

SWATANTRA

On Sale Every Saturday

Vol. X July 2, 1955 No. 22

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ON THE COVER:

Admiral Sir Mark Pizey, retiring chief of the Naval Staff paid a farewell visit to the City on June 24. Here he is seen inspecting a Division at the Indian Navy Office, Fort St. George.

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

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

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Vol. X.

JULY 2 SATURDAY 1955

No. 22

ALI IN WONDER-LAND

PAKISTANI politics is running true to form. Ever since Jinnah carved out that State by single-minded persistence (some would call it perversity), it has been bedevilled by personal rivalry. One hoped, however, that with its Governor-General, Mr. Ghulam Mohammed, gracefully making up with the Federal Court and calling for a new constituent Assembly, one would see at least an interlude of peace in Pakistan. But apparently this is not to be and the elections to the Constituent Assembly tell the same old tale of cliques, groups and disunity.

The Muslim League—officially the party in power—seems to have recovered somewhat from the ignominy which it courted in the last General Elections in East Pakistan and has won 25 seats which is, however, three fewer than the total strength of Mr. Fazlul Huq's United Front party and Mr. Suhrawardy's Awami League with 16 and 12 seats respectively to their credit. The Muslim League expects to make capital out of the unfortunate dissensions that have marked the relationship between the two latter parties which had in union won such a glorious victory in the elections. Indeed, Mr. Mohammed Ali, Pakistan's Prime Minister who, by the way, is the solitary League candidate returned from East Bengal, has openly announced that he would seek a coalition with Mr. Fazlul Huq's party. This would be a good tactical move, for the combined strength of

the two parties (25+16=41) would form an absolute majority in the Assembly whose strength is 80. Of these 80, seventy-two members have been elected by the Provincial Legislatures and the remaining eight will be chosen by the Constituent Assembly itself early in July to represent Baluchistan, Bhawalpur and the Tribal Areas.

But it is not so certain that Mr. Fazlul Huq will deliver the goods. The Suhrawardy group is already up in arms and its leader is in no mood to see the edifice of personal prestige and power that he has been slowly building up crumble down. He has issued a statement challenging the credentials of those who have no use for "clean politics" and he may well prove a hard nut to crack if he allies himself with all non-League forces in the Assembly and outside. And Premier Mohammed Ali has other troubles to face as well. As a representative of East Bengal, he has never been *persona grata* with the true-blue Leaguers of the Punjab which has returned 15 Leaguers to the Constituent Assembly and had been put out by Mr. Mohammed Ali's expressed preference for an alliance with the United Front. They question his right to take decisions without consulting the League party and plainly hint that there may be a new Leader (and Prime Minister). But these Punjabi politicians are themselves divided into three distinct groups—those who follow the lead of the Governor, Mr. Gurmani, Mr. Daulatana's group and

the Khan of Mamdot's followers. Conceivably these may pull in different directions, rendering the League weak and powerless. Orthodox League opinion in Sind is equally determined in its opposition to any coalition with Mr. Suhrawardy's Awami League but Sind politicians are no better than their Punjabi counter-parts in their addiction to groupings and clannishness.

And finally there is the question-mark of Mr. Ghulam Mohammed. The Governor-General has been a very sick man and gives sometimes—as when he made West Pakistan a single unit—the impression of attempting things beyond his power. But he has keen insight and political imagination which he so well demonstrated when he brought the Frontier leader, Dr. Khan Saheb, into the Cabinet and put an end to Mr. Qayum Khan's restless and unprincipled ambition; and he learnt a salutary lesson in constitutional ways from the Federal Court which will stand him in good stead. What is more, he is apparently determined to act well within the four corners of the law. For the moment he is sitting back—it is the new Constituent Assembly that must play the ball. But he may be expected to keep an eye on the administration and those who run it. Mr. Mohammed Ali may once again have cause to learn who is the real ruler of Pakistan.

Community Projects

THE Evaluation Report on the progress of the Community Projects during the second year of their working has just been published. Considering that it is an official publication coming from the Centre, it is surprisingly free from any attempts at self-deception. Two and a half years is too short a period for either a comprehensive or fair assessment of the success of a deve-

lopment scheme of this magnitude. All that we can do is to set its achievement so far besides the targets it had hoped to achieve and, by a candid and sober analysis of its imperfections as also the impediments in its practical application, make up our minds whether it is good enough to be continued or whether we must think up some other solution to prevent rural India from disintegrating.

We cannot survey Community Projects just by themselves because they are in a way part of the National Extension Scheme. The National Extension Scheme was put into operation because it was discovered in 1953 that at the rate of 16 lakhs of rupees per community project the chances undoubtedly were that long before we ever came near to being a Welfare State, as laid down in the Constitution, we would be an insolvent state. National Extension is an overall scheme while Community Development is a limited project. So, in any comprehensive evaluation one cannot be considered completely independent of the other.

It was hoped that by the end of the first Five-Year Plan, one-fourth of rural India, that is, people in one and a quarter lakh villages would be covered by the National Extension Scheme. Till December, 1954 one lakh of villages had been so treated. More than two-thirds that number has been picked out for Community Development. The allotment in the Five-Year Plan for both the NES and CP was Rs. 101 crores. Till December 1954 we had spent Rs. 13½ crores out of which Rs. 7½ crores had been contributed by the people themselves. From the United States has come aid worth Rs. 7½ crores.

These are enormous amounts of money. We are spending not only a great deal of our own money but also other people's. And even at the end of a short period of two and a

half years we must have something to show for it. The brochure prepared for the Bandung Conference made a list of our achievements in Community Development. Four lakh acres of land have been reclaimed while 7½ lakh acres of idle land have been brought under irrigation. Villagers have been provided with 600 miles of drains and 12,000 miles of roads, 15,000 Basic Education centres and nearly 8,500 new wells. There are 23 other items in the list which are concerned with health, education, communications and agriculture. It seems a formidable list taken independently but considered against the fabulous expenditure incurred on it, it does not seem adequate quantitatively while non-official visitors to these Projects during the first year of its working have cast doubts even on its quality.

It is now revealed that the Development schemes have been weakened considerably by an undue haste inspired by an over-zealous but incomplete and unrealistic appreciation of the magnitude of the task side by side with the inexperience of the villagers who have co-operated in the re-building. The NES blocks have multiplied too fast and the personnel is inadequate. It has also been discovered that work of this kind needs trained people and so 34 Extension Training Centres have had to be started to train multipurpose workers to tackle the variety of problems that are implicit in rural regeneration. It had earlier been estimated that 84,000 workers would be required during the Five-Year period. Only less than 15,000 are available.

Another serious drawback has been the lack of whole-hearted co-operation between the various departments, official and non-official, which are concerned with the task of rural development. Now the welfare

or development officers and the normal administrative officers are all working together. The Development programme, though it always emphasises the non-official aspect of its work, touches the official set-up at various points. At the top is the Planning Commission headed by the Prime Minister, at the State level is the Development Committee consisting of Ministers, at the District level is the Collector and the Revenue staff and at the lowest level is the Village Panchayat. Besides these are the non-official advisory committees. There has consequently been much confusion and competition.

Also, the "mountain of inertia" against which the Community Development Programme is directed, is settling back on the villagers. The first upsurge of enthusiasm having exhausted itself, more and more the tendency is becoming apparent to shift responsibility onto official shoulders. To whip up this zeal once more an intensive social education campaign has been undertaken. "It has been realised," says the Report now, "that adult literacy is by no means the most promising means of spreading enlightenment among the grown-ups in rural areas."

Community Development, let us admit, has not so far been an outstanding success. When it was launched it had more of idealism in it than wisdom. But two and a half years have taught both the planners of the schemes and their executors a great many hard truths. The Report acknowledges fully the failures in the programme without soft-peddling them or airily dismissing them as something which was only to be expected. This facing of facts and admission of imperfections can well be the first stage in a remoulding of our hopes and faith based this time on wisdom gained the hard way.

Sotto Voce

RURAL HOUSING



SOME weeks ago I visited a colony of nomads who had been induced to settle down on the land. They had built little huts on a dry tank bed. These mud and thatch shacks had been dumped down anyhow, the approaches being hardly more than dirt tracks which under the rains must look like the Slough of Despond. Rather belatedly it was realised that the new village site was below the road level and liable to be water-logged. A dogged attempt was being made to fill in the intervening spaces with tank silt.

If the huts had been aligned in an orderly way and erected on raised plinths, the cost in terms of money and discomfort would have been much less. But a plinth, even for a hut ten feet by ten, would cost more than the sum of fifty rupees the Government had sanctioned, some years after the colony was started, for the repair and improvement of the huts. These had been erected in the first flush of enthusiasm with almost no other aid or equipment. Still it struck me as a typical case of false economy that the Government, having chosen to come in, should be content with tinkering.

The best thing would, of course, have been to locate the colony on fairly high ground. But beggars can't be choosers. The cultivable waste they had been allotted was far away from the settled villages and building on the tank bed was the only practicable course open. For

these primitive folk, who were being broken in to the drudgery of the plough, might, if they had been given homes far away from their land, have been tempted to take to the road again. Quite a number of them in fact did break away from the unaccustomed constraint.

When our Planners speak of founding model villages they ought to remember that a well raised, easily drained, fairly even site is half the battle. Every old village in this land of villages has been located with this consideration in view. Even the *cheris*, though they are to be found amidst the paddy-flats and were originally not much higher in level, are spacious enough to meet the communal needs. And they have over generations had their level raised by the continual deposit of vegetable mould from trees grown for shade and profit and by the careful dumping of refuse sterilised by the tropical sun.

Housing is the one social activity in which intelligent State help and not ambitious State initiative or dragooning is called for. Sardar Swaran Singh is appalled at the prospect of being called upon to provide the 96 lakhs of urban houses needed to meet the expected growth of population and expansion of industry. Even the giving of Rs. 100 per hut and Rs. 250 per house to the owners for the refurbishing of the existing 548 lakhs of 'rural units' would, he calculates, require nearly 1,000 crores. But

did he think for a moment of the marvel these 548 lakhs of rural units represent? They may not be ideal houses, but they are better than nothing. And they were built with neither prompting nor nagging by the State.

If they had sat down on their haunches to think out ways and means of finding the Rs. 2,000 which is the P. W. D. estimate for building a rural unit, our ancestors would not have had the strength to get up again. Instead they rammed the floor, kneaded the earth for the walls, plaited the coconut leaves for thatch, got the village carpenter to make the rude door-frames, begged or bought a few bamboos for the roof. And the house took shape slowly, the result of family labour during two or three off-seasons. It was proof against wind and weather, fairly comfortable and easily repaired. And it cost next to nothing, not more than a fraction of that three years' income of the whole family which is what our Planners' rural unit would cost.

I am not saying that even the old peasant's single room hut can now be built for Rs. 50. And the tiled houses that a generation ago cost a few hundreds to put up would now need four or five times as much money. But they need not cost anything like the sums the experts estimate. Instead of butting in with unsuitable type-designs and all sorts of frills and fallals, the State could make available at cost price locally baked bricks for plinths and bamboo and junglewood from its forests. Wasteland, instead of being assigned for uneconomic cultivation, may, where it is suitable for building, be transferred to homogeneous groups of people. Self-help and the love of property in its most visible and tangible form will do the rest. But I forget that our socialistic planners have declared war on private property.

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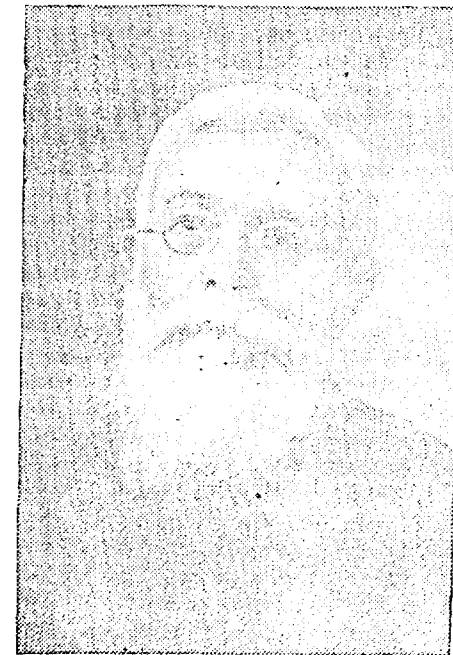
IN MEMORY OF DADABHAI NAOROJI

By SUBHASH J. RELE

We stand at the culmination of Indian national history. But this is a culmination brought about not by the efforts of one Gandhi or one Nehru or one Srinivasa Sastri but of a host of selfless, devoted, dedicated patriots who have lived and died that we, their children, could come into our great heritage. The non-violent revolution that Gandhi executed had its genesis in the hearts and minds of men like Dadabhai Naoroji, Gopalakrishna Gokhale and Balagangadhar Tilak, to name a few. Of Dadabhai Naoroji, Gandhiji himself has said: "Dadabhai was the first patriot to inspire me. He was my guide and helper when I did not know any other leader." He coined the word which has passed into the very fibre of our being—Swaraj. He was one of the greatest students of Indian economics. Rightly has it been said that if there had been no Hume or Dadabhai there would have been no Congress.

IN the long list of eminent Indians who have during the last half of a century awakened new hopes and aspirations in us, Dadabhai Naoroji occupies a unique place. Politics in India in the latter half of the 19th century was in an embryonic state. The Indian National Congress was yet unborn. But Dadabhai imposed upon himself the gigantic task of rousing the British conscience to Indian grievances. He grappled with hard facts and figures concerning the woeful condition of his country and presented them to the British public, as none before him had done. Dadabhai's life might be said to be "an epitome of the history of Indian constitutional reform during the second half of the 19th century."

Dadabhai was born on the 4th of September 1825 in a Parsi priestly family. At the tender age of four he had the misfortune to lose his father. Nevertheless, his competent mother supplied to a large extent the want of a father's affection. She sent him to school and toiled for his maintenance from dawn to dusk in which worthy task she was immensely helped by her kind and sympathetic brother.



Dadabhai Naoroji

Young Dadabhai had a brilliant academic career. Professor Orlebar called him "The Promise of India."

In later years Dadabhai amply fulfilled this prophecy. After finishing his education he secured the post of a Native Head Assistant of the Elphinstone Institution. In 1850 he was appointed Assistant Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in the same institution and later acted as Professor. It was the first professorship ever held by an Indian in any prominent college in the country. But Dadabhai found it too narrow a field for his activities.

AS early as 1885 he left for England with the idea of getting into the British Parliament and fighting the cause of his native country. Though he succeeded in getting himself accepted as the Liberal candidate by the electors of Holborn, he failed to win the seat as the main issue fought out was the question of granting Home Rule to Ireland. He however managed to poll 1950 votes against his opponent's 3651. It must be remembered that he lay under the double disadvantage of being an Indian and a Liberal. In spite of his defeat he continued to stay in England, giving his attention to the interests of India. After several years of indefatigable pursuit he succeeded in being returned by the electors of Central Finsbury as a Liberal member. Thus, for the first time during more than a century of British rule, an Indian was admitted into the British House of Parliament as a representative of an English constituency.

Dadabhai's first efforts as a member were directed towards interesting British people in Indian affairs. His was a political mission. Almost the first subject that attracted his attention was the employment of Indians in the Indian Civil Service. He firmly believed that all that was necessary to change the system of Government was for Indians to infiltrate into the administrative services. In the year following his

election he got Mr. Herbert Paul to move the famous resolution about holding simultaneous examinations in India and England for the Indian Civil Service and though it was vehemently opposed by the Government, it was passed by a majority of the House.

He travelled all over England, addressing meetings on Indian questions, wrote largely to the press, encouraged people to read papers before learned societies with a view to correct misconceptions of the Europeans regarding India. He also succeeded in organizing the Indian Parliamentary Committee which, for many years, rendered very valuable and substantial services to the country. However, the most important point which Dadabhai sought to establish before the Committee on Indian Finance was the great poverty of India and the very high incidence of taxation. He persistently pointed out that the great and gradually increasing poverty of India was due to the enormous annual drain of 30 million sterling from the country without a single pie of return. "It is a case of bleed, bleed continuously and no time at all for the wound to heal." He emphatically asserted that the capital that went to India was not British capital. It was the wealth first plundered from the country which went back to India for what they called "development" but he called "despoliation" of India's resources. Even if India had been a wealthy country, such annual drain, Dadabhai stressed, would have been a most serious matter. He argued that this drain made the industrial development of this vast country a practical impossibility.

In 1902 he published his famous book *Poverty and un-British Rule in India*. This book is the basis of all later efforts at a statistical study of Indian Finance and Economics. It

must be said to his credit that years later Dadabhai found his views practically accepted by the Government of India's Finance Minister, Sir E. Baring.

Dadabhai also drew the attention of the Fawcett Committee to several defects in British administration among which were its extravagant cost and the inequitable treatment of the natives of the country in regard to the higher offices in the administration. He maintained that the British administration in India violated the very principles which were the basis of British administration at home. He characterised it as "Un-British," iniquitous, despotic to the Indians and suicidal to Britain. The good of England, he dogmatically stressed, must come through the channels of the good of India.

YEAR after year his criticism of the defects of British rule became more and more bitter. It was natural that soon afterwards the demand for self-government followed. Responding to the toast of the President at a gathering of the London Indian Society, Dadabhai asked the question whether Indians were to remain forever the hewers of wood and drawers of water, to slave and perish. He was the first Indian who made the most determined demand for self-government or "Swaraj." It was the keynote of his presidential address at the Calcutta Congress. The message stirred the hearts of his countrymen and infused them with a new spirit of patriotism. Lokamanya Tilak, coming after him reiterated and reinforced the demand.

It is a little difficult to think about Dadabhai just as a politician. Indeed, he distinguished himself in several spheres—as a social reformer, by precept and example. To him Bombay owed its first girls' schools which were opened in the face of the

severest opposition. He also took an active part in establishing the Bombay Association, the Framji Institute, the Irani Fund, the Parsi Gymnasium, the Widow Marriage Association.

Indeed he had many firsts to his credit. He was the first Indian Professor, the first to found several organizations for the social, intellectual and political uplift of the people of India, the first Indian M.P., the first Indian to sit on a Royal Commission and above all the first and foremost Indian to claim self-government or Swaraj for his country. He has been loved and revered as the Grand Old Man of India. Never in his life did he allow anyone, however powerful or mighty, to trifle with him or his opinions and nobody was a greater crusader for the causes which he believed in. Even at the age of ninety-three he was full of energy and a consuming enthusiasm. On the morning of June 1, 1917, the news that he was dangerously ill cast a gloom over the whole country. He passed away on the evening of June 30.

After his body was consigned to the tower of Silence, according to Parsi rites, Sri Narayanrao Chandavarkar paid a glowing tribute to his memory. He said:

"If we take stock of his life and his example, may I not say with perfect justice and truth that in his career, in all he did, in all he suffered, and in all he taught he was the Prophet Zoroaster's religion personified, because he was the man more than anybody else of pure thought, of pure speech and of pure deeds. The sun that rose just ninety-three years ago over India is set but I say, it is to rise again in the form of regenerated India, for Dadabhai lived and worked for us with a devotion which must remain for all of us an inspiring example."

SCIENCE

THE HUMAN BRAIN

By V. V. SRINIVASAN

THE human brain is at least 400,000 years old. If its origins in evolutionary history are traced to the first unicellular amoeba then its history should be counted in millions of years. From the purely chemotactic nature of the single-celled animal to the magnificent creative achievements of man the nervous system has undergone various modifications and progressed, integrating into itself the experience of aeons till finally we have the brain of man which is the acme of creation's wonders. With a minute fraction of the voltage required to run some of the most modern electronic computers, and with an energy which may be said to be non-existent in relation to these computers, the brain is able to do things which it may be safely asserted a mechanical model will never be able to do. Hence it is not a matter for amazement that researches into the functioning of the brain are so fraught with obstacles. It is a fascinating idea that this piece of matter which in the final analysis is made up of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen and other atoms should, when organised as the human brain, produce such wonderful results.

That the brain is the place where mental processes take place is, I think, an axiom which not many will deny now. The Cartesian dichotomy between mind and body is being shed gradually as evidence accumulates correlating cerebral processes with mental processes.

The brain has been compared to a telephone exchange, to a clean sheet which just makes records of events

and to computing machines. All these comparisons have been helpful in elucidating many of the complicated processes of the working of the brain. But none have been more helpful than actual work on the exposed brain of animals and men. A pioneer in this field, Dr. Wilder Penfield has circumscribed our ignorance regarding the brain to a large extent. He localised the areas of sensation, and the motor areas and other centres in the brain by suitable stimulation of the exposed brain of his patients. The brain was usually exposed under local anaesthesia. The patient was conscious. When certain areas of his brain were touched he experienced tingling sensations in the regions of his body corresponding to those areas. When the motor areas of his brain were stimulated there was an involuntary movement of the limbs or combination of muscles corresponding to that region of the opposite side. Parts of the brain concerned with vision when stimulated gave the person the experience of light; those concerned with hearing when stimulated gave the patient the impression of hearing. Mental events have also been localized and work on aphasia (loss of speech) "goes far beyond the question of localization, and illuminates the whole problem of the relations of mind and brain. The cases reported in detail by Head make it extremely difficult to maintain a Cartesian view of the mind, or of its relation to the brain." Head's work on the nervous system has attained a classic status. Working

on people with brain injuries, sustained in the war, he has illuminated entire new regions of this problem of mind and brain. The surgical removal of the frontal lobes (anterior portions) of the brain in patients suffering from certain types of mental diseases has also contributed to a knowledge of the functions of the brain.

THE electrical nature of nerve conduction has been of immense benefit in the analysis of certain principles of brain functioning. Prof. Adrian has done pioneering work in this field. More than the mere establishment of a neurological basis of behaviour, the worry of the scientist has been to discover the exact nature of what may be called the *modus operandi* of the brain. We see an object. Years hence we are able to recollect the object by looking at something associated with the object or something resembling it. We can recollect smells. We read a book and some lucky individuals are able years hence to repeat what they have read in the book. The death of a friend grieves us. Suffering evokes in us a certain type of feeling. A dress in a shop produces in us various associations provoking vague longings. When these events which are purely mental happen what exactly takes place in our brains? It is a mighty task to work out all that happens in the brain, while we are recollecting, brushing up our memory, working sums almost automatically and solving problems. Much of modern writing in this field is of a speculative nature. But the most crucial aspect of the problem is to determine the exact point when a purely physical event becomes a mental event through the intervention of the brain.

It has been postulated that groups of cells in the brain which initially received an impression are more easily stimulated by the same or

similar image and by a process of 'facilitation' are able to recollect events. "Facilitation initiating the activity of an established assembly or phase sequence will evoke memories of the stimuli or events originally responsible for their organization." (George M. Wyburn). Again it has been urged that semantic difficulties should have to be solved before anything useful is achieved in research work in this field. Mr. L. L. Whyte suggests that we should give up the two sets of usages for describing mental and cerebral events. Discussing this he says:

"The answer lies in the fact that the seemingly innocent monosyllabic words 'brain' and 'mind' carry with them all the prestige of two thousand years of usage, and hence an illusory sense of clarity"

"Thus the words are meaningful in an ordinary sense, but are not scientifically clear because we do not yet understand the laws which either brain or mind obeys. We have not identified the laws of thought or the laws of brain activity."

"We can restate the problem as the task of establishing a picture of the processes of thought and of intelligent behaviour in terms of the changing condition of the brain, using improved ideas of both. It must be possible to achieve this." (Accent on Form by Lancelot, L. Whyte).

The formation of images, the conception of patterns from facts received by the five senses, are processes which take place in the brain. Perhaps the borderland of physiology and psychology will forever remain unknown. But, if the way the scientist has been exploring other regions of knowledge which were considered some time ago to be equally elusive, is any indication, then we may boldly prophesy that the mind-body problem will be solved in the foreseeable future.

REVIVAL OF DIPLOMA COURSES

A medical practitioner writes:

I HAVE read with considerable interest the articles contributed to the SWATANTRA on the question of reviving the old L.M.P. course. Dr. Patankar suggests that such a revival is the only method of tiding over the dearth of medical men in the country. But it may be pointed out that the problem is mainly confined to rural areas. It is therefore necessary to examine the reasons that stand in the way of doctors going to rural areas and also enumerate the special requirements of doctors who are expected to render rural medical relief. The economic sacrifices incidental to rural practice have been sufficiently publicised and I shall be content to advert to a different handicap that a modern doctor apprehends in a life dedicated to rural medical relief. A medical man trained in the scientifically well-equipped hospitals of cities, has little faith in his 'clinical' sense—and with good reason. More often than not, he is unable, even in a simple case, to arrive at a diagnosis without ump-teen tests and reports from the biochemical laboratories and the radiologist etc. A doctor with such a training would be at sea in remote rural areas, where he has to act quickly and unaided. Doctors made of sterner stuff seem indicated.

Dr. C. R. Krishnaswami in his article to the SWATANTRA dated 25th June, 1955, states that the revival of the L.M.P. course will have disastrous consequences, but his reasons appeal more to my heart than to my head. It is admitted by everybody that the standard of medical education has deteriorated considerably since 1947. Without elaborating that point, I shall merely illustrate it by inviting

the attention of your readers to the fact that the Military Department (presumably dissatisfied with the modern medical graduates) has reluctantly been obliged to introduce the system of competitive examination for recruitment of medical personnel to the Army!

I am consequently of the view that the State government should start a course for training medical men to suit the present needs and conditions of rural areas. Neither the old L.M.P. course as it was, nor any amendment to the present M.B.B.S. course would meet the situation. This course should be totally independent of the university and should be conducted by the Government for the sole purpose of meeting the rural demands. Once the idea is accepted, the details can be easily worked out by the administration. But I shall, for the purpose of completing my argument, sketch the contours of the suggested new course:

1. The course should be open to any student who has taken his S.S.L.C. or Matriculation Examination. University qualifications in arts and science should not be insisted on. But a special *entrance examination* must be held in English Composition, Physics and Chemistry and Natural Science. The standard in these subjects should be related to the requirements of medical students.

2. Then, the teaching of pre-clinical subjects must be confined to a basic knowledge of these subjects. Everything of an academic nature must be completely eschewed from the curriculum. Such basic facts as will have an application on the study of the clinical subjects must be specially stressed.

3. During the clinical training, the services of successful and senior medical practitioners must be requisitioned at least *twice* a week to make the ward rounds with the students, so that they may be impressed by the method of approach to the subject by the general practitioner with the minimum equipment. The whole idea should be to evoke the clinical medical sense of the student and not to enslave him to the laboratory. This clinical training need not necessarily be confined to the city hospitals. Every district headquarters hospital may also provide the clinical training ground for this course.

4. Before admission to the school, the student must execute a bond to the Government undertaking to serve the Government for a period of at least *three* years after qualification. This must also be guaranteed by the parent or the guardian, as the case may be.

5. After the final examination, the student must be an apprentice to some senior medical practitioner for a period of six months. For another three months, he must be attached to public health officers, who have first-hand knowledge of the subject. After this apprentice course, the diploma may be granted to the students.

6. A reasonable allowance must be given to the student during the apprentice course.

The whole course of pre-clinical and clinical training should be complete in three years of intensive work, with a minimum number of holidays. This, together with the nine months of apprenticeship, should complete the training of the student and render him eligible for the Rural Medical Service Diploma. A medical man trained in the above method will, I think, be more fitted for rural medical relief, than a raw graduate of modern medicine. I may emphasise that I am not trying to palm off an inferior type of doctor to the villages. On the contrary, I feel that a medical man, who has gone through a course specifically designed to equip him for rural medical service, would be infinitely more useful than a doctor trained in an academic course, which seems directed at paralysing his clinical faculties. The 'rural' doctor produced by the course I have suggested, is really superior from the point of view of the villages, and there is therefore no question of either one being better or worse than the other; it is just a difference necessitated by the difference in the circumstances of the demand. I really cannot treat the argument that this would result in casteism in the medical services, with any seriousness. Casteism is an ubiquitous feature of our country almost as inevitable as the Ganges or the Himalayas! I would go to the extent of saying one caste more or less makes no difference.

It is impossible for a grown-up person to efface all the traces of a faulty psychological, moral or intellectual formation. Moreover, bad habits cannot be entirely uprooted. The only people who are able to behave perfectly reasonably are those who have been accustomed from childhood to obey the laws of life. This is why our first pre-occupation must be to transform education; to train our children far better than we have been trained ourselves.—ALEXIS CARREL, *Reflections on Life*.

PRISON WITHOUT BARS

WITH nothing but an easily-climbed fence separating them from freedom, 1,500 men convicted of various crimes are serving their sentences in a prison in the United States called the California Institution for Men. This "minimum security" penal institution, located in the small town for Chino, emphasises rehabilitation rather than punishment. It is an experiment whose remarkable success is attracting world-wide attention and is likely to lead to further advances in constructive penal administration.

This American experiment in human salvage was established largely through the efforts of Kenyon J. Scudder, founder and first superintendent of Chino, a well-known authority on penal matters, and author of a widely-read book, *Prisoners Are People*. The book describes the philosophy and methods of this modern and humane approach to the question of imprisonment and cites many moving examples of individual rehabilitation that Chino has accomplished.

Discarding traditional methods, Scudder chose for his staff a carefully screened group of young men, many of whom had just completed college. None had previous experience as prison guards, but all were enthusiastic about the rehabilitative possibilities of this new undertaking. These young men were given an intensive eight-week training course before the prison was opened.

"Through the teaching of judo," says Scudder, "the art of self-defence, we developed in each man poise, courage, and confidence in his own ability to deal with any emergency that might arise without resorting to arms. A part of each day was devoted to the theory of handling men, some sociology, psychology, problems of discipline, and the general philo-

sophy of freedom that was to govern the institution.

Scudder believes that the liberal visiting privileges the men enjoy at Chino have contributed greatly to their adjustment and are one of the most successful of this prison's innovations. Early prisoners were allowed to build an attractive visiting area outside the Administration Building. They constructed a large pergola, planted lawn and trees, and built a number of picnic tables and benches. Here on Saturdays, Sundays, and holidays the families—parents, wives and children—can bring their picnic baskets, and for four hours visit undisturbed with no one listening to their conversation. The men themselves are allowed to wear ordinary sports clothes on visiting days.

And why do the prisoners at Chino and other "open" prisons not seize the many opportunities to escape that present themselves? At Chino, with its 1,500 men, where the housing units are never locked, escapees number less than one per cent. It is easy to climb over the barbed wire fence. Prisoners are even shown, when they arrive, how they can scramble over without hurting themselves. But they are warned: "If you stay on the inside of the fence you can enjoy limited freedom. When you drop down on the other side you are a fugitive felon and we will bring you back no matter how long it takes. Many more years will be added to your sentence and you can never come back to Chino."

