at \$50,000. Before the Quintuplets were two years old, the total in advertising and merchandising contracts entered into in their behalf amounted to \$250,000. From then on the Quintuplets fund grew rapidly and steadily.

No special family celebration is planned for the 21st birthday. Cecile and Yvonne are studying at Hospital Notre Dame-de-Esperance at Ville Saint-Laurent, near Montreal. Annette is attending a convent college in Montreal, specializing in music.

So far none of the sisters has any plans for spending their money or any romantic attachments. The family is drawing up a plan for their approval by which they would set up their own trust fund. They will make out will after their birthday. Under Canadian law they are not permitted to draw a will until they are of age.

In the hectic first days when few thought the babies would live long, a promoter long-distanced an offer to Papa Dionne. There was a fat fee which would solve all his pressing problems if the babies could be exhibited at the Chicago World's Fair.

He was assured that the babies' health would be carefully considered, and the father signed a contract. But the public was horrified and pressure made Dionne agreement impossible.

To protect him from a breach of contract suit, the Government in Ottawa saw that it must move in. Special laws were passed which made the Quints unique government wards.

The town of Callander has doubled its size in the 21 years since the event. Still a small town now, it was a mere cross-roads then. There was a one-pump filling station and a poor road from North Bay nine miles away.

It took the new roads which had to be built to get the tremendous influx of travel to the Dionne home

to make Callander reach its destiny as a vacation spot.

But the guardians' problems were many. Everyone wanted to get into the act. The struggle to cash in caused a split between the Dionne family and almost everyone else, a breach which has not been healed to this day.

Father Dionne felt that his babies were being alienated from the family. The guardians, the Ontario Government and Dr. Dafoe, on the other hand, felt that the most stringent vigilance was necessary to keep the children alive. It was months before anyone was sure that the Quints weren't a mere freak of nature and would not quickly die.

The Dionnes were hurt when a hospital was built and the babies moved out of the crowded home. While mother and father always could see the babies when they wished, they resented every restriction. Thousands of tourists visited the hospital to see the babies without admission fee. There is no doctor in Callander to take the place of Dr. Allan R. Dafoe. His tradition of service to a small-town community, which included presiding at from 1400 to 1600 births, has come to an end. Ranging over miles of area under all conditions for 26 years before the babies' birth he had ministered to those in trouble.

With swift motor travel, no doctor is needed in Callander now. But the small Red Cross hospital, which moved in when the Quints came, has remained ever since as a reminder of a famous birthday.

—P. G. Krishnayya's Service



THE only real voyage of discovery, the only Fountain of Youth, consists not in seeking new landscapes but in having new eyes, in seeing the universe with the eyes of another, of a hundred others, in seeing the hundred universes that each of them sees. And this we can do with a Renoir or a Debussy; with such as they we fly indeed from star to star.—Proust

THE PRESENCE OF NATURE IN FRENCH ART

By BARNETT D. CONLAN

FRENCH art is by no means abstract in its tendencies, at least in the contemporary sense of the word, nor is it by nature surrealist. Both influences have to a great extent been imported into France by the presence of those non-French elements that go to make Paris what it is—the meeting ground of all nations in matters of art.

With thousands of painters, from all parts of the world, the authentic French tradition tends to be overlooked or eclipsed.

Despite the decorative and ornate character of much French art, that of the court painters like Lebrun, or the romantic movement, one might say that the main French tradition is characterized by a sort of classic simplicity.

The most typical of French painters—Fouquet, Le Nain, Chardin, Corot, Courbet, Cezanne and Segonzac show a natural ease and discretion which we hardly find elsewhere.

The simplicity of this art may derive from the fact that France is an agricultural nation and that a great part of her life has always been, and still is, connected with the land.

In England the contrary has occurred. Agriculture has been displaced by industry, by the factories and by builded areas, so that English artists are more impressed by the shifting spectacle of sea and sky than by the stable outlines of the land.

If the average French artist is not necessarily a peasant he is likely to be descended from those who once lived on the land, and his work will show a certain rustic simplicity not to be found often with the English or Italian artist.

The French countryside is a much more primitive affair than the Eng-

lish scene. The latter has the character of the park or fenced off property, where things are mechanized, tidied and brought up to date.

This difference between what might almost be called the organic and mechanic aspects of life is not necessarily that of today but can be traced back to the Middle Ages.

If we compare the great French cathedrals with their English counterparts, we shall find a rugged simplicity of outline and workmanship, in the first, and a dry efficiency in the second. Indeed the English cathedral suggests the work of engineers and its cold, precise outlines seem to be cast in steel.

And so with French painting. Along with those brilliant official portraits and court paintings which are often supposed to embody the typical French spirit, we shall find a long line of painters and sculptors who possess, in common with the cathedrals, much of the natural celtic genius.

Even with a great classical painter like Poussin, so saturated with the Roman spirit, we will find a remarkable feeling for natural scenery. In those drawings of his in which the forest often figures, there is a rare sense of the beauty of foliage shaking in the breeze, of the bark of trees, of all the old celtic spirit of the woods.

If Poussin was a learned artist, after the manner of his great contemporary Milton, Claude Lorraine of the same period was illiterate. None the less he is one of the greatest of European artists. His genius, in some ways akin to that of Virgil has influenced painting until today. Even poets like Goethe came under his spell, and the art of Turner and the Impressionists stems directly from

his paintings. In some of his ink drawings—views around Rome on the Tiber, his art rises to the poetic heights of the great Chinese landscape painters. Corot is another influence of the first order, and his art a sort of miracle in which almost all the qualities of French painting are fused to perfection. In many respects his work may be said to resume the whole of French art—its architectural qualities which he inherited from Poussin and his science of light which he acquired by close observation of nature and handed on to Boudin and the Impressionists. His classical perfection is something that stands out and survives all the changing fashions that have taken place since his time. As the years go by Corot like the poet La Fontaine is seen to be something unique, something that cannot be improved on, being as satisfying to us as Nature itself.

Courbet is another great French painter who styled himself 'a pupil of Nature.' His respect for the natural scene, carried to the extreme limits of realism, was the very antithesis of the modern fashion to ignore natural appearances and prefer abstractions. And yet Courbet like Corot is seen to be one of the really great painters. The big retrospective of his work, recently held in Paris, showed what a great artist he really was, able to transpose all he saw into a poetic image of the world, being almost unaware himself of the

extent to which he had transfigured it.

It is very significant that thirty years ago neither Corot nor Courbet were assessed at their real values, as they are today. As a student in Paris, in the days of Cubism and Modigliani, I can recollect how many, at that time, considered the classic French tradition to be of little interest or value.

AND yet Cezanne who was, in many ways, held to be at the source of all the new trends, was himself a pillar of the main French tradition taking his inspiration from Nature and from Poussin.

"Everything we see" he tells us "is dispersed and disappears. Nature is always the same but nothing remains of it, nothing of what we see. Our art should give to Nature the thrill of continuance with the appearance of all its changes. It should enable us to feel Nature as eternal."

Here we find something very like a religious attitude to Nature—and to Painting!

This may be one of the reasons why painting today is taken so seriously by the French, one of the reasons, also, why the young French painters of today do not turn away from Nature.

India, like France, has a great tradition of arts and crafts, and it is to be hoped that she will be able to preserve it—by renewing it.

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FASCINATING TRIBES OF BASTAR

By V. RAGHAVIAH

THE Maria Gonds of Bastar are a charming and fascinating tribe among whom life is an unending stream of joy and even when it gets terminated by efflux of time, it does



Maria youth with cowry bands and peacock feathers as headgear.

not necessarily snap the ties binding the living and the departed. In fact they believe that those who have left the world continue to influence their agricultural operations, expect and get offerings and sacrifices during marriage as well as funeral ceremonies, and take an active part in the daily life and destinies of the living. The dead have got to be feared and propitiated by offerings and memorials like menhirs.

There are many features and customs of the Gonds which are akin to the Koyas and Kondareddis of the Godavari valley which leave the impression that both belong to a common stock, though the former perhaps due to a more inviting soil, suitable climate, more wholesome food habits and freedom from malarial conditions are able to enjoy a better build, and a more enduring constitution than their unfortunate brethren of Andhra. The slinging from shoulders of long drums of hollowed tree trunks, copious use of

plumes of peacock and jungle cock feathers as part of head dress, the wearing of bison horn headgear during dances, the singing of the 'Rela' song and the circular dances neatly executed by men and women by firmly catching each other's shoulders from behind offer points of close resemblance. While agelong malignant malaria has sapped the energy of the Koya, and practically reduced him to a walking skeleton, the Gond continues to preserve his traditional hardiness and charm untainted by the impact of an invading civilization. His cultivation of hill millet and other food grains keeps him always self-sufficient though he still persists by force of habit in consuming several tubers and edible roots of the forest. Though he may not have much spare food to sell he has no need to fall back upon the paste of wood-ash and tamarind as the unfortunate Chenchus of Andhra do for at least three months in the year. The Hill Marias of Bastar lay bare their bodies to the vagaries of the weather and are very sparing in their dress requirements. Both men and women love to display their well proportioned and beautiful limbs and prefer to keep all ideas of false modesty on the shelf. They dislike being gazed at and appear to be a trifle amazed and uneasy when social workers and anthropologists bestow unsolicited attentions on them. Cowry caps which they wear on their heads, cowry strings which they tie round their waists, cowry tassels which they wear as armlets, and wristlets, wild flowers which they tuck over their ears, many coloured combs which they stick like hair pins, numerous bells which they tie to their buttocks while dancing, and the bead collars, bead fillets as well as bead tassels lend them a strange glamour which in the moonlit night and the heart of a thick jungle add to the sonority of the deep sound of the long cylin-

drical drums and to the weirdness of a wild tribal dance. They wear rain coats, over-coats, and umbrellas made of leaves and wild grasses. Nobody goes out without sticking in his hair a feather, be it of a peacock, a jungle fowl, a hornbill or a drongo. Frequently box-like turbans of coloured cloth wrapped with cowry and coloured bead strings serve as convenient receptacles of tobacco, mirrors, small cash and anything useful and valuable for the day's journey.