The advantage of paying their debt to society in a prison like Chino, rather than in close confinement in an old style "maximum security" institution, is not to be lightly disregarded. For at Chino a prisoner, no matter what his crime, is still an individual with certain rights and privileges as long as he behaves himself.

A REBEL GOES OVER TO THE 'ELDERS'

By ANDREW ROTH

DURING the last fortnight Britain has been conducting one of its most ancient and vital rites: the welcoming of a former rebel into the ranks of what a tribe would call 'The Council of Elders.'

In Britain this rite is performed on different occasions, and sometimes repeatedly. In the case of the late Scottish rebel David Kirkwood, it was performed when he was made Baron Kirkwood and thus consigned to the obscurity of the House of Lords. In the case of the Earl of Russell, better known as Bertrand Russell, who was imprisoned in World War I for charging that U. S. troops would break British strikes, his hereditary Earldom prevented his noble promotion. Therefore the rite was performed when he was admitted to the Order of Merit in 1949 and again when he was 80 years old in 1952.

With many senior politicians who resist the obscurity of the House of Lords the rite is performed with the publication of an autobiography. For a veteran British politician the writing of an autobiography has a distinctly ritualistic character. It is, in most cases, an indication that he has retired from the fray. In all cases it means that he is claiming to be considered an Elder Statesman.

It is difficult to drape that mantle on perky, aggressive Emanuel Shinwell, former Minister of Defence, whom everyone calls 'Manny.' Even if he no longer leads strikers in Glasgow riots or has to defend himself with his fists, he retains the stance of a fighter. At the Dispatch Box during House of Commons debates he moves to and fro lightly, on the balls of his feet, always jab-

bing and, when the blow comes back from someone like his old sparring-partner, Sir Winston Churchill, he rolls with the punch.

London-born, Glasgow-bred 'Manny' brought a breath of vigour to the cosiness of the Foyles' Literary Lunch when his autobiography *Conflict Without Malice* was greeted last week. His cheeky humour was that of the Cockney sparrow. He said: "Recently I had a postcard addressed to Mr. Shinwell, England. I wondered how the Post Office had decided it was for me. Then I turned it over and saw the message on the other side. It read: 'Shut your big mouth.' Who else could the Post Office deliver it to?"

'Manny' tilted at the critics of his autobiography. "One of them has called me a coelacanth. Well, I would rather be an extinct fish than a stinking fish."

He was probably more angry at the reviewer in the *Evening Standard* for his precise analysis than for the journalistic jibe that he is an extinct species. "Mr. Shinwell," the reviewer had underlined, "belongs to a political genus now rapidly becoming extinct—what might be called the Old Guard of the (Labour) Party and direct heirs to the tradition of Keir Hardie and the ILP."

"It was largely a Scottish tradition, (and equally a South Wales tradition—A. R.) and Mr. Shinwell, though not himself of Scottish origin, began his Parliamentary career as one of the 13 Clydeside 'Red' M.P.s returned in the election of 1922.

"His socialism was and, as this book makes abundantly clear, still is essentially based on emotion rather

than thought, on moral indignation at the poverty and unemployment of Glasgow in the 1920s rather than on any lucid ideas about remedying those evils. It is an old-fashioned, engaging and quite likeable sort of socialism, but about as likely to solve the problems of the modern world as Stephenson's Rocket would be to solve the problems of the British Transport Commission . . . "

From Left to Right

What is fascinating about Mr. Shinwell's autobiography is the progression from violent Left to perky Right. He was an agitator sent to keep the 1911 Seamen's Union strike on the boil. At the dockside an official of a competing union fired a revolver at Mr. Shinwell and killed a man at his side. At an anti-war meeting in 1917, Jamieson, head of an anti-German faction in the local Labour movement tried to gain admission. Recalls Shinwell: "I went to the top of the landing and saw that Jamieson had managed to force the door sufficiently to get his head through, so I ran down and punched him between the eyes. The door was closed and I returned to the platform, where I made a short introductory speech in favour of peace by negotiation."

This was not the last time that 'Manny' used his fists. In 1937 in the House of Commons, Commander Bower, then M. P. for Cleveland, shouted: "Get back to Poland" while Shinwell was asking about the Conservative Government's attitude to the U.S.S.R. "I have never been to Poland" says Shinwell, "but presumably my Polish ancestry was suggested as a reason for my returning there." Actually his Polish Jewish grandfather brought the family to Britain in 1868. "I was born in the Spitalfields district of East London." He didn't realise that Bowers had been heavyweight champion in the Navy. "But in my frame of mind this would not have intimidated me. I crossed the floor and asked him to

come outside . . . " Bowers sat there, grinning and silent. "I therefore clouted him on the face. Immediately the House was in confusion and I walked out of the Chamber." Both, of course, had to apologise for this infringement of the Rules of the House. Although Shinwell injured the Commander's ear-drum, the latter never made any reproach. The result was to give 'Manny' a respect for the manners of the British upper crust which did much to win him over.

This seductive quality of the British top crust is strongly suggested by Mr. Shinwell's description of his period at the War Office. On the second or third day he was there, Lieut. Gen. Browning, the Military Secretary, introduced himself. "He was pleasantly outspoken and told me jocularly that the Generals were going to resign. 'They won't have you here,' he told me." Just after that, Field-Marshal Montgomery, then Chief of the Imperial General Staff paid his first visit. "I knew there was great speculation as to how we should get on, and some wishful thinking in some quarters that the Chief of the Imperial General Staff might use his well-known forthrightness to make matters awkward for me . . . By the end of my chat with Montgomery we were on terms of old friendship. As he left, I said that I would in future call him Monty, as other titles were too formal. He agreed. So began a friendship of which I am proud . . . "

One cannot help wondering whether his conscious or sub-conscious desire to be accepted by the top Brass did not influence his political judgment at the time. As Minister he was responsible for the lengthening of the period of conscription first to 18 months and then to 24 months. This was, of course, the period of the Czech coup, the insurrections in South-east Asia and, finally, the Communist attack in North Korea.

Since 1953, however, 'Manny' has been a leading advocate of a cut in the call-up period. On the eve of the 1955 elections he led for the Labour Party in a debate on a motion calling for a review of Britain's military commitments to see whether the conscription period could not be cut. He was the deft politician. Although his motion called for an inquiry, he managed to create the impression that he would cut the call-up. And then, somewhat unkindly, he said of the military aristocrats whose embrace he had so much welcomed: "I have never met a general who did not want more men."

However, just to demonstrate that his criticism of the two-year call-up should not be misconstrued as a 'turn to the Left' he has been a strong opponent of Aneurin Bevan. During the spring crisis, Shinwell

joined with the extreme Right-wingers in the Labour Party and demanded the expulsion of Bevan. Since his recent decision not to stand for the 'Shadow Cabinet' he has been even more vociferous in his attacks on the "squabbling intellectuals."

The 'Bevanites' have not retaliated in kind, perhaps because Aneurin Bevan and his immediate entourage are going through a "brotherly love" stage. *Tribune* simply gave his autobiography to salty Chuter Ede who, along with some flattering comment, managed to throw some doubt on Shinwell's accuracy and infallibility. It was the *Daily Worker* that was malicious and printed two pictures: one of Shinwell sitting next to the former Communist M.P., William Gallacher in the Glasgow dock in 1919, the other next to Dean Acheson at NATO in 1950!

HAVE YOU SEEN BOOZE?

asks MATHEW HALTON and proceeds to tell us about some quaint English place-names.

WHEN I first saw the road sign I did not quite believe my eyes. I was a student then, nearly 25 years ago, and I was walking in Surrey one week-end with a friend, down a lonely, lovely valley near the Pilgrim's Way, when we came to a road sign which read: Christmas Pie, 2 miles. We chuckled with delight and decided to go to Christmas Pie for lunch; which we did.

But in the years since then I have run across scores of English villages with names even more quaint, or amusing, or picturesque than Christmas Pie.

How would you like to spend a night in a village called Pennycome-quick? What would you think if you

were travelling in Cambridgeshire and came upon a hamlet called Five Miles From Anywhere? Would you be interested to visit Booze, or Butter-houses, or Butter Tubs?

Of course you remember the famous character in French literature who, when asked if he travelled much in his life, always answered: "No, but I know a man who's been to Carcassone." But I have a greater claim to fame: I have visited these villages. Only the other day I was in Ugley, that beautiful village in Essex. But I have also been to Canada, in Hampshire. I have been to Wormelow Tump on the Wye, and Toller Porcorum in Dorset. I have not been to Purgatory, or Torngumbald, or Honeychild, or The Snook, or Brook-

breasting, or Nicknocks, or Dots and Melons, or Shellow Bowells, or even Dog-Whipper's Land and Pinfarthing—but some day I hope to go.

One of my favourite bedside books is the *English Gazetteer*, which contains all the place-names in England. Often, when I am not sleepy, and when everything else palls—even *Treasure Island* and the *Book of Proverbs*, *Macbeth* and the *Oxford Book of Verse*—I take the *Gazetteer* and open it at random. And I come, say, to the P's; Paternoster, Pepperharrow, Petty Cury, Picklenash, Pick Up—and Pity Me.

You will wonder, no doubt, as I did once, what tragic incident occurred in that Durham valley long ago, and who it was who wailed so pathetically for pity that the name stands there forever as a monument. The real derivation is more prosaic, and typically English. Many centuries ago, some French monks came to England and settled by a small lake, and called the place Petit Mer. It didn't take the locals long to corrupt the pronunciation to Pity Me.

Take the charming village of Booze in Dorset. It was not a village famous for great drinkers, not that we know. But well over 1,000 years ago it was Bowe House or Bow House, and it means "the house at the bow or bend in the river." Over the years Bowe House became Booze . . . And there's a famous area in London called Barking, which derives not from any association with dogs, but from its original name of Berekingum, which meant "dwellers among the birch trees."

My favourite example of the effect of time and English stubbornness on place-names is that of the Elephant and Castle, that teeming, vigorous district of cockney London not far from Waterloo station. King Edward II was bringing home his bride from Spain, the young Infanta de Castile, and he spent the last

night before reaching his palace at an inn not far away. The next morning the delighted inn-keeper changed the name of his hotel to "The Infanta de Castile"—and the centuries, as you might have already guessed, did their work. Imagine an Englishman trying or deigning to get his tongue around anything so outlandish as Infanta de Castile! The pub soon became known as the Elephant and Castle.

And you know, of course, that Rotten Row in London is only a corruption of Route du Roi.

And then take Whip-ma-Whop-ma Gate. The Yorkshire villagers don't know the meaning of their village's fantastic name, but the historians say there must have been a whipping-post there once. Or take Sixpenny Handley, a village in Dorset. Sixpenny, it seems, is a corruption of Saxon's Pen—and the name reveals that some of the Saxon invaders of England enclosed a piece of land in a "handley" or clearing. And Harmony, a charming village in Essex, is a corruption of Almonry.

Bury St. Edmonds is easy—St. Edmond was buried there. But what about Heart's Delight that delightful village in Kent? And Maidenhead in Berkshire and Blueberhouse in Yorkshire and the lovely, enchanted Crumplehorn in Cornwall? Was it there, by any chance, that the maiden all forlorn milked the cow with the crumpled horn? And whoever named a village Crank-to-Start?

There are the so-called musical villages of England—Bugle, Trumpet, Horn, Pipe, Welsh Harp and many others. There are the food villages—Sugarloaf Hill in Kent, and Dumppling Green, and Pudding Norton and Beef, and Suet, and Breadcrumbs, and Chocolate (which derives from the Anglo-Saxon chartel ease, meaning rough pasture land) and, of course, there is Christmas Pie, which started me out on this delightful journey of discovery.

THE FUTURE OF THE COMINFORM

By Dr. V. VENKATA RAO

THE activities of the Cominform (Communist Information Bureau) came in for a good deal of criticism at the Bandung Conference. Dr. Jamali, the leader of the Iraqi delegation, indulged in a violent denunciation of international communism. He said: "The world is faced with the most subversive aggression of our times—a new form of colonialism in the guise of an ideology". Sir John Kotelawala, the Prime Minister of Ceylon, regarded the Cominform "as the central agency directing all forms of subversions in our times" and therefore demanded its dissolution as it was difficult to reconcile the doctrine of co-existence with its activities. Nehru put the Cominform in the same category as the South East Asia Treaty Organization and considered it dangerous to world peace. It is thus evident that an influential section of the Asian-African Conference was against the Cominform. It is, therefore, pertinent to know the future of this organization. As a prelude to a discussion of this question, it is necessary for us to know the ante-natal history, purpose and nature of this organization.

In the summer of 1862, a party of French workers visited London to see the International Exhibition. They were entertained by a party of British workers to a "very excellent and substantial tea" at the Freemasons Hall, in Great Queen Street. This tea-party was to have important consequences. In 1864, a group of British Trade Unionists decided to found an International Federation of working men pledged to destroy the prevailing economic system and an executive committee was appointed of which Marx was a member.

Marx's learning, experience and self-assurance were quickly recognised by the Committee and he was entrusted with the drafting of the constitution which was accepted by the second congress held at Geneva in 1865. The constitution concluded with the tail-piece of the Communist Manifesto—"Workers of all lands—Unite". Thus came into existence the first international organization of working men popularly known as the First International.

From 1866 to 1869, the First International held annual congresses in Switzerland and Belgium. Marx and Engels did not attend them as both of them had no love for such gatherings. They did not consider its resolutions on political and economic matters to be particularly important. Further, the First International was composed of heterogeneous elements and therefore agreement on any positive policy was not possible. The English, on whom the International was largely dependent for its financial resources, were primarily interested in the organization of trade unions and in seeking reforms. The Franco-Prussian war divided the German members into Marxians and Lassalleans. The French were influenced by the anarchist theories of Proudhon. Nonetheless, the First International did much spade work. It brought into existence a working-class movement in several countries. It organized a collection for the Paris bronze workers in 1867 and secured a 25 per cent increase in their wages. In 1869, it issued an appeal to workers of Europe and America in aid of the victims of the strike in the Belgium iron industry. Yet there were

plenty of international differences. Michael Bakunin, the most formidable adversary of Marx repudiated all authority, whether of God or of Man. He was opposed to any plan or organization. Such views appeared outrageous to Marx who held that there should be order and system in revolution as in everything else. Ultimately, Bakunin was expelled from the International. Its headquarters was shifted to New York and dissolved in 1876.

After the dissolution of the First International, Marx made no attempt to found another. From 1871 to the fall of Bismarck, conservative forces were in power in Europe. Yet socialism gained in strength, particularly in Germany, where the Social Democrats headed the poll in the elections of 1890. In England, the Democratic Federation was founded in 1881 by Hyndman. In France, Jules Guesde organised a socialist organization. In 1889, two congresses were held in Paris, the one attended by Marxists and the other by non-Marxists. The two were, however, persuaded to combine and on July 14, 1889, the Second International was founded which held its congresses every two or three years upto the First World War. It formally adopted Marx's basic principles. But this International admitted into its organisation any political party or labour group which associated itself with its principles. This policy had to be adopted because the real need of the day was not direct revolutionary action, but rallying the masses and winning them to socialism. While, therefore, the First International had a genuine revolutionary trend the Second International was a loosely-knit assembly of workers' organisations representing many sides of opinion. The delegates were the elected representatives of the affiliated bodies and were therefore bound by the mandates given to them. Further, it possessed very slight disciplinary powers. But of even greater signifi-

ficance than the above was the character of the organization. The Second International had committed itself to defending and improving the economic interests of the workers by demanding reforms within the framework of the existing order rather than attempting to destroy that order. In other words, it was less inclined to revolutionary activity as it was in substantial agreement with the liberal-bourgeois democracy. Lenin, therefore, considered the Second International a weak-kneed organization. According to him it was neither Marxist nor revolutionary. Therefore, he decided to replace it by a genuinely revolutionary body with the result that the Third International (Comintern) was founded in 1919.

LENIN'S strictures on the Second International were not altogether unjustified. The Second International was not successful in achieving a unified policy. Each affiliated body had tended to approach every problem from the point of view of its particular interests. The divergencies thus created were glossed over at congresses by resolutions so loosely drafted that they could be interpreted in any manner, thus creating the illusion of a solidarity which did not in fact exist. Further, the Second International failed to interpret the Marxist principles in a Marxist sense. But the fundamental fact was, as we have already noted, that the Second International was reformist and not revolutionary and it was this characteristic feature that eventually destroyed it. Lenin wanted the Comintern—the Third International—to be a genuinely revolutionary body.

The Comintern was formed to organise world revolution, which was no academic issue but a matter of life and death. It was believed that without it the Russian Revolution would collapse. How then was world revolution to be organised? Lenin formulated a programme of action:

which was adopted by the Second Comintern Congress of 1920.

Upto 1924, the Russian Communist party played an important but not a dominant role within the comintern. But from 1929 onwards the Comintern came under the complete control of the Russian Communist Party. Stalin's nominees, Molotov, Manuilsky and Kuusinen assumed control of the Comintern apparatus. Revolutionary movements in foreign countries were staged or called off by this organization.

But the Comintern was not successful in bringing about a world revolution. In Germany, the Communists led by Karl Leibknecht and Rosa Luxemburg were crushed by detachments of the regular army and nationalist volunteers. The Communist seizure of power in Munich in 1919 and the Holz riot in 1921 ended likewise in disaster. In Hungary, in 1919, the Communists were defeated. In Austria, various communist plots failed in 1918-19. A violent upheaval in July 1927 was easily quelled by the Vienna police. In Italy, in 1920, the occupation of the factories was a complete failure. In France and Switzerland communist propaganda was at first powerful but soon evaporated. In Great Britain the General Strike of 1926 came to nothing. In spite of these failures, Trotsky blinded by his orthodoxy refused to admit that the Bolshevik methods had failed. But Stalin realised it very well. He did not abandon the idea of instigating revolutionary outbreaks in all foreign countries and of conquering the whole world for the Soviets. But he was fully aware of the fact that it was necessary to postpone the aggression for a few years and to resort to new methods for its execution. Trotsky was, therefore, wrong in accusing Stalin of strangling the Communist movement outside Russia. What Stalin did was to apply other means for the attainment of his ends. In 1935 however Stalin, faced with the grow-

ing power of Germany decided to call a halt to revolution in favour of the policy of the Popular Front.

IN 1939, the Second World War broke out and in 1941 Germany declared war against Russia. In the struggle against the Third Reich, the supreme interest of Soviet Russia was to obtain the maximum of assistance from the Western Powers. But the existence of the Comintern was an acute embarrassment. Therefore, on May 22, 1943, the Comintern was dissolved and the Communist parties in Allied lands were allowed actively to participate in the war efforts of their respective Governments. Stalin said at that time that this dissolution of the Third International put an end to the lie that Moscow intended to intervene in the affairs of other nations and to bolshevise them. From May 22, 1943, to September 1947 there was no International Communist Organization. But in 1947, the Kremlin decided to return to the plan of promoting revolutionary conditions and civil war in every country where there existed a reliable communist group and a legal communist party. The first meeting of the Cominform, held in September 1947, was attended by the Communist party leaders from U.S.S.R., Poland, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, Rumania, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Italy and France. Stalin's right-hand man, Zhadnov, was placed in charge of the Cominform.

The reasons for the establishment of the Cominform were various. Firstly, relations between the East and the West had considerably deteriorated. Secondly, nationalism had made dangerous inroads into the communist front and coloured the outlook of the communist leaders. In Poland, Yugoslavia and Bulgaria they demanded an amount of autonomy from the Kremlin that was incompatible with the demands of Soviet hegemony in these areas. In order to curb these centrifugal tendencies the reins had to be drawn tighter. Thirdly, the economic con-

dition of Western Europe was bad. The offer of Marshall aid in June 1947, applied to the whole of Europe and its acceptance by Poland and Czechoslovakia led the Russians to set up the Cominform and close the ranks of Eastern Europe. The Soviet rulers believed in the thesis of Sir Halford J. Mackinder:—

Who rules East Europe commands the Heartland;

Who rules the Heartland commands the World Island;

Who rules the World Island commands the World.

From 1947, communist pressure was intensified in all the satellite countries like Poland, Hungary, Bulgaria and Rumania where purely communist governments were set up. A bloodless revolution put the communists in power in Prague. The position that these countries occupy in relation to the Kremlin is what induced Sir John Kotelawala to term them "colonies of Russia"—a terminological inexactitude. The main instrument by which this was accomplished was the Cominform. Naturally the Cominform was subjected to adverse criticism.

What is the future of this organization? There are reasons to believe that it is likely to be dissolved. In the first place, there appears a change in the attitude of the Kremlin towards the West after the death of Stalin. Secondly, China is an adherent to the doctrine of co-existence which implies non-interference in the internal affairs of other countries. At the Bandung Conference, Chou-en-Lai affirmed again and again that China was opposed to subversion. In other words China would not utilise the communist parties in the Asian countries for subversive activities. In order to back up this promise he concluded an agreement with Indonesia relating to the position of Chinese nationals in that country. Thirdly, North Viet Nam (communist) promised the state of Laos that it would not interfere with the Pathet Lao Movement. Thirdly, Tito's successful rebellion against the Cominform and the recent agreement between Yugoslavia and Russia is likely to encourage the satellite countries to assert themselves. Finally, now that the Soviet leaders have subscribed to the principles of co-existence the possibility of the abandonment of the Cominform does not appear unlikely.

THE LORE OF THE ANCIENTS: SMRTIS

By Dr. K. C. VARADACHARI

THE Srutis and the Smrtis have been the true sources of the spiritual and ethical life in India. The Srutis or the Vedas are divinely inspired experiences, heard and felt and seen and entered into by sages. They are contained in the Mantras, Brahmanas, the Aranyaka and Upanishads. They have a self-certifying authenticity and as such they are the authority (*pramana*) for every other type of knowledge generally and in the field of spirituality they are the criteria, so to speak, by which others are to be judged. They do not depend on any other source of knowledge or experience for their veridicality. The Srutis have been transmitted both in form and content through ages from teacher to disciple in an unbroken continuity. It is one of the greatest miracles of transmission in the world. The Srutis form our spiritual, traditional heritage. The Vedic hymns are lauds about God's infinite personalities and their *lila* which are His felicitative beneficent activities. These lauds reveal some of the sublimest and deepest features of the Spirit Immortal. The Brahmana literature deals with the revealed processes of sacrificial rites, for example the construction of the *Naciketa* Fire altar taught by the God of Death, Yama, Himself, as a means to the attainment of the worlds of the Gods and ends which they grant for felicitous living in the worlds here and hereafter. Capable of being interpreted in at least a three-fold manner, corresponding to the demands of Man's three-fold status, known as *adhidaivika*, *adhibhautika* and *adhyatmika*, an entire science of Interpretation or *Mimamsa* came into being to settle and fix the pro-

per and correct performances as between the different branches (*sakhas*) in the Vedic literature of rites. There grew up also differentiations and enlargements and modifications in the size and scope of the Vedic rites, for example, the *grhya* rites (household rites) were extended suitably to embrace communal and statal ends intended for the general good.

Another differentiation, much earlier than the former, also prevailed. Some rites were intended to be performed daily, such as the worship and prayers to be offered to the deities, forbears, guests, nature and all living creatures; and some others were intended for special occasions such as arise in the life of every individual from his birth to his death, namely, *pumsavana*, *upanayana*, etc., and the several *vratas* which are inculcated for the purpose of acquiring merit or washing away demerit. That these several rites have been sometimes utilised for getting individual merit and glory for oneself selfishly, does not at all militate against their being the means to the acquirement of benefit for all. All Vedic sacrifices and performances have one avowed aim, namely, universal welfare (*loka samastah sukhino bhavantu*) and not the advancement of any one community alone. The Brahmanas became the source of all performances of duties (*karmas*) (*kalpa* and *grhya* included). The *Yajna*, *Yaga* and *Yoga* are the three aspects of this integral brahmana conception. The performance of these dharmas indeed is the only way by which not only individual life but also communal life could be supported. The Yoga aspect was further developed by the Upanishads,

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which form the final or concluding portion of the Vedic Sruti literature. They are the culmination of sacred knowledge which is the absolute truth and are instructional in form. They teach the supreme Brahman as the Reality to be attained and united with and merged in. Here also alternative and diverse interpretations have held sway from the earliest periods thanks to the variety of vidyas taught. A *mimamsa* literature also grew up in the field known as Uttaramimamsa.

THE Sruti alone, however, is not what men have received from their forbears. A distinct literature known as Agama of various kinds also held this distinction. We find it among the vedic Jaina and Buddhist schools as well as among vedic, the Vaishnava, Saiva and Sakta *tantra* schools. But in all these cases the Sruti is less important than the teachings received from their own Gurus, Buddhas, Tirthankaras and so on. They do not claim to have been seen or heard and they are critical of the teachings of the Veda and are certainly opposed to the Brahmanas both in respect of the *grhya* and *kalpa*, *yaga* and *yajna*. But they claim to have a spiritual view of reality though they have been more humanistic in their outlook, even when their goal was cosmic, that is, utter and complete liberation from the world.

Smrti is the other kind of tradition which has prevailed in an unbroken stream. The distinction between this and the former lies in the fact that this is the 'memory' of the habits, customs and stories and history, including even the philosophy or philosophies that prevailed. It contains the spiritual as well as the secular tradition of laws and precedents in different periods of the racial history. In any society men have both the spiritual and the secular traditions, the former representing the eternal and the unchangeable truths of inner and higher and divi-

ner life and the latter standing for the constant adjustment to the world of changes and challenges. There is a constant interaction between the secular and the spiritual both in their individual and social forms. The Sruti and Smrti are inseparable and organic in a world which is seen to be a sacramental dynamic unity as in Hinduism. Though there have been some who claimed to follow the sacred Sruti alone and others the Smrtis alone yet the two have mingled so completely during the centuries that no one who is a *srauti* can be other than a *smarta* also and vice versa. The Smrtis have one aim and that is to make the changing demand of social life accord more and more to the spirit of the Srutis. The great literature of the *nibandhakaras* and commentators of the different schools of smartas and srautas shows on the one hand this indisputable phenomenon of realistic change in the codes to suit the 'historical necessities' (which have always derived an ironic pleasure from seeing permanent and settled and even apotheosized codes change and break and bow down before the inevitable temporal process) and, on the other hand, they have also revealed a grand development of casuistical literature which seeks to foster the sense of continuity, however shadowy, thanks to the legal luminaries in society. No wonder a large number of men consider that there is a *sanatana* tradition, unchanging and unchanged, though this is obviously not an historically correct view.

Thus the Smrtis form a body of historical tradition of immense worth for the proper study of the ethos of our country. They along with the *itihasas* (Mahabharata and Ramayana) and the Puranas have contributed the real pattern of Indian culture. It is indeed through them that the Srutis had sought to realise themselves. The Smrtis embrace more of ordinary life than the Srutis, but it has been the aim of the Smrtis to

lead man more and more to the proper experience of the Sruti itself. A happy blending of tradition of customs and usages and revelation was what was the characteristic pattern achieved by the Smrtis. In other words the Smrtis achieved the yoking of secular tradition with revelation through a rich dynamic synthesis (*samanvaya*) of religious practices (*samayacara*) and righteous conduct (*sadacara*) as illustrated in the lives of the purest and finest of men.

THE number of Smrtis is said to be forty-seven but only twenty are extant. The most important of the dharma-sastras are Manu, Yajnavalkya, Atri, Vishnu, Harita, Usanas, Angirasa, Yama, Apastamba, Samvarta, Katyayana, Brhaspati, Parasara, Vyasa, Sankha, Likhita, Daksa, Gautama, Vasishtha, and Satatapa. The most well-known are Manu, Parasara, Yajnavalkya and Apastamba; these treatises are in metrical Sanskrit. The Smrtis deal with dharma; they indeed form the source of Law (*dharma-mulam*); Smrti, Sila and Acara are the three important topics dealt with. These are further expanded into the exposition of (1) Veda and Vedanta, (2) Acara and Vyavahara, and (3) Prayascitta and Karmphala. The most important indeed is the second which deals with individual duties of each station and position (*Varna dharma* and *Ashrama dharma*) according to usage of great and holy men and with the social codes of political government and administration and public welfare and commerce and the theory of punishment. The last group deals with the sacramental way of expiation for wrong doing, wilfully or otherwise, which is indeed the result of activities done by an individual or officer of the State.

The Smrtis do indeed vary in their instruction from one another. These have been studied by an illustrious line of commentators so as to evolve a unified code. Such a mo-

dern study is that by Dr. P. V. Kane and others.

The different codes, however, refuse to be disposed of on grounds of relativity of authoritativeness. Growing diversities in the fields of economics and political set-ups and religions due to changes of climates of understanding have not permitted any one Smrti to have continuous predominance over the others. To most modern thinkers the importance of these different dharma-sastras lies in the picture that they present and the light that they throw on the periods in which they have been considered to be authoritative. Being practically *pauruseya* or man-made (unlike the *Sruata* group of sastras which are deemed to be *apauruseya*, not man-made) it was well recognized that the dharma-sastras ought to be classified according to the age in which they held the field of authority, and all the attempts at compromises and options and adjustments in ethical conduct and political and social activities are held to have come in only to make the transitions from one ethic to another easy and evolutionary rather than revolutionary. It is precisely because of this imminent and inevitable necessity that changes had to be introduced, cautiously no doubt, in the structure of the moral and spiritual codes. It is a fact that institutions devised at one stage of a nation's life for the conditions prevailing and operative at that period, hardly help if not positively hinder or impede the conditions which arise at a later period. Nor should we forget that people as a rule except under exceptional circumstances demand that all change must conform to the past, or in other words they resist change and seek to rationalise change as merely a kind of continuity or eternal recurrence. This is true even in respect of *grhya* sacraments of marriage and others. Caste and state (*varna* and *ashrama*) that prevailed (never ideally per-

haps) brought in its train several imperatives for its preservation or purity and growth which are held to be not needed or, outmoded, by some atleast at the present time. So also the concept of rights has itself changed, the sacramental rights have been made to yield to the secular concept, even as the individualistic attitude to rights has clearly been substituted by the socialistic concept of rights. Indeed we find that the very institutions which were originally instruments of equality of opportunity are condemned as instruments and engines of inequality. The notion of a sacramental Universe which undoubtedly was that of the ancient *Smartas*, has passed into a kind of superstition, the only notion that we have of the society today being frankly materialistic.

The dharma-sastras take serious notice of *adhikari-bheda* (fitness-differentia) which has been the target of criticism from the abstract spirituality of the mystics on the one side and on the other from abstract materialism which is equally unrealistic. The *Smrtis* do not certainly belong to the level of unreflective morality: rather they are the most awakened realistic social morality which conduces to the growth of the moral conscience and the social cohesiveness which ultimately leads

to the transcendent sense of reality. The individual is a 'pilgrim to eternity' in the context of the spiritual society.