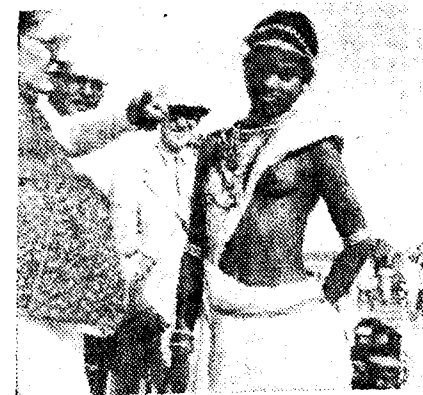
"What beauty the girls have" observed Sir Wilfrid Grigson. "It is marred to western eyes by excessive tattooing over all the face and forehead and often the breasts also." This very painful operation is often performed by mothers on girls of eight to nine years by pricking into the skins a mixture of lampblack, charcoal pounded incense and oil mainly for adornment.

The Andhra Koya's partiality for truth-telling is very largely shared by the Maria who does not hesitate to confess his part even at the risk of involving himself in major crimes like murder. Petty thefts and cases of cheating in which the courts in the plains daily abound are unknown in the Koya and Maria villages.

The Ghotul which, in other words, is a village dormitory, is a predominant feature of the Marias of Bastar State, a minority section of the Maria Gonds. To quote the words



Maria women with cowry shell caps and handmade combs stuck in their hair.



A hill Maria girl.

of Dr. Verrier Elwin: "What is a village guard-room for the Naga, a boy's club among the Uraon, a refuge for temporary sexual association in Indonesia, is for the Muria the centre of social and religious life." It is an organisation of unmarried village volunteers including both young men and young women who repair to a common sleeping house at nights after doing the day's work in the houses of their parents. While such a habit saves the youngmen (called in Ghotul language Chelik) and young women (Motlari) from witnessing the sexual life of their parents it also offers to be a well disciplined and effective training ground for the youth under the guidance of able senior boys and girls acting as monitors. Chelik and Motlari perform important social duties like assisting the villagers at private and public functions, developing friendly contacts with the youth of neighbouring villages, contributing voluntary labour for supplying fuel, grain, toilet articles and other necessities. In certain Ghotuls the romantic relationship between particular boys and their chosen girl mates results in their being paired off till finally they marry though there will be several cases where the parents choose others as partners in life. In some Ghotuls, Chelik and Motlari sleep side by side while in others they sleep in separate dormitories. No stigma or social opprobrium attaches to such a life and if any lapses occur, they are condoned if not winked at by the village elders.

Southern Bastar borders on Andhra State on the Bhadrachalam side with a population predominantly Telugu. Its capital town, Jagadapur, where a huge tribal conference was inaugurated by India's Prime Minister on the 13th of March, was the seat till recently of the rulers of Bastar who are a branch of the Andhra Kakatiya dynasty of Warangal of ancient fame. Kakatiyas were a cadet branch of the Chalukyas and Pratap Rudra the greatest of the Kakatiya kings lost his life and independence in fighting the Bahamani Sultans in the early fifteenth century.

Pandit Nehru in one of his penetrating remarks about Tribals exclaimed indignantly that all of them

including himself, Pandit Sukla, the Chief Minister of Madhya Pradesh, Dr. Pattabhi Seetharamaiah, the Governor, who all were present at the conference were Adivasis. He was evidently attacking the superiority complex patronisingly displayed by several social workers, politicians and officials at the primitive ways of the Tribals and who can say that Panditji was not in a way correct?

Like the back benchers in Legislative Assemblies, Bastar is backward in many aspects but during those three days the conference lasted it was neck to neck with modern civilization and rubbed shoulders with the highest and the mightiest in the land.

prosperity have been embodied in the works of the Soviet painters who visited India.

N. A. Mikhailov was loudly cheered when he hailed the friendship between the peoples of India and the Soviet Union.

The audience warmly welcomed a speech by K. P. S. Menon, who pointed out that these are the days rich in events demonstrating the growing friendship between the Soviet and the Indian peoples. This was shown once again by the exhibition covering nearly all aspects of Indian art. It illustrated not only the level of India's cultural attainment but also the ability of the peoples of the Soviet Union to prize the cultural achievements of other peoples.

With great attention and interest all those present at the ceremony viewed the exhibition. Over fifteen hundred exhibits have been put on display. These include manuscripts of Indian epos, scientific publications, works of belles lettres, folk craftsmanship, metalware, fabrics, embroderies, ceramics, exquisite miniatures and modern Indian paintings and drawings. The exhibition includes canvases by Russian artists of the pre-revolutionary period and Soviet artists who visited India, as well as numerous documents illustrating the study of Indian history in the Soviet Union.

Exhibition Of Indian Culture And Art

A "CULTURE AND ART OF INDIA" exhibition opened in the USSR Academy of Arts in Moscow on June 1. The national flags of the Soviet Union and the Republic of India decorated the hall entrances. A gold-lettered red streamer read: "Greetings to the Peoples of India! May the Friendship and Co-operation Between the Peoples of the Soviet Union and India Grow Stronger to the Benefit of World Peace!"

The opening ceremony was attended by representatives of public organizations, men of science and culture. Present, too, were K. P. S. Menon, Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary of the Republic of India to the USSR and Mrs. Menon, members of the staff of the Embassy and also heads of Embassies and Legations accredited in Moscow and other diplomatic officials.

Speaking at the ceremony N. A. Mikhailov, Minister of Culture of the USSR, pointed out that the exhibition had on display precious works of Indian art, literature, folk craftsmanship, selected by art scholars in museums and book repositories of the Soviet Union. The courageous images of the people of India, the general appearance of the country which strives to follow the road of progress and

Short Story

ASK THE GUARD, PLEASE!

They said he was sure to get an award from Government. What was the signal service he had done?

"CAUTION: PULL CHAIN TO STOP TRAIN. PENALTY FOR IMPROPER USE RS. 50."

Seshan, sitting near the window, was staring at the words inscribed in red on a white background with his weary eyes. The night had been cold and he was sick at heart. The Madras-bound G. T. Express was approaching Bezwada. What a tiresome cross-country pilgrimage it was!

Seshan continued staring at the ubiquitous but not so often obeyed warning of the Railway authorities. Surely the reflections such a thing provokes on any one vary with his mental make-up. To many in Madras to whom it is a daily duty to board the train it is as unprovoking as the train's jolts. But Seshan was not of the ordinary sort. The elusive "common man" for whom so much is spoken and so little done, may be anybody but not certainly Seshan. The question that was provoked in Seshan's mind by this 'caution' was: "What if I do it?"

If Seshan gets something into his mind it is impossible to haul it out again. You have just to wait till the whole thing blows over in due course. It took him some time to cull out the possible consequences of pulling the chain. The possible consequences he listed tentatively were two:

1. If the chain is pulled, the train will stop.
2. People will crowd in and the doer of the deed will be questioned. If his reply is not satisfactory, he will be fined Rs. 50. (Rupees Fifty only).

This put a sudden brake on Seshan's vaulting ambition. The game, he doubted, was not worth the candle. His purse contained just

fifty rupees and eight annas. If he paid the fine, only eight annas—or 50 cents under decimal coinage—will be left and he did not want to be peeled off that way.

But yet the idea was so tempting. It was the chance of a life-time, he thought; to miss it will be madness. "It will be all right if you stop the train without paying for it," he said to himself. It will be something, Seshan thought, that could be proudly narrated time and again in his circles.

Seshan was still chewing the idea when the train steamed into Bezwada. He saw the Refreshment Room being crowded by a convergent series of co-passengers. He alighted and went to sip a coloured concoction which was sold under the name of coffee. He felt himself braced and ready to untie any knotty problem.

His thoughts wandered over Bezwada; the unfortunate contender, he thought, for being the capital city of Andhra. Of course, it was a "Blaze-wada" where the sun displayed such fine form and the mercury mercilessly took such meteoric flights. And then there was the river Krishna.

That was all. Two clouds of thought had been passing in his mind. Now they met, the spark was struck and the lightning flashed.

Seshan boarded the train confident that in a short time he would be on record as the greatest puller of train chains.

The grand idea was this: to pull the chain just after the train passed the Krishna and then cry that he had lost the purse in the river!

However, sitting in the train in exultation and excitement, he made the discovery that he had missed

the point No. 3. And Point No. 3 was this: He was not alone in the compartment. How could he spin his story in the face of others?

Seshan surveyed the contents of the compartment, weighing the nuisance-value of each with respect to the achievement of his ambition.

The first to attract his attention was a burly man with a philosophical air. No wonder, Seshan thought, for he was surrounded by six children huddled on the bench along with a wife rather carping in her criticism of her husband.

There was also a young man casting stealthy glances at a sweet seventeen opposite and being inconveniently interrupted in this interesting occupation by an old man—perhaps the annoyed father of the girl—who tried to divert his attention by doling out views on the divorce clause in the Hindu Marriage Bill.

Behind Seshan was a din of noise produced by two old men, each shouting on the assumption that the other was deaf.