THERE is undoubtedly an important incentive that may yet develop in the readers of the *Smrti* literature; there is so much in them which strikes one as authentic and indubitable and tremendously realistic that men would like to recover the ancient condition. There is no doubt that it is by dharma that all life lives and grows and expands and liberates itself. The *Smrtis* and the *Smrtis* are in fact the two pillars of ancient wisdom. Whether or no our modern pragmatic makers of the code have this synthetic genius of the ancient seers, a fair consideration of their eternal standpoint and the means by which they sought the impregnation and transformation of the secular world, would always be genuinely valuable. We have yet to understand the hierarchy of values and abilities, of social stations and places and functions which is perhaps a truth that impetuous reformers and iconoclastic revolutionaries and utopians are unwilling to see. This is a message which the *Smrtikaras* have been at pains to deliver.—*Courtesy AIR*

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A Chinese Story

Lu Hsun

DAWN

She made a strange discovery; the room she had lived in for so many years—it had suddenly grown larger, oddly large; it was too quiet and empty . . .

"NOT a sound to be heard. What's the matter with the kid?" muttered Lao Kung, nicknamed "Red Nose," raising his cup of yellow wine, and nodded towards the wall behind which lay the neighbouring house.

Lan Pi Ah Wu put down his cup, slapped Lao Kung on the back as hard as he could and bawled vaguely: "You . . . You . . . Cracked again it seems!"

The little town of Lu Chen was well known because of its passion for peace and quiet. There still remained some in it who liked to think back to the good old days, who locked their doors and went to bed as soon as evening fell. Only in two houses were there people awake into the depth of the night: in the wineshop "Hsien-Heng" where gathered round the bar fellow revellers took their pleasure in wine and food; and next door in the house of Shan Ssu, who had been left a widow since the year before last. She supported herself and her three-year old son by the work of her own hands spinning yarn.

But it was some days already since the spinning wheel in Shan Ssu's house had stood silent. And in these two houses alone any one was awake far into the night, of course only Lao Kung and his friends could hear the whirring of the spinning wheel on the other side of the wall; and only they would notice that the spinning wheel in Shan Ssu's house stood silent.

Lao Kung took the blow, and as

if nothing had happened swilled down a goodly gulp of wine; then he started humming a ditty.

At that moment Shan Ssu sat on the edge of the bed and rocked her son. On the floor stood the spinning wheel abandoned, neglected. The dull light of the lamp fell on the child's little reddish-blue face. Shan Ssu was thinking: "I have gone to the soothsayer, I have made vows. I have given him our home remedies. Nothing helps. What else can I do? There is only one thing for me to do: take him to He Hsiao-hai's reception. But couldn't it be that Pao-erh is bad only at night and gets better during the day: that the fever will go down at sunrise and he'll breathe easier? It is often like that with sick people."

Shan Ssu was an ignorant woman; she did not understand what terrible dangers hide behind the word "but." True, because of it sometimes even a bad affair ends well; but then, how many good beginnings come to a sad end?

Summer nights are short. Some time had gone by since Lao Kung stopped humming his little song; in the east the sky was already paling, and through the chinks in the window crept the silver rays of an early dawn.

Shan Ssu did not find it so easy to await the break of day as the others did. It seemed to her that the morning was far too long in coming. Every sigh that Pao-erh uttered dragged out into eternity. At long last the dawn arrived and triumphed

over the lamplight. In the fresh light Shan Ssu saw that Pao-erh's nostrils were trembling like the leaves of a fan.

She knew now that the child was really bad; and softly she cried out: "Aye! What shall I do? I must take him to He Hsiao-haien, it is the only way out." Shan Ssu was an ignorant woman, but firm in her decisions. She took her savings collected penny by penny, out of the wooden box; there were thirty silver and a hundred and eighty copper coins. She stuffed them into her pocket, locked the doors, and hastily went off with the child in her arms to He Hsiao-haien's house.

IT was still very early, but four patients were waiting at He Hsiao-haien's. Shan Ssu drew some coins from her pocket and bought a ticket with a prediction on it. When at last she reached He Hsiao-haien, he stretched out his arm and felt the child's pulse with two fingers. He Hsiao-haien's nails were so long that even Shan Ssu was astonished. Filled with awe, she thought: "Pao-erh will get well." But she had not the strength to hide her feelings; she blurted out, a little timidly: "Sir please, what is wrong with Pao-erh?"

"He has got a fever spasm."

"Is it dangerous? He . . ."

"Let him first take two pills."

"His breathing is so laboured, his nostrils tremble."

"That is the fire overcoming the metal . . ."

He Hsiao-haien broke off in the middle of the word and closed his eyes; Shan Ssu dared not approach him with another question. Meanwhile a man of perhaps thirty years, who sat opposite He Hsiao-haien, wrote out the prescription. He pointed at some characters in one corner of the paper and said: "These pills are the best medicine for a child. If you want to get good ones, go to Tsi Shih-lao, the chemist in the house of the Tsi family."

Shan Ssu took the prescription and

left; she was an ignorant woman, but she understood nevertheless that it was nearer from He Hsiao-haien's house to Tsi Shih-lao's shop than from her house, and of course it was simpler to buy the medicine first and then return home. And so Shan Ssu hurried straight to Tsi Shih-lao's shop. The assistant, who sat admiring his long fingernails, took a long time to look at the prescription and then slowly wrapped up the medicine. Shan Ssu stood with the child in her arms and waited.

Suddenly Pao-erh flung up his hand and started pulling at his hair, which was tousled like a ball of yarn. He had never done that before; Shan Ssu was rigid with fright.

In the sky the sun already stood high. Shan Ssu turned homewards; she carried the package of medicine and her child in her arms; the farther she went, the heavier her burden became. Pao-erh threw himself about and was never still for a moment; it made the road seem even longer. Exhausted, Shan Ssu sat down by the wayside, near the fence of some office buildings. She was covered with sweat, and her clothes clung to her body. She got up again with difficulty; hardly able to move her legs, she trudged along. Suddenly someone spoke over her head: "Shan Ssu, let me help you carry the kid."

IT was the voice of Len Pi Ah Wu. Shan Ssu raised her head and saw that Len Pi Ah Wu did in fact walk beside her. His eyes were dull and heavy with sleep.

Shan Ssu had hoped very much just then that some spirit would descend from the heavens and come to her assistance; but she did not want this help to come from Len Pi Ah Wu. And yet he had offered his help, all gallantry. In the end she decided to give in. Len Pi Ah Wu stretched out his arms and took the child from her. When she felt the touch of his hand, Shan Ssu blushed; the colour spread all over her face right to her ears.

They walked on keeping some distance between each other. Len Pi Ah Wu said a few words to Shan Ssu, but she hardly answered. After a while he stopped and handed the child back to her; he said a friend was expecting him with whom he had promised to dine only yesterday. Shan Ssu took the child. Fortunately it was not far from her home. When she was still some way away, she noticed grandmother Wang Chiu sitting at the gate.

"How is your child, Shan Ssu? Have you been to see the doctor?"

"Yes I have been there. Granny Wang Chiu, you've seen much in your life, you see better with your old experienced eyes. What's the matter with him?"

"Hum!"

"Well? What is it?"

"Hum!" Granny Wang Chiu looked thoughtfully at the child, sighed and shook her head.

IT was midday before Pao-erh swallowed the pills. Shan Ssu watched him closely. His breathing seemed easier. Towards evening he unexpectedly opened his eyes a little called out 'Ma,' and fell asleep again at once. He had hardly slept more than a quarter of an hour, when beads of sweat started out on his forehead, and on the wings of his nose,—one after the other. Shan Ssu felt them sticky under her fingers and she wiped them off carefully. Filled with horrible apprehensions she touched her son's breast with her hands; and then she could no longer restrain herself. She burst into tears. The child's almost inaudible breathing quickly weakened. Shan Ssu sobbed bitterly.

People crowded into the yard. Granny Wang Chiu and Len Pi Ah Wu went into the room; the others, the landlord of the wine-house and Lao Kung among them, remained outside. Granny Wang Chiu began to give orders to every one. She lit a bundle of sacrificial paper money,

put together some oddments, and took out two dollars for Shan Sau: it would be necessary to prepare the funeral feast for the helpers.

First of all a coffin had to be prepared. Shan Ssu had preserved a pair of silver ear rings and a gilt brooch from better days. These were now pawned with the landlord of the wineshop, so that he might pay for the coffin. Len Pi Ah Wu held up his hand and offered his help in this matter; but Granny Wang Chiu cut him short and would allow him only to carry the coffin on the way to the cemetery next day. Len Pi Ah Wu started cursing her for an old hag, but immediately stopped himself and clapped a hand over his mouth.

IN the evening the landlord of the wineshop returned and said that the coffin would be ready by the morning. When he came, all those who had helped Shan Ssu had already finished their supper and at eight had left for their homes, following the custom of Lu Chen to go to bed at nightfall.

Only at the wineshop "Hsien-heng" was any one still up. Len Pi Ah Wu leant against the counter and drew wine, and Lao Kung was mumbling through his ditty.

Shan Ssu had remained alone: she was sitting on the edge of the bed and sobbed inconsolably. Pao-erh lay there. On the floor stood the silent spinning wheel.

The time dragged on.

It seemed at last as if Shan Ssu had spent all her tears. Her eyes were swollen. She looked around her, and a queer sensation overcame her; she could not believe that the day's happenings were real. "No, no" she said to herself, "I am fast asleep . . . I shall wake up tomorrow morning and see Pao-erh sleeping beside me. And he'll wake up too; he'll cry 'Ma' and he'll start jumping and playing around . . ."

Lao Kung's singing had long since

ceased, and at the inn "Hsien Heng" the lights had been put out.

Shan Ssu opened her eyes. The cocks were crowing, in the east the sky had grown pale, and the light of the greying dawn broke through the chinks in the window.

Gradually the silver light of the dawn turned to purple. A ray of sunshine crept into the room. Shan Ssu rose heavily to her feet and sat down again. There came a knock at the door. Overwhelmed by fear, Shan Ssu rushed to the door to open. Outside stood an unknown man, and behind him was grandmother Wang Chiu.

Ayeh! They were bringing the coffin.

TOWARDS the end of the day they placed the lid on the coffin. Shan Ssu was sobbing. She could not take her eyes off Pao-erh. No one wanted to close the coffin for good. In the end Granny Wang Chiu, having let Shan Ssu weep herself out, firmly went up to her and led her to one side. Meanwhile they closed the coffin.

Shan Ssu was worn out, and she was hardly able to understand what was happening around her. Everything necessary had already been done. Yesterday a bundle of sacrificial money had been burnt, this morning they had lit forty-nine scrolls of funeral incantations. Pao-erh had been dressed up all in new clothes. His favourite toys—an earthenware man, two wooden doll's cups, and two small bottles—stood by the head of the coffin. Granny Wang Chiu carefully ticked everything off on her fingers and found nothing that had been forgotten.

Len Pi Ah Wu never came that day at all. The landlord of the inn hired two men on behalf of Shan Ssu for two hundred and ten cents each, to be coffin-bearers and bring it to the cemetery. Granny Wang Chiu helped Shan Ssu once again with feasting everybody. After the meal when the sun had set behind

the hills, they all took their leave and quietly and inconspicuously started for their homes.

Shan Ssu's head was swimming, and she felt completely dazed. After a bit she regained her breath, but all her thoughts were in confusion. Such a thing had never happened to her before. The harder she tried to grasp what had happened, the more incomprehensible it grew. She made a strange discovery: the room she had lived in for so many years—it had suddenly grown larger, oddly large; it was too quiet and empty.

Shan Ssu lit the lamp, and suddenly she felt it very acutely, how desolate the room had become. Mechanically she had shut the door, then sat down on the edge of the bed. On the floor stood the spinning wheel, abandoned. Her eyes wandered intently round the room; she thought she could not bear sitting there any longer. The room lay about her too vast and empty; her belongings in it meant nothing to her any more. Emptiness enclosed Shan Ssu all about; the things that stood and lay around, silent and unused oppressed her. She felt she could not breathe.

SHE was beginning to realise now that Pao-erh was really dead. It had become reality now, what had seemed to her so impossible. She wanted to see no more of that room; she put out the lamp and lay down. She sobbed and thought of the times when she had spun yarn with Pao-erh sitting beside her and eating beans with sweet aniseed, looking at her the while with the little black eyes. Once he had thought a bit and said: "Mummy, Dad sold meat dumplings, didn't he? When I am big, I shall sell meat dumplings too and I'll make lots of money and give it all to you!"

In those days even the yarn, growing inch by inch, had seemed to come alive under her hands. But now . . . ?

To that question Shan Ssu knew no answer.

I have said before that she was an ignorant woman; and how could she have found an answer? She knew only that her room had grown too big, too quiet and deserted—that was all. Yet she understood that the soul cannot return, that she would not see Pao-erh any more. She sighed; and then said aloud: "Pao-erh, you must be here just as you used to be. You will come to me in my dreams, won't you?" She shut her eyes so as to be asleep all the sooner, so as to see Pao-erh. Silence fell: in the unwanted emptiness she could listen to her own bitter sighing.

Sleep stole upon her almost unnoticeably. Perfect stillness filled the

room. Behind the wall Lao Kung's little song, too, had ceased. He left the wineshop, wailing facetious laments:

"My poor little one, I am sorry for you, so sorry, little waif . . ."

Len Pi Ah Wu gripped his shoulder hard, and they ran on laughing, slipping and jostling each other at every step.

SHAN Ssu slept on. Lao Kung and Len Pi Ah Wu disappeared down the street. At the "Hsien Heng" they locked the doors and now the little town of Lu Chen lay submerged in tranquillity. Only the dark night hurried through the stillness, to make way the quicker for the coming day. Somewhere in the darkness rose the howl of a lonely dog.

THESE THINGS ARE NOT HAPPENING TO ME . . .

THESE things are not happening to me . . .
They touch a remotely related Ego bearing only the name
by which I am known.

The gnawing, gnawing pain of Hope defeated, and
The piercing agony of the irrevocable, hurt the other being;
I only watch the suffering in powerless aloofness.

Even when the last words have been spoken,
The farewell kiss has been prest,
And the dearly treasured hand reluctantly released.

Even at the final moment,
These things are not happening to me;
They fearfully hurt someone who only bears my name.

But, at dead of Night,
When the wandering ghosts are met for their weird tryst,

I face my mirror-image
To be tortured by more than physical pain;

Now, no power on Earth (or in Heaven)
Can stop the sudden avalanche of unleashed tears
Or silence the piteous wail of an agonised Soul!

Yet, these things are not happening to me . . .

A. JANAKI RAM

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IF the question as to what is the strongest single influence on modern fiction were asked, the answer nobody will take exception to will be: the influence of Franz Kafka, one of the greatest European writers, unique for his use of symbolic matrices into which he fitted the major problems and predicaments of his time in a way they could be intelligible. There have been novelists—D. H. Lawrence, James Joyce and Virginia Woolf, for example, who exploited particular spheres in the fictional universe intensively, not altogether without detriment to fiction, and to the shoddiness of their innumerable imitators—the ecstasy—and the agony-fakers in the physical and spiritual both. But the technique Kafka chose “corresponded in him to a need,” which haecceity superadded to the scope of fiction, and having a mind essentially religious and in eternal search for the everlasting, he dramatised his inner struggles of many kinds with great power and subtlety, exposing new strata of consciousness, where the fantastic impinged on the open-eyed real without falsifying it—so eventually artistic. “If he (Kafka),” says Jean-Paul Sartre, “shows us human life everlastingly troubled by an impossible transcendence, it is because he believes in the existence of this transcendence. Only it is beyond our reach.” He makes us see the fantastic “from the outside, as a spectacle, as if waking reason were peacefully contemplating the images of our dreams.”

Born in Prague in 1883 of good



Franz Kafka

middle-class business people Franz Kafka took his doctorate in law at the Prague University, then held for a time an insurance company job, afterwards becoming a clerk in the quasi-Government Workers' Accident Insurance Office. A very sensitive person with steel-like intellectual honesty, he couldn't bear the boredom of a routine life that was a necessity for earning his daily bread. An unsympathetic father added to his unhappiness which was further intensified by a painful love affair. His passion was for writing and with his works, *The Castle*, *The Trial*, *The Great Wall of China*, *In An American Penal Settlement*, and his monumental *Diaries*, he mirrored in a moving way the fate of an individual in the period of his life, giving “the liberating key to all theologians, existentialists, and even the surrea-

lists” despite their difference in outlook. Kafka was in no doubt about his genius but he remained “a stranger in front of all doors, a tormented existence in the shadow of God.” He died of tuberculosis of the larynx in 1924, at the early age of forty-one. His biography has been written by his most intimate friend, Max Brod, the distinguished German novelist, under the title, *Life of Kafka*; and Willa and Edwin Muir have translated into English all his works from the German.

In his Introductory Note to *The Great Wall of China, And Other Pieces*, Edwin Muir quotes Kafka as having written to Max Brod: “Dear Max, my last request is that all the writings I may leave behind me (in bookcases and drawers, in my rooms, in the office, or wherever any of them may have got to); everything in notebooks, manuscript sheets and letters, whether my own or other people's; everything finished or in rough draft which you may have in your possession or can get hold of in my name—shall be burned at once unread. Letters which other people refuse to hand over they can at least promise to burn themselves.” By being untrue to his friend and not burning Kafka's manuscripts after his death Max Brod was true to the same friend's creative genius and the world owes a deep debt of gratitude to him for the Kafka riches he handed over to posterity.

Wedding Preparations in the Country, And Other Posthumous Prose Writings, we are told, are gathered from the Kafka manuscripts in the custody of the Schocken Library at Jerusalem and these are issued under the editorship of Max Brod. Here are two different fragments of an unfinished novel (the title story), the famous ‘Letter to His Father’ appearing entire for the first time, and sketches, synopses, score-sheets for

tales and notes for character portrayal, together with some aphorisms headed ‘Reflections on Sin, Suffering, Hope, and the True Way’ which was included in *The Great Wall of China, And Other Pieces* translated by Willa and Edwin Muir. Eduard Raban of *Wedding Preparations*, a queer fellow, is made unforgettable against a background of rain, pedestrians, tramcar, train, and omnibus; he is travelling from Prague to spend a fortnight in the country, looking “frightfully in love”—he is to marry his betrothed Betty. Raban cogitates thus during his many cogitations, just at the moment of setting out on his journey:

“All the people who try to torment me, and who have now occupied the entire space around me, will quite gradually be thrust back by the beneficent passage of these days, without my having to help them even in the very least. And, as it will come about quite naturally, I can be weak and quiet and let everything happen to me, and yet everything must turn out well, through the sheer fact of the passing of the days.”

It must not have turned out well for Raban; it looks pretty certain that the marriage would not have taken place, for the last we see of him is in the omnibus which had come to a stop outside the village inn, waiting for the innkeeper who, he feels, “is probably an unfriendly man” and he then lets out the interrogation: “Or does he know that I am Betty's fiancee, and does that give him a reason for not coming to fetch me in? It would be in accord with that that the driver kept me waiting so long at the station. Betty has often told me, after all, how much she had been bothered by lecherous men and how she had to rebuff their insistence, perhaps it is that here too . . .” Raban's is an anxiety complex emphasising his frustration. On the anvil of his consciousness he can no

more hammer as a hopesmith. A typical Kafkaesque situation. In the other item of major interest, 'Letter to His Father' which, according to Max Brod, "represents the most comprehensive attempt at an autobiography" that Kafka ever made, and which was never "delivered to the person to whom it was addressed," are detailed incidents of which childish petulance builds a monument of obsessive terror and timidity. "... In all my thinking I was, after all, under the heavy pressure of your personality, even in that part of it—and particularly in that—which was not in accord with yours." This, the censure of the father by the son when he (the son) was thirty-seven years old does not bespeak an adult mind; the despair of it all is so oppressive as to nullify the smallest possible effect at understanding and sympathy. An aggressive seediness that pervades this work has completely swamped the gifted artist in Kafka. The rest of the volume taken up by 'The Eight Octavo Notebooks,' 'Fragments from Notebooks and Loose Pages,' and 'Paralipomena' is a great writer's rough drafts on many aspects and problems of humanity waiting for their finish as products of a supreme art—a wait in vain, for the final touch never came from their creator whose existence had turned out to be a long-drawn torture—brought on by the excruciating awareness of his Jewish blood and consequent sense of isolation, and continuous ill-health which prevented the wholeness and soundness of coherence of whatever he wrote. To those who have not read Kafka and desire for a first acquaintance with him here is a hint: It is better that they come through his magnificent *The Castle*, *The Trial*, and *The Great Wall of China*—thus prepared, to *Wedding Preparations*. Then it will be like moving from a comprehensible twilight iridescent with flashes to a comprehensible gloom.

THE CREATIVE PROCESS, A SYMPOSIUM. Edited By Brewster Ghiselin. A Mentor Book. *The New American Library of World Literature, Inc.*, 501, Madison Avenue, New York 22, New York. 50 cents.

CREATIVE work is the greatest of excitements, and it is popularly regarded as springing from a divine afflatus. A painter, sculptor or musician, a scientist, a man of letters, a philosopher—each one of them has a special form of expression, vitalised by disciplined emotion and intelligence. Genius is one thing, talent another. And talent can reward itself by its own industry in increasing its efficiency for invention.

Many distinguished authors have written fascinatingly about the methods they adopted to get through with their work; they have also illuminated for us the experiences bearing on the imaginative ferment of other reputed writers. Dostoevsky, Andre Gide, Jules Renard, Franz Kafka, Julian Green, Henry James, Arnold Bennett, Somerset Maugham, Virginia Woolf are among the great who have kept *Journals* and *Diaries*—wonderful records of material gathered or "dreamed-up," records of their emotional life, of journeys into hidden territories, of their hopes and fears, anxieties and frustrations and coming to conclusions with themselves day by day, hour by hour, moment by moment, in the course of their creative life. A writer is entitled to reveal himself fully in his poetry, novels, essays or whatever else be his medium, and so long as he does not inflict his theories of authorship, his obsession with his mission on his fellowmen—that is, the anonymous reading public—he is welcome company. His notes may be mixed up with a lot of trivia but these may be safely glossed over. And all his theories, his obsession, his vigils with his art can take on a different hue and be of importance when a great author sits down to write his auto-

biography. But what one cannot understand is the assumption that has come into vogue today: a poet, a playwright, an essayist, a novelist, even a critic not achieving success in his particular field or failing totally calling himself an "artist." It smacks of the beauty parlour: of powder, mascara, hairoil, facecream, brilliance.

"What happens in the mind of a writer when he is writing? The painter while he is painting? The composer as he develops a theme? The scientist when he evolves a new hypothesis?" asks the puff of *The Creative Process*, edited by Brewster Ghiselin, who is described as a poet and critic, currently Professor of English at the University of Utah. An answer to these questions is the Symposium which consists of points of view on "human inventiveness" by "thirty-eight of the world's outstanding men and women": Albert Einstein, Vincent Van Gogh, Frederick Nietzsche, Carl Gustav Jung, Mary Wigman, Paul Valery, Henry James, Thomas Wolfe, A. E. Housman, W. B. Yeats, D. H. Lawrence, Henry Miller, Stephen Spender—to mention only a few—who are all vigorous in their own individual way in what they have to tell. To quote Stephen Spender, poet of the younger generation, who in 'The Making of a Poem' discusses his way of poetic composition:

"A poet may be divinely gifted with lucid and intense and purposive intellect; he may be clumsy and slow; that does not matter, what matters is integrity of purpose and the ability to maintain the purpose without losing oneself. Myself, I am scarcely capable of immediate concentration in poetry. My mind is not clear, my will is weak, I suffer from an excess of ideas and a weak sense of form. For every poem that I begin to write, I think of at least ten which I do not write down at all. For every poem which I do not write down, there are seven or eight which I never complete."

To Spender the source of poetry is a

combination of Intuition, Imagination, and Memory and he is in direct disagreement with Landor to whom "Memory is not a Muse."

Similarly, *The Creative Process* is packed with the thoughts of very original minds: penetrating, provocative, and never failing to be delightful. Mr. Ghiselin leads the Symposium with an introduction which is a model of its kind for its thoroughness and brilliant scholarship.

SHORT STORY MASTERPIECES. Edited by Robert Penn Warren and Albert Erskine. *Dell Books*, New York. 50 cents.

THERE are anthologies and anthologies of short stories; short stories for the hour, short stories for all moods, short stories for all time. And there are authors today who are content to remain as short story writers, inhabiting the small dimension of this literary form with great prestige, without being tempted to turn their pen to a novel. *Short Story Masterpieces* brings together thirty-six stories of celebrated writers, which when they appeared in their original volumes must certainly have had the distinction of being singled out for praise. Here are Maugham, Faulkner, Frank O'Connor, Katherine Anne Porter, J. D. Salinger, Hemingway, A. E. Coppard, Stephen Crane, James Joyce—what a famous array and what a variety they offer! The editors' note has the following:

A good story gives pleasure and satisfaction to anyone who is curious about, and sympathetic with, his fellow men, anyone whose feelings are fresh and can respond to the funny, the pitiful, the noble, or the terrible...

Short Story Masterpieces is truly an anthology with a difference, which is: it has made the exceptional more exceptional by individuating and individualising reputed writers between two covers.

LIFE . . .

TURNING POINT

WE were walking to the bus-stand, my father and I.

I was eighteen, thin and wore my hair in two plaits. Nobody had thought me beautiful, not even at home, but many people had said I had lovely eyes. They were—and are, as my husband tells me—gentle and velvety and, at that period of my life—deeply and wistfully unhappy. I had a temper then—oh, not so much a temper as frequent maladjustments with life, with people and, above all, with myself. I had a kind and concerned mother who worried too much about the health of my body and not enough about the health of my mind and a father who did not seem to worry overmuch about either. That is, not till I was eighteen when suddenly he became all hot and bothered about my clothes, my friends, my education and my future. *Everybody* began to plan my life. What was I going to do when I graduated? I did not much care. The future seemed far away.

"I want to travel," I said once.

"Then you will have to get married first," said my gentle and concerned mother.

"Why should I have to get married to travel?" I asked resentfully.

"Because, naturally," she said, "you can't go about alone, can you?"

Till I was eighteen they had not mentioned marriage to me. At eleven I had badly wanted to get married because my best friend who was seventeen was getting married and it seemed an easy way to avoid lessons. But the desire was violently and swiftly strangled when I was asked *whom* I wanted to marry. My plans for marriage and a blessed release from school had not included a *man*. I gave up the whole idea in disgust.

And after that I had done pretty well whatever I wanted. I sat on the arms of chairs and played Squeeze-my-hand with my cousins, I wore a gym uniform for school games and took part in school plays, I caught moving buses with friends and nobody said a word. And then suddenly people were saying: *well, aren't you growing up!*—and the fun was over. Marriage was in the air and prospective grooms round the corner. I had pimples, I still succumbed easily to the temptation to overeat and I was agonisingly unsure of the facts of life.

I was eighteen and that day my father was taking me to visit a friend. Sounds simple, really. But it was not so simple. I knew that somewhere, either in the friend's house or next-door or waiting to be given a signal was a Boy. Nobody had told me about him but that day there were more flowers in my hair, a prettier saree on my resentful self, a trinket or two and a new blouse. Father too was much less difficult and trying to crack some feeble jokes and being elaborately casual. And so I knew there was a Boy somewhere who was to look me over and be looked over by me. I had of course grimly made up my mind to reject him on sight. For two months I had stubbornly refused to be visited by eligible young men.

"I won't be paraded like a galley slave before a Roman patrician," I had said. Melodrama then was the very breath of my life.

And now my Father was trying to cheat me by pretending we were going to drop in casually on a friend.

We got into the bus and sat on two front seats immediately behind the driver. The driver turned round to ask someone the time.

And as he turned he looked at my father full in the face and his jaw dropped in astonishment.

"You!" he yelled, delighted. "It *can't* be Krishnan!"

"It is, it is," shouted my father equally excited. "Fancy meeting you here, Bhaskaran!"

They said this at least three times apiece. It was a reunion, it was obvious.

"Who is this?" asked Bhaskaran, pointing to me.

"She is my daughter," said father.

"So you got married after all, did you?"

"Oh, well," said Father, "you know how it is."

Bhaskaran at last caught my puzzled glance.

"I was the College bus-driver," he said. "I knew your father better perhaps than his own mother did. He used to talk a lot. The bus was bedlam. But they were a happy lot of young people."

"Bhaskaran," said Father laughing at a sudden memory, "you remember the time we gave a lift to that fellow out of pure human sympathy and fellow feeling and he tried to pick my pocket?"

"Yes, yes," said Bhaskaran also bursting into laughter, "and I remember how you all taught him a lesson. You know what they did?" he asked turning to me. "They stripped him completely."

"Bhaskaran," said Father remembering something else and almost choking over the memory in the midst of his mirth, "have I returned all the money I owe you? You used to lend us money often, you know."

"Yes," said Bhaskaran, "but I never kept any accounts. If it came to that I borrowed regularly from you all also. Give and take. Have you got a good job now? Are you well off?"

"Yes," said Father, "what about you?"

"Nothing to complain," said Bhaskaran contentedly. "I am getting on in years, I shall soon be retiring. But my son is grown up."

"Is your son working anywhere?" asked Father.

"Yes," said Bhaskaran, "he is in the Corporation. He is just twenty-two. But he has some fantastic plans for his future, I must say. Now I come to think of it he talks rather as you used to—unorthodox, defiant and completely without fear. You remember how you used to discuss your college debates in the bus? The things you people said would have infuriated and scared your parents if they had but heard them. I remember *you* used to say you were not going to marry till you were at least twenty-five and then you would marry for love and nothing else."

Father gave a little laugh in reply.

"Yes," said Bhaskaran, "and you said you would not have more than two children. Two to replace two, you used to say, I remember."

"He has only *one*," I said softly.

"Has he?" asked Bhaskaran looking at me with a friendly smile. "And what is she going to do when she grows up?"

"She is merely going to change the world, that is all," said Father.

The conductor blew his whistle.

"Let her try," said Bhaskaran cheerfully. "If we all tried a little bit perhaps we can really change the world."

"We must meet sometime," said Father as Bhaskaran pulled the self-starter and the bus sprang to life with a low growl. "I hardly ever meet any of my old friends."

"Yes, we must," said Bhaskaran. "I am on this route for three weeks more. Where are you off to now?"

"I am taking my daughter," said Father giving me a small smile, "to the cinema."