"What an ideal site for my operations!" Seshan chuckled.

He took his purse out and held it near the window. He played with it till he noted with satisfaction that the 'philosopher' and his children were looking at him somewhat queerly.

The train was thundering over the Krishna bridge. Secretly Seshan pushed the purse into his bed, slightly leaned out of the window, and then let loose a piteous howl: "The purse has fallen!"

The burly man startled out of his philosophical reverie cried: "Purse! Whose purse." Instinctively his hand went to his pocket. He found his purse secure and then lost interest in the proceedings.

Seshan indulged in some hysterical histrionics and just as the train was past the Krishna bridge pulled the chain with triumphant fervour. For a moment his eyes gleamed with a devilish triumph.

Then he fell back dejected and

dazed as if he had swallowed a mouthful of opium.

The train had pulled up. Voices came from several directions and so did sounds of running feet.

A crowd had gathered near the bridge with the guard leading.

Seshan realised it was the most crucial moment in the whole show. With a hoarse voice he yelled: "My purse! It has fallen into the river . . . !" A pair of thrown-up hands and a distorted face added to the ensemble.

"How much was in it?" inquired the inquisitive one.

"It is all gone," pouted the pessimistic one.

THE same was elaborated by a young man with a squeaky voice and a thin face full of rimless spectacles and a nose: "If, as is told, the purse has fallen in this ancient river of India, then the only thing that remains is to write the epitaph. By now the purse would have touched depths deeper than ever the plummet sounded." Evidently a Lit. Hons.

"How much did you lose?" demanded an inquisitive chorus again.

"My ticket and Rs. 500" Seshan lied.

"I should say he was a little careless—he was holding it near the window," the burly philosopher said. "He has stopped the train not without reason," he condescended to add.

"If that is so, the best thing is to start the train. It is already late," said the practical one.

The Guard seemed to concur with his view. He got a written statement from Seshan—endorsed by the 'Philosopher' and others—and went back.

The train moved again.

"My supreme moment!" Seshan thought and acted as if it was his sorriest moment.

Sympathisers there were many. Those who did not care to look at him before were now merciful all over.

Seshan thought he deserved a good nap after his valorous effort. He

climbed up and lay down on the upper berth.

His conscience began to prick. "Full of scorpions is my mind!" Seshan would have liked to cry. But meanwhile he was fighting a forlorn battle against Dame Sleep.

The train stopped again.

"Does any one try to rival my feat?" That was Seshan's apprehension. He looked out. It was a little station.

HE saw the stationmaster and the guard surrounded by a number of passengers. The S.M. was gibbering something with gesticulations and this was frequently punctuated by 'ohs' and 'ahs' from listeners. A deaf man had also got into the crowd and everything had to be repeated to him twice, thrice.

Presently a little crowd dispersed and came straight to Seshan. "I should say you are our saviour," someone cried. Seshan did not understand.

"The line has been tampered with two miles from here. The S. M. just now got the information," another added.

"If you had not stopped the train, we would have passed that place . . ."

and passed away too."

They sang Seshan's praise. Then somebody who seemed to know said: "For saving so many souls you will certainly get an award from Government. I dare say you will get a Padma Vibhushan, Tisra Varg, especially as a VIP is travelling in this train."

"If there is anything the Government are profuse in, that is by way of assurances and awards." Somebody tried to blend criticism and joke. It went abegging.

Seshan wondered what magnificent magic his mischief might lead to.

The train stopped at the little station for nearly two hours. Quite a windfall was there for the proprietor of a small hotel near by. His hot cakes were selling true to themselves.

Seshan too had his own windfall. Everybody was solicitous of his com-

fort, especially as he had lost his purse in the river. At Ongole he had a square meal, the sumptuous nature of which was enhanced by its being paid for by somebody else. The solicitude continued all the way upto Madras . . .

Seshan awoke. The romantic youngster was shaking him by the shoulder. "We are nearing Madras," he said.

"I never saw one who lost his purse sleep so soundly," the philosopher put in. "I tried to wake you up so many times."

"Oh, it was all a dream," Seshan thought. "But my chain-pulling feat is as true as the Five Year Plan," he consoled himself. And stealthily he took his purse out of the bed and put it into his pocket.

He was to go to his village after staying for a day in a relation's house and was thinking of doing some shopping. What were all the things that Madras famous for?

Somebody came up and said: "Mr. You have lost your purse, is it not?" "I'll pay you home."

"No, thanks, I will manage," Seshan said, uneasily hiding his purse and pocket with hands folded across his breast.

"It won't be possible for you," the solicitous one said and paid Seshan's porter in advance.

The station was swarmed with people and Seshan was still drowsy, the claws of hunger gnawing annoyingly at his stomach. He made his way with difficulty. Some fellow close by knocked him down. "What a nasty crowd!" he thought. Near the gate he wanted to take out his purse . . .

It had disappeared. Somebody should have picked it. Seshan now knew one of the things Madras is famous for. He had also paid the fine.

Hardly had he recovered from his dazed condition when he was confronted by the T. C. who asked for his ticket. Seshan was bewildered for a moment and then he drew himself up and said: "My purse fell into the river Krishna. Ask the guard please, if you want!"

New Books

NEW POEMS

1954

A P. E. N. ANTHOLOGY

Edited by

REX WARNER, CHRISTOPHER HASSAL, LAURIE LEE

With an Introduction

Michael Joseph, London

10s 6d net

WHILE noticing *New Poems 1953*: A P. E. N. Anthology in SWATANTRA for August 29, 1953, we wrote: "Anthologies of prose and poetry are for the most part a personal affair. From Palgrave to A P. E. N. Anthology is a far cry: in between there have been many a medley and—mess. The late Sir Desmond MacCarthy deplored the barrier that had risen between the new poets and the public; he expressed the hope that 'some means would be found to enable them to find a hearing.' The P. E. N. Club of which he was the then President undertook the responsibility, and the first representative collection of contemporary verse was issued in 1952. Hermon Ould, General Secretary of the Club, to whom the volume owed so much did not live to see its publication. He was a genial friend and helpful critic of young poets."

New Poems 1954 is the third in the series, containing a hundred and one poems by a hundred and one poets, and a few among these have already appeared in the previous two volumes. The editors of the present anthology, like those who preceded them in the 1952 and 1953 publications have the distinction of being poets themselves—although not major reputations—and in the course of an informative introduction, they set forth the difficulties they had to contend with in the selection offered from ten thousand poems—very generously including themselves out—and reducing considerably the work of established poets. They had their predilections, as editors, they admit, but "they never came up against an impasse, otherwise a tenth section (the volume

has five sections) this time of open verdicts, would have had to be included for the sake of peace and justice all around." They are very optimistic—one should not say that they have the capacity of deluding themselves—when they say this, for in an anthology an all-round peace or justice with the best of intentions can never be achieved; the margin of grouse will ever remain wide; it is like trying to cope with the peak-hour traffic by putting a larger number of buses on the road and the waiting queues of passengers at the stops elongating still. And here is verse at varying levels of individual experience and technical skill; there is no gainsaying the sincerity of moods and the authenticity of attitudes but taken all in all, they fail to reach the tone of *impassioned* utterance which leads one to believe that modern creative activity seems to be anxious to adapt itself to tenth-rate criticism. The voice of the editors is a little unsteady when they say:

"It gives perhaps a clearer impression of the state of poetry in our language at the given point in time, a cross-section comprising poets known and unknown (one of them is still in his teens), traditional and experimental, lyrical and intellectual, hoping, despairing, affirming, questioning, all different yet all belonging together because they have reached by devious routes the same poetical estate."

Among the many unknown votaries of the Muse in this anthology there is one who is known to the present reviewer: it is J. B. Press who worked for some time for the Madras region of the British Council during 1952, and who talked on contempo-

rary English poetry in the Authors' and Artists' Association in the City. Very earnest in his criticisms, the same earnestness animates his creative imagination, as evidenced in the present poem—his first published work—'Some Eighteenth-century Portraits' which is somewhat Spenderesque:

We cannot shut our eyes, must carry on

Without minute and cold analysis,
Tracing diseases in our childish play
And darkening our love with guiltiness.

Nor can we ape a lost simplicity,
Hoping to gain the primal joy and power

Instinct in those whose unreflective lives

Were rhythmic and organic as a flower.

Yet, though the natural source of joy is dried,

Our subtlety may teach us how to bear
The weight of flux and uncertainty

And wrest a masterpiece from our despair.

Poets like John Wain, Alex Ferguson, T. L. Bronty, W. H. Petty, and quite a good number are elementary; G. S. Fraser, Michael Hamburger, Thomas Blackburn, and Ronald Bottrall have written better things; Stephen Spender, Cecil Day Lewis, Edwin Muir—the reputed ones—could not have done better. The division of the volume into five sections is not edifying editorial work; it looks like a classification in a book of familiar quotations. Altogether, *New Poems 1954*, one is inclined to say—without intending any disparagement to the poets and to the editors—is a bit disappointing.

How Can Christian and Non-Christian Religions Co-operate?

By Friedrich Heiler, Ph. D., D. Theol, D.D.