S. R.

July 2 1955

TOWN PLANNING IN BANGALORE AND MYSORE

[Captain D. Gnanaolivu, Chairman, Madras City Improvement Trust, accompanied by Sri S. Sivaswami, Trust Engineer, have been to Bangalore and Mysore to study the programme of work of the Trusts there. These officers of the MCIT also paid particular attention to slum clearance and to the low-cost housing programme of the municipal authorities in the Mysore State. Captain Gnanaolivu sums up his impressions in this article.]

TOWN extension work in Bangalore Corporation, that is, the Cantonment and the City combined, is on a very grand scale. The Bangalore Trust authorities and the Corporation seem to be planning for fifty years ahead. Their latest extension of Jayanagar under active execution, is to cost one crore and forty lakhs of rupees. The industrial extension area of Rajaji Nagar, with 500 acres for industrial housing and 200 acres for factories, in alternate segments, is also under execution, and is to cost about Rs. 65 lakhs. There are no comparable schemes in cost and extent in Madras. About twenty other town planning schemes are also under progress, in contrast to the numerous schemes in Madras which have been dragging on for 20 or 25 years. The Bangalore City Improvement Trust, dealing with a population of nine lakhs, owns about 2,000 developed, middle class house plots, 2,000 undeveloped plots, all ready for sale now, though it may take ten or fifteen years to sell these plots and realise the funds sunk in them—in contrast with Madras where, with a population of thirteen lakhs, the Madras Trust has only about 200 developed house plots available, with the hopeful expectation that these could and should be sold in a few months! It is clear that town planning in Bangalore, though only about ten years old, is characterised by great imagination, vision, and courage. In all their schemes considerable open spaces are left to serve as lungs, with wide circles at

junctions of roads. More than a dozen long roads are 100 feet broad, with wide pavements for pedestrians and trees. Madras City is still thinking in terms of roads 40 and 50 feet wide! The Master Plan for Bangalore has already been prepared by the ten-year old Trust. In Madras, the Master Plan has been under preparation by the Corporation for about ten years, and the stage for consultation with the Improvement Trust has not yet been reached.

The next striking feature about Bangalore is the provision in recent years of more than 2,500 houses for low-income groups. Of these, about 500 houses have been built for the upper and lower middle classes by the Trust, and about 2,000 by the Corporation, mostly for slum and pavement dwellers and low-income groups, with uneconomic and subsidised rentals of Rs. 2 to 15 per month. In 1951, it was estimated that 60,000 more houses had to be built by the Trust, the Corporation, and private agencies to solve the housing problem in Bangalore. It now looks as if half of this problem has been solved in the course of these four years.

There are about 93 slums in Bangalore. But many of them are being admirably improved by the Corporation, while the Trust has cleared a few in important localities. In Madras, the Corporation has already spent Rs. 30 lakhs to improve some slums in recent years and yet there are 264 slums still left with a population of about 50,000 families to be

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tackled. The four crore rupees scheme prepared by the Corporation in this behalf is awaiting funds from the Union and State Governments for the last two years. The Bangalore City Improvement Trust has in the past few years received so far from the Mysore Government about Rs. 68 lakhs as grants, and about Rs. 90 lakhs as loans, while the Madras Trust has received in eight years about Rs. 40 lakhs as grants, and Rs. 37 lakhs as loans, from the State Government. The Bangalore Trust has been able to achieve a good lot in ten years because the Government, the Corporation, and the Trust work in full co-operation as one unit. While the Bangalore Corporation is concentrating on improving its existing civic amenities and enlarging its services to the citizens, the Trust is in full charge of all future developments of the City, all town planning schemes, and the Master Plan.

The Mysore City Improvement Trust is the oldest in India, having been in existence for just over fifty years. It has received grants from the State Government totalling over Rs. 1½ crores in all, with practically no loans at all. As in Bangalore, the State Government, the Municipality, and the Improvement Trust work in complete co-ordination as one authority, so far as the city development is concerned. In works of vital civic improvement, the Trust Board and the Municipality (house in one building) consider common notes and pass identical resolutions. These common resolutions are forwarded to Government, and they are invariably accepted. The execution of schemes is expedited considerably by this procedure. The Mysore Trust is used by its State Government as its own agent to carry out works of town planning, middle-class and lower middle-class housing, and slum improvement. A few years ago, it was computed that 10,000 more houses were required to meet the housing

needs in Mysore City with a population of 2½ lakhs. With the recent construction of 500 lower middle-class houses and the construction now going on of about fifty middle-class houses, all by the Trust, it looks as if in three or four more years Mysore will have no housing problem! While there are a few pavement dwellers in Bangalore, there are no pavement dwellers at all in Mysore City, which is probably a record among Indian cities! This is in great contrast to Madras City, where there are over 5,000 families of pavement dwellers, with the problem of accommodation for whom the Madras Trust and the Corporation are grappling without any tangible results so far. Another unique feature of Mysore City is, that only two or three slums are still left to be improved and partially cleared. The Trust Board has just now received Rs. 1½ lakhs as half grant and half loan, for those slums from the State Government, to lay new streets, to provide new drains, to demolish obstructing hutments, to create open spaces, and to space out the families. The Mysore Harijan Welfare Department donates tiles, rafters, windows, and doors to Harijan families being thus rehabilitated in towns and villages. The credit for this almost unbelievable state of affairs goes mostly to the old Mysore City Improvement Trust, and to the Municipality and the Government which has backed the efforts of the Trust for fifty years.

As in Bangalore, in Mysore also more than seven or eight roads are one hundred feet wide. Even now, for instance, a prominent and old building in an important bazaar area in Mysore is under demolition after purchase by the City Improvement Trust, as it is in the way of the beautiful, New Canopy Circle included in the Town Planning Scheme for the bazaar area. In fact, from the time of the present Rajapramukh's uncle Maharaja Krishnaraja Wadiyar Bahadur, innumerable congested and

insanitary houses have been demolished, regularly and continuously, to the immediate discomfort of some, no doubt, but to the ultimate benefit of all the citizens of the City. As in Bangalore—unlike in Madras—all the beautiful and extensive parks and boulevards which adorn Mysore in profusion, are maintained at Government cost by a separate horticultural department, which works in close co-operation with the Trust and the municipal authorities. Like the Bangalore Trust, the Mysore Trust has also undertaken and completed the Master Plan for Mysore City.

The Mysore Government has created by statute a Labour Housing Corporation to attend to housing needs in the mofussil parts of the State, and to utilise fully the industrial housing loans and grants of the Union Government. This Corporation, however, deputed the Mysore Trust Board to construct 500 houses for labourers during last year, and the work has been completed very cheaply and efficiently.

In 1952, the Mysore Government constituted a Development Committee with an ex-Dewan as President, and with the municipal and Trust authorities as members, to draw up a comprehensive, general plan of development for Greater Bangalore. After one year's labour a report has been published, and it is now before the Government. Perhaps it will be worth while to launch a similar effort in Madras.

Generally speaking, it is obvious that the Mysore Government has utilised fully the specialised, compact, and independent City Improvement Trusts of Bangalore and Mysore as their instruments to carry out the beautification of the two cities, the relief of all congested areas, and the clearance of black spots wherever found when the elected and democratic municipal councils felt unable to carry out such desirable but unpopular civic improvements in the face of local, short-sighted opposition based on ignorance. This is a course which Madras can well follow!

SCIENCE AND ETHICS

IF India had been in a position to speak with authority—as I believe that she will be able to do before long—at the time of the American atomic warfare tests at Bikini atoll, we would have heard, not only through the Indian press but from the official diplomatic sounding boards of the world, a message of great importance to us. We would have learned that without quite committing a social crime, we were following in the pattern of crime, and were guilty of national blasphemy, not of a grave offense against Russia or even against peace, but against the dignity of man and the harmony of nature . . . The Indians would have told us that our blasphemy, like the Nazi ones, arose from an idolatrous worship of the techniques of science divorced from any ethical goals . . .

It seems to me that this is a good example of the service which Asia can and will render us through the mechanism of cultural opposition. If we admit these services are valuable, then we must also admit that we owe them to Asiatic backwardness as well as Asiatic enlightenment. Only a culture which has despised technology and given highest place to soul-values can produce in its members the awareness of blasphemy needed to shock into a realization of what is happening to us . . . Only a culture which has such a horror of taking life that its members will die in a diabetic coma rather than use the pancreas of slaughtered animals to save their own lives can develop the protests necessary to awaken us to the impiety of atomic warfare.—Edmond Taylor in his book, *Richer by Asia*.

SPORTS

A TRIBUTE TO SHINDE

By N. S. RAMASWAMI

IN the brief history of Indian cricket the passing of any eminent player will be felt as the uprooting of a landmark. The death of Shinde at a tragically early age carries with it the consequences almost of a personal deprivation. The loss is a serious one to the commonwealth of cricket of which even he who ineffectually twirls his fingers and attempts to produce a leg-break or a googly is a no insignificant member.

My recollection of Shinde is but vague. I must have watched him in action at Bombay in the second Test against Howard's M.C.C. team. He had bowled splendidly in the New Delhi Test, where only a Spartan innings by Watkins, aided by indifferent catching, had stood between India and victory. It is melancholy to recall that it was the last generous Test success to have attended this meritorious and praiseworthy bowler.

Shinde had every reason to look forward to the renewal of the combat with the M.C.C. team in the Bombay Test, but it is now history that his genius appeared to have deserted him and he was scarcely ever after the masterful bowler he had been at New Delhi. Further, it was not to be expected that the inimically perfect wicket at the Bra-bourne Stadium would have aided his labours. As a consequence, I recall practically little of him as he performed in that encounter, which marked the inauguration of at least notable reputations, those of Roy and Graveney, both of whom scored masterful centuries. He had, however, the satisfaction of having been

on the field at that moment of history in Indian cricket, when Gopinath, fielding at deep mid-on, held a catch off Mankad to dismiss Statham and thus brought her first Test victory to India. As I recall that memorable scene, the players rushed forward to shake hands with Hazare, the captain, as even that normally phlegmatic and saturnine individual, flushed with a memorable victory, ran towards the pavilion. As the members of the public shouted themselves hoarse and were unimaginatively denied speeches by the captains from the pavilion, I remember Shinde, bounding forward with overpowering enthusiasm, shaking hands with Hazare rather violently. The darkness of the pavilion then swallowed a moment of history. It is pathetic to recall that that was the last appearance of Shinde at Madras, but it was perhaps not an uncharacteristic one, a modest and self-effacing player hastening to congratulate others on their success. This will undoubtedly serve as his lasting epitaph.

Standing as we are in the shadow of his death, it is difficult not to feel melancholy. Cricket, as a joyous game in the declining sun, strikes a note which is the very antithesis of that of mortality and dissolution. Its fundamental basis is joyous competition. By adopting three mere sticks and by offering to defend them from a rude leathern ball with a fourth implement, cricketers have voluntarily reduced themselves to a second boyhood, where trifles possess an inordinate value. They are boys again

in spirit. To an impartial eye which watches grown-up men bounding after a ball as if the survival of creation depended upon its early retrieval there cannot fail to be something of the ludicrous. Nevertheless the core of cricket is not contemptuous laughter, but purest joy in commonalty spread.

But while the spirit is that of a boy the artifices of cricket are eminently those of a man. On the basis of acute simplicity there has been reared a cunning building. Balls which deviate in direction after pitching and what is more notable which turn inwards after promising to move in the opposite direction are also of the essence of cricket. Googlies are innocent subterfuge. They betray nothing more momentous than an incompetent batsman's tenure at the wicket; yet what amusement and delight do they not produce! . . . What a noble gift it is to command this perplexing delivery! The exponent of this artifice more than other types of bowlers deserves well of criticism, for there needs much labour for its acquirement.

Shinde's place in the history of Indian cricket lies, of course, as a bowler of googlies. There have been only three of them who have commanded attention in this country. C. S. Nayudu exerted considerable powers of spin, but his command of the device was poor. He therefore, made himself liable to be punished by fleet-footed and adventuresome batsmen. He enjoyed no little success in what may be called unimportant matches, but I do not recall that he ever effectually made himself felt in any Test. Shinde was more gifted. It was true that for the most part he was fugitive, but there were always expectations that he could ruthlessly assert himself. He was certainly transfigured on that magical day at New Delhi. He has had his crowning moment and he has departed. His place in the annals of the Indian game is secure. His abun-

dant gifts will be transmitted to posterity by Gupte, who maintains and upholds a noble tradition.

In one sense a cricketer can never die. His deeds continue to live long after he has been in the grave.

"And now that thou art lying, my dear old Carian guest,

A handful of grey ashes, long, long ago at rest;

Still art thy pleasant voices, thy nightingales awake,

For Death he taketh all away, but them he cannot take."

HUMOROUS BOOKS

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82-A Royapettah High Road,
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ART & ENTERTAINMENT

Films

BOMBAY

THE news that the Ministry for Information and Broadcasting has entrusted the task of making a full length documentary on the life of Buddha to Bimal Roy comes as a pleasant surprise.

This documentary, we are told, is being got ready for the 2500th birth anniversary of Buddha which falls next year. Also, next year, there is a move to celebrate on a wide scale the birth centenary of Lokmanya Tilak, the great patriot who paved the way for our freedom. A special committee has been formed and the biography of the great patriot is being completed. But, more than any meeting or book the fittest tribute on this occasion would be a film biography of Lokmanya Tilak. It can be made either in a pure documentary style or as 'a feature' film like Emile Zola.

Apart from Gandhiji, Lokmanya Tilak or Buddha, the lives of many other great men who have shaped the destiny of modern India should be filmed. If it is not advisable or practicable to make full-length films on them, documentary shorts could be made and widely shown. Such films would serve as a great inspiration for the younger generation; and as such it is hoped that this would receive the immediate attention of the Films Division. The life-stories of Tagore, Premchand, Bharati, Gokhale, Ranade, Pandit Madan Mohan Malaviya, Agarkar and others must be brought to the screen, so that their message and their work could spread among our millions.

—V. P. SATHE

Ram Gopal, well-known Indian dancer, has been engaged by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer to teach Ava Gardner a Hindu dance which she will execute in *Bhowani Junction*, Cinemascope production in color with Perspecta Stereophonic Sound.

The actress will perform the dance in a colour scene with Stewart Granger. She portrays an Anglo-Indian girl in the film. Ram Gopal has toured Europe and the United States more than once with his new dance troupe. He is presently living in London, where *Bhowani Junction* is being completed after the filming of exterior scenes in Pakistan.

Harikatha Kalakshepam

LAST week on the 23rd June, the Abhiramapuram Association had arranged a Harikatha Kalakshepam by Sri Chidambaram Embar Vijayaraghavachariar. The considerable number of people who attended the performance and the interest with which they listened to the katha till the end made one wonder if after all the Kalakshepam is really a dying art, as is claimed by some.

Harikatha Kalakshepam is a special art-form of South India. Although it is normally associated with music, the greater part of a performance of this type is given to the spoken word. Defining the title, "Harikatha" means a story about Vishnu and Kalakshepam means a way of spending the time. This very nearly literal translation by itself conveys very little. By usage and association it has come to mean some puranic or mythological story

presented in a certain form to entertain devotees and help them to spend their time profitably.

Historically, this art in some form or other is perhaps as old as human speech. The story-tellers of folk times apart, perhaps the earliest reference to this art of narration is in Ramayana. In Uttara Kanda, Lava and Kusa, the twin sons of Sita, sing the story of Rama at the Aswamedha Yaga performed by Rama. Valmiki is said to have taught the art to the youngsters.

Story-telling has its own peculiar appeal to people's minds. Right from the toddler who listens to the story of the little bird who took *payasam* from the old woman, to the G.O.M. of the town who presides over the Harikatha performances in the village, few can resist the lure of this art of the *Puranik*.

The core of Hinduism is Bhakti. Among the many methods practised for the propagation of the Bhakti cult perhaps 'Harikatha Kalakshepam' is the most successful. The artist who specialises in this art is called a Bhagavatar, one who sings the praise of the Lord.

The making of a successful Bhagavatar is not an easy task. Harikatha is one of those composite arts which calls for virtuosity in many directions, in addition to quite a few natural traits in the artist. A likeable personality, a pleasant voice, clear speech and a gift for racy, witty talk are some of the natural qualities required. A thorough knowledge of music and the Hindu *Itihasas*, *Puranas* and *Charitras* is of course essential. In addition to all this he must be a sound linguist. Most of the stories of Hindu mythology are to be learnt from Sanskrit works. He must also be in a position to quote from works in other languages, such as Tamil, Telugu, Marathi and Kannada. The modern fashion is to quote from English newspapers also; hence a knowledge of English also seems to be the latest addition

to the list. Histrionics is not ruled out for the Bhagavathar has to do some mono-acting also. And all this adds up to less than half the target. For a truly great Bhagavathar is not a mere entertainer but a genuine artist. A popular and at the same time sincere exposition of spiritual philosophy is his art. For this he has to be a profound scholar.

While the Maha-kavyas like the Ramayana and the Bhagavatha supply the basic stories to make the discourse interesting and the exposition penetrating, quotations and illustrations from a wide variety of sources are used. It is not uncommon even for the most ordinary Bhagavatars to introduce in their kathas selections from Jayadeva's *Ashtapadis*, *Narayana Tirtha's* *Krishna Leela Tarangini*, quotations from Kalidasa and the famous works of other authors, illustrative examples from Tevaram, Tirupugazh, and the compositions of Tyagaraja, Dikshitar and many others. The wider the knowledge and repertoire of the Bhagavatar the easier it will be for him to present his ideas amusingly, clearly and impressively.

Poet-composers from the Mahratta country have contributed in no small measure to the development of this art. Saints Ekanath, Tukaram, Ramdas, Ramdev are only a few of the famous ones. Special types of songs like *Abhangs*, and *Dandi* composed by these poet-musicians came to be popularly used in the *kalakshepams*.

When Tanjore came under the Mahratta influence in the seventeenth century, Bhagavatha *gayaka* from the Mahratta country came over to Tamil-nad and were popular with their *harikathas*.

The first famous South Indian to have taken to this art appears to have been Tanjore Krishna Bhagavatar. It is said that he was responsible for many useful reforms in the Harikatha style. Other great names in this field are Kappanamangalam

(Continued on page 47)

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 Menace of the Managing Agency System

Sir,—It is interesting to note that Mr. V. Rajan has applauded the managing agency system as the spearhead of industry and as the pioneer of industrial financing, but he failed to consider the defects of the system which prove it a menace to Indian Economy.

The managing agency system is old fashioned and has outlived its utility. Owing to the prevalence of this system, the industry has come to be dominated too much by financial considerations and too little by the industrial ones. Finance instead of being the servant of industry has become its master with injurious consequences. In fact this is one of the reasons why our industries suffer so much from inefficiency.

This system is disadvantageous to the shareholders, whose interests always come second to those of the managing agents. Some of the contracts involve payments to the managing agents whether the company makes a profit or not. In some cases, the managing agents get their commission on production without any reference to the condition of the company. This system thus absorbs too large a share of the profits and makes the industry as a whole less attractive to the investor. Mr. Manu Subedar, in his Minority Report of the Indian Central Banking Enquiry Committee did not hesitate to observe that "it tends not to encourage but to check the flow of capital in industry."

When managing agents speculate and lose money, the credit of the concern under them is reduced or destroyed.

Another grave defect with this system is the "inter-locking of funds." This method can spell ruin even for financially sound concerns. It may also perpetuate wastefully the life of thoroughly

insolvent and unsound concerns which in the larger interests of the industry as a whole should be immediately closed down.

Through this system foreign capital is able to exercise a strange and peculiar type of hold on the country's economy. It is so because the major portion of the actual capital is invested by foreigners.

V. SRINIVASAN

Indiscipline Among Students

Sir,—Regarding the editorial comment you made in the issue of *Swatantra* dated 28th May about the teaching community and the cause of indiscipline among students, I as a teacher think it necessary to make it known to you that there is another point, more important than the one referred to by you.

It is true that a teacher is paid a very low amount as remuneration and it is true that the general trend of the present day student community is towards being rebellious. But these are not the main causes for the indiscipline among students. The main cause is the relation between the teacher and his employers. The fact that there is no trouble in the missionary institutions makes this quite clear.

The mentality of the managers of some of the private colleges is not conducive to the well-being or freedom of teachers. The teachers cannot be held responsible for the acts of indiscipline of students.

K. SURYANARAYANA

(Continued from page 46)

Sami Sastry, Parithiyur Krishna Sastrigal, Varahur Gopala Bhagavatar, Mayavaram Gopalakrishna Bharrathi, Tirupazhanam Panchapakasa Bhagavatar and, coming nearer to our own times, Mangudi Chidambaram Bhagavathar, Soolamangalam Vaidyanatha Bhagavathar, Harikesanallur Muthiah Bhagavathar and Chidambaram Srinivasachariar.

Early in this century women also entered this field, and succeeded too. The pioneer among these women, Srimati C. Saraswathi Bai is, happily, still with us.

Other contemporaries, men and women, are not many. Tiruvaiyur D.

Annaswami Bhagavata, S. Vadiraja Bhagavathar, Embar Vijayaraghavachariar and Mrs. Suseela Achyutaraman are a few of the leading names. There are some in Andhra Desa and Mysore also.

Embar Vijayaraghavachariar is verily a chip of the old block. His father, Chidambaram Srirangachariar was also a famous Hari-katha artist. Sri Vijayaraghavachariar reminds us much of his father in his performances, particularly in his handling of the Hindustani Ragas.

The theme of the kalakshepam last Thursday was *Rukmini Kalyanam*. This episode from Bhagavatham describes how Rukmini married Lord Krishna by inviting him to kidnap her on the eve of her marriage to Sisupala.

The programme started late, due to unexpected rains in the early evening. Consequently it went on till about 11-30 p.m. The fact that the

audience did not dwindle away but remained to listen till the end proved the popularity of the artist.

His description of the situation when Krishna reads the letter from Rukmini and his elucidation of the epistle in which Rukmini opens out her heart to Krishna in seven beautiful verses ending with her *atma nivedana*, were excellent. Sri Vijayaraghavachariar quoted freely from Sukha's Bhagavatam, Valmiki Ramayana and from Marathi authors, which revealed his wide reading and commendable knowledge of the relevant literature. Incidentally, the hand-bills announcing the performance gave the title wrongly as "Rukmani Kalyanam." During the performance the Bhagavata also was pronouncing the name sometimes as Rukmani and at other times as Rukmini. A minor point which, however, can be irritating.

VANIDASA

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SWATANTRA

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Vol. X. July 9, 1955. No. 23

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Sri T. T. Krishnamachari laid the foundation stone for the buildings of the Industries and Handicrafts Emporium and Museum in the Government House Estate, Madras on 30th June.

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

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

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SWATANTRA

Vol. X.

JULY 9 SATURDAY 1955

No. 23

THE END OF THE CRUSADE

NEHRU'S triumphal five-week tour of Russia and the East European states has come to an end and he will soon be returning home via London. It has been more exhausting than he himself had probably bargained for. But it has come as a revelation to most of us and the echoes of the gasps of shocked and envious surprise in the Western world are still heard in the foreign press. To a section of America, Pandit Nehru has been a bit of a joke; he has sometimes seemed even a misguided dupe caught in the vortex of forces the strength of which he is unable to grasp fully. Pandit Nehru's Russian crusade should have sufficed to educate that section of American public opinion. There is now apparent an ever so small change in the American attitude. Pandit Nehru is still a foolish idealist but it seems as if his foolish idealism might help in the achievement of the result which the western world, negotiating from positions of strength for the last ten years, had not been able to bring nearer accomplishment. Britain, characteristically embarrassed by emotional display of any kind, has received the news of the tumultuous welcome Mr. Nehru has received everywhere with a cool-headed poise. But, of course, Mr. Nehru went on this crusade of peace not because he wanted to please anybody or prove anybody wrong but for confirmation of a deep-rooted personal belief in an ideal and faith in the ultimate morality of human nature.

The impression and consciousness of the events of this tour will remain with people both here and abroad for a long time to come. But it has already had a positive and immediate effect. It has been acknowledged to be beautifully timed. It has purged the world political situation of fear. The Indian Prime Minister opened up the Iron Curtain for two weeks. It was something nobody had ever been permitted to do before. And so the leaders of both the East and the West can now approach the forthcoming Geneva talks with more relaxed and less distrustful minds. About this, at least, they should be happy though some of them might not have the grace to say so. The truth is that neither America nor Britain has a proper appreciation of the type of diplomat that Pandit Nehru is. He is certainly not their kind of diplomat. If it comes to that, he cannot be said to be even a typically Indian diplomat. He belongs to a class by himself like Gandhiji and does not fit into any established and accepted pattern. It might take a long time for Western statesmen to reconcile themselves to this recognition. But at least the period of gentle jeering is over.

Not, of course, that the Russians or the Europeans can claim to understand Pandit Nehru better. But Soviet Russia has made up its mind to pursue a policy of friendly appreciation with regard to India. She threw open her atomic plants for Pandit

Nehru to see. That was the greatest stroke of diplomacy in recent years. If her welcome to the visitor, ebullient and almost hysterically warm was really a spontaneous, unrehearsed demonstration, it may even be said that we have all been under great misapprehensions about Soviet motives in recent years. When Marshal Tito paid his recent visit to India his most faithful followers were the Press. The mass of the people left him politely but severely alone. But Moscow gave Pandit Nehru a welcome which was almost royal and in which the whole population of the Soviet Union seemed to take part. There were Indian art exhibitions, Indian films, Indian dances. There were photographs on front pages and articles in the *Pravda* in which Indo-Soviet friendship was traced from its beginnings in the mists of forgotten times

through the visit of Afanasy Nikitin, the Russian explorer to India, through Tagore's warm sympathy with Soviet culture and Karamzin's translation of *Sakuntala*, down to the mingling of Indian and Russian cultures last year. It is this overabundance which has upset most foreigners and even many of our own countrymen. We have had too much of the Chinese and the Russians these last two years and perhaps not enough of people of other nations. We have had two Russian cultural invasions, Chinese Art Exhibitions, visits from Tito and Chou En-lai; there are to be visits by Russian leaders and, we are told, we are going to produce some films in collaboration with Russian producers. It is time we had a change of visitors, or it would be hard to continue to convince the world that we stand for a Third Area of Peace.

On Matters Sartorial

WE have had two public pronouncements recently on matters sartorial. The first, made by our Congress President, has a familiar ring about it. We have heard it before from other lips. In fact it has come down to us from father to son successively for the last three generations. Mr. Dhebar has been exhorting Congress constructive workers to take to the Life Simple. This advice living, as it does, up to the specifications of the legends and traditions we have built up in the course of the last hundred years or so, would not come as a shock to anyone except the very young generation which, being spiritual driftwood, tends to swear by material ideals. Mr. Dhebar advocates that a Gandhian constructive worker need possess no more than three *dhotis* and three *jubbis* and three Gandhi caps. That should suffice as his entire wardrobe. He need only have

one pair of chappals, the idea probably being that if they should get torn, he should be able to sit down and do a spot of cobbling on it himself. Perhaps by oversight, Mr. Dhebar failed to make any mention of a towel or any under-garments. It is likely he feels that an abundance of clothing is redundant in a country like ours with such a debauch of sun. As for the absence of a towel we may assume he recommends that the third *dhoti* should be made to serve a double purpose. Of course one could stand about in the sun and get oneself dry in no time at all—not to speak of the beneficial effects of ultra-violet rays absorbed in the process—but the snag is what one is to do on rainy days. As Mr. Dhebar did not mention soap either it may reasonably be presumed that dedicated souls are expected to go to the nearest stretch

of water and find themselves stones and sticks for the purpose of washing their clothes. Of course, dhobies would automatically be deprived of their livelihood, for we cannot possibly split a wardrobe of three *dhotis* and three *jubbis* into two piles.

This kind of simple life full of Great Moral Purpose and High Endeavour, we suspect, is being recommended more out of force of habit than out of any deep conviction that this is the only way we can be saved as a nation. Amid all the hopeful and exultant talk of increased production, new industry, more employment, self-sufficiency, a new political prestige, better food and the beginning of a new social order, the preaching of the old three-*dhoti* cult sounds incongruous and discordant. If it is argued that there is still a vast gulf between the reality and the ideal we are aiming at, let us direct our efforts towards raising the reality instead of lowering the ideal. The imposition of the old orthodox simplicities and the continued preaching of the gospel of sacrifice might only result in our building up a civilization in which poverty becomes a virtue, prosperity an offence and ordinary human happiness born out of the small material satisfactions of life a social crime. A dry, frustrated, neurotic puritanism will creep into our lives and all the fruits of constructive work and economic betterment and political freedom will be dust and ashes in our mouths.

The other report comes from the United States where the subject of feminine apparel is of perennial interest and has indeed been elevated to a kind of mystique. One Mrs. Laura Cauble of New York recently unburdened herself of a secret fear which had lately been tormenting her sex. Last year, she said, her nylon stockings suddenly fell to pieces about her legs

and she had since discovered that the cause of this disintegration was the sulphuric acid content of the atmosphere. Now, warned Mrs. Cauble, since "women are almost completely clothed in nylon," worse might befall. And unless the air was cleared of the sulphuric acid fumes "before it is too late" women might be left naked on the streets. No woman—especially over thirty—likes to have a Lady Godiva role thrust upon her without as much as a by-your-leave, not to speak of the sudden exposure to rain and gaze which might well shatter her health and modesty. Removing one's clothes by oneself, for this reason or that, is one thing, and having it corroded off one's back is quite another. And a light coating of grey ash, however proper and respect-worthy on the hallowed forehead of a Hindu ascetic, hardly brings out the best in the tone of one's epidermis. And again, how disconcerting it must be to the serious-minded male discussing, with one friendly arm round his companion's waist, the Principle of Indeterminacy and the transformation of electrons into waves and vice versa, suddenly to find his fingers grow cold with panic at the touch of soft human flesh. It would certainly interrupt conversation, if it does nothing else.

Looking at the bright side of the picture, however, if one's clothes could be burnt off one on the open street, there is no reason why it cannot happen even inside the safety of one's house. It might providentially help to prove the bonafides of one's appeal for a new dress, for instance. Tattoos too could come into vogue again. The prospect, the deeper we think about it, offers distinct and indisputably delicious possibilities. In the near future some bright young man might even discover a fabric which cannot hold together under tobacco fumes.

Sotto Voce

THE DANCER IN THE VOID



"NATESA! Chitsabhesa! Kanaka-sabhesa!"—these Divine names uttered in exquisite yearning, as the unweaned child cries for the absent mother, form part of the warp and woof of my earliest memories. An old uncle, who had made his home in Tillai, used to wake us in the early dawn with these invocations, and in his not too musical but compelling voice follow it up with the song

Nataraja Nataraja Nartana-Sundara
Nataraja.
Sivaraja Sivaraja Sivakamipriya
Nataraja,

clapping his hands to keep time. I think of him today when the great temple—'Koil' *par excellence*—is *en fete*. For it is Kumbhabhishekham day.

Appayya Dikshita declared that, *mumukshu* though he was, he would like to take just one more birth in order that he might have the *adhikara* for learning the Taittiriya. In the same quasi-whimsical mood, proud of my Tanjore nativity as I am, I often liked to think that one at least of my endless births must have been in Chidambaram. The great polymath, who spent his last years in the holy city, was as ardent in his devotion to Govindaraja as to Nataraja. But with disarming candour, he proclaimed that, while he saw no distinction between Siva and Vishnu, somehow his heart was drawn irresistibly to Chandrasekhara. That is a spell that many of us, who humbly reject the

blinkers of sectarianism, have nevertheless been unable to throw off.

A congenital horror of crowds and the infirmities of the flesh—when I realise that the last kumbhabhishekam was performed the year before I appeared on this planet, I feel like Methuselah—have compelled me to content myself with witnessing the great happenings at Chidambaram with the mind's eye. To stimulate that sorry jade I betook myself to the poets, to Sankara first, that wonderchild of our culture, who begged to be allowed to partake of that Grace which had been lavished on the 'Dravida-sisu' Jnanasambandha, the dearly beloved son. He does not seem to have sung of Chidambaram itself: he was not a home-keeping bird like me. But in the *Sivananda Lahari* there are verses (51 to 56) which glorify the Sandhya Tandava of the Lord not merely in Mallikarjuna Kshetra but in the *Chidakasa* of the receptive *bhakta*.

The Tamil, with his love of the concrete and the particular, must needs invest the formless with form and give the dancing flame in the Void of the Heart a local habitation and a name. It is for him the Tillai Veli of whom a latter-day saint Gopalakrishna Bharati could sing, annihilating the unreal distinction between in and out, "For those who merge in the Tillai void, no more is bondage or birth." Jnanasambandha, in the famous hymn *Karrangeriyombi*, effects the same delightful

synthesis of this world and that. He speaks of the Lord who loves the Veda that is Truth, taking His stance in the temple surrounded by great boulevards where girls whose beaming eyes are adorned with collyrium play ball.

Sundara, the privileged companion, utters the daring simile that, like most thoughts that are worth while, has its origin in the Veda. He beseeches the Lord of the Dance to intercede when the Angel of Death should lay his icy hand on His elect. They are the salt of the earth because, says the lover of Paravai, their devotion to His blessed feet is as passionate and single-minded as the lover's infatuation for his lady love. Has not the Sruti itself found it necessary to go to the self-forgetting, all-consuming, blissful merging that is mortal love's consummation in order to find a compa-

panion for the *Advaitaanubhava*?

The lion-hearted Appar is lost in the unearthly beauty of the *archa-avata*. The eyebrows crooked in love, the ethereal smile on the ripe red lips, the long locks flying, the milk-white stripes of ash on the coral frame, the dainty foot lifted in benediction—who that has seen that miracle will wish for fleeting births, he wants to know. "But, man, you can get that ineffable Beauty to take its abode in your heart by merely thinking of it." And in the famous hymn "Ariyanai, Andanartam Chin-tayanai" the reconciliation of Immanence and Transcendence is made perfect.

For the Lord of Language, Manicka Vachaka, who sang nearly one half of the Tiruvagasam at Tillai, the only

(Continued on page 45)



Miss Shanta Rao, well-known classical dancer, and Ali Akbar Khan, eminent sarod player, with U. S. Vice-President Mr. Richard Nixon, during their visit to Washington.

INDIAN AFFAIRS:

MR. NEHRU'S EUROPEAN TOUR

By SARANGA

THERE has been a lull in the political atmosphere in India in the last few weeks which has been relieved only by the news of the Goan satyagraha. Mr. Nehru's absence from Delhi has been mainly responsible for this general dullness on the internal front. The annual conferences at hill stations are treated for what they are worth—as excuses of bored officialdom to escape to milder climates. But Nehru is news wherever he goes and the plaudits of the Russian crowds have provided some tame headlines to Indian newspapers. But there is nothing out of the way and many of the scenes are too familiar nearer home. Even the Nehru-Bulganin Declaration seems to have been taken for granted by Indian public opinion. Could it have been otherwise, one found himself being asked. Were not similar declarations made at Delhi and at Peking after Mr. Nehru's meetings with Mr. Chou En-lai and Marshal Tito? When the Russian leaders had effected a reconciliation with Marshal Tito, could they have proved too slow with Nehru? Khrushchev and Bulganin were ready to go to Belgrade and cry 'peccavi'; even there, they had renounced the policy of interference in the internal affairs of the other country, including therein all ideological interference. That involved not only the co-existence of different social systems but the toleration of two different and rival Communist systems—which must be more dangerous to the Soviet leaders than the survival of the "moribund" democracy with its inevitable doom predicted for it by Marxism. So, according to the most authentic exponents of Soviet gestures (their number is a growing one) there

was little that was difficult of digestion in the Soviet adherence to the Panch Shila, consecrated at Peking and New Delhi, or their forswearing all ideological interference in the joint declaration with Mr. Nehru.

Even while admitting that Mr. Nehru is playing the role of an honest broker, many Western critics now say that Mr. Nehru has now clearly abandoned his neutrality in the cold war by this positive alignment with the 'peace' camp. The more dispassionate Western observers would even say that the west is perhaps reaping what it has sown so widely in such things like the "gross impertinence" on the question of Goa, the complete indifference to the implications of SEADO of its non-signatories and the "absurdity" of refusing admission to China in the UN. But Mr. Nehru's warmth has somewhat surprised the west; only a few hardened cynics would have rejected his Moscow farewell message as an example of Oriental hyperbole.

The balance has been restored with Mr. Nehru's lavish praises of Marshal Tito for his daring in defending the independence of his nation. That should give the indication to Moscow of the limits to the success of Soviet diplomacy in this matter. The Soviet Union is not in a position to place India under a deeper sense of obligation through large-scale aid for economic development. Such technical assistance as she can spare is more than matched by aid from the west—all without "strings" around them. Presently, the Russian complaint to the United Nations is that the amounts provided

by the Soviet Union have not been utilised except, perhaps, in the case of India. Why are the needy so afraid? The Panna diamond mines, the Bhilai steel plant and the Indian Statistical Institute—are the three chief conquests of the Soviet Technical Assistance Programme in India, which will in due course expand further. But all that would be chicken feed viewed in the context of the ambitious second Five-Year Plan.

The next three weeks will be a period of anxious expectation all over the world. Mr. Nehru will meet Sir Anthony Eden at the end of this week and what he has to convey of his Russian impressions will be of some consequence to the West in preparing for the "Summit" talks.

AGREEMENT ABOUT CANAL WATERS

The agreement with Pakistan on canal waters, will at least have one virtue. It will deprive the foreign press of an opportunity to create a hullabaloo about India's wickedness. The London Times made quite a campaign of it last year at about this time and other imaginative correspondents embellished the story with graphic eye-witness descriptions of the devastation wrought by the cutting off of canal water supplies and the Pakistan Government was even charged by them with ignorance about its own and the country's interests. All that will now become impossible. The good offices of the World Bank are available to help the ad hoc transitional arrangements for water supplies.

The important feature of this temporary solution is that it specifies that the

arrangement is without prejudice to any rights or claims of either Government and will imply no commitments—other than those applicable to the limited period till the end of September this year. The agreement establishes clearly that it recognises Pakistan's ability to use the western rivers for replacing water drawn by India from the three Eastern rivers—the Ravi, Beas and Sutlej. The layman will know nothing of what all those impressive rounded figures of cusecs mean. That is a measure of the disability imposed by Pakistan's inability to make effective use of the water of the Western rivers in the Indus system by constructing a network of link canals.



Nehru in Uzbekistan: He is seen drinking green tea at the field camp of the Stalin Collective Farm, Yangi-Yul.

THE COMMUNE SYSTEM IN YUGOSLAVIA

By J. VIJAYATUNGA

YUGOSLAVIA'S function in the international sphere, chiefly as a link between the NATO countries and those of the East Power bloc, is becoming increasingly important. The visit of the Indian Prime Minister to this country makes us turn to Yugoslavia with enhanced interest. But perhaps the most important phase of Yugoslavia's political and economic development which arrests our attention while we are planning our own welfare state is that of worker's self-management which has revolutionised socialist practice. This achievement is all the more remarkable when viewed against the background of the miserable economic plight of the peasants and cultivators in pre-war Yugoslavia.

This is the primary reason why India's tentative socialist programme can learn and profit from Yugoslavia's example. For the first time in history State centralisation, which has been the curse of all forms of government, whether totalitarian or democratic, has been considerably reduced if not totally abolished. This has been done by a simple expedient somewhat similar to our Panchayats of old but differing from them in that the workers of Yugoslavia are not simple peasants but agriculturists engaged in mechanised farming and industrial workers.

How they achieved this progress in so short a time is one of the marvels of contemporary European economy. Until the beginning of World War II the living standard of the Yugoslav farmer was the lowest in Europe. The reason for it was that the Government was interested only in main-

taining the *status quo* which was best done by keeping the serfs and peasants at the lowest level of existence. All the main industries in the country were in the hands of foreign monopolists. So the liberation movement in Yugoslavia had a two-fold task: namely, to fight the foreign aggressor on the Slav soil and to destroy the old state machinery. How this was done is now familiar history.

Socialist Democracy

It is a truism that political liberty can be enjoyed only by those who are economically strong. Even today, eight years after independence, we know instances of capitalists who snap their fingers at the Government because they are able somehow to get privileges and exemptions. No true democracy can exist without economic democracy. And a *sine qua non* of economic democracy is the transfer of private property to state management. India has done this in the case of the zamindaris. But our top-heavy state machinery has not been able to achieve remarkable progress for obvious reasons. In Russia private ownership was abolished: but the relegation of all authority to centralised state monopoly defeated the very ends that it sought to realise.

But in Yugoslavia the wealth of the state became the property of the whole community. Of course, it was not done at one sweep. But since 1954 certain steps have been taken by the Workers' Councils which guarantee that there will be no relapse, that the state will not substitute itself for the will and consciousness of the working class.

Social Management of Public Property

The first step was nationalisation of land. Agrarian laws broke up the large estates in 1945 and made them public property. In 1953 another law limited the holdings of individual farmers to sizes which they could personally cultivate. Yugoslavia, profiting perhaps by the example of certain countries which had also brought about nationalisation through a ruthless form of liquidation, saw to it that the state did not supplant the private owner.

Thus came about the decentralisation process which in the last five years has transformed Yugoslavia and which has given socialism its true interpretation. The local community or commune became the unit for production, administration, distribution, and profit-sharing in the new Yugoslav economy. These local self-governing communes came into being actually in 1941. But it was only in 1950 that they took over the management of economic enterprise whether it related to agriculture or factory production. Today they are entirely self-governing. Besides the patriotic motives which have impelled the Yugoslav peoples from long before actual liberation, the success of the local self-governing workers' councils can be attributed to the fact that the largest share of the profits of their collective labour revert to the community itself. The enterprise, that is to say, the production unit or farm, retains one-third of the profits, another portion will go in the form of taxes to the Federal budget and the budget of the respective republics (the Yugoslav Federation consists of six republics), while, as already remarked, the community gets the biggest share of the profits. It is from this that such needs as social insurance, public health, education etc., are met.

Social Insurance

In social insurance the Yugoslav practice is even more simplified and direct than that under the Welfare

State scheme of Great Britain. The whole idea of social insurance is to offer decent conditions of living to all those persons who have fulfilled their duty towards the community or who through illness or other disability are prevented from doing so. The basic element of the social security scheme is the number of years spent by a person at his employment. Thus in computing pensions ninety per cent of wages and salaries is the usual basis of reckoning. Social insurance covers allowances for children, benefits for the sick, disabled widows and orphans, health protection for children, allowances for newly born babies and reduced working hours and other benefits for working mothers. Health insurance is an important factor of the scheme.

It must be made clear that workers' self-management does not mean that they own the means of production which are at all times public property. But they have, however, the right to elect their own representatives and the right to the use of the profits of production without outside interference. The principle is that the executive is composed of elected representatives.

Another interesting feature of the socialistic interpretation in Yugoslavia is the power that the workers' councils have to recall their representatives. And yet another is the system of judge-jurors by means of which the law courts are brought to the masses, as under our panchayats, instead of the people going to the courts at great expense to themselves both in time and money. In short, workers' self-management has produced in Yugoslavia a new type of citizen who is conscious of his responsibility towards society and who knows that he has the power to eradicate the ills of his particular town, village, community or commune. In this respect Yugoslavia has stolen a march over every other country professing to practice socialism.

SCIENCE

THE PERSONALITY TEST

By Dr. G. D. BOAZ

WITH all its horror the second world war did give an unsurpassed impetus to scientific research and the applications of its findings to the needs of daily life. Perhaps, the layman may not realise that the social sciences also had their equal share of this incentive along with the physical sciences.

During the first world war recruits were tested for their intelligence, but during the second one this procedure was extended to cover wider areas of one's life. Specifically, what is known as personality testing was introduced with the help of projective tests, group tests, planned interview and observation, word-association tests etc. After the war, encouraged by the results of such procedure, this technique of personality testing is being introduced for other purposes such as selection of personnel for competitive posts. The methods used vary according to the purpose concerned.

Our people seem to react to this new procedure in various ways. Quite a number of young men have told me that they enjoyed some of those tests. But many consider the matter as a racket calculated towards keeping out candidates who have higher marks and ranks in the University examinations. Some accept it as another examination and run to students of psychology for a private coaching!

Of course, it is not possible to give in this short article a justification for this procedure with a full account of the tests. Whether the layman accepts it or not the first pre-

supposition that the psychologist makes is that one's achievement by way of marks in a University examination is indicative, at its best, only of a very limited area of one's psychological equipment and potentialities. We might even go further and say that the area referred by the marks is not a very important one for many considerations. The term personality is very difficult to define. But we all understand something when we use that word. It is not the physical appearance mainly though that is also important for the total picture. Many lay people even today use the term 'good personality' to mean good physical features including stature. In many higher posts of responsibility and for particular types of jobs, the man concerned will have to possess many qualities that have nothing to do with University marks. Qualities such as the ability to deal with people, self-confidence to take the initiative and make quick decisions when necessary, capacity for leadership, ability for cooperative teamwork, emotional stability, freedom from strong predispositions towards neurosis etc., are required in varying degrees for different jobs. Probably this is too long a list at one stretch. Yet these are the traits that are accepted as the components of one's personality. It is very difficult even for the layman to deny that these qualities are required in some measure or other for various jobs. A salesman should be very free and easy in meeting people and be capable of persuading others. A scientific research worker need not have the above quality but

in addition to a high degree of intelligence, should have patience, and persistence. An extrovert will do well in the former capacity, whereas one with introvert tendencies will do well in the latter position.

The second assumption that psychology makes is that just as individuals differ in height, weight and intelligence, they differ also in the above personality traits. Psychologists claim that these traits can be measured and individuals can be placed in a quantitative linear scale. Through years of research

psychologists fully trained in statistics have developed many tests to measure these personality traits. Applications of these tests have shown that they are quite dependable and can be used for purposes of predicting though perhaps they may not have the cent per cent accuracy and exactness that an arithmetical operation like $2+2=4$ has. Along with actual tests psychologists have also developed methods of interview and observation by which one's inner personality can be gauged to some extent.

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT . . .

DANGEROUS WEAPON

In Communist Rumania, we are told, citizens who wish to own a typewriter or duplicating machine must now have a special licence. Richard Armour waxes poetic about this restriction in *New Leader*:—

*As fearsome as a loaded gat
Is any sort of gadget that
Spews out the small black bullets,
words,
For which the victim vainly girds
In helmet and protective vest
That shield the vital head and
chest.
And so authorities do well
To license those who buy and sell
Machines, whose missiles, thick
as rain,
Unmarking skin, can pierce the
brain
And (terrifying thought) instead
Of killing, bring alive the dead.*

CULTURES TO BE MINGLED IN
THE U. S. A.

Soil from 34 countries—representing all areas of the world—were mingled at the base of the Statue of Liberty in New York harbour in a ceremony initiating a programme to build a Museum of Immigration at the site of the statue. More than 500 delegates of national groups took

part in the ceremony which was held on June 28. Among delegates present were representatives of groups whose ancestry derived from Egypt, Iraq, Israel, Lebanon, Turkey, India and Pakistan, among others. The aim is to raise \$5 million from individuals and provide organisations to finance the construction of the museum.

The project has the support of President Eisenhower who said that the mingling of cultures in the United States is a unique story "and the idea of telling it at the foot of the Statue of Liberty is a splendid one."

*

GEOGRAPHICAL PRESTIGE

The Government of India have decided to discontinue the use of the expressions "Middle East" and "Far East" in describing certain regions of the world. These expressions had gained currency owing to the situation of those regions in relation to certain other regions of the world. They have, however, no meaning in relation to India or to the geographical position of those regions in Asia or the world. The regions hitherto known as "Middle East" and "Far East" will therefore, hereafter be described as "West Asia" and "East Asia" respectively.

KRISHNA MENON ANSWERS THE AMERICANS

By P. G. KRISHNAYYA

V. K. KRISHNA MENON, who recently conferred with Chou En-lai in China and with President Eisenhower and Secretary of State Dulles in Washington, also answered questions presented to him by Mrs. Helen Waller, American Forum director. He gave his views on the possible release of all American prisoners held in Red China. He also commented on the problem of fear as a factor in international relations. Here are the questions and his answers:—

Q: Many Americans feel that if there could be more direct contact between peoples, as well as leaders, many threatening conflicts would dissolve. Do you agree?

A: I am glad to hear you say this, and I couldn't agree more. As you know, what we have to bring about at present is negotiation, with the creation of the climate for it. Leading statesmen of the two countries, United States and China, should and could meet. That they have almost irreconcilable differences at present, and no doubt strong views, should be no bar. I feel myself that a few Americans going to China and seeing things for themselves would do a lot of good.

Q: Would they get facilities to go?

A: I cannot speak for the Chinese government, obviously, or the American government, who are the two parties concerned in such visits. There is the desire in China that Americans should see things there for themselves. I rather think that a useful beginning can be made.

Q: Beginning with the families of American flyers imprisoned in China?

A: With regard to the families I

would not want to involve myself in a controversy about it or to convey any suggestion which would make the visit by these relations an issue, a condition, or a barrier. All I can say is that they would be welcome in China and it would help generally to relax tension. I find it hard to believe that the Chinese government may fail to respond to such a visit with some appropriate action.

Q: Now about these flyers . . .

A: You mean the ones that have not yet been released?

Q: Yes.

A: I said in Delhi that the release of the four flyers was the first step and that it represented a major change of attitude in the Chinese government. It is not wise to speak more precisely about this matter. The door has been opened. We must all seek to keep it so and continue our efforts to relax tensions for a peaceful approach.

Q: Are you hopeful on this particular issue?

A: What do you think? Does what I have said reflect lack of hope or faith?

Q: Krishna Menon, you have said the families are welcome, but some people here would certainly wonder whether they would be safe?

A: I have no misgivings on this point. No doubt arrangements can and should be made. It is customary in China for relatives to figure in such a situation.

Q: Do you believe that the Chinese Communists are sincere in their desire to reduce world tensions and improve the prospects of peace?

A: Yes.

Q: Do you believe that the U. S. government is sincere in its desire to reduce world tensions and improve the prospects of peace?

A: Yes.

Q: In what way, if any, do you feel the image which Americans have of Chou En-lai is false or incomplete, and what is the image the Chinese Government leaders have of American government leaders?

A: I will answer these questions together, but I cannot give the kind of answer that you expect. What I would say is that if they meet in a spirit of goodwill or at least with a common desire to reduce world tensions, they will understand each other. In the light of my answers to your two previous questions, whatever preconceived notions there may be on either side, of each other, these need not and should not be a bar to negotiations and the endeavour to accomplish the common objective. Further, I believe that negotiations the willingness for which has now happily emerged, would dissipate prejudices and misconceptions. I found the Chinese easy to talk to. And, as you know, your people are.

Q: How does the atmosphere in which you are holding conversations with high officials in the American government compare with the atmos-

phere which surrounded your visit with Chinese officials in Peking?

A: I do not think comparisons are appropriate. People are different. In any case comparison of motive throws people apart. I have been well received in both places. Atmosphere is an important component but it is not the whole of what is required. Public receptivity on either side and the widespread desire for conciliation in the Asian countries are of course important factors in the present context.

Q: Don't Asian countries—doesn't India fear aggression from any quarter?

A: India does not fear aggression. To fear is to invite what you fear. When fear slips in, reason goes out. Fear leads to suspicion and hatred. When you are afraid, everything is seen in the wrong perspective. Evaluations go wrong. Actions based on fear tend to become regarded as strength and essential protection. And another's willingness to compromise is often mistaken for subservience; and his adherence to what he believes, for arrogance. Worse than all, fear is not only infectious, it is, so to say, "autotoxic." And, it feeds on itself. This is true of nations and communities, too.

Q: Do you think the role of the

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S. KRISHNASWAMI,
Secretary.

United Nations will expand or diminish on the central issue of peace?

A: You should not regard the UN as a speculative proposition. The UN was founded for peace, its main purpose is peace, so all that we should be concerned with is to use it as an instrument of peace. Peace is not just cessation of war but a dynamic advance toward human welfare and the establishment of the human family, so you see that the UN, that is, world cooperation, has a continuing task, which grows with each achievement.

Q: Do you think tension has relaxed?

A: Yes, there is an improvement which we should all seek to maintain. In regard to China, we appear to be somewhat nearer to a peaceful approach than we have been for a long time. I believe negotiations between the United States and China are both possible and necessary.

The alternative is a grim one. If we are to avoid it, as we must, then we must pursue the path of reconciliation. This is not to sacrifice principles but to establish them. Things are better, but they are not good enough. We could make them so. This is what we all have to try to do. I believe the conditions exist for making that beginning which will fundamentally change things. At any rate that is the faith which should sustain our endeavours. All of us play our small part, wherever we are, in these matters. I have been much encouraged by what I have seen and felt. What one feels is at least as important as what one thinks.

I not only think but believe that the United States and China, once the present difficulties are over, can establish friendship and cooperation. There has been so much of close relationship in the past, and the desire to be friendly and to be understood.

OUR ENGINEERING HERITAGE

By S. RAJAGOPALAN

A WRITER has recently adverted in these columns, to the need for conserving India's architectural treasures and for promoting information and research into their antiquity and historicity. He has rightly commented on the prevailing ignorance about them amongst our countrymen, although his assumption that the British government had never encouraged us to know about them "lest our national pride and patriotism should be rekindled" lacks justification. For in truth, our former rulers had evinced the greatest concern for our monuments and religious establishments, thanks to the Curzonian initiative; and their epoch had been conspicuous for the absence of vandalism and pillage which were so notable a feature of the previous regime. Even in the sphere of re-

search, the voluminous and admirable and scholarly compilations like the *Imperial Gazettes* and the *District Manuals*, offer even now the only available data for a peep into our past achievements. Furthermore, eminent Englishmen like Fergusson, Havell and Wilson have spent their lifetime unravelling the glory that was Ind; and a C. E. M. Joad has brought out the esoteric and spiritual meanings of those wondrous things in stone and marble. In the construction of buildings during the British era, the indigenous background had been kept up as far as possible. This is evident when one compares the buildings in the past like the Madras High Court, the Kumbakonam College and the turrets and towers in New Delhi with those which have sprung up since independence

like the Nurses' Quarters and the New Assembly Chamber in Madras. Perhaps the only charge that might be levied at their doors could be that they had outlawed the study of indigenous architectural and engineering literature and the maintenance of traditions in our Engineering institutions. This has resulted in the supersession of the hereditary artisans and the *sthapathis*, and their replacement by a formidable array of officials and contractors who have cut themselves away from Indian art and literature.

ARCHITECTURE, (in which may be included all building activities in general) in India and even in Europe down to the middle Ages, were allied to religion. Indian Temples and the Vatican in Rome which were and still are architectural wonders were associated with the spiritual life and endeavour of the people. It was only later that the religious motif gave way to the aesthetic (the Taj is an example) which in turn, coming down to modern times, has been supplanted by the utilitarian or even commercial. But Indian architecture has remained more faithful to religion than the architecture of many countries. As C.E.M. Joad remarks, even utilitarian architecture has been so combined with the religious that it looks as if even the drains were planned to the glory of God.

But it would be a mistake to suppose that India's past greatness lies only in her mausoleums and monuments, marvellous as they doubtless are. Her achievements in the field of engineering, viz., irrigation, buildings and highways have been of no mean proportions. With nothing like a specialized or costly education and costlier departmental appendages this country has been able to produce masterpieces which our modern engineers can only marvel at but cannot imitate. Take for example the numerous forts and fortifications, garrisons and ramparts built over

hills and dales with plentiful water supply. Is it possible for us now even to conceive of such constructions without formidable, modern facilities? Consider again buildings like the Rasi Mantapam with its 12 pillars at each of which the sun's rays converge each month in strict rotation, the Sangitha Mahal at Tanjore which is the last word in acoustic perfection, the Durbar Hall which enabled the purdah ladies to watch the deliberations at court without being seen by a single outsider and the Madevea Tirumalai Naick Mahal with its massive pillars but without an inch of timber all round, not to mention the various subterranean passages miles long running under cities.

Not less marvellous were the irrigation works, of which the Grand Anicut in Trichy is but a specimen. It is also common knowledge that both the Kannambadi and Mettur dams were planned by the Hindu Kings. The Mylapore Temple Tank, a marvel of design and geometrical symmetry, was constructed by voluntary labour in comparatively recent times and is well worth a detailed study by our engineers and engineering pupils.

IN regard to Highways, the system of planting avenue trees by important roads had been carried to perfection throughout the length and breadth of the peninsula. The roads themselves in all the capitals and main cities were laid wide and broad. Incidentally, the temple car had an utilitarian purpose also. It gave smoothness and stability to the roads themselves, effects which we now achieve by the steam roller. In the sphere of marine engineering, the Channel-Tunnel scheme of Europe had its counterpart in the Indo-Lanka bridge, the technical details of which are to be found in India's great epic.

It must be said that judged by our achievements in the past, the present engineering standards are very low; and that is perhaps because of

the wholesale adoption of western modes of construction, irrespective of the climate or soil. For one thing, few can claim that even the best of modern structures will be quake proof or even weather proof, unaffected by fire or floods. For some incomprehensible reason, granite has given way to concrete and the pre-stressed concrete and this has operated to the prejudice of big constructions like bridges and culverts, which are the first casualty in the floods which are a recurring feature of our national life. The indiscriminate use of timber has exposed many a building to fire accidents. The wisdom of using indigenous materials for the construction of heavy structures like dams and public buildings in our country cannot be overstressed.

Our ancient builders naturally enough had operated with crude materials and on knowledge written for the most part, but handed down from sire to son, even as the rustic almanac maker, illiterate by modern standards, with no scientific appliances or data, is yet able to forecast eclipses and their duration to the veriest second. But the class of the old artisans and *sthapathis*, is dying out even in the countryside and unless means are devised here

and now to rehabilitate them they will soon be an extinct class. But a lot of literature both in Sanskrit and in the regional languages is still available, and it is possible to trace many of the major works in places like the Tanjore Palace Library. In his story of Indian Civilisation, C. E. M. Joad says this of the Silpa Sastra: *Problems of Town and Village Planning are dealt with in great detail. The subject is treated with scientific exactness, marked common sense and continuous reference to the sanitary and military needs of the community.* Why is it that works like it are still sealed books to our universities and to the ever multiplying engineering institutions? Very few indeed of our Engineers and students of engineering colleges care to examine some of our old indigenous constructions, both religious and secular; their periodical excursions cover only a few dams and industrial establishments. A structure like the Rameswaram Temple or the famous Temple Bull in Tanjore, deserves as much of study by the budding engineer as some of our modern sky scrapers.

A reorganisation of engineering education and establishment is, I think, necessary as also a thorough study of indigenous literature and methods in this field.

EVERYTHING STOPS FOR TIFFIN!

By ANDREW ROTH

IT is an old saying that in Britain "everything stops for tea."

In the British Labour movement they may soon be saying "everything stops for Tiffin." In this case Tiffin referred to is not the light midday meal taken out East. The Tiffin is a muscular Scot, inevitably called 'Jock' Tiffin.

His importance can be judged by the fact that the *Times* welcomed him on June 16, with all the solemnity accorded an Archbishop, as "one of the most influential men in the country."

But if you mention his name to a man in the street or a stockbroker commuting to the city, you would probably get a blank stare from four out of five. His influence comes not from any great personal distinction.

Born in Carlisle, of tough Border stock, he started life as a railway clerk. After World War I, in which he served with distinction, he took a job as a London bus-driver because his war wounds demanded outside work. He drove on 73 different routes.

He lives today in typically suburban Norwood, where he does a daily half-hour's exercise on a rowing machine in his flat. He has no other known 'eccentricities'. He smokes a pipe, likes an occasional glass of beer, has a sardonic sense of humour.

His great importance comes from the fact that he has just taken over the vast trade union empire built up by Ernest Bevin and subsequently ruled by the late Arthur Deakin. This is the biggest job in British unionism, perhaps in the whole Labour movement. His union is the

Transport and General Workers' Union whose members come to the mammoth total of 1,100,000, which makes it the largest union not only in Britain but in the whole non-Communist world.

Its importance is multiplied by its very sprawling character. It takes in not only bus drivers, lorry drivers and dockers (longshoremen) but also milkmen, grave-diggers and even Spanish dockers in Gibraltar. "The conduct of his union's affairs," *The Times* told its readers, "will affect the well-being of scores of industries in which its members work."

The sigh of relief with which 'Jock' Tiffin's election as General Secretary of the Transport and General Workers' Union was received was audible all around Whitehall. The control of the large trade unions by men of moderation in their demands is one of the acknowledged cornerstones of the *status quo* in Britain. The Conservative Government has paid handsome tribute to this in its care to avoid any actions which would irritate the men leading the Trades Union Council.

In June 1954 the Queen honoured 'Jock' Tiffin's predecessor, the late Arthur Deakin, by making him a Privy Councillor, or advisor to the Sovereign. This distinction is usually given to an active and senior politician, usually of Cabinet rank, or very senior civil servant.

'Jock' Tiffin's election victory must also have been welcomed by Hugh Gaitskell, the up-and-coming candidate of the Right wing of the Labour Party as successor to Clement Attlee. Mr. Gaitskell has two basic problems.