Professor of Comparative Religion
Marburg University, Lahn

THIS is a pamphlet of extraordinary power and brilliancy, and its persuasive sweetness is such that it packs all controversy—and where religions are concerned controversies are inevitable—into a sachet that would soften the most fanatical of minds to the tenderness of toleration. The orthodox church-going

Christians, the author says, may be shocked at his views to which he has given candid expression, and theologians of whom he is one, while excusing him for most of his pronouncements as a student of Comparative Religion, will be indignant for certain of his "approvals." Dr. Heiler begins his essay on a beautiful personal note:

"A few years ago, I took part in a service of the Sufi congregation in Zurich. On the altar lay the canonical books of the various great religions (Confucianism, Hinduism, Buddhism, Islam, Judaism and Christianity), and from them the lessons were taken. At the beginning of the service the candles, each symbolising the light of the divine revelation shining in one of these religions, were solemnly lit. The preacher drew upon the canonical documents of the different religions. Although I have seen many forms of Christian service, I found this form of service singularly uplifting, just because of the breadth and freedom with which men of conviction had dared to acknowledge and pay tribute to God's revelation in all the variety of the great religions."

Very pictorial, very impressive. Dr. Heller is astounded at the "thoughtlessness and carelessness" of the Christians' treatment of other religions; to him Christianity is more than an "elevated mysticism" and he categorically observes that, "No Christian need seek anything in non-Christian religions which he could not find within Christianity. All that attracts so many moderns to Lao-Tse, to the seers of the Upanishads, to Gotama Buddha and his disciples, to the Sufi in Islam, is indeed to be found in the classic Christian mysticism." What the world is in need of today in these tormented times, when co-existence and *apartheid* are talked of with equal emphasis, when atom is for peace as well as for war, when Big Business sways politics,—is *men of conviction who will speak out*, and Dr. Heiler is of that small illustrious company, and the many brave things he has said in his pamphlet, taken in their proper light, are calculated to promote fellow-feeling and mutual goodwill between the many nations and races of the world.

Practical Hints on Fruit Gardening

By B. L. Choudhri

The Western Book Depot, Residency Road, Nagpur, M. P.

Rs. 6-12 as

THE reviewer, who owes more to technical books than most people, believes that in no sort of literature is precision of expression more important than in a practical handbook. Judged by this basic criterion, Mr. Choudhri's book leaves much to be desired—too much. The author has undoubted practical knowledge, and enthusiasm for his subject, but the book lacks lucidity, a handicap that is, unfortunately, exaggerated by the mistakes in spelling. The technical names of most of the plants described have been misspelt. The student interested in fruit farming, who can surmount these handicaps, will find many useful hints here, valuable because they are based on actual field work.



Philosophy in Names

By M. S. R.

THE simple problem of naming their offspring has worried and perplexed *homo sapiens* to such an extent that he has been forced to press into his service every conceivable thing on earth. The first three or four children do not present any problem. The grandfathers and grandmothers on both sides are handy. The founders of the great religions, the calander of saints and the gods of the Hindu pantheon are made use of. Mr. Christopher, Syed Mahomed, Krishnamurthy and Mr. Shantilal Jain belong to the same category.

Now comes the real difficulty. Population quickly outruns human ingenuity in finding names. Desperate attempts are made to find out new names, and here human psychology has everywhere run in the same direction. Not only great men think alike: humanity thinks alike. The physical peculiarities are now made to serve the purpose. When Mr. Longfellow and Mr. Short were christened, Perianan, Periasami and

Kuttan Nambiar must have been in existence in another corner of the globe. The qualities of man are next thought of. Nallathambi becomes Mr. Goodenough. Mr. Eugene Black or Mr. Samuel White have their variations in Karuppana Chettiar and Vellaya Thevar. Then comes a frantic search for other things of the earth. Mr. Hill is nothing but Malayappan. The four principal directions are enshrined in Fothergill West, Eastman, Lord North and Mr. Southey. Our genius has not been so analytical, but has stopped short with Margabandhu.

Probably by this time you are fed up and exclaim: Where can I find a parallel for Younghusband? I have got Mr. Manavala Naidu ready as a counterpart; nor will I be dismayed if you go to Hollywood and pick up Judy Garland. I retort Malai Konar. I hope you are now content and will not confront me with Mr. Hope. Nambikkai Nadar is the answer.

I am also sure, whether it is Trinidad or Timbuctoo, whether it is the snows of Lapland or the deserts of Arabia, counterparts of these names will be found there.

NEW BOOKS

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C. Y. CHINTAMANI

By K. ISWARA DUTT

"CHINTAMANI'S has been a life of success against adverse circumstances. I hope its lessons of courage, persistence and steadfastness will be brought out in a biography"—such was the hope expressed by the great Srinivasa Sastri when Chintamani completed sixty. Conductor of his own explorations and architect of his own destiny, Chintamani was in our annals one of the supreme examples of a self-made man. It is a sad thought that even about fourteen years after his death at the height of his fame no biography of the man has seen the light of day and that Indian enterprise and devotion have hardly touched anything more substantial than an occasional memorial tribute. There is, however, the only surviving link to his unfading memory he had left behind, which is a consoling reflection—in the *Leader*.

Though his title to lasting fame was as a journalist and editor, Chintamani played no mean part in the larger public life of India. There is Mr. Jawaharlal Nehru's eloquent testimony that "it is a little difficult to think about him just as an editor of a paper or as only a politician." Indeed, he distinguished himself in several other spheres—as a social reformer, by precept and example, he fought bad customs and resisted evil influences; as a politician he knew everything worth knowing and applied all his vast knowledge and glittering gifts for constructive ends; as a legislator he rose to be an outstanding Parliamentarian and a truly independent Minister whom high office could not tempt, much less corrupt; as a Liberal he was steeped in the Gladstonian tradition; and as a man, with a strong religious bent of mind, he staked his all on higher values. His role as a journalist was but part of a life variously rich (except in the worldly sense) while the evolution of his personality as a

whole indubitably enhanced the value of his journalistic achievement and added lustre to it.

Chintamani—Chirravuri Yagneshwara Chintamani is the full name—was born in Vizianagaram (Andhra) in 1880, five years before the birth of the Congress while he entered public life in 1898, the year of Gladstone's death. Academically he was inconsequential, indeed negligible; intellectually he was far too well equipped for one yet in one's teens. He knew poverty and endured many a hardship. Indeed, as Birkenhead said of the eminent journalist, T. P. O'Connor, "his only sufficient capital consisted of hope and confidence"; of both he had in abundance. For, he had already won high-level attention as something of a prodigy. True, he did not read the classics but his was a classical bent of mind. Political knowledge was his single suit. He read voraciously and remembered everything that he read so much so that his mind had the contents of an encyclopaedia and the quality of a camera. More astounding than the gift of an easy command of the English language, whether he used his pen or tongue, was the invulnerability of a dazzling memory—it was, as Disraeli said of Conningsby's, "a memory which never had twilight hours but always reflected a noon-day clearness, and seemed to magnify his acquisitions of learning by the promptness with which they could be reproduced and applied." For so unusual a young man there was no calling more appropriate or alluring than that of a journalist.

The early struggles of famous journalists always make fascinating reading—and Fleet Street tests a man's faith severely before letting him tread its perilous pavements and qualify himself for laurels in the profession. Like many a journalistic aspirant Chintamani had necessarily to dabble in local experiments to prove his mettle. As a student he

started writing for a weekly in Vizianagaram called the *Telugu Harp*, and he played on the harp with a rare promise. Then he shifted to Visakhapatnam where the local weekly *Vizag Spectator*, afforded him opportunities to write leading articles; one of them which appeared under the caption "Failure of Lord Elgin" gave a foretaste of his Jovian authority. He soon found himself as its editor and manager on a salary of Rs. 30 per month. So he was "a full fledged professional journalist and legally responsible editor at the age of 18!" There was soon a change from Visakhapatnam to Vizianagaram again, and from the *Spectator* to the *Indian Herald*. It was typical of his adolescent exuberance that once he devoted a whole issue to an elaborate and exhaustive criticism of the British budget. As in the case of the famous J. L. Garvin, there was evidence, in Chintamani's early performances, of a terrific intensity.

Bold experiments in the craft nearer home having convinced him of his destiny, he arrived in the southern metropolis to work on the old *Madras Standard* under G. Subramania Iyer whom he admired as the greatest Indian journalist of his day. But a rude shock awaited him when in the second month of his service he found his meagre salary of Rs. 30 per mensem reduced to Rs. 20 and himself written down as "careless, indolent and incompetent." That was nothing strange in a profession where, at the beginning of his career, so celebrated a British editor as J. A. Spender was told that he had mistaken his profession! Within ten months Chintamani was wafted to the North, the unfailing Dr. Sachidananda Sinha having invited him to join the *Indian People* (which was first a weekly, then a bi-weekly and was later incorporated in the *Leader*). It was thus that Chintamani arrived in Allahabad—the city of his destiny.

It was shortly after the *Leader* was launched by the ever-revered Pandit Madan Mohan Malaviya in October 1909 that Chintamani—he was thirty then—began his association with the paper so much identified with him and with the city he liked best—an

association which became a vital part of the history of Uttar Pradesh and lasted till his last breath over thirty years later. It was a hegemony comparable to Scott's at the *Guardian* in Manchester, lesser in duration and authority, but the more remarkable because Chintamani had no proprietorial interest in his paper. In regard to its content, policy and character, however, he moulded it after his heart's desire. It was out of the question that anyone, be he a shareholder or director, could ever frighten him by talking of a drop in circulation or advertisement revenue, and seeking to prevail upon him to adopt popular line. It was a great day in the annals of Indian journalism when, under strain, Pandit Malaviyaji, as Chairman of the Board of Directors, preferred to leave the *Leader* and leave it to Chintamani, to dictating his own policy and forcing Chintamani out.

Chintamani adhered to a certain tradition of editorship and had great regard for precedents and well-established conventions. He would not allow anyone, however mighty, to trifle with him or his opinions. Since Montagu won him over to the Reforms, he had been in the unenviable position of having to align himself both against the Congress and the bureaucracy. He attacked them with equal zest, sometimes with gusto, pleased neither, indeed annoyed both, but he had no regrets. It was a tribute to his sincerity and selflessness that his worst opponents never questioned his motives. There was universal recognition of his character and personality. Posing the question, What's a great editor?, E. T. Raymond defined him as "a man who manages to imprint his personality on everything permitting of the expression of personality that appears in his paper." Judged by this criterion, the *Leader*, when he presided over its destinies, was the expression of his mind and the mirror of his personality.

What Beaverbrook said of a certain Cabinet Minister was true of Chintamani: "If you run against some projecting bump in his opinions, you

must merely nurse a bruise." It happened to several, not excluding those friendly to him. While he feared no opponent, he forgave no friend if there was the slightest deviation from the path trodden by him. A man of strong likes and dislikes he could be exasperatingly partisan and was eminently capable of revealing his prejudices and pet aversions a little too glaringly. These limitations to his quality of masterfulness were, however, compensated by his unimpeachable integrity and utter freedom from the "temptations of social positions and worldly amenities." "It is inconceivable to me," said Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru once, "that Chintamani can be purchased by money or office or cajolery or flattery or anything else."

Chintamani had an open contempt for political opportunism or journalistic expediency. He would not budge an inch; "he would not pander, he would not compromise, and he made himself heard." Technically, the *Leader* was not in the front line; politically, it was far from popular, but it had one invaluable asset—an editor who stamped his personality on its pages and made the leading article a potent instrument in the shaping of opinion. Those were days when editorial writing attracted attention and carried weight since editors were in the happy position of expressing their own opinions. Chintamani always held firm opinions—and he had no two sets of opinions, one public and another private. What mattered more, he had convictions and quite fierce ones too. Metaphorically, he brandished the big stick—and stood no nonsense.

NOBODY was a greater crusader in the causes which he believed in. Chintamani had both the "uncalculating fearlessness" and crusading fervour of W. T. Stead with whom he also strangely shared a mystic belief in supernatural elements. Nevertheless, his political outlook was extremely secular. An adept in political dialectics, accustomed to vigorous combative writing, he was no model for literary craftsmanship.

(Continued on page 38)

India's Tea- India's Wealth



EMPLOYMENT:
The tea gardens of India alone employ well over one million workers—thus our Tea Industry is the largest single employer of labour in India. Besides, with the tea trade it provides additional employment for a very large number of persons.

No other drink refreshes
you so much, yet costs
so little as **TEA**



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SOCIALISM AND COLONIALISM

By FENNER BROCKWAY, M. P.

FORTY years ago I was employed in England's textile capital, Manchester. Those who know the city will sympathise with my desire to live as far from it as possible.

I took refuge in Mellor, a little village on the edge of the Derbyshire Hills. That village symbolised the beginning of both British Capitalism and British Colonialism.

My lodgings were in an ugly block called Red Row, not for any political reason, but because it was built square of dull red brick.

Red Row had been erected in the early years of the last century to accommodate children of nine and ten years of age, hired from the Poor Law authorities to work in one of our first cotton mills.

The ruins of the mill spoiled the beauty of the valley. Across the road, aesthetically hidden by trees, were the mansion and parkland of the first mill owner.

Why do I say that the village of Mellor, with its pathetic provision for child workers, its ruined mill and its imposing mansion, symbolised the emergence of British Colonialism?

Because the industrial revolution, reflected in these nineteenth century heritages, gave rise to the vast expansion of British imperial power in Asia and Africa during the nineteenth century. We can see the reason for this in Mellor.

The mill in the valley needed cotton. Territories abroad were required for its production.

It needed markets for the sale of goods which the people of Britain were too poor to buy. Overseas territories were required for that.

The resident of the river-side mansion needed a sphere for the investment of his surplus capital

amassed from the profits of the mill. He sought new territories with high returns abroad.

There are the capitalist motives for the conquest of Asia and Africa by the great industrial powers during the nineteenth century.

The drive for overseas possessions arose not only in Britain. It was paralleled in the economic necessities of the new-born Capitalism in all industrial countries—except America, which had plenty of land within its frontiers, stretching west to the Pacific, for its expansion.

By the end of the nineteenth century Britain, France, Germany, Italy, Spain and Portugal had carved up most of Africa. Britain, Holland, France and Portugal had annexed large areas of Asia.

The exploitation of the workers in capitalist countries and the exploitation of Colonialism began together and are inseparable. The colonial peoples' struggle repeats the struggle of the common people in the industrialised countries. First, the struggle for democratic self-government. Then the struggle for economic emancipation.

THE economic exploitation of the colonial peoples takes two forms.

There is the original exploitation arising from cheap raw materials and from foreign investments. Raw materials are cheap because the wages paid to native labour are low. To raw materials for industry have been added cheap foodstuffs, from which the whole consuming public in the industrialized countries have benefitted. The exploitation of native workers and peasants will be modified only as living standards are raised. This links up with the exploitation which follows from foreign investments.

A United Nations Report published in December 1953 showed that bet-

ween 3 and 4 percent of the total value of the production of colonial territories passes to investors abroad in interest, dividends and profit.

This figure does not reflect the real toll levied by foreign financiers. By far the greater part of the production in the colonies is food grown by peasants for their own needs. The economic drain from plantations and industries must be at least 10%.

For minerals, it is much larger. This is illustrated by the copper mines of Northern Rhodesia. The same United Nations Report shows that the colossal proportion of 30% of the total production of this colony goes to external investors each year.

But there is now a second form of economic exploitation. It arises from the settlement of European communities in the colonies. They are not only a privileged race; they have become a privileged class. Too often they assume that the indigenous race are destined to be merely manual workers and domestic serfs.

Other whites have taken possession of large areas of land and have made them profitable coffee, tea, sugar and sisal plantations, where the labourers are sometimes little more than serfs.

The income levels in Kenya and Northern Rhodesia (again quoting from the U. N. Report) reveal this. In Kenya the per capita income of Africans (men, women and children) is £5. 18s a year, of non-Africans £205. 14s. In Northern Rhodesia the respective figures are £10. 6 and £486. 16 (The per head income of the Europeans is much higher, because "non-Africans" include the lower income Asian community). For the common man a destitution economy, for the privileged class a luxury economy.

This exploitation will not be ended merely by political self-government. That will require a Socialist change within the colonies themselves.

Indeed, if the Government of a new independent country is reactionary there is some advantage to foreign investors in doing busi-

ness under its protection. They don't then have to face the glare of public responsibility and unpopularity. The real answer to the exploitation of invested capital is a United Nations fund free from profit making motives.

But Britain and the other imperial powers, and Socialist Governments when they emerge in the colonial territories, could impose severe limitations on the exploiting effect of invested private capital. First, they could insist that the ownership of land and minerals should be vested in the community. Secondly, they could set a term to the period of investment. In most colonial territories the returns are high and capital could be repaid fully in 20 to 30 years. Thirdly, they could require that the indigenous workers should be trained in skilled jobs and be prepared for taking over management. Fourthly, they could demand facilities for trade union organisation and recognition.

Given self-government, the colonial peoples themselves will have the responsibility of dealing with these problems. There is hope in the fact that many of the leaders of the popular movements are Socialists. Our function is to help the development of trade union, co-operative and Socialist activity in the colonial countries—and to hasten the creation of a large United Nations fund for under-developed territories.

It is significant that the advance towards political democracy is most rapid in those territories which are free of European settlers. Europeans never settled in India, Pakistan, Ceylon or Burma. They never regarded these countries, now enjoying independence, as their homes. The areas in Africa which are progressing with speed towards self-government are similarly those without European settlers. The Gold Coast and Nigeria are examples.

ON the other hand, in the colonies where there are large European settler communities—French North Africa, British East and Central Africa—there is resistance to

any form of self-government which will give the indigenous people power.

The whites fear the effect of democracy upon their privileges. The Arab and African peoples in these territories are in fact engaged in conflict not only with white political occupation but with white economic occupation.

In North Africa the French Government has been compelled to make concessions to the Tunisian people, but in Algeria and Morocco the influence of the settlers is all-powerful and the struggle is likely to be long.

In East Africa the frustration of the people under European political and economic domination has led to the violence of Kenya's Mau Mau. In Uganda the British Government has agreed that the colony shall become an African State, but much remains to give this principle reality.

The United Nations is involved in Tanganyika, because the British administer it as a trusteeship territory. The British rejection of the recent recommendations of the United Nations Visiting Commission shows that help has to be given not only by British Socialists but by Socialists in all the U. N. member States.

In Central Africa the British Government has handed over the destiny of 6 million Africans to 200,000 Europeans by establishing a Federal Parliament in which there are only 6 African representatives against 26 Europeans (there are also 3 Europeans instructed to protect Africans). This Parliament can be counted on to maintain the privileges of the settlers.

The most effective political action which British Socialists can now take in Central Africa is to use powers which still remain with the British Parliament to expand education in Nyasaland and Northern Rhodesia and to lift the standards of life of the Africans. An educated African population cannot be kept permanently from political power.

At the same time, it is the responsibility of the trade unions and co-operative movements to assist the development of similar movements in these territories. I am glad to say that the miners, both through their British and international organisations, have given great help to the African miners in Northern Rhodesia.

It is the duty of Socialists and democrats in Europe and America to identify themselves with the struggle of the people in the colonies. A sense of human solidarity demands this. From the point of view of democratic Socialism it is also important to prevent the expansion of a Communism which is not democratic.

When we divide the world between Communist and politically free nations we forget that there are as many people outside these two divisions as there are in each. One-third of the population of the earth is in the colonial territories or in territories which have emerged from Colonialism since the last war.