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First, as Treasurer of the Labour Party he wants more money to put the Labour Party, as a vote-getting machine, on a professional basis. 'Jock' Tiffin's union funds total almost £10 millions and 'Jock' is known to be an advocate of efficiency in organisation. He believes that union organisation should be as efficient as any business of comparable size and therefore is likely to sympathise with Mr. Gaitskell's desire to make the Labour Party organisation as efficient as that of the Conservative Party.

Mr. Gaitskell's more long-term problem is that of securing support from the big trade unions for his own political ambitions. Last year he was elected Treasurer over Aneurin Bevan by a handy margin of two-to-one largely through the support of the big trade unions. And it was the Transport and General Workers' Union which gave him the largest block of votes. The T&GWU now casts a block of about 900,000 votes in a Labour Party conference, a sixth of all the votes cast. As the man who will now decide how these votes are to be cast, 'Jock' Tiffin can expect to be courted for these votes as well as cash contributions.

Militant Anti-Communist

Few doubt that his weight will be thrown into the political balance against the Left. Like Arthur Deakin and Ernest Bevin before him, 'Jock' Tiffin considers the Communists in the trade unions and the 'Bevanites' in the Labour Party to be 'trouble-makers' and 'mischief-makers'.

He has a special grouse against the Communists. He first came up in the Union as a spokesman for the bus-drivers, having served as one for ten years. But since the war the bus-drivers' unofficial leaders have been Communists and people under Communist influence. These have constantly pressed for higher demands than Tiffin and the leadership

have thought it wise to demand. The result has been two unofficial strikes, largely under Communist leadership and against the advice of Tiffin and other T & GWU leaders.

It has not only been the busmen who have struck unofficially against the moderations of T & G W U leaders in wage demands. The current dock strike is absolutely part of an effort by T & G W U dockers to go over to a smaller and more militant dockers' union.

In every industry into which the T & G W U extends, its leaders are on the side of moderation in wage demands. In the ship-building industry, for example, this brings it into clash with the more militant Amalgamated Engineering Union, the second largest union in Britain.

Partly because of its sprawling character, the T&GWU suffers particularly from the disease of apathy. Although a branch may have over 1,000 members, usually not more than 20 or 30 turn up for a meeting. Some years ago the union officials, who now are appointed and dismissed by 'Jock' Tiffin, found that the minority of Communists in most branches were giving them a rough time, particularly among the busmen. In a number of cases, because of widespread apathy or their own popularity or because of widespread indignation with wage levels, Communists were being elected in various local branches of the T&GWU. The late Arthur Deakin put an end to this by pushing through a constitutional change which makes it illegal for a Communist (or a Fascist) to hold an office in the union.

'Jock' Tiffin's support for this ban on Communists was an issue in the campaign leading to his election on June 15. The Communists in the union gave their support to his chief opponent, ex-docker Charles Brandon, who is the secretary of the union's London section. Brandon is no Left-winger. But he is less vio-

lently anti-Communist and the Communists voted for him as the "lesser evil."

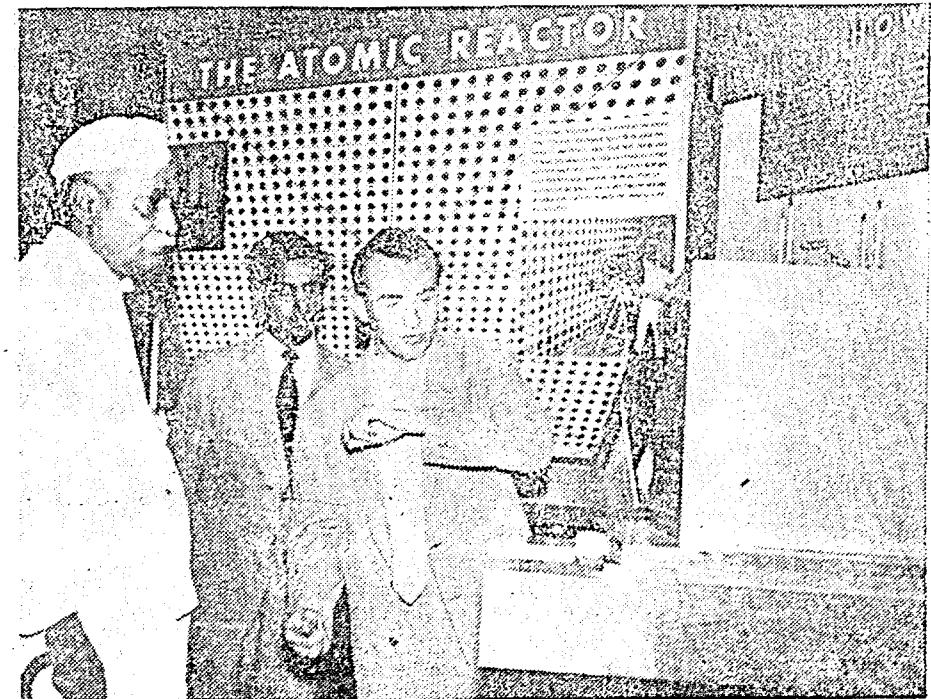
When 'Jock' was elected, despite their opposition, the Communist *Daily Worker* had only this consolation that he had been elected on a minority vote. He had headed the list of six candidates with 267,019 votes of 616,067 cast. Mr. Brandon trailed him with 146,366 votes. *Style in Weight-Throwing*

Speculation now centres around just how Mr. Tiffin will throw his new weight about. Both his predecessors, Ernest Bevin and Arthur Deakin, were exuberant men, fond of putting on a show in public. Ernest Bevin, publicly weeping for the Russian Revolution which he had once supported and then had betrayed him, was one of the best bits of theatre in Britain. Similarly, Arthur Deakin's raucous attacks on the 'Bevanites' in Labour Party Confe-

rences always brought a spot of excitement.

'Jock' Tiffin certainly likes a scrap and has been in plenty of them. But the betting is that he will be less spectacular and less aggressive in his blows at the Left than Deakin and Bevin.

In a sense this can make him a more effective opponent of the Left. Deakin tended to make public challenges and then not follow them up in private. Thus, two years ago he threatened to send his supporters into the local constituency Labour parties to end the supremacy there of the 'Bevanite' Left-wingers. But nothing happened. If 'Jock' uses his union's funds and his own flair for organisation in this direction, he can prove to be a much more effective opponent of Aneurin Bevan and friend of Hugh Gaitskell even if he does not stick out his tongue in public.



President Rajendra Prasad at the U. S. Atoms for Peace Exhibition at Nizam College during his recent visit to Hyderabad.

FAIR SHARES FOR ALL

By Sir DOUGLAS COPLAND

*(Economist, former university professor and now
High Commissioner for Australia in Canada)*

ARCHIMEDES is alleged to have said: 'Give me but one firm spot on which to stand, and I will move the earth.' This may seem a far cry from the problems of what have come to be known as the underdeveloped countries and the responsibility of the free countries of the Western world towards them. In fact, it has a very close application to this greatest of all world economic problems. The Western economies have a firm spot on which to stand: it is their capacity to promote higher and higher productivity, whilst promoting wider horizons in freedom and social justice. At the same time, if they are to contribute substantially to the massive difficulties of the underdeveloped countries, and thus promote fair shares for all, they have indeed to move the earth.

Excluding the Communist world, which has a technique of its own and is not concerned with man's basic aspiration to be free, the peoples with low living standards who seek assistance in their legitimate aspirations to modernise their economies and to increase their incomes number not less than a billion. It has been the habit to put them all in a class together, and this has rather complicated the problem. Actually, there are three groups among them—South and Central America with an average annual income per head of about £50, the Middle East with an income of about £23 per head, and the vast numbers in South and South-East Asia and parts of Africa with the lowest income per head, less than £17. Nor are these

groups equal in opportunity, since some of them have had political independence for quite long periods and some have substantial natural resources and considerable wealth if only it were mobilised, spread more evenly, and directed more to development.

New Freedom, New Technique

Moreover, the incidence of population pressure is far less serious a problem than it is in the group with by much the larger number of people and the lowest standard of living. This is the area in South and South-East Asia, comprising a number of countries that have attained a new political status. These new states are anxious to combine their new and democratic freedom with the application of modern technique to their ancient social and economic structures, on terms that will sustain their political aspirations whilst offering hope to their peoples of improved social conditions. This is a challenge alike to them and the free economies of the West that have brought living standards for their people to a higher level than ever before.

Professor Arnold Toynbee, the distinguished British historian, has suggested that future generations will look back on this period as one "less of an era of political conflicts or technical inventions than as an age in which human society dared to think of the welfare of the whole human race as a practical objective." We can earnestly hope that Toynbee is right in striking this imaginative and comforting note,

and the onus is on us to prove that he is right. I have had the good fortune to be associated with some of the efforts being made to pursue this objective—the Colombo Plan, the Technical Aid Programme of the United Nations, the work of the United Nations committees on economic and social problems, the committee that deals with the problems of trusteeship for non-self-governing territories, and the Economic and Social Council of the United Nations.

All these bodies are concerned with "the welfare of the human race as a whole," and they represent in total the most impressive attack ever made at the international level in promoting "fair shares for all." This is in line with other efforts in the same direction since the war—the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration, the Point Four Programme of the United States, The Children's Emergency Relief Fund, the Marshall Plan, and other forms of aid given by the United States.

In a world that seems to be divided and absorbed in its political and ideological conflicts we are apt to overlook how much is being planned and being done to tackle the fundamental economic and social problems of large masses of people, and thus to lay permanent foundations for political freedom and international understanding.

The Colombo Plan

Let us take a glance at one or two of these activities. The Colombo Plan is a striking example of what can be done by voluntary effort among a group of nations in association with the agencies of the United Nations. There are in all eighteen countries in the Colombo Plan and the area covered is the whole of South and South-East Asia, supported by assistance from the United Kingdom, the United States, Canada, Australia

and New Zealand and, more recently, Japan.

The plan can best be described as a free partnership among all these nations in an attempt to promote social and economic development, improved health standards, better standards, better education, and greater opportunities for technical training in a wide field of human endeavour.

There is a consultative committee that reviews the progress of the plan but has no executive authority. Its last meeting was held in October, 1954, in Ottawa, and it would be difficult to find any international body representative of so many people where discussion was at such a high level and the spirit of co-operation so highly developed. The reports showed that in the past year total expenditure under the plan was £500 million, of which external contributions amounted to £93 million, or eighteen per cent. of the total. This external aid is given in many forms—equipment, expert personnel on loan, training of technicians nominated by the recipient countries, building of hospitals.

U. N. Agencies

When, however, we survey the magnitude of the problem we can all agree that this plan, well conceived as it is, and offering one of the most fruitful opportunities for co-operation on the international level, is not enough. But it is a beginning in both material terms and in dignified relations between countries with advanced techniques and those that have yet to acquire modern technique. Moreover, it is associated with the Food and Agriculture Organisation, the World Health Organisation, U.N.E.S.C.O., and the Technical Aid Programme of the United Nations, and this enables technical assistance to be mobilised on a scale never before attempted.

In some respects the programme of technical aid under the United Nations is even more interesting as a device for international action to apply modern techniques to education, health, agriculture, industry, and transport, and it has the merit that it cuts across the boundaries of the free and the totalitarian worlds. The plan involves some seventy contributing nations, eighty on the receiving end, and the association of such international agencies as F.A.O., W.H.O., and U.N.E.S.C.O. The actual expenditure is not large being at the rate of less than £10-million per annum at present.

But here again it would be a false scent to attempt to evaluate the total effort by applying a mere monetary measure. We have to consider the assistance offered in technical advice and training, the way the whole programme spreads its operations over almost every kind of activity directed to improving health, education, social and economic standards, and the fruitful basis it has provided for international co-operation on a scale never attained before.

Future Prospects

Technical aid is to be regarded as the pioneer front in economic development and social advancement. It will yield its fruit in ever-growing bounty as the numbers of skilled personnel increase, as countries develop their administrative structures for mobilising their resources and gain greater confidence in their capacity to make advances, and as the several forms of external aid become more integrated with the national effort. This is a massive enterprise, and perhaps we should not show undue impatience over the pace of progress but rather cast an eye backwards and contemplate just how much has been done and how far the foundations have been laid for greater progress in the future.

So on the whole we have reason to feel that this post-war experiment

on a wide international front to improve the lot of those who have little or no margin above the means of subsistence is not without hope of a better future. We have charted a course that is guided by some of the best fruits of Western experience in promoting economic progress whilst preserving freedom. The totalitarian world can be more ruthless if also more limited in its approach to the goal, but the combined resources of the free world and its respect for the human spirit should give it the advantage in the long run.

There is, however, one major barrier to rapid progress, which in itself is in part a product of the success of the operation. I refer to the growth of population. The Colombo Plan countries in South and South-East Asia have a present population of 600 million. By 1970 the numbers in these countries may well have increased by 150 million to 750 million.

But we have people and nations in the Western world today guided in their outlook by the existence and prospect of surplus supplies of certain commodities. We should welcome these surpluses, and bend our energies to producing more and to applying some of our own modern technique to storing them against the day when they will certainly be needed if our other plans come true. If we do not do this we shall be allowing our left hand to destroy what the right hand is doing, and that is not the way to carry the torch of progress.

This massive population problem is our Achilles heel: it is the reason why we speak, as did Archimedes, of moving the earth. It is the inevitable consequence of success and the challenge we have to meet. Let us not doubt that the Western world that has done so much to promote and preserve human freedom has both the political insight and the economic strength to meet the challenge.

Short Story

P. G. Sundararajan

CONDEMNED TO LIVE!

In the turmoil of her mind, one single thought came to the surface with persistent clarity—if she desired to live, her life was in danger!

“WHAT a horrid dream!” muttered Visalakshi as she woke up and turned over in her bed.

Parvathi entered the room, dripping in her wet sari, and changed into a dry one. The drenched cloth which served as a bathing suit clung to her lithe youthful form and emphasised her statuesque contours. To Visalakshi, who prided herself on the beauty and accomplishment of her younger sister, the memory which she would fain think of as a dream stood out harsh in the glare of wakefulness.

“Get up, Akka, get up. It is nine already. Sorry, I too slept late,” called out Parvathi as she hurried away to the kitchen bunching the hem of her sari.

Visalakshi's mental agitation increased. She wondered if what was happening just then was the dream. She could not realise why she should be troubled by the sight she had witnessed the previous night, though surely it was not just a dream. She had gone to bed early as usual. Waking up in the midst of an undisturbed sleep she had seen her husband and Parvathi talking. Parvathi was laughing merrily in response to some comment of Narayan's. The full-throated peal of laughter which made Parvathi's form vibrate always filled Visalakshi with happiness. On that occasion however Visalakshi could not like it.

“Akka, your coffee is getting cold,” said Parvathi from the kitchen.

Visalakshi got to her feet slowly and tottered up to the frontyard where she sat down to clean her teeth. Narayan had just finished his bath and was drying himself with a towel.

“Did you take your medicine last night?”

She nodded mechanically to this usual query. The mention of the medicine added to her gloom. She rinsed her mouth and entered the kitchen where she sat leaning against the wall pondering the while how much longer she should endure her illness. Parvathi placed the coffee in front of her and reached for the tin of *appalams* on the shelf above her head.

LOOKING up Visalakshi chided her sister. “Goodness, Parvathi, haven't you time even to put on your blouse?”

“What am I to do. The rice has come to a boil in the oven. Uncle wants to go to office early today . . . “Uncle!” she called aloud, “I will serve you meals within five minutes.” Parvathi always called her brother-in-law uncle owing to a relationship which had been there even before the alliance.

Visalakshi let her mind wander as she rolled the empty tumbler in her palms. Yes, it was her mistake primarily. Mother was right. Parvathi should not have accompanied her. The accommodation in Visalakshi's house was so limited, typical of all urban tenements so correctly called ‘stores’. Not much scope for pri-

vancy; and could certainly be embarrassing in an emergency. That was why Visalakshi had to postpone her departure by more than three days to enable Parvathi to accompany her. Well, after all only ten days more and mother would come to take Parvathi away. Surely it would be wrong to let Parvathi stay on longer. Well what could she, Visalakshi, do? She had to have Parvathi because mother could not leave the family. Narayan's sister would not be coming till three months later. Moreover she could not bear the separation from her beloved sister Parvathi. Poor innocent child—why should she think of her so?

IT was hardly a week since Visalakshi had returned. She had been in her mother's place for more than a year. Eight months ago she had a narrow escape from a dread malady. It was quite unfortunate that she who had grown beautiful, full of life, should have been robbed of her expectation in the seventh month. Let alone the disappointment; it had nearly cost her her life. That lady doctor was an expert. And then there was Parvathi, an expert in nursing. She had looked after Parvathi as if she were indeed the infant in the place of the one which had rebelled against the dull routine of creation and growth.

Yet it was that doctor's statement which had added to Visalakshi's worries. Why did she give that advice when she had gone to her on the eve of her departure? "To join your husband? Why the hurry? Well, be careful. You are a child yourself. What did you want a child for? No. No more children for some time. If you want a child it would endanger your life. Understand? Tell your husband. Yes, tell him as soon as you meet him. Above all you need real rest, complete rest," commanded the lady as she gave her the prescription for a tonic.

Oh, no! How could she tell Narayan? He was not a child. She would

do better. So she took along Parvathi whom she loved so much. Parvathi had, on arrival, taken on herself the responsibility of running the house. Visalakshi could have complete rest as in her mother's place.

"Akka, don't forget it is Friday. Your oil-bath." Parvathi's voice broke into her thoughts and then appealed to her brother-in-law. "Uncle please, get a couple of iddlies for Akka before I serve the meal."

"No, no, Parvathi not today. I am not feeling well."

"That is why, my darling sister, you should take the bath; because you are not well. Yes, uncle, please—hurry," ordered Parvathi.

Parvathi's interest in her cheered Visalakshi despite the cloud of suspicion that overhung the horizon of her thoughts. Yet, the girl's very sprightliness, echoed with the rumblings of the incident the day before.

DID it happen every night when as an invalid she had gone to sleep? What was it that Narayan said which brought so much joy to Parvathi?

"Oh! this smoke!" exclaimed Parvathi as she came out of the kitchen wiping her eyes. Then, her face brightening, she exclaimed: "Akka, I forgot to tell you. Last night uncle posed a riddle—you were asleep—I could not tell him the answer. I bet him you would have given the solution."

Parvathi's child-like happiness made Visalakshi chide herself.

"What was the sum . . . let me see. An electric train runs at a speed of 50 miles against a wind blowing at 60 miles an hour . . . uncle asked me which way the smoke would be deflected."

Parvathi, who little imagined the tumult within Visalakshi's mind, went on breathlessly:

"How stupid of me! I had answered the wind would have carried the smoke, before I realized that the electric train had no smoking engine.

I laughed at myself. Even now I cannot help laughing at my foolishness."

Visalakshi felt a lump in her throat. She hated herself for her low mentality. As Parvathi enquired with anxiety what was wrong with her she realised that her face was betraying her thoughts.

"Nothing . . . just feeling dull and out of spirits."

"Come now. You will perhaps agree now that you should have the bath," argued Parvathi without apparent relevance. Then muttering to herself "why is uncle so late" she went to the threshold.

"Perhaps it takes twice the time to get two iddlies," commented Visalakshi with a brave attempt at levity. She was anxious that Parvathi should not perceive her gloom.

Parvathi ran back with a silver peal of laughter.

"Excellent. We must tease uncle with this poser," she exclaimed.

WITH Narayan's return, all the three lost themselves in a medley of riddles and problems not excluding the ageless one of the lamb, the tiger, and the bundle of grass.

When Narayan left for his office he ended the quiz session with: "Parvathi, I am going to get you married to a mathematical prodigy."

"As if you are not enough," retorted the smiling Parvathi.

These words resounded with a harsh clarity in Visalakshi's mind that afternoon. The memory began to pervade the confused corners of her mind like dust returning from a pile of rubbish being brushed away.

Parvathi was making Visalakshi's coiffure. She entreated her sister. "Look, sister, you and uncle should go out to pictures today. How long are you going to nurture illness like this?

"As if that was the only thing wanting?" retorted Visalakshi.

"Do you mean to say that things are so bad with you? Why do you go on imagining and exaggerating your troubles?" cried Parvathi.

"Leaving you alone?" Visalakshi continued the argument.

"Of course, if you don't take me along," said Parvathi.

"You mean, you want to go . . ."

"No, not at all. Even the lady next door insisted that I should go along with her. Somehow I didn't like to go without uncle . . . We three shall go, Akka, shall we?" queried Parvathi eagerly.

WITHIN a split moment innumerable thoughts crowded into Visalakshi's mind. She had an idea.

"Parvathi, it is better you go with that lady. I cannot think of going in this state of health. I can't sit through a show so long."

"What is the urgency for me that I should go with that lady?" continued Parvathi.

"All right; you may go if your uncle takes you."

"Without you! I don't want to go anywhere. Well, get up and have a wash and put on your ear-rings and nose-wear." Parvathi finished the hairdressing and got up.

In the bathroom, Visalakshi lathering her face with soap brooded over Parvathi's words. Except for the problem of leaving Visalakshi alone, Parvathi had no objection to, indeed she welcomed the proposal of, going to the pictures with Narayan. Moreover, she didn't like to go with the lady next door. The next moment Visalakshi rebuked herself for her petty thoughts and as if washing her own soiled mind she washed her face and came out into the hall.

As she was wiping her face dry in front of the mirror there was a glimpse of Parvathi behind her. The girl, seated on the floor, her form held erect and slightly bent backwards, was combing her hair. The sight seemed to mock her own

pale face, with the ears and nose without their usual jewels. Parvathi's cheerfulness contrasted vividly with the pallor of her own looks.

She stepped aside from the mirror hastily. Well, what was the use of blaming anyone? Her own life was not useful to her husband. Parvathi was there to attend to everything. In fact it was Parvathi who had given her life back to her. To think of that poor girl in that way! She was after all a child without the inhibitions engendered by experience. She had sacrificed herself so much for her sake. At least her married life must be happier . . . Yes, it was high time her marriage was fixed up that season.

VISALAKSHI turned a deaf ear to Parvathi's pleadings. The girl could not understand why her sister was so adamant in sending her to the pictures with the neighbour. She even felt sorry that she should have mentioned the pictures at all. Also, she was worried about the evening coffee and night meals for Narayan.

The next-door lady was a wise woman. "Don't be silly, little girl. Visalam will attend to all that. Why can't you leave your sister and her husband together even for a few moments?"

Visalam wished that the lady had not said that. The words hurt her. She who was condemned to be an invalid . . . yet she did not want to think of herself. She felt she was being too selfish and self-pity possessed her instantly.

She realised she had forgotten about her husband and his own comforts. She was wrong in thinking that her malady and dejection were for herself only to worry about. Did not her condition affect Narayan also? To save her own useless life she was not only deceiving Narayan but suspected her own sister. She might have taken Narayan into confidence about what the doctor had said. But how could one say

these things to one's husband! Even then what would such telling avail?

In her temporary loneliness, the first time since Parvathi had come to stay with her, Visalakshi found herself in a wilderness of conflicting thoughts. In the turmoil of her mind, one single thought came to the surface with persistent clarity—if she desired to live, her life was in danger!

If he desired . . . ? Must she spoil his life for the sake of her own? Nothing would be lost if her own useless life was imperilled. Also, there would be no necessity to go in search of mathematical prodigies for Parvathi.

"As if you are not enough!" those words echoed from the innermost depths of her heart. Yet, she felt it was wrong, even sinful to blame Parvathi. What right had a worthless being like her to find fault in others?

Visalakshi came to a decision. She was determined to follow in the footsteps of epic heroines. It might also mean perfect satisfaction for herself. The secret vouchsafed by the doctor would also disappear with her.

ON Narayan's arrival she went through the routine set by Parvathi in attending to his needs. The husband felt that in addition to being up and about Visalakshi also looked her best. He was about to ask for Parvathi's whereabouts when impeded by a vague realisation, he refrained from doing so. Yet he could not help wondering where Parvathi could sleep in that small house.

"Shall I bring a meal from the hotel?" he hazarded to Visalakshi.

"What for? Everything was ready before Parvathi . . . Oh dear! No, no, she has gone to the cinema with our neighbours," Visalakshi clarified the situation.

"Poor girl! My mistake. I should have taken her." Narayan apologised. I could not though, as you would not be able to come. Otherwise all three of us could have gone."

Narayan's candour only increased Visalakshi's determination. Her inner conflict grew with equal intensity. She was not sure of Narayan and Parvathi, their mutual reactions. Still she had schemed for their future. Narayan just finished his meal. Parvathi may not return till after ten. Visalakshi could not sleep in the room alone. Surely Narayan should know it. Yet she wanted to make sure. She enquired if it would not be difficult for him to sleep in the *pial* as usual, with the mosquitoes swarming about.

BEFORE Narayan could reply a friend called, and he hastened to the threshold. The visitor kept him talking very late. Visalakshi, who had retired into the room felt tired and reclined on the unmade bed. She fell asleep immediately. She woke up only when Narayan was lifting her onto a bed he had prepared. She sat up as if she had forgotten something.

At that moment the tinkling of bangles and anklets heralded Parvathi's arrival.

"What is the matter, Akka? Uncle! Is she ill?" demanded Parvathi with anxiety.

"It is nothing. She had fallen asleep without even making her bed . . ."

"Poor dear! She must have been terribly fatigued after doing all the work. Did you have your meal, uncle? It is so late. I never wanted to go to the picture. Akka, shall I get the medicine!"

"You have your food first, Parvathi." Visalakshi began to hate herself.

"I am not hungry. I don't want to eat. Well, uncle, out with your bedding to the usual place," she ordered the husband.

"How was the picture, Parvathi," Narayan asked. "You were angry because I did not take you. So you went with that lady."

"I never wanted to go. Anyway I did not like it. It was a meaningless story," Parvathi explained as she brought out the medicine from the almirah and sat beside Visalakshi.

"You seem to have come away before the picture had finished," Visalakshi asked almost accusingly.

"I did want to come away. But that lady wanted to sit through to the end."

"Was the story so bad?" Narayan pursued the subject.

"I didn't like it."

"What was it about?" Narayan insisted on a full report.

"It was not even intelligible. Something like the story of Kovalan. Only it was modern. Some disagreement between husband and wife. So the former wants to marry another girl . . . a silly theme."

"What is wrong in that?" asked Visalakshi.

"Wrong? He should have thought about it even before he married first," argued Parvathi.

"If he had thought, perhaps he would not have married at all," Narayan opined.

"As if you too . . ." Parvathi stopped short and looked at Visalakshi. "Why the grimace Akka? The mixture wasn't bitter; there was syrup in it."

IT was her own life that had embittered Visalakshi, not the medicine. She sought to conceal her emotions by an attempt at humour. "Your uncle too, may think of marrying again."

"He would? Would'nt he! Perhaps he thinks that girls are waiting in a queue for him . . . sorry uncle, excuse me. I will bring your cup of milk in a moment." Parvathi consoled Narayan who was carrying his kit out to the *pial*.

Visalakshi was not able to decide whether Parvathi's words were motivated by her affection towards herself

or by jealousy of other girls. She tried her best to dismiss them as meaningless words uttered in joke but the din of frustrated emotions was deafening.

Visalakshi from within her room could make out only the last words of Parvathi to Narayan. He had finished his milk and Parvathi was coming in from the *pial* with the cup.

"Yes; please don't forget. First thing tomorrow morning you should get the doctor." Parvathi was almost ordering him as she bolted the door.

"Doctor for whom?" Visalakshi enquired as Parvathi made her own bed beside her and covered her with a shawl.

"Certainly not for me. It is for you, Akka. Oh! You are having fever!" She felt her forehead.

"Don't be silly. I am all right."

"You are not. Oh God! with your health you had to serve food and do up the house . . . I was a fool. I should not have left you." Parvathi chided herself.

Visalakshi was embracing Parvathi.

"Why are you weeping, Akka? What is wrong? Wait, I will get uncle . . ."

"Don't please . . . It is nothing, Parvathi," Visalakshi wiped her tears.

PARVATHI was perplexed. She wondered whether her sister and Narayan had quarrelled while she was absent. "Well, the doctor would come in the morning. Visalakshi is very weak . . .", she thought to herself.

Visalakshi could not sleep. Parvathi's concern only increased her grief. She grieved for thinking ill of such an affectionate sister. How could she repay her kindness? Even her life . . .

Well, she had decided that evening for an entirely different reason to sacrifice her life. But there was no opportunity that day for such a supreme effort. She could do it gladly hereafter. But it should not be

wasted. Parvathi should at least know the reason.

In her sleepless vigil Visalakshi was not aware that Parvathi too was awake.

At first Parvathi thought that her sister was talking in her sleep. As she realised the implications of Visalakshi's words she sat up. Her first impulse was one of irritation. "What are you talking, Akka? It is almost morning. Go to sleep, please," she admonished.

"Parvathi, this kind of sleep will not do for me. As now, you should always look after him. He does not know what the lady doctor said. Don't let him. He would feel like a murderer." Parvathi's heart was choking with grief. She gathered Visalakshi in her arms and held her fast.

VISALAKSHI was anxious that Parvathi should not discover the lie she had uttered.

Parvathi realised with a pang how stupid of her to have gone to the show leaving her sister alone.

"Akka, I am the murderess!" she burst out and began to weep.

"Quiet, silly, lest he should hear!" cautioned Visalakshi. She marvelled at the oddity of her having to console Parvathi. Still she was aware of the lifting of a great burden from her own mind.

The sisters passed the rest of the night as if they were moving in a world of fantasy.

The next morning Narayan became aware of a change when he tried as usual to take his cup of coffee from Parvathi's hands. The girl left it on the floor. He also perceived the absence of her wonted vivacity. He went over the happenings of the previous night wondering where he had dropped a brick.

"Akka, please ask uncle to go to the doctor soon." Parvathi's indirect

request was another novelty for him that morning.

Who could blame the girl if she suddenly decided to become modest? Narayan conceded the possibility and left for the doctor's place.

Parvathi felt ashamed to appear before Narayan. She had even got over the conflict resulting from Visalakshi's behaviour. She could not appreciate the way in which the elder girl had prejudged the issue without caring to find out her own or Narayan's reactions. But Visalakshi's unwise attempt at melodrama only roused her pity. Parvathi realised the necessity of wearing the veil of womanhood only after Visalakshi had kindled her emotions.

THE sisters who had toyed with their inmost emotions hesitated to move freely with each other that morning.

Visalakshi did not need to repeat to the doctor the lie she had palmed off on Parvathi.

Parvathi passed on, through the lady next door, the earlier diagnosis of Visalakshi's illness, to the doctor who examined her that morning. She next sent a message through the same lady to Narayan.

Narayan did not dispute her peremptory request for sending a telegram inviting his own sister for help. But he could not understand her insisting on leaving for her village the following day.

"I am myself going to Madurai. As her place is on the way you can ask Parvathi's father to meet her at the station," suggested the lady.

"There is nothing wrong with your wife's health. She needs long rest, that is all." Doctor Malathi told Narayan.

These words gladdened Parvathi's heart. She firmly believed that the Doctor would have understood what she had not intimated—what she had omitted to intimate.

As the doctor and her nurse were driving away the latter asked:

"How nervous she is! You said there was nothing wrong!"

"Should we add to the nervousness?" countered the doctor.

"True; but the opinion of the doctor from her own place . . . The possibility of another conception resulting in . . ."

"Why should it endanger life?" challenged Dr. Malathi.

"In any case would not confinement need a caesarian section? . . ."

"Why bother about it now? We can only treat maladies. Who are we to take decisions about life and death?" observed the forty-five year old Dr. (Miss) Malathi. She was not one of those who believed that what they lost in life others should not have.

(Translated from the Original Tamil)

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K. MAHADEVAN

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

New Books

COLLECTED POEMS. BY FRANCES CORNFORD. *The Cresset Press, London.* 10s. 6d. net.

FOR a volume of *Collected Poems*, the poetry extending over a period of nearly a half century, Frances Cornford's is indeed a slim one, just occupying ninety-five pages, excluding the Preface, Contents, and Index of First Lines leaves. It contains poems scrupulously winnowed—and what she considers worthy of preservation—from six of her volumes published at varying intervals: *Poems* (1910), *Spring Morning* (1915), *Autumn Midnight* (1923), *Different Days* (1928), *Mountains and Molehills* (1934), *Travelling Home* (1948), and *Poems* (1948-1953) with *Occasional Verses* making up the last section. In Cambridge, where the literary quarterly *Scrutiny* edited by Dr. Leavis, ran its career for twenty-one years, from 1932 to 1953, explosive in its methods of practical criticism, and where, we are told, "that those who attend Dr. Leavis's poetry lectures are only expected to find 'satisfying creative achievement' in three poems of Yeats" (!)—"poetry like Frances Cornford's," it seems, "is laughed out of court." But then *Scrutiny* has damned other poets too: Auden, Dylan Thomas, Day Lewis, and "the Eliot of the plays and the later prose." Mrs. Cornford, however, has survived the detractions whatever sort these be; among the poets and critics who have extolled her are Edwin Muir who recognises her "rare integrity of thought and feeling and imagination expressed with faultless propriety," and Anne Ridler to whom her work is commendable for the heartening contact it provides "with a rich and delightful personality," while the *Times Literary Supplement* reviewer pays her the tribute

that "in her way she has accomplished for herself that same purification of language which Mr. Pound and Mr. Eliot performed for the rest of their generation."

Mrs. Cornford, now nearing her three score years and ten, (her *Collected Poems* begins with 'Autumn Morning at Cambridge'—two stanzas, four rhymed lines each which she wrote in 1902, at the age of sixteen) has since remained rooted in her honesty, unswerved from her vision through all the landslides and revolutions, schools and movements, vogues and fashions in the world of modern poetry. Technically and thematically she is limited; there are no complex varieties in her verseforms: the lyric brief as a bird-song, intense and personal, the triolet, the villanelle, the ballad characterise the major part of her work, capturing in such pleasing miniatures recollections of childhood, youth, growing old, domestic life, neighbours, death of friends, and occasionally longer pieces which are descriptive reveries recording, for instance, Lincolnshire and Cambridgeshire scenes, but her supreme quality is her emotional chastity which gives to the precise its fullness, to the short its totality. As an example, 'Youth' which is oft-quoted:

A young Apollo, golden-haired,
Stands dreaming on the verge of
strife,
Magnificently unprepared
For the long littleness of life.

Or, in 'Yama and Yami' in which she shows her "exquisite sense of *what not to say*"—and those who have read this episode in the *Veda* will know what it is—every line of it so simple, the simplicity being the natu-

ral outcome of a remarkable discipline, the whole ashine in the aura of wisdom:

The first created pair possessed a world
Where darkness was unknown;
Till Yama died, and left in endless
light
Yami, his twin alone.
The high gods tried to comfort her
distress,
But all in vain they tried.
She would not listen to their wisest
words;
She said: 'Today he died.'
Then were the gods confounded, for
her grief
Troubled their equal sight;
'They said: 'In this way she will not
forget.
We must create the Night.'
So they created Night. And after Night
Came into being Morrow;
And she forgot him. Thus it is they
say:
'The days and nights make men
forget their sorrow.'

'Lincolnshire Remembered,' 'At Night,' 'Cambridge Autumn,' are examples of the longer poem in which Mrs. Cornford, through a combination of realism and nostalgic tenderness, gives edge, as keen as a razor's, to the loneliness of being, pathos achieving the effect of a muted symphony. Diction and imagery here blend into a noble eloquence. Examples from the three poems respectively:

He moves as though before
Man sliced the vast of time in fretful
hours;

She has left the lawns
Where peacocks with their furred
embroidered tails
Sleep on the balustrades; left far
behind
Lit galleries and gallants, lutanists,
And long-curled princes with their
captured eyes.

The new-born calf lies down to sleep
again
In the long, growing shadows of the
plain;
His swing-tail mother feeds, and now
and then
To guard his safety in a world of men
Turns a slow gazing head.

In the course of a brief preface to the volume Frances Cornford writes: "I have slightly revised some of my earlier work in places where I was originally most dissatisfied with it, and yet found myself, at the time, incapable of emending it." No poet should do this business of emendation; though it may be possible from the point of view of craftsmanship, that is, prosodically, the poet who has grown in years and experience should not take away the freshness, the artlessness, and the loveliness of phrasing—perhaps a little clumsy—of his youthful daring and originality. The 'I' preponderates in most of the poems in the present volume, and for that Frances Cornford should not by any means be called an egotist, in the unpleasant sense of the term; hers is a most prepossessing egotism—of the isolation of a super-sensitive spirit; it quite becomes her, sublimating as it does the poetic daemon in her.

SIX CHARACTERS IN SEARCH OF AN AUTHOR. By Luigi Pirandello. English Text and Introduction by Frederick May. *William Heinemann, Ltd., London.* 5s net.

LUIGI PIRANDELLO, the famous Italian dramatist and novelist was the recipient of the 1934 Nobel Prize for Literature. One of the greatest ironists in the time of his life, his literary output amounts to a dozen volumes of short stories, as many dramas, and about half a dozen novels. He was born on June 28, 1867 at Caos, a country estate near Girgenti in Sicily. At the age of nineteen he went to Rome staying there till 1891, then proceeded to Germany where he eventually took his degree in literature and philosophy at the University of Bonn. Shortly after he returned to Rome again and taught at the Girls' High School until 1923. His first venture into the world of literature was through a collection of poems; then under the persuasion of

Luiigi Capuana, another Sicilian writer, he devoted himself to fiction and published his first novel in 1894 which was followed by other novels and a steady flow of short stories. He published his first play, *The Vice*, in 1898, but it was only after 1915 that he turned his pen seriously in service of the theatre. The nature of his art is summed up by Pirandello himself on his achieving a real measure of success which was in 1921. "I think," he says, "that life is a very sad piece of buffoonery; because we have in ourselves, without being able to know why, wherefore or whence, the need to deceive ourselves constantly by creating a reality (one for each and never the same for all), which from time to time is discovered to be vain and illusory . . . My art is full of bitter compassion for all those who deceive themselves; but this compassion cannot fail to be followed by the ferocious derision of destiny which condemn man to deception." Hence arose the word 'Pirandellian'—signifying something metaphysical. Pirandello died in Rome on December 10, 1936.

Six Characters in Search of An Author is the most famous of Pirandello's plays for its startling dramatic form, high poetry, definiteness, and all-embracing crystalline vision of life. It has taken its place among the world's classics. Issued now in Heinemann's Drama Library—an excellent series discriminately selected and prefaced and the volumes at once elegant and inexpensive—Frederick May's introduction to the play is distinguished for its brevity which at the same time bears within it all that one would like to know of Pirandello.

NEW WORLD WRITING. Seventh Mentor Selection. *The New American Library of World Literature, Inc.*, 501, Madison Avenue, New York 22, New York. 50 cents.

THE Seventh Mentor Selection of *New World Writing* marks the

fourth year of its publication. During this period it has presented the work of writers from many lands, including India and Pakistan; entering through the new gateway it opened to good reading, one came across some really exciting adventures of the creative mind, but the last two numbers—especially the Sixth—have registered a pronounced deterioration in their contents. A note of the publishers to the present issue hints at something more than mere disillusionment. It reads: "The editors of *New World Writing* cannot now point to any one writer who has, so far, achieved the stature so urgently demanded. And yet, the writers themselves—or the best of them—continue to work with spirit, in their own ways, in their own idioms—quite aware of the world in which they live, and of the special demands now made upon them." One wonders what exactly is meant by "special demands," a stature in the realms of imaginative literature is not made to order, it makes itself, passing through many phases, facing many vicissitudes. Times may be out of joint and things pretty rotten in the state of Denmark; however, if at any given period in the history of mankind there has been no great poetry, no great painting, no great music, it is not because the times were bad, the environment of circumstances dismal, it is because there were no genuine, impassioned artists to produce works of beauty and validity. The very difficulties and despairs which should have intensified the creative flame in them have succeeded in ramming it down. Great art needs great stamina, it is inevitable.

New World Writing 7 cannot be said to be another number in progressive deterioration in relation to its predecessor; it is just ordinary, and would have been a flop without the Seven Letters that Dylan Thomas wrote to Oscar Williams, the poet and critic—part of a correspondence

DOG

BY MANJERI S. ISVARAN

WHO said that a dog will have its day?
What kind of a day? a red letter day?
When it growls and barks and bares its fangs
at others of its tribe rummaging among
refuse heaps and roller bins
for bits of bone or tattered leaves—
the hangover of meals sumptuously eaten,
and only a random ricegrain or two
is all that's left of the sumptuousness,
or dodging the Corporation hireling
who shadows it along with the big stick
to finish it off in a single blow?
Ah!—a red letter day when somebody
takes it on hand and bathes it and feeds it,
and puts a collar round its neck,
and no more is it a filthy pariah,
but follows its master at his fingers'-snap,
wagging tail, capering, whining
fond little canine whines, fawning, balancing
on its hind legs, its forepaws rampant
mimicking jiu-jitsu to clutch at
a bread-morsel, a crumb-biscuit dangled
tantalising before its watering tongue—
yes, the dog hath its day, the red letter day,
but the dog of a man who trusteth man,
hath he his day?

beginning in 1940 when Williams first printed Thomas's poems in an anthology—and Thomas's two short stories, 'After the Fair' and 'The True Story'—superb examples of his style, miniatures that conveying a slice of life give the impression of life's illimitability and intensity. The full-colour reproduction of a portrait of Thomas by Gene Derwood, Oscar Williams's late wife, is a gem: the poet's round saucer eyes, stary and wistful, are caught wonderfully by the painter in their visionary gaze. Among other features that attract attention are a short story entitled 'My Expensive Leg' by the German writer Heinrich Boll—quite a successful satirical piece—and 'New British Poets,' selected and with an introduction by G. S. Fraser, who is a poet in his own right and author of a very readable book on English Literature, called *The Modern Writer*

and *His World*. In 'More Pages From An Autobiography' John Lehmann continues the narration of his life and times (it may be remembered that the fifth issue of this magazine contained the first instalment, 'In and Out of the Hogarth Press'), detailing the birth and fortunes of *Penguin New Writing*. The section devoted to Five Brazilian Poets, selected, translated, and with an introduction by Harriet de Onis who has rendered many Spanish and Spanish-American works into English, is a novelty. The typewriter drawings of 'Literary Birds' by William Jay Smith are puerile; these certainly cannot be the result of any urgent demand made upon him; it looks as though the editors of *New World Writing*, weary of waiting for the literary prodigy, plumped for this trumpery by way of a little relaxation.

SPORTS

A NIGHT OF TUMULT

By N. S. RAMASWAMI

I MUST confess that I feel an almost proprietorial gratification at the fact that Statham routed South Africa and brought England a grand victory in the second Test at Lord's. The origin of this self-complacency is to be sought in the accident that, when Howard's M.C.C. team visited India and was generally met with ridicule and incredulity (until, that is to say, Kanpur), I had the temerity to protest that at least two of the players, Graveney and Statham, should be exempted from reproach. Without setting up to be a prophet, an avocation more perilous in sport than perhaps in any other walk of life, I wrote that at least these players would make a name for themselves in the near future.

It was at Bombay that I first watched the M.C.C. team in action. The promise of Graveney was there for everybody to see. His self-assurance was immense; his cultivated strokes bore the marks of classic lineage. He was a batsman born to command. My impressions of Statham were more fugitive; necessarily so, for a bowler is in the main unable to impress his personality so well as a batsman, the difference, that is to say, between creation and destruction. Nevertheless, I formed the definite belief that there before me was a bowler who needed only time to reach the heights.

There is a statement in this year's *Wisden* that Statham's action leaves much to be desired by way of purity. This, judged from the exalted standards of Lord's and Old Trafford, may well be so. For my part, as I

sat high above in the Brabourne Stadium, an eminence dizzy and painful to a *habitué* of the wooden seats of Chepauk, I was at once struck by the wheeling and rolling action of Statham as he bowled from the pavilion end. As he moved towards the wicket with increasing velocity he appeared to unroll himself from a coil and then to release the ball with main and might. This delivery was not perhaps "pure" in the strict sense of that term, but it was certainly notable in its own way.

Of Statham at Chepauk I remember little now except that, in the patently uneasy role of a batsman, he on-drove Mankad into the hands of Gopinath to provide India with their first Test victory. Students of the game in Madras have always tended to underestimate Howard's team probably because of this defeat. It should, however, be remembered that, when the team came to Madras, it had fulfilled an exacting tour and that it was by no means fully itself. It had shown itself worthy of great deeds in the earlier part of the visit, as at Bombay. It is of Statham at the Brabourne Stadium, bowling for overs on end undismayed by the centuries of Roy and Hazare, that memory will retain its fondest recollection rather than of the same player at Chepauk in a moment of great adversity.

When Statham was routing South Africa, a very satisfying phrase, at Lord's, it so happened that I was charged with the task of chronicling that happy event for the daily Press. It is customary for the news agen-

cies during Test matches to send out the scores at the fall of each wicket. I must confess that to me that night was one of great hopes and anxieties.

It will be recalled that, when play began on the fourth and, as it proved, last day of the match, South Africa had already lost McGlew and Goddard, both to Statham, in the second innings. It had also been stated that Cheetham was unlikely to resume his innings because of his injury. Interest was quickened when it was announced that Tayfield had been caught behind the wicket by Evans off Statham. McLean then joined Endean, a formidable pair. The partisan was frankly disturbed and uneasy, for this pair might well bring victory to South Africa, a result which, despite all pious platitudes, would have been received with general regret in India. Fortunately the clouds lifted when the next announcement was available that McLean, the dashing batsman who had scored a century in the first innings, was clean bowled by Statham. There was much to savour in the sentence that he had been overthrown while in the act of playing forward.

There then followed a long interval, during which agonising time the partisan became a prey to conflicting emotions. The delay might indicate that Endean and Keith, a pertinacious individual, were making a stand, a doleful contingency. On the other hand, it might merely be that the much-hoped-for announcement of the fall of the next wicket had been delayed in transmission. The partisan was in sore straits, torn between anxiety and slowly fading hope. Then at last it was received, the eminently satisfactory announcement that Endean also had fallen victim to Statham, caught behind by the splendid Evans.

But now two anxieties made their appearance, that England should win and that Statham should take all

the nine wickets. The partisan feverishly consulted *Wisden* to refresh his memory whether any similar exploit had been performed before. But, sacrilegious as it may appear to say so, the information was not available. The majestic and authoritative volume is full to overflowing of notable deeds by batsmen. But with regard to bowlers it is less informative than could have been expected or hoped for. Therefore, the partisan closed the volume with a sigh, but with no diminution of his hopes that Statham would continue to mow down more South African batsman.

THESE hopes were realised soon. It was shortly made known that the stubborn Keith had been caught in the slips by Graveney off Statham. A further triumph followed. Waite, an accomplished batsman, but now fallen on evil days, fell leg before wicket, again to the admirable Lancastrian. The most sluggish soul could not but feel stirred and excited at the prospect. It was not beyond reason that Statham could capture the two remaining wickets and so bring the number of his victories to nine. This, despite the silence of *Wisden*, must be, if not a "record" (a hateful phrase), at least a meritorious performance.

Fond imagination indulged in these hopes, but they were not to be realised. It was with considerable disgust that the partisan learnt that the next batsman, Mansell, had fallen victim to Wardle, a most unseasonable intrusion. Melancholy was deepened when it was learnt that Kenyon, fielding at cover, had succeeded in effecting a catch only after making frantic efforts. These untimely efforts had better not have been made. But the conspiracy continued. Heine was also caught by Kenyon off Wardle to bring England a memorable victory, but also to deprive Statham of his nine wickets. The score-board represents a night of tumultuous feelings and turmoil.

ART & ENTERTAINMENT

"... Over A. I. R."

ON the last Sunday of June I heard, from someone who heard it from someone else, that the Governor of a certain State had died suddenly. The circumstantial detail with which the rumour was retailed and the source of my informant made me feel almost sure it was false, but I had reasons for wanting to be quite sure. I switched on the A.I.R. afternoon news.

I heard details of Mr. Nehru's tour of Europe, topographical details that were rather lost on me because I have the haziest notions of Europe's geography; I heard about other happenings in Europe, about a conference in Africa and something that was said by someone in some place in Australia (you are dead right in your suspicions—the rest of my geography is not better). Then, for the last minute, there was news about India, about the discovery of valuable ores in Kashmir—or was it some other place?—but definitely it was in North India.

I reflected, with the unfair and exaggerated cynicism of a man who has just discovered that he has not escaped his geography lessons after all, that even after listening to the news I couldn't be sure that my Governor was alive and kicking. I publicly withdraw this reflection. I am sure that if anything so abrupt and rude as death happens to a Governor, the A.I.R. news will report the misfortune promptly. But I doubt if anything about lesser folk will move it, so long as it is indigenious.

I quite see the importance of

Foreign News, but those of us who are really keen on Lesser Foreign News can switch on to the B.B.C. or some other station. I concede that even L.F.N. is better than the repetitions of the public reflections and utterances of native Ministers and near-Ministers that form such a substantial part of A.I.R. news, but still I cannot see why Foreign News and Ministerial Utterances cannot be strictly limited, normally, in these broadcasts. I want to hear more news of ordinary Indians, like me, to whom, however, interesting things happen. Recently, for instance, two girls carrying government files met a tiger on a rural pathway; they set fire to the files to scare the tiger, and the tiger, duly scared, beat a hasty retreat (a result that could have been obtained without loss of government property if only they had flourished the files at the animal). That is the sort of news I like to hear and thousands of listeners besides me want, but A.I.R. never as much as mentioned this incident. I am sure listeners would welcome the reservation of a third of the A.I.R. news-time to local happenings, interesting in themselves and unconnected with government servants.

In April I listened to a talk on the dramatic element in *Natrinai*, and in June I listened to two further talks from Madras on this same element in two other works of the Sangam period, *Ahanaanooru* and *Puranaanooru*. I do not want to repeat what I said in my review of April broadcasts, but the fact is that no dramatic literature, recognised as drama by classical grammar, has survived

to us from the Sangam period. I do not quite comprehend what this 'dramatic element' is in specifically non-dramatic literature. Mr. Purushottama Naidu, whose exposition of *Nataka Panbu* (dramatic element) in *Ahanaanooru* (an anthology of 400 erotic poems) was read out on June 23, suggested a formal test for determining the element—he pointed out that in drama the expression and movement was through the speech of characters and that in these love songs, too, there were recognised characters—that the similarity of settings featuring characters was dramatic.

Mr. Raju Chettiar, who spoke on the Dramatic Element in *Puranaanooru* (an anthology of 400 non-erotic poems) suggested a more qualitative affinity. He specified emotions recognised as having high dramatic appositeness, and explained how most of these 400 pieces were dramatic in their intensity of feeling. Let me give you one of his examples from *Puranaanooru* to give you a fair idea of what he said:

The Auvvaiyar who belonged to the Sangam period (there are several known to Tamil, and the term *Auvvaiyar* is no personal name but only a respectful reference to some eminent, and probably elderly, lady) was sent by her patron, Athikhamaan Nedumaan Anji, to the court of a rival chieftain, who showed her his glittering armoury; this celebrated piece was her response to that display—

*How splendid are these weapons,
Adorned with peacock-plumes and
garlands,
In gleaming neat array, clean-
edged, annointed,
With carven handles!
Those weapons (of my chieftain,
Anji)
Lie bent and broken-edged with
use,
Stained with the blood of the foe,
At the forges of blacksmiths!*

My rendering is very close, but I have omitted certain details. Mr. Raju Chettiar, following the traditions of Tamil scholars, pointed out how, by this deftly-conveyed warning, Auvvaiyar prevented a needless war between the two chieftains, but I prefer to read the poem literally, as a masterpiece, not of diplomacy, but of sarcasm. Anyway it does convey a definite Feeling; as per Mr. Purushottama Naidu's test, it even depends on a Situation.

Both these tests seem highly valid, but if the dramatic element features Feeling or a Situation, if that is the test, what on earth is there that is not dramatic, even melodramatic? Take my own prosaic, everyday existence, for example. I have just had my modest dinner and am thinking of relaxing in an easy-chair with a pipe when the two long-lost friends whom I have invited to dinner, which invitation I have somehow forgotten, turn up; the Lease Rent Man is at the door and I have to stage a strategic exit through the backyard to lend verisimilitude to the statement that I am not at home; or let us take something simpler, something that can and does happen to everyone and which can be put in a few words: the dhobi is arrived, at last—with the best shirt torn in the wash. What a riot of conflicting Feelings do we have here, what piquant Situations and well-recognised Characters!

"All the world's a stage . . ."

I listened to many broadcasts that I liked in June, to a talk on certain passages (notable for their lyrical richness—but these too could be cited as example of the dramatic element) from *Kallingatlu-p-Parani* (*Kudai Thirappu*, Tiruchi, June 2), to a learned and most interesting talk on 'Calendar Reform' (Madras A, June 29), to the delightful National Programme broadcast featuring the 'Music of Andhra' and to several other musical features, but let me pay just tribute to the one broadcast

I liked the best, to Srimati K. R. Kausalya's talk on contentment as a domestic virtue, in the Women's Programme (Tamil) on June 15.

Rarely have I listened to any talk with which I was more totally in agreement. The speaker had a clear, pleasant voice and her Tamil was expressive, fluent and natural, but had she stammered and used pedantic words I would still have applauded the talk. I quite agree with all that she said about the vital need for contentment in married women, about how the contented wife can make all the difference to a man's life. But it was something she said in her prefatory remarks that appealed most powerfully to me—she said that wives, Indian wives, should co-operate with their husbands and generally subserve them. Not that husbands should degenerate into domestic tyrants, but I can see how sound, biologically, the counsel is and how much in keeping with Indian traditions it is. I have been hearing too many women clamouring for their 'rights' (i.e. dominance) and it was refreshing to hear this old-fashioned view, which will undoubtedly go far towards making married life happy.

Mr. Periaswami Thooran's programme of Tamil folk-songs from Madras on June 23 interested me especially, for I know what a conscientious and cultured scholar he is, and nowhere are these qualities more essential than in records of oral literature. Mr. Thooran said he had collected the songs broadcast from the neighbourhood of his native village, on a recent visit, and I have no doubt he took the pains to get the most authentic version he could—he will be interested to hear that when I was a child, I was often lulled into quiescence with a version of the lullaby he featured in his programme. I have no clear recollections of the lullaby, but though the version I remember (so indistinctly) was also

sung in the same raga it was definitely a much-less-sophisticated, much-more-folk-song Neelambari. I am sure my good friend, Mr. Thooran, will agree with me (if ever he reads this) that it is of the utmost importance to get the tunes as well as the words of folk-songs "as is"—no improvisation or elaboration can be allowed. I thought some of the tunes in his programme definitely too refined and elaborate, and I am quite sure that Hindustani Bhairavi cannot provide the setting for an authentic Tamil folk-song.

M. KRISHNAN

Theatre

"Jesus Christ"

NAWAB RAJAMANIKKAM deserves all the bouquets that we can shower on him for his production of *The Life of Jesus Christ* which opened at the Waltax Theatre on the 1st of this month. The auditorium was filled to capacity, and Sri Rajamanikkam gave the audience its money's worth. For once the cliché of being at a total loss for words can be aptly applied to me as I sit writing this.

Drama is make-believe. And an audience that watches a play mentally permits itself a willing suspension of disbelief. Therefore, however much the realism and naturalism on the stage, there is still a certain degree of phantasy and artificiality. This necessarily means that an audience in a theatre has to allow for, and recognise, certain conventions. Granting a few such conventions Sri Rajamanikkam's production must be said to be almost flawless.

He uses painted drops as well as solid sets, but the way he alternates them shows taste and discernment. He uses spotlights only in a few places but controls the intensity of the light with such nicety that his scenes are pleasantly as well as clearly lit. He uses mostly light blues and greens and pale pink in his lighting colour



Actors and actresses who took part in 'Manohara' put on boards by the United India Insurance Company Staff Club at the Annamalai Manram recently.

scheme. Never once does he touch garish yellow or disturbing amber. His changes of scene are fast and smooth. In the scene showing the birth of Christ for instance, the set is a manger with an innocuous-looking mound of hay in the centre of it. There is a flash of lightning and a clash of cymbals and in the twinkling of an eye and in front of our very eyes—reminding us of the magic of Professor Sorcar—the baby Christ lies on the mound of hay, warmly bathed in light. Another breath-taking scene is that of Christ being tempted by Satan. Satan whisks Christ away bodily from the earth, and in the very next moment, from the top of the hill, is showing him vast kingdoms of the earth stretching in front of them as far as eye can see. These give one an impression of an edited film sequence. Of equally astounding effect are the scenes of the awakening of Lazarus

from the dead, the resurrection of Christ and Christ's crucifixion. The palace of king Herod, the court of Pontine Pilate and the temple (from which Christ drives away the money lenders) are other memorable settings. The changes of sets and lighting are most praiseworthy. The lights black out for a moment; a peculiarly wailing ascending note is plucked on a stringed instrument; the next moment the lights come on and—hey presto, like a rabbit out of a hat—a lovely new scene greets our eyes! One can well imagine the rapidity with which the scenes change from the fact that he goes through fifty-two different scenes in only three hours.

The acting, like the sets and the lighting, also needs the help of the audience's willing suspension of disbelief. It is acting in the expressionistic style—expressionism as opposed to naturalism. There is a sense of overmuch in the acting—which is

different from *overacting*. There is a feeling of abundance. When an actor laughs, for example, he does so not only with his mouth but also with his face, and eyes and hands, with his whole body in fact. His very gesture and pose, the way he walks and sits, give the impression of laughter. A twitch of an eyebrow—as in Kathakali—has a significance of its own. The style of acting of Sri Rajamanikkam's troupe, like our country's folk dances, is something to be cherished and preserved.

Special mention must be made of the portrayal of the character of Christ. The boy who acted the young Christ was well suited to the part. And the acting of the older Christ was one of the best bits of sustained and restrained acting that has ever been my good fortune to see. His delivery, his gestures, and his movements were, to say the least, the essence of dignity. There was a detachment and other-worldliness about Christ which inspired reverence. His rendering of the Sermon on the Mount—which was a single piece of monologue ten minutes long—was absolutely masterly. Equally artistic was the way he handled the scene in which Christ carries the cross, and the scene of the crucifixion.

The only blemish that struck one's eye in the whole production was the manner in which Satan was garbed. He was dressed in skin-tight green with a flowing cloak, a face-mask like that of a highwayman and a skull cap. The effect on the whole was, to put it mildly, rather ludicrous. He would have been better in skin-tight black with a flowing red cloak, golden eyebrows, and a black skull cap with silver horns. The latter is how Satan is traditionally presented on the stage. Sri Rajamanikkam should either use this, or a variation of it that would suit his taste and convenience.

K. S. RAMAMURTHI

Music

MUTHIAH BHAGAVATHAR DAY



AS it happens, it is about a Harikatha Bhagavathar this week also, but a Harikatha Bhagavathar with a difference.

The date: 30th June. Vide, a small item in the engagements column of the Madras dailies. Quote: Muthiah Bhagavathar Day—Tyagaraja Mandir, Mylapore. The celebrations were arranged by the Tyagaraja Sangita Vidwat Samajam.

Perhaps this is one way of expressing our gratitude to the giants of yesterday who have made our cultural heritage the rich fountainhead of inspiration that it is. These celebrations also serve to introduce to the younger generation the great ones of the past. But we must remember one thing. If a celebration like this is merely going to give publicity to the general apathy about such functions we better not have them. The Sangita Vidwat Samaj is supposed to be an association of musicians. The celebrations of the 30th June were held to honour one of the most accomplished composers of modern times. And yet the very attendance was shockingly poor. The celebrations lacked zest. It was not the fault of the organisers. Their mem-

bers and their public let them down. There was not even a handful of the senior vidwans present. In fact they were conspicuous by their absence. There was one exception however—Maharajapuram Viswanatha Iyer. All praise to him for having remembered to come to pay tribute to the memory and genius of a truly great veteran of yesterday.

Ten years ago, on the 30th of June 1945, the world of Carnatic music lost two of its brilliant stalwarts—Gayaka S i k h a m a n i Sri Harikesanallur Muthiah Bhagavathar and Tanjavoor K. Ponniah Pillai. (Incidentally, nobody seems to have remembered even to notice Sri Ponniah Pillai Day.)

Muthiah Bhagavathar was first and foremost a Harikatha Bhagavathar. He had all the brilliant qualities that go to make a great Harikatha artist—a dynamic personality, scholarship, musicianship, a ready wit and poetic eloquence. But posterity will remember him as a gifted composer.

Sri Bhagavathar had his musical training under Tiruvaiyar Sambasiva Iyer and later, his son Sri T. S. Sabesa Iyer. As a composer he was responsible for enriching Carnatic music with new *ragas* like Pasupatipriya and Mohana Kalyani. Rare *ragas* like Padi and Gowd Malhar and Vijayanagari would not have come into vogue but for the compositions of Sri Muthiah Bhagavathar. Let it not be thought he was a mere pedant or only a grammarian, a musicians' musician at best. *Vallinayaka* in Shanmugapriya is one of the songs of the century. It has endeared itself to the commoner and the connoisseur alike. It is a composition of Sri Muthiah Bhagavathar's.