The subject peoples of the earth have been forgotten men. They are now emerging to recognition. The pattern of their development will depend upon whether we help or hinder their advance. This is the biggest challenge to democratic Socialism in our time.

(Continued from page 35)

In his hand the pen was "a mode of action" and no "aesthetic instrument." He thundered more than he radiated, which was the reason why he was a trifle oracular and pontifical. Was it not Srinivasa Sastri who hailed him as "the Pope of Indian Journalism?" Nobody could claim in an equal measure that combination of qualities and gifts, which singled him out in his day—a phenomenal equipment, a wonderful command of English, a Johnsonian flair for controversy, rigidity of conviction, dauntless courage and unbending rectitude, and a certain moral earnestness. He was a born editor. As a journalist he ranks high: he is among the giants in India.—Courtesy A.I.R., Allahabad

INDIAN CULTURAL DELEGATION TO CHINA

By J. Vijayatunga

INDIAN culture, taking the Mohenjodaro period also into account is at least five thousand years old and there is some general impression among educated people all over the world what exactly is meant by it. But of recent years, since Independence to be exact, a triumvirate in the Education Ministry, has tried to package Indian culture for export and according to them the only culture that is packagable and portable and one that would stand the change of temperature is song and dance. The Indian dance (including the forms of it that are current) is not so ancient, even though we associate Nataraja with its cult. However, it has certain set forms, which, if presented unadulterated, will delight audiences in any part of the world. Any of the Indian tribal dances, the Orissa dances particularly, if made presentable on a stage will draw admiration. Similarly Santal dances. But the arabesque of Indian dance meant for more leisurely times than those we enjoy today, must be curtailed when presented outside, or in a special programme. But there is one form of Indian dancing that has to be very much pruned if it is to be presented at all. I refer to Kathakali.

A previous cultural delegation which went to China included a Kathakali troupe whose *piece de resistance* of dancing was a fight between two demons one of whom is vanquished. The victor thereupon fell with demoniac whoops upon the other and pulled out his entrails (masses of rope well spattered with red ink) and ate them with relish. What the Chinese whose first association with India was with Buddhist India, and whose most recent association was with the Apostle of Ahimsa felt about this gory exhibition could easily be imagined.

On June 1, members of the Cultural Delegation gave a performance at the National Physical Laboratory.



Mrs. Indrani Rehman

The show was presented by the Sangeet Natak Akademi (spelt with "K") as it is under its auspices that the various groups have been selected, with the approval of course of the Education Ministry.

There is one Kathakali dance number included in the Delegation's repertoire. It presents Sm. Shirin Vajifdar and Shri Krishna Kutty and they, assisted by Shri Krishna Panikkar who dances the part of Shiva, present a newly-written story in which Shiva, pleased with the penances of Rakhsha gives him the boon of accomplishing the death of anyone whose head he might touch. Having received the boon he tries to slay Shiva who invokes Vishnu's aid who appears in the form of Mohini (Sm. Vajifdar) and who starts giving dancing lessons to the Mohinimad Raksha. This affords the young lady to exhibit a number of dance variations most of them repetitious. On the whole however it was not a bad show though the young lady's costume was more Hollywoodish than Kathakaliesque. At the end of the dance a Miss "Oxford," who from behind the curtain made a commentary, said that when the Forces of Good are threatened by Evil then the former have to resort to Evil! No comment is required.

Then there was Kumari Anuradha Guha, the youngest member of the troupe we were told, who gave what was supposed to be a Kathak item and is going to China to present Kathak. Though she did some Kathak steps (and the music was Kathak) it was far from genuine Kathak. In the first place she wore a Bharata Natya costume and not the traditional Kathak costume. Secondly her frail ankles (she could not have weighed more than sixty pounds) were each weighed down by one hundred and sixty anklebells. The clatter these made suppressed completely the *tal* of the steps. The highlight of her dancing was when she came to the footlights and did a shimmying such as cheap dancers at cheap dives in Naples and Port Said do. But so low is the taste of our people today that the whole house went into ecstasies over this bastrad display of so-called Kathak dancing. I have been a harsh critic of the films but I do not think that even the films have vulgarised Indian dancing as was done under the auspices of the Sangeet Natak Akadami (spelt with "K") when it allowed Miss Guha do her shimmying. So this is what we send abroad as representative of Indian culture.

To make amends for these display of bad taste there was a beautifully rendered Manipuri folk dance—Khamba-Thoibi—which represents Shiva and Parvati in the Manipuri version. Besides the two dancers there is a drummer and a player of a traditional stringed musical instrument. These two also dance and the whole *ensemble* is impressive. The music they produce, both the percussion and the stringed, is ample. But the Sangeet Natak Akadami director (Directress rather) had dragged in a violinist and a harmonium player and they did their best to spoil the Manipuri dance. But the dance was so nobly executed and was so graceful that the violinist and the harmonium player did not entirely succeed.

The Little Ballet Troupe's scenes from the Panchatrabra were artistically done and these I believe would

impress the Chinese most, next to the Manipuri and the Bharata Natya dances by Shrimati Indrani Rahman. Indrani who learnt under Pandanallur Chokkalingam Pillai has maintained the pure Bharata Natya style. She has made no concessions either to the films or to the popular demand for shoulder-wiggling or hip-wriggling, and in her costume she adorns herself with the minimum amount of conventional jewellery that must be worn by a Bharata Natya dancer. There is a tendency on the part of Indian dancers now to appear like dancing girls daubed with peacock colours taken from Max Factor's factory and tricked out in cheap American jewellery. Sm. Vajifdar even wore two bits of coloured paper which flew from her hair like pennants in the wind. Next our dancers will be wearing pompoms.

To revert to Indrani: She has been raved over for the wrong reasons by the wrong people. One gusher praises her as the most vivacious dancer, as if vivacity ever made for dancing quality. But these friendly enemies of her apart, she is destined to earn a great name for India as a pure Bharata Natya dancer. It is not only because she is endowed with all those qualities which a dancer must have—riches classical features, a dancer's figure, expression, and emotional riches without which all dancing would be wooden, but because she has learnt seriously under India's leading Bharata Natya guru. With the Manipuri troupe—Shri Singhajit Singh and Kumari Suryamukhi—and the Little Ballet Troupe, Shrimati Indrani will help to win for the Indian Cultural Delegation some measure of genuine appreciation on this trip. The songs and the singers, apart from D. V. Paluskar, were certainly unworthy of India.

Some kind of public protest, one strongly feels, must be made against the Education Ministry jointly with the External Affairs Ministry doing the selecting and "delegating" of Cultural Delegations.

MOSCOW'S WATER SUPPLY

By V. SEGAL

MOSCOW is over 800 years old. For a long time its water supply was confined to wells and the Moskva River. Later reservoirs were built near the village Bolshiya Mytishchi, whence water reached the city along a gravity canal. By the end of the 19th century this system yielded about 42,000,000 litres of water a day. It was insufficient but the Mytishchi canal could not give more. Meanwhile the level in the wells was gradually dropping and the water was becoming harder. A new source of water became imperative.

1903 saw the commissioning of the Rublevo system which supplied water from the Moskva River. The rate of water consumption was differentiated: the privileged classes who inhabited the centre of the city were allowed 96 litres a day per person, while the poorer classes living on the outskirts were entitled to a paltry 24 litres. It is not surprising that at the time the sanitary condition of the city was deplorable and epidemics were rampant.

After the October Revolution the Soviet Government did much to improve Moscow's water supply. The Rublevo Station was considerably enlarged, a new dam was built, and everything was done to cut down the loss of water. Yet, although in 1931 the capital was receiving three times more water than before the Revolution, the situation was still far from satisfactory. About half the city's water came from the Moskva River; but the needs were steadily growing because the population grew and new industrial plants were springing up.

Water was becoming a pressing problem.

It was then that a bold decision was made—to use the water of the Volga for supplying Moscow.

In a short time for that period—in 4 years and 8 months—a canal linking the Volga with the Moskva River was completed. It may be

relevant in this connection to recall that it took 34 years to build the Panama Canal which is 47 kms. shorter than the Moskva Volga Canal.

Its completion in 1937 not only supplied the population of the capital with Volga water but also provided Moscow with a waterway linking it up with the Caspian, the Baltic and White Seas. And later, after the launching of the Volga-Don Shipping Canal it became possible to sail from Moscow also into the Black and Azov Seas. The Moskva River became fuller, its embankments were clothed in granite and it was spanned with beautiful, wide bridges.

In this way the problem of the Soviet capital's water supply found a rational solution. The city now has as much water as it needs for all its diverse requirements.

As we turn the faucet a stream of pure water begins to flow; when the door-keeper turns on the hose a powerful stream washes off side-walks and streets and waters the trees lining them. And varicoloured jets issue from the fountains studding the capital's parks and squares.

There is no absolutely pure water in nature. It always contains some extraneous matter—sand, clay, different minerals, and a multitude of micro-organisms. Before water can be delivered to the consumer it has to be treated and purified, and that process begins in the reservoir. There the dirt settles down and the water becomes purer and clearer.

Thence it flows along a concrete canal to the cleaning and pumping station where it undergoes a number of treatments. It is at first filtered through cobble stones, pebbles, and the finest river sand to eliminate all foreign matter. It is then purified with the aid of a coagulant—sulphuric alumina, which has the property of attracting as it were all admix-

tures present in the water, and to transform them into a sediment which settles at the bottom of the tank. After that the water is treated with chlorine and ammonia to kill bacteria injurious to the human organism.

And then, at last, when the water is fit for consumption, powerful pumps drive it through pipes to the city.

The machines of the Stalin Pumping and Purifying Station are at work day and night. It is Europe's largest station, and ranks among the most modern and perfect plants of the kind.

Some three years ago a section of another "water factory" was commissioned—the North Station. One of its distinctive features is an all-round automatization of all the processes of purifying and distribution.

The water from the reservoir flows in a steady stream into the tanks of the North Station where mechanisms mix it with dissolved coagulant. The preparation of the solution, its dos-

ing and introduction into the water are 100 per cent automatic. For example, should the concentration of the coagulant become insufficient special instruments immediately correct them. The filtering, too, is automatic, as is the mixing in of chlorine and ammonia. The station's staff is relatively small, and that is quite understandable since the engineer on duty regulates all the mechanisms from a central control-panel.

The water supply installations of the Soviet capital are expanding year by year. The State gives unstintingly for that purpose. Only in the last four years 700,000,000 rubles were expended for developing the water supply and sewage of Moscow. The network of water-mains and sewage has increased during that period by 385 kms.

The capacity of Moscow's water-supply system is steadily growing. It has increased by 75 per cent between 1940 and 1954, and work is still in progress to improve it.

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Satyagraha. He founded a tradition which is still going strong, though N—has now portable newspapers of its own. You may start that kind of thing as a *jeu d'esprit*, but only a sense of dedication can keep it going. There is no doubt that the good citizens of N—who queue up in the pitiless sun like its brevity, point and characteristic tang and vastly enjoy the verve with which the two Editors let fly at each other when one's favourite happens to be the other's "Whig dog."

To my friend B. Natesan journalism has been no lark. For forty years it has been a hard and not very rewarding task-master; but few journalists that I know have loved their work more passionately or devoted themselves to it more self-effacingly. And he has managed to keep amazingly young in spirit. I came to know him as a fellow-boarder in Clive's House. He was slightly older than some of us, but we were attracted to him by his simple *bonhomie* and his infectious love of

books and of laughter. It was he who set the apocryphal story going on its rounds, that the jolly priest who was our Warden had in good faith granted a day's leave to a ward who had pleaded that he was "suffering from Amavasya."

Mr. G. A. Natesan made many rich finds in his time, but none more fortunate than B. N. whom the glamour of print attracted to the *Indian Review* before he could take his degree. Once there his almost fanatical loyalty and his employer's wise humanity managed to keep him chained to his desk in Sunkurama Chetti Street. In a way it was fortunate that he was not forced into the dingdong of daily journalism. It was general ideas rather than party politics that appealed to him; above all it was the enchanting world of books that made him ignore the pinpricks of life with the serenity of a Sir Henry Wotton. At long last he has left the Street of Ink for peaceful retirement in Bangalore; but some of us will always think of his undefeated idealism as the authentic mark of the journalist.

VIGNESWARA

FILMS

By V. P. SATHE

Do films affect the morale of society? And if so how? Ever since 64 members of Parliament demanded stricter censorship on the grounds that the films were responsible for inciting crime and sex, this question is being discussed everywhere in India. At Nasik, for instance, a symposium was held on this very issue in which some of the top-most Marathi writers participated.

Kusumgraj, a renowned poet said that one can accuse Indian films of being inartistic but one cannot hold them responsible for deterioration of morality. He said, "Indian films have no good stories. They have too many songs and dances. But they have no strength to affect the morals of the people because artistically they are so poor." Affirming that the moral code is always changing with society, he said it would be wrong to suppose that the changes in the conception of morality are brought about by films. These changes are affected by the economic conditions and not films, he averred.

Dr. A. Varti, a renowned playwright and novelist also averred that the deterioration of morality is effected by the deterioration of economical factors. When a man is harassed by his economic conditions, he cannot be expected to observe the normal moral code. To ignore the economic factors and blame films is not correct.

These views expressed by literateurs who have nothing to do with films and are very critical of them deserve consideration from all quarters.

Indeed, it has become fashionable in certain quarters to blame films for rise in crimes, though facts do not warrant any such accusation. Is

there any guarantee that if no films were shown the moral standard of the people would immediately go up and the land would be free from all crimes? Of course not. The alleged baneful influence of films is far too exaggerated; the root causes are different. And it is a pity that 64 M.P.s who feel such a great concern for the morality of our people should not devote their attention to the economic and other social causes and be content with blaming the films.

Whatever the different contentions, all these discussions emphasise the necessity of appointing a committee of experts who would institute an enquiry on the allegations made against films and find out how far the films do affect morality. Shri Vasan and the film Federation would do well to appoint a non-official committee on behalf of the film industry. The findings of such a committee would help the producers to defend their case on more solid grounds and put the whole issue of censorship on a rational basis.

Personality of the week

Suchitra Sen of Bengal arrived in Bombay on the 2nd instant and re-



Suchitra Sen

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ported for work on the very next day when she met Dilip Kumar, who had also come back all the way from Madras to work in *Devdas*.

Meeting her on Saturday, I was not surprised that Suchitra has become the popular favourite of Bengal in such a short time. For she has beauty, grace, charm, lovely eyes, a striking personality and figure and above all a winsome smile to capture the audience. She is perhaps the most charming Bengalee star to grace the screen; and I will not be surprised if she wins the highest popularity in Hindi pictures as well.

Suchitra Sen made her screen debut in Sukumar Dasgupta's *Sat Number Quidi* in 1953. Before that, she had appeared on the amateur stage in Tagore's *Natir Puja*; and her appearance on the stage attracted the attention of film producers and with the blessing of her father-in-law and husband she joined the films. During these two years, she has appeared in about fifteen films almost all of which have proved successful. Out of them, *Dhooli*, and *Marner Pare* have proved jubilee hits; but the performances cherished by Suchitra are those in *Shree Krishna Chaitanya* directed by Debaki Bose and *Annapurnar Mandir*. At present she is working in six Bengalee films; indeed, to keep up her schedule in Bombay, just prior to her departure she had to work day and night to complete her work in Calcutta. And after June 20th when she returns to Calcutta she would be busy again.

Happily married, proud mother of a three year old daughter, Suchitra Sen appeared to be a rather ambitious star. She was eager to know who are the top artistes on the Hindi screen; she was eager to find whether any Bengalee artiste had done well and attained a distinction in Bombay. Perhaps behind these questions she was thinking whether she could compete with any rivals on the Hindi screen and attain the same enviable position which she enjoys on the Bengalee screen today. And, who knows, just as twenty years ago

unknown Jamuna became a star sensation after her performance of Parvati in *Devdas* Suchitra Sen may also become the star sensation of India after portrayal of Parvati in *Devdas*.

Frank and unassuming Suchitra is not a worshipper of success and the box office; she has apparently great regard for artistic values as well. No wonder, then, Debaki Bose is her favourite director with whom she is going to work again soon. She prefers serious roles and has no aptitude for light frivolous characters. Though she has acted in fifteen films, surprisingly enough, she is appearing for the first time in Sarat Chatterji's story in *Devdas*. Right from the first day she has never been camera conscious; and from her talk it appears that she is not diffident at all about acting in Hindi films. She has already learnt the language and converses most of the time in Hindi in Bombay. She has great regard for the technical advance made by Bombay producers.

Though *Devdas* is her first Hindi picture, she has been receiving offers to act in Hindi pictures for some time now, from producers like Mehboob, Vijay Bhatt, Filmistan. In fact, Filmistan asked her to join them as a permanent artiste, which Suchitra refused; she would not like to be tied down. She had seen Azaad and liked Dilip's work in it.

She had received one offer from Bombay some time ago; after the preliminary talk when the money issue was being discussed, the producer quietly dropped a hint that her dialogue would be dubbed in Hindi. When Suchitra heard of this, she flared up and said that before asking her to work the producer should have inquired whether she could speak Hindi or not. The very idea of dubbing was revolting to Suchitra and the manner in which it was suggested insulting; naturally she refused to discuss the offer further in spite of being dubbed herself as "proud" and "egoist."

It was too early to ask Suchitra Sen how she liked working in Bombay on the very first day of her facing the camera. Yet, I could

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help telling her that having once come to Bombay, she is bound to come again. That's the beauty of Bombay!

Picture of the week

A. V. M.'s mythological offering *Shivbhakta* had all the potentialities of being a good, engrossing picture. But thanks to the poor, disjointed screenplay and lack of incidents, the picture has failed to come upto the mark.

To begin with, the picture has too many songs which instead of helping the story to move, withhold its progress and they often overlap each other. True, the songs are aptly worded, beautifully scored and sung. But an 'over-dose' of these songs has exactly the opposite of the desired effect. Then the theme of conversion of a hunter from non-belief in God to belief is so sketchily handled that one is apt to feel that it was better handled in *Nastik*, which also dealt with the same theme.

It is more of a devotional story than mythological, for it does not deal with the life of gods and goddesses but with mortals the false and true devotees of God. By making the priest a villain the story provides ample opportunities for ridicule of the priests and the Brahmins and their hypocrisy; while this feature may have special appeal in the South where anti-Brahmin sentiments are popular, it has no appeal in the North. Even the long harangue by the hunter against God which may appeal to Southerners is lost on North Indian audiences. As a result, the thin story fails to hold the attention of the picturegoers.

The redeeming feature of this long drawn out thin story is its pleasing music, lavish production and above all some exquisite dances by Padmini. These dances, especially the first two dance numbers put over in the temple are a treat to watch. The song and musical accompaniment for these dance numbers are also praiseworthy. But Padmini's performance as the gold-digger Devdasi is rather poor while Shahu Modak rants all the

way as the hunter. On the other hand Pandaribai, Misra and Anant Marathe give excellent account of themselves.

Produced slickly in keeping with the tradition of A. V. M., but for its poor story and screenplay *Shivbhakta* would have been a great hit.

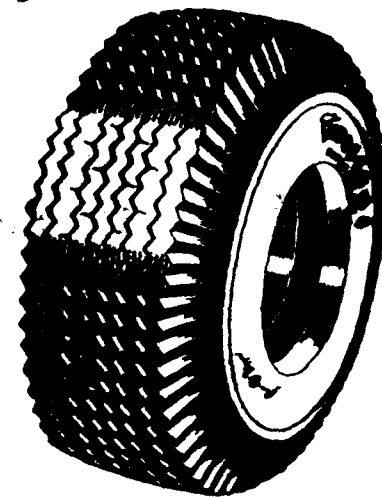
News of the week

Manmohan Sabir performed the muhurat of *Nange Paar* written by K. A. Abbas on Sunday 5th June at Jagriti Studios, Chembur. The picture is a story of children who had no shoes but great souls. Jagdeep, Baby Naaz and Tabassum are expected to play in it.

A. R. Kardar has resumed the shooting of *Baap Re Baap*. O. P. Nayyar is now giving the music. He has recorded two songs of the picture.

Almost all the Bombay stars who had been to Madras for working in *Insaniyat* have returned this week.

Firestone



**BEST TODAY—
STILL BETTER TOMORROW**

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.

Oliver Twist Of Society

Sir,—Dr. John Matthai, Bombay Vice-Chancellor, is reported to have pleaded that teachers should be paid adequately so that they could hold themselves with dignity and pride as they played an important role by shaping and stimulating the moral life of the youth of the nation. Mr. E. H. Parameswaran harping on the teacher's duty asserts that the teacher should be a living example to the children. Sometimes sane teachers soliloquise, "We teachers have had too much of advice, too much of verbal sympathy, too much of haranguing patronisation and too little of pay. Can a starving teacher be a living example? Yes, he can. A living example of starvation, just what the children don't want!" Any child for that matter is above want. He grabs, and others in the family yield to his demands. In this respect the teacher has to follow the child's example. In fact the teacher is like a hungry orphan in the big family of society in which every other person feeds himself and agrees with every other person to keep mum, when the Oliver Twist of society is crying for more! The irony of it is that the hungry teacher exhorts others (children) to be noble, selfless, charitable, social and all that! In the nature of things nothing can be more unrealistic.

This is the truth behind Frederick Buck's statement, "There are misfit schools, misfit texts and studies, misfit pedants and pedantry. There are misfit homes, misfit occupations and diversions but in the nature of things there can be no misfit children."

I shall add, "Can you wonder in this context why there is a lot of indiscipline in schools and colleges? How do you expect a living, growing child to follow the living example of a starving teacher!"

A. S. VENKATARAMAN,
Secretary, Madras College, Madras.

Visalandhra And Telangana

Sir,—The attitude of the Andhras towards the formation of Visalandhra is very confusing. While declaring that

they would not cause any embarrassment to the people of Telangana, the Andhra leaders are repeatedly issuing statements demanding the inclusion of the Telangana area in the Andhra State. As if this were not enough, they are holding conferences on the very soil of Hyderabad, where "unanimous" resolutions are passed demanding the formation of Visalandhra.

All this gives an impression that the people of Telangana wholeheartedly support the idea of Visalandhra. Nothing can be farther from the truth. The question of Telangana joining the Andhra State is to be decided by the people of Telangana and not by outsiders. Strangely enough, the demand is now made by the outsiders only. The people of Telangana as such are not at all anxious to join the Andhra State. If it comes to a showdown, they are definitely against the move. This is quite evident from the fact that the various meetings held by the Andhras in Hyderabad are scrupulously avoided by the people of Telangana. So far no responsible leader of Hyderabad has supported the Andhra stand.

Such being the case, one fails to understand why the Andhras continue to create a false impression about the issue. Sri Gopala Reddi, the Andhra Chief Minister, is already talking in terms of "assurances," "protection," "earmarking" of expenditure for a period of 15 years, etc., as if all these assurances were sought by the Telangana people. Such "terms" are entirely unwarranted and responsible Andhra leaders would be well advised to refrain from creating an embarrassing situation.

It does not, however, mean that the people of Telangana are ill-disposed towards the Andhras. Not being of an agitational type (unlike the Andhras), the people of Hyderabad want to deal with the matter in a practical (and hence realistic) manner. They want to maintain the most cordial relations not only with Andhra but with all other States as well. It is the present attitude of the Andhras, which, if pursued, may sow the seeds of disharmony.

K. T. RAMACHAR

Hyderabad

Second Chambers

Sir,—It is interesting to see Mr. Kodanda Rao's letter on the above subject in Swatantra, which has already devoted its space, not a little, to it.

Mr. Kodanda Rao seems to agree that just as Parliament is an essential feature of democratic government, a second chamber is also essential for the satisfactory functioning of Parliament.

His statement that "no necessary or useful purpose will be served by the second chamber as long as both the houses are elected and represent political parties" is a matter of opinion. If, as he suggested, retired SECRETARIES and JUDGES are to become members of the second chambers the characteristic representation of the masses in a parliamentary house is lost. Nomination is justifiable and even essential to some extent only as provided for in our Constitution but to compose the second chamber solely with nominated members may not be desirable from the point of view of mass representation.

It is a matter of doubt whether people who have been somewhat subservient and 'disciplined' throughout the better part of their lives in Government service, can thrash out an issue on the floor of a parliamentary house dispassionately and without inhibitions. This may not apply in full to the category of retired judges.

P. SEETHARAMIAH

Gooty

Managing Agency System: The Other Side

Sir,—The predominating viewpoint among the economists of today is to

mend but not to end the managing agency system in Indian economy. The Company Law Committee recently reported that, notwithstanding the many abuses and malpractices which have figured the working of this system in the present state of industrial organisation, it may still be, on balance, an advantage to continue to rely on it. For, shorn of those abuses and malpractices, this system may yet prove to be a potent instrument for tapping the springs of private enterprise. So the committee recommended strict control to remove the current abuses and to reduce the malpractices to the minimum.

The best course lies in between the two extreme viewpoints. The total abolition of the managing agency system is not advisable under the present economic structure of the country. Undoubtedly this system is responsible to a considerable extent for the present concentration of economic power in India. This system nursed the industry during its infancy and periods of ailment. This has acted as the saviour of enterprises just on the brink of ruin. This has achieved substantial measure of industrial progress. The iron and steel industry and the hydro-electric power industry would

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never have reached their present stage without the enterprise of the Tatas, their managing agents. A number of other prosperous and flourishing industries of today would have yet been in the womb of the future without the initiative of the managing agents. They were the pioneers in the field of industry in the country and have borne all the losses of pioneer industrialism.

The overwhelming illiteracy of the Indian people, more especially in the field of business organisation and management, is a serious hindrance to doing away with the institution of managing agency altogether.

The main problem facing in the field of industrial financing is either to abolish the managing agency system or to retain it without its defects.

Waltair

V. RAJAN

KHRUSHCHEV'S TABLE MANNERS

AN interesting episode that occurred at President Tito's reception in his White Palace to the Soviet delegates is reported in the *New York Times*. Here is the story as published in that paper:

Mr. Khrushchev was said to have asked Georges Delcoigne, Minister of Belgium, "Is your country free and independent?"

The Belgian said, "Of course it is." Pointing to ministers of other Western countries, he added, "We are independent just as Switzerland—"

Mr. Khrushchev interrupted, "Let's not talk about Switzerland."

M. Delcoigne, seeking to put an end to the conversation, said: "Well, we are independent just as is Yugoslavia."

Koca Popovic, Yugoslav State Secretary for Foreign Affairs, who was seated near by, made a few remarks with the intention of helping out the Belgian. At this point Mr. Khrushchev's interpreter was said to have turned to M. Popovic and demanded, "Who are you?"

M. Popovic identified himself, and the interpreter exclaimed, "O—"

Mr. Khrushchev was reported to have then turned to the Belgian and

said: "You are replying as you are because the American ambassador disappeared just now." This remark appeared to suggest that Belgium was a satellite of the United States and that M. Delcoigne would not dare to proclaim his country's independence in the presence of the United States diplomat.

M. Delcoigne, who was said to have lost his temper, exclaimed: "If you like, we can call back the American Ambassador (James W. Riddleberger) and I will repeat what I have said."

Earlier in the evening Mr. Khrushchev had engaged in a sharp colloquy with Mr. Riddleberger at dinner.

When a representative of Turkey was introduced into the private dining room Mr. Khrushchev rose to greet him and proposed a toast. "What shall we toast?" the Soviet leader asked. The Turkish diplomat replied, "To peace."

Mr. Khrushchev remarked: "That's too vague. We must toast something specific."

The Turkish representative then suggested a toast to the coming of the Soviet delegation to Belgrade. Mr. Khrushchev replied: "That's still too vague, but let me help you out. Let's drink a toast to Marshal Tito who made this visit possible."

The impression of some of those who were present in the private dining room was that Mr. Khrushchev and Premier Nikolai A. Bulganin as well were completely uninhibited in their attitude and conduct toward the Western representatives. It was difficult at times to ascertain whether they were trying to display good fellowship or were trying to awe the Westerners.

THE artist has a twofold relation to nature; he is at once her master and her slave, inasmuch as he must work with earthly things, in order to be understood; but he is her master, inasmuch as he subjects these earthly means to his higher intentions, and renders them subservient.—GOETHE