He was for a long time the Asthana Vidwan of the Mysore samasthanam. During that period he composed more than a hundred *krithis* on Goddess Chamundeswari. Later he was with the Travancore Court where he did pioneering work to popularise the compositions of Swati Tirunal Maharajah. He presided over the annual

conference of the Music Academy in 1930 and the title Sangitha Kalanidhi was conferred on him. In the thirties the annual conference of the Academy used to be held in a large, pleasingly furnished *pandal* behind the Ripon Buildings. Those who have had occasion to be present at the Expert Committee meetings that used to be held there will well remember the lively discussions Sri Bhagavathar initiated and the impact of his towering personality. The other luminaries of those days were Pazhamaneri Swaminatha Iyer, T. S. Sabesa Iyer, Umayalpuram Swaminatha Iyer, Tiger Varadachariar, Tanjavoor K. Ponniah Pillai and Mangudi Chidambara Bhagavathar. Mysore Vasudevachar is perhaps, the only one of that generation still with us. Sri Muthiah Bhagavathar was for some time the Principal of the Teachers' College of Music run by the Music Academy. The Academy in one of the issues of its journal (Vol. xvi) says: "Few musicians adorned a gathering like him, and to few came the great honours that were his."

And, yet, the Music Academy has chosen to ignore the memory of such a man!

Sri H. M. Vaidyalingam, son of Sri Muthiah Bhagavathar, sang a few compositions of his father that day at Tyagaraja Mandir. The *Dharu* in raga Khamas was the best. The special feature of this composition is the *swara-aksharamu*—the use of just the seven notes of the scale for a portion of the *sahitya*. Such compositions which, anyway, are not commonplace creations, will get lost in the limbo of forgotten things if active measures are not taken to popularise them and keep them in circulation.

VANIDASA

Films

BOMBAY

THE Co-production appears to be the latest vogue. It actually started with *River*; but in the case

of *River*, Indian participation was confined only to the finance. Later, efforts for co-production were made in the South and the result was a picture called *Jungle* which failed miserably.

Last year when the Indian film delegation went to the Soviet Union, the offer of co-production was discussed by some of the delegates with the Ministry of Culture. And as a result now three co-productions seem to be in the offing. They are Bimal Roy's picturization of Pandit Nehru's *Discovery of India*, K. A. Abbas' production, *Afanasi Nikitini*, the life story of the Russian traveler who visited India in the fifteenth century and Chetan Anand's project of filming the life of Hiuen Tsang, the Chinese philosopher who visited India in the seventh century.

The three producers are reported to have obtained the permission of the Government of India and Russia. Chetan is negotiating with the Government of China. He is also reported to have prepared the script; so has Abbas who has in fact gone to Moscow to finalize the script in consultation with the Ministry of Culture.

All these projects are welcome as they will help a great deal in creating better understanding between the people of India, China and Russia and also acquaint them with each other's culture, art and traditions of peace, goodwill and friendship. It is, however, to be seen how far these ventures will prove commercially good propositions. As it is, the Indian producers will have to find the finance for all the expenses incurred on these projects in India—and considering the nature of the themes, these pictures will require a big financial backing.

And that financial backing would not be available unless the pictures have potential commercial value. So it is hoped that in their zeal for culture and art, this aspect is not for-

gotten by our producers. Already Abbas has taken due precautions in writing the script of his co-production and given due consideration to the box office; without, of course, sacrificing the truth. These co-productions would be worthwhile only if they prove popular and not just museum pieces of work of art and culture.

These co-productions are now in the preliminary stage of negotiations. By next year they would take concrete shape and then we would know how co-production works out in real practice.

Picture of the Week

The most talked about picture today in Bombay is Republic Pictures' *Fabulous Senorita*. It is running here for the last six weeks and already two Indian versions and one Pakistani version of the same are in the process of being made.

The fabulous success of *Fabulous Senorita* is really astounding since I am told that for over two years the picture was lying in tins unable to get a release date in Bombay. The picture itself, however, is a very enjoyable, though by no means an outstanding work of film art. It is rather an unassuming straight black-and-white musical comedy produced on a routine budget with no star cast. And yet, at least in Bombay it has succeeded in beating Academy award winners and cinemascope spectacles in popularity.

As in the case of *Roman Holiday*, the picture owes its success to intrinsically good comedy situations and a sprightly performance by Estelita, the toast of Pan-America. Though Estelita is not as seductive and glamorous as Rita Hayworth, Marilyn Monroe or Sylvana Mangano, she is refreshingly lively and reminds one of that versatile and petite star Ramola. And I for one cannot think of any other Indian star except Ramola performing her role—a role

which has been assigned to Geeta Bali in one of the Indian versions.

Fabulous Senorita is the story of a girl (Estelita) and her sister who secretly marries her lover. In trying to help her sister Estelita lands an American visitor in jail. The father sends both his daughters to college for higher education. The married sister remains behind while Estelita joins college and plays the double role of herself and her sister evoking curiosity and concern. Threatened with exposure, she finds a way to get Estelita (i.e. herself) expelled. But when the college authorities cable her father to come, complications ensue which for sheer hilarity are unsurpassed. The last ten or fifteen minutes are most enjoyable.

The picture is a triumph of clever screenplay, refreshing but straightforward presentation and excellent acting by Estelita. It is essentially a comedy of situations and some of them are so hilarious that several lines of dialogue are lost in the laughter of the audience.

Personality of the Week

Last week when I went to Minerva Studios, I was told Gajanan Jagirdar is working on the new Minerva picture *Ghar Ghar Me Diwali*. Though I knew that the *muhurat* of this picture was performed some time back, I was not aware that regular shooting had begun in right earnest and hence I was quite surprised to find that Jagirdar has completed over half the picture and that in about 14 shooting days! He had completed, according to the chart he showed me, one hour and four minutes of picture on the screen. The chart maintained by Minerva is most explicit and gives details of the production in a manner I have not seen in any other studio.

Talking to Jagirdar, I was reminded of the fact that Jagirdar was once a permanent member of

Minerva Studios. In fact, though he made his debut in Kolhapur—acting in a picture called *Sinhasan* and directing Huns Pictures' *Begunah*, starring Sitara and Shahu Modak, it was while working in Minerva that he came into the limelight in the late thirties as an artist in *Matha Jahar* and as director of *Main Hari* starring Naseem.

Later he left Minerva and worked in Prabhat's *Padosi*. His portrayal of Mirza is still considered memorable. He made *Charno Ki Dasi* and *Vasantsena* for Atre and again went back to Prabhat to make the greatest picture of his career *Ramshastri* in which he also played the title role.

Since then he has been making pictures like *Behran Khan* and *Jail-yatra* on his own and acting in pictures like *Sabak*, *Maan* and *Kabir* which was also directed by him. But none of these pictures gained for him the fame of *Padosi* or *Ramshastri*. Now back in Minerva, he is making a comedy-cum-satire written by his friend Vishram Bedekar and playing the role of an old miser.

V. P. SATHE

(Continued from page 7)

medicine for the soul longing to be rescued from the chaos of name and form is to be found in the Hall of Dance. As to the dance itself, who has seen it with the innocent eye and the upraised heart that that inspired bard of our own times, Gopalakrishna Bharati, brought to the ineffable experience, unless it was Kalidasa who asked the cloud to earn the Lord's blessings and Bhavani's gratitude by softly rumbling like the *mridanga* what time Mahakala performs the Ananda Tandava? May the Lord dance for ever in the hearts of his *bhaktas* as He danced for Gopalakrishna—the tinkle of anklets sounding inexpressibly sweet in his ears, as his bonds fell away and the damsel of Liberation came to him with open arms.

VIGHNESWARA

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 Madurai House Construction Society (Tirunagar)

Sir,—Now that much is said about incentive to house building and middle class housing, permit me to give a picture of the housing scheme in Tirunagar.

Next to Madras city the Tirunagar Society, has the largest number of houses. But, notwithstanding, what the Department may say the experiment in housing must be held to be not a success in Tirunagar.

The high cost of construction and the lowest rental capacity of houses in the Tirunagar colony has become proverbial in Madurai. To take the instance of my own house, my house (C Type) costs according to the Society Rs 11,000 (nearly) after adding 22.2% to what is called a notional basic cost statement which itself is higher than the actual cost. The actual cost statement is not furnished. The addition of 22.2% has no moral or legal basis. Members were not told at all that very nearly one-fourth would be added to the cost. In fact consent of members to this increased cost was not obtained. Again even though my house and some others were constructed in 1952 when prices were low, the notional cost is worked out at the peak rates of 1948 or 1949 on alleged cooperative principles. The site value has not been fixed but it is said it may come to nearly Rs. 1800 or so for 10 cents though adjacent sites can be purchased at Rs. 50 per cent outside the colony. A and B Type houses are in favourable site positions while C Type houses are in the outermost or far interior positions. But the site cost for both is the same. The house after construction had no compound, latrine or tap or lights. I have spent Rs. 2,000 etc. on those. The total cost is nearly Rs. 15,000 for a house on a plinth area of nearly 900 sq. ft. I have gone out

of pocket to the extent of nearly Rs. 6,000 and there is debt to the Society of Rs. 9,000. My monthly instalment is Rs. 60. The rent I am getting is Rs. 25. The entire house can be constructed by a contractor for Rs. 7,500. Thus the increase in cost is nearly 33.3%. While in all types of houses the cost has gone up, in C Type houses (bulk of the houses are of C Type) the actual cost has gone up very much more than in other type houses. Members legitimately take the stand that increase in cost by the acts of omissions of the nominated Directorate, over and above what was covered by consent of members, has to be borne by the Government. The condition is such that members are prepared to transfer their houses foregoing thousands of rupees, but there are no transferees. The following are necessary:— (1) A judicial inquiry is called for to find out why the cost has gone up, and to suggest ways and means of granting relief to the members; (2) Schools, college, Hospital, Bank, Post office, and a bus service covering the colony are needed; (3) At least some sectional offices of Government must be shifted to the colony from Madras or Madurai so as to make the colony attractive and raise its rental value; (4) the Government must forego the interest and even a portion of the capital so as to bring down the cost of all houses. In C Type houses the cost has to be slashed by 33 1/3%. Monthly instalments must be brought to the present rental value; (5) Cost of site must be reduced drastically and must also be properly apportioned having regard to the situation of the different types of houses; (6) To bring down the cost still further the amount covered by shares over and above the actual cost of the site as reduced above, must be appropriated to cost of house; (7) If necessary, houses not taken possession of by the members (there are more than 30 houses) owing to the tremendous cost must be suitably remodelled so as to accommodate Government offices and officers on the one hand and clerks, servants and peons on the other.

It is unfortunate that people who, relying on the offer of the Government-nominated Directorate rushed into this housing scheme in Tirunagar and sunk their life's savings, now find themselves in untold difficulties and deep in debt.

The Government speaks of the need for the public to come forward to invest money in more and more new houses and relieve the housing shortage in the country. But in Tirunagar where people have invested their savings and brand new houses are constructed the rent of the houses work out to less than even 2% on the capital invested. Could anything be more tragic? The Government has lent nearly Rs. 3 lakhs and members have contributed and spent nearly 25 lakhs. It is but proper that the Government should develop the Tirunagar scheme as a satellite township integrated with Madurai, with the necessary public offices, amenities, residential buildings etc.

"TRUTH"

Land Reforms and Rajaji

Sir,—The speed and solicitude with which the Cabinet sub-committee want to solve the problem of Land Reform without due regard to the feelings of landholders or fairness to their position is baffling.

The problem is not only economic; it is moral and human. The morality of the Twentieth century cannot tolerate, much less condone excess of land in a few hands. But what about the excess of wealth in other quarters? The Government thinks that since the majority of people have lands, it has to be tackled first. The people having lands live in villages. They do not enjoy the fruits of what goes by the name of civilization. The appurtenances of civilization like electricity etc., are as foreign to them as the "indispensable" drinks like coffee and tea. Their children do not get the best education. Their fault is not in their stars but in having a few acres of land. They are people who are rather to be pitied than to be struck at by hasty legislation.

The Government may, before proceeding on the fixation of ceilings and expropriation of excessive lands, try to distribute and bring under cultivation the "poromboke" lands which are lying in waste. Again it passes my comprehension why the Government which is so anxious to augment production should levy a water-rate five times greater (at times sixteen times) than due when agriculturists bring under the plough dry lands after spending on it

what little they have. Further arbitrary legislation will only make the people much more discontented.

People in the villages have first to be taught the principles of land reform. This can be done by preaching the morality of the Bhoodan movement on a wider scale in Tamilnad. Our Tamil tradition, not to speak of the culture of Bharat, is such that our people will surely react to it generously. This may be taken in hand by popular leaders like Rajaji. Did not Madras respond to his call for loan profusely and generously when he was the chief pilot of our ship of State? Side by side, a movement may be started in towns and cities by the intellectual elite to appeal to the good sense of the rich to share some of their wealth with other people. Doctrinaire economics will not solve the problem. Sympathetic imagination tempered with robust commonsense and reason will do the trick.

S. T. K.

Third Class Rail Travel

Sir,—Overcrowding in third class compartments in our railways has become a daily occurrence. There is not even breathing space or standing room sometimes and passengers suffer a great deal while travelling.

Is not a railway carriage, as much a public conveyance as a bus or taxi? What must apply to any of the latter conveyances, regarding restrictions as to seating capacity must naturally apply to a railway carriage too. A railway compartment which boldly displays a notice, "FOR 50 PASSENGERS" is crammed with one hundred third class passengers. Tickets are being issued for more than the limited number specified in each compartment of a train. If circumstances demand more accommodation, it is better to add one or two bogies or at least run more shuttle trains. While bus owners or rickshaws are being charged by the Police for overloading, I would like to know why nobody seem to take any notice about overcrowding in trains.

During my recent journey to Bombay from Madras in Janata Express, I noticed that the doors of the compartment were not fitted with bolts so as to enable passengers to lock them from inside during the night-time for safety.

The taps provided in the lavatories did not work properly. I hope the railway administration will look into this immediately and do the needful.

P. V. S. VASAN

Nehru And Tito

Sir,—President Tito's visit to India and Premier Nehru's return call on Belgrade might or might not have made a great contribution to Indo-Yugoslav relations but they have certainly strengthened the belief of Europeans in peaceful co-existence. This meeting is of special significance in political circles. If we analyse these two leading figures, we will find many things common in their ideals and attitudes. Tito fought against Russian suzerainty and exploitation, whereas Nehru struggled against British imperialism. Their hatred of colonialism is too well known to need mention. India and Yugoslavia are both following their own independent foreign policies, free from fear and favour of any bloc. Both have obtained U. S. aid, but this has not brought any change in their foreign policy. They are retaining their dynamic neutrality in words and deeds, though surrounded by capitalist and communist countries. Tito's views regarding major world problems are identical with those of Nehru, particularly about People's China and Korea. The Yugoslav President's "Third Power Bloc" and the Indian Premier's "Peace Zone" aim at achieving the same goal. Yugoslavia, in spite of being a communist country, has the most cordial relations with the west and India, a member of the Commonwealth of Nations, is most willing to foster good relations with the communist world.

Both countries are busy with constructive schemes. Both the leaders believe in peaceful co-existence. When Tito severed his relations with Russia the whole nation was behind him; and when Nehru opposed the United States on the Pak-American Military Pact, we, the people, supported him wholeheartedly. These two popular and liberal-minded statesmen have great influence not only in their respective countries but have acquired an international stature and together may help to achieve peace in the world.

MUSLAIHUDDIN AHMED

Qualifications for Legislators

Sir,—Shri Kodanda Rao's views on the qualification that should be laid down for candidates who wish to contest elections to the Legislative Assemblies, deserve due consideration by the authorities. As all the Bills and amendments thereto are discussed tooth and nail only in the Legislative Assemblies before they become established law, it is imperative that the Legislative Assembly is composed of members who possess a knowledge of law. As Shri K. S. Murthy in the issue of 18th June contends forensic skill alone does not constitute an advocate's knowledge. It is essential for a lawyer to be successful. One can possess a knowledge of law without being an advocate. If the legislators possess a good knowledge of law Governments will be able to avoid hasty legislation and frequent amending of various acts. Of course no legislative assembly should consist wholly of lawyers alone. It should be representative of all professions.

It is incomprehensible when certain minimum qualifications, which in some cases are very high are laid down for all jobs in Government Service, why no such qualifications have been laid down for legislators.

Shri Rao's suggestion that a candidate for the provincial legislature should have been a member of a local self-government body, does not meet the requirement of a minimum educational qualification and this provision enables one to enter the legislative through the Municipal Council or District Board, thus providing a loop-hole. Hence it must be provided that any elective body, be in legislative assembly, municipal council or district board should possess certain minimum qualifications as prescribed by the authorities.

Shri Murthy says that our Universities give the students a superiority complex . . . and not a feeling of comradeship with the common man. Various Student Organisations are now offering volunteer service in different fields during the vacations. This may well be the first step in the getting rid of this superiority complex.

BAHADUR

SWATANTRA

On Sale Every Saturday

Vol. X. July 16, 1955. No. 24.

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ON THE COVER:

A figure of Rathl in Tinnevely Temple.

12 JUL 1955

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

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

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SWATANTRA

Vol. X.

JULY 16 SATURDAY 1955

No. 24

THE SUMMIT CONFERENCE

EARLY next week the Heads of State of the United States, the Soviet Union, Britain and France are scheduled to meet at Geneva to discuss ways and means to reduce world tension. Ever since the date and the venue were fixed, there has been intense and unceasing speculation in the diplomatic capitals of the west about what the Russians were going to suggest at Geneva and why they should suggest it. In a less noisy way, much thought has also been bestowed on how to achieve a nice compromise between pride and conscience. The Soviet Union has in the last two months made so many political moves simultaneously, all cancelling out brazenly her former attitudes that it is proving a little difficult even for the most unprejudiced among us to adjust our minds trustfully to this transformation. She has welcomed Pandit Nehru in a royal manner and thrown open the country to his scrutiny. She has invited Dr. Adenauer, whom she has been in the habit of calling "the American Chancellor of West Germany," for a conference to Moscow. She has beckoned to Japan. She has permitted herself to look small in visiting with outstretched hand a former traitor and deviationist. These are the major moves she has made. At a more personal level, we are told, individual Soviet diplomats have become unrecognisably different.

The United States, on her side, has become less highstrung and conten-

tious. She has reconciled herself to the idealist antics of Mr. Nehru. President Eisenhower has closed his ears uncompromisingly against the hysterical babbling of extremists and fanatics and has stated firmly his intention to explore every means to lessen the tension in the world.

This fluidity of political attitudes in both the East and West augurs well for the successful conclusion of agreements about outstanding problems which have been driving the bargaining parties further and further apart. Even if the agreements are a little vague and inconclusive now, they can be finalised at a lesser level in the immediate future.

But the success or failure of these talks from which much is hoped for, would depend on the solution of one vital issue—namely, disarmament. More than German Unification, the Principle of Pacts and Alliances, the situation in the Far East or Russian interference in the domestic set-ups of other countries, this subject is near the heart of the millions of ordinary men and women whom the Heads of State would be representing at the Conference. These people are sick and tired and fed up with war and talk of war and plans and speculations about war. And the century simply cannot afford to be plundered of any more of its faith.

It would not be easy to agree unreservedly about problems which

have defied solution at successive conferences at ministerial level but personalism in politics still counts for a good deal and it is hoped that the Heads of Governments would meet not only as diplomats representing a variety of interests inspired by a variety of motives but as men dealing with issues vitally affecting the peoples of the world. Each of them should go as far as he could possibly go without actually abusing his function.

Pandit Nehru has set a good example of peaceful diplomacy in his recent visits abroad. It would be too much to expect the participants of this conference to meet with the naive open heartedness of a Nehru. Their methods of approach and agree-

ment would naturally be much more sophisticated and wary but if they at least purge their hearts of distrust and suspicion to start with and erase from their memory as much as they can an unfriendly, ill-humoured past, they would have taken the first step towards some kind of peace. Pre-conceived notions and prejudices about the "decadent capitalistic warmongers" must be buried in the same grave with policies of "instant retaliation" and "positions of strength." None of the Powers is really strong. Being equally strong they are equally vulnerable and defenceless. The summit participants cannot do better than bear in mind Bertrand Russell's exhortation last year to a different audience, to "remember your humanity and forget the rest."

Looking Back On Utopia

IDEALISM is the life-breath of a progressive society. "A map of the world," says Oscar Wilde, "that does not include Utopia is not worth even glancing at," for it leaves out the one country at which Humanity is always landing. And "Progress," says he, "is the realisation of utopias." Nobody can accuse our country's politicians and ministers of lacking in idealism. Pandit Nehru, says everybody, is an idealist. We may go further and say Pandit Nehru is nothing if not an idealist. His thinking and planning are refreshingly free from any attempt at practicality. But we have no fault to find with Pandit Nehru's brand of idealism. On the contrary, we find it pleasantly uninhibited and untainted by disillusion. The world is a better place to live in because there are still people in it who plan with their eyes on the far horizon.

But most of the rest of our leaders seem inspired by the kind of demoralising idealism which is afraid to look up or out. It is the kind of idealism which stands still and looks back. The hysteria with which the agitation about language is being carried on in the country makes us pause and wonder if the government ever remember that they are experimenting with the future of our younger generations who are growing up in a world radically different from the world which brought them up. It is a thought which should make them sit down calmly and reflect. They have, with bitterness and anger repudiated English. At least three generations of Indians are going to pay the price of that folly. Plutarch in his *Lycurgus* tells us that foreigners were not allowed to enter ancient Sparta "for along with foreigners came new subjects for discourse; new discourse produces new opinions; and

from these there necessarily spring new passions and desires which, like discords in music, would disturb the established government." So, enclosed within itself Sparta disintegrated. What is going to happen to us? Again and again we hear that Indian civilisation is far superior to the mechanistic civilisation of the West and that indeed we had attained aeons ago what the West is trying to achieve now—perfect peace and harmony among the people, contentment and happiness. What are we trying to prove? And what we were has no relation to what we are and what in the present context we can try to be. This unremitting references to a Glory That Was in and out of season is more than vexing, it is emasculating. Why should our leaders turn even the problems of politics into mystic dilemmas or perceive the everyday negotiations of a secular state as a series of moral situations which can only be met by a courage got from a study of the Lore of our Ancients?

We are charged to study Hindi because it is the national language, Sanskrit because it is the essence of culture that was Ind, the regional language because it is the thing to do and English because it would look too bad if we left it out altogether. This attitude towards education is only part of a more frightening vaster picture that is being presented to us by our leaders. We are being constantly exhorted to look back and take our models and examples from our past, and advised to be guided by the precepts of our ancient teachers. Even counsel to turn from mill rice

to hand pounded rice has an anointed air about it. At least we may be proud that ours is the only country in the world which has her Utopia behind her. It is all on a par with the fervour of the scholar who recently tried to prove at a meeting in Bangalore that the most potent secrets of modern Physics were contained in the *Raghuvamsa*, and that the *Kumarasambhavam* was a cleverly concealed Chemistry text, and that all the marvellous German achievements in Science were stolen from the *Adharva Veda*.

As such it comes almost as a shock to read Mr. Harekrishna Mehtab repudiating Bhoodan in a recent speech in Bombay. After having listened to learned and experienced leaders who should have known better expounding the ethical principles of the work of this peripatetic pilgrim soul who, with the dedicated, dangerous passion of the moral reformer, is making of our agricultural economy a chaos, this lone voice of sanity is like heavenly music.

There is a feeling among Congressmen that the surest way to remain in popular favour is to advocate a return to the Old, the Tried and the True. But there is no such thing as a return in history. There is only a looking forward, and making mistakes and getting better and better acclimatised to a life which is changing practically by the hour. "Our world," wrote Hilaire Belloc in *Survivals*, "finds itself moving towards nothingness." That would just about describe our own position in this country to-day.



Sotto Voce

★

CASSANDRA IN OVERALLS



AMERICAN medical opinion is dead certain that smoking produces cancer of the lung. The tobacco industry is one of America's biggest. More money is spent on advertising its products than on any other. One cannot but admire the courage and idealism of those who don't mind provoking the antagonism of so powerful a vested interest. But he would be a utopian dreamer who expected Americans to cease smoking tomorrow or to abate a fraction of the energy which they now employ in the service of Lady Nicotine.

Americans as a people are perhaps rather more Janus-faced than most. Star-eyed idealism and ruthless efficiency in the pursuit of material ends run cheek by jowl on Manhattan. But if you look deep enough, this contradiction is a universal failing. A comfortable hedonism un-plagued by the imagination can make a cosy corner for itself in any Hell. Hence merely prudential considerations do not affect our attitude to basic issues, such as the one that has been dramatically posed by the H-bomb, for instance. Leading scientists have just solemnly warned the Governments and peoples of all countries that the H-bomb may put an end to the human species unless we give up war as an instrument of policy. They are not likely to be

more successful than Cassandra.

It would, however, be an oversimplification to put it all down to human perversity, to the old Adam in us that will not be exorcised. The scientists, like all other evangelists of Peace who have no use for the Peace of God, hope to grow figs on thistles. Bertrand Russell has no difficulty in demolishing the ingenuous plea that if only the H-bomb were outlawed by common consent the abyss which yawns at our feet will close and we can be happy for ever after in a Co-existence Paradise. He points out that, if in spite of such pious resolves a war were to break out tomorrow, everybody would start feverishly manufacturing the bomb.

But why does he assume that nations who can be cynical enough to go back on their undertaking not to make or use the bomb will not be cynical enough to go back on any undertaking to eschew war itself? In 1949 he himself was saying that if the alternatives were accepting Russian tyranny and waging a third world war he would unhesitatingly opt for the latter. Einstein is reported to have declared with his dying breath that his responsibility for having told President Roosevelt that the atom bomb was feasible and should be made lay

heavy on his conscience. But can anyone be sure that organised power-madness will not erupt in an even more ugly form than it did in 1914 and in 1939 and that the scientists will not then bay in unison?

Even the scientists are by no means united in backing the Einstein-Russell manifesto. Some were peeved that their own pet schemes had received no attention. Others would like to play the statesman, asking for "a concomitant balanced reduction of all armaments." Such good Communists as Prof. Joliot-Curie are for abolishing war only if it will not mean a ban on civil war too, for the sacred spirit of Revolution must not be curbed! And yet there are innocents who ask you to believe that Mr. Nehru has gagged that Cereberus, the Cominform.

Mr. Nehru has refused to sponsor the scientists' proposal. But Bertrand Russell is apparently convinced that his heart is in the right place; otherwise, would he so pointedly except him from the general indictment as to declare that "it would be rude to address a letter (that is, the manifesto) in these terms

to Mr. Nehru"? We should feel tremendously flattered by that subtle compliment. But, while we may legitimately pride ourselves on our sincerity in hoping that wars would cease for all time, are we not doing and saying just those things that the dominant West had been saying and doing till it found itself face to face with the atom bomb?

"There lies before us, if we choose," says the scientists' manifesto, "continual progress in happiness, knowledge and wisdom. Shall we, instead, choose death because we cannot forget our quarrels?" Who are the "we"? I presume the appeal is addressed primarily to the common man, the private citizen. But he, as Carlyle pointed out long ago, lives in a world of his own, entertaining under his night-cap any number of foolish dreams. And the evangelists of the Earthly Paradise where Science sits enthroned have been merely confirming him in his fantasy with their talk of Progress in a straight line stretching to Infinity. As for the dictators, big and small, imagine the architects of Belsen being intimidated by the prospect of Pralaya via nuclear fission! They would love nothing better.

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INDIAN AFFAIRS:

By SARANGA

—THE INDIAN COMMUNISTS

—THE AKALI IN THE PUNJAB

—Dr. B. C. ROY SPEAKS OUT

WHATEVER else may be said against the Communist party of India it cannot be accused of slowness. Its sixteen-page Resolution, now released from headquarters, provides the answer to the eager critics who have been watching for the party's reactions to developments in Moscow. This is not indeed a new situation for the C.P.I. Earlier, *Pravda* had published articles at an inconvenient time during the Andhra elections. Khrushchev's advice in favour of co-operation would now leave the Communist party without any basis for its existence; to disregard it would be inexpedient. Placed in this dilemma, the C.P.I. has done the only possible thing of saying many things together. This would have been inevitable even if the party had been unified in its outlook, which it is not. It is rumoured that there are as many as three groups among the Indian Communists, taking different positions on this particular question. The Communist leader's medical treatment in Moscow may help provide authoritative guidance from above; but faction within has long been the besetting sin of the C.P.I. and every new crisis brings it to the surface.

The Communists had little choice in the matter. In any case, they were damned if they did obey Moscow, for that would have provided clinching proof of their subservience, which they have hotly denied in their

electioneering. And they were damned if they did not and continued their bitter opposition; then Moscow's bonafides would become suspect and it will be argued that the Russian leaders were only paying lip-service to non-interference while secretly abetting Communist activities in India. To scuttle or not to scuttle?

The Communist repertoire of clichés always seems to convince the members that they have the better side of the argument. The C.P.I. Resolution repeats the old assumption that India is still not a free agent. Only 900 million people (in the Communist countries) have, it says, broken from the imperialist orbit. Amidst the "bondage" elsewhere, India's Commonwealth membership is a factor which subjects her foreign policy to British imperialist influence, which is one of "the chief enemies of world peace." And yet, because of the personal role of the Prime Minister, there has been a reorientation of foreign policy; and even so, our policy in the main opposes the imperialist war-drive, and generally opposes colonialism. Thus runs the argument. After this, there follows a surprising *non-sequitur* at the end: "The policies that the Government of India pursues today in its relation with other countries are essentially independent and are not under the decisive influence of any foreign power. The emergence of

India as a sovereign and independent republic upholding the cause of peace and freedom is a factor of profound significance in the present-day world."

This is a considerable exercise in reasoning. This tempo is kept up in the rest of the Resolution on economic and political policies. The Five Year Plan, it is said, did not lay the basis for a strong and prosperous economy; but it "did achieve certain results." The oasis in the desert of Indian feudalism and capitalism is, of course, the Soviet steel plant. The internal policies of the Government taken as a whole, "continues to be reactionary and undemocratic in practice—despite talks about a Socialist pattern of society." So a mass movement is indicated; they will inevitably be "struggles." Apparently the character of these struggles will vary with time and place.

There is enough in all this to support the Prime Minister's view that the C.P.I. is in a state of mental confusion and it remains to be seen whether this confusion is going to lose votes in the elections, not merely seats as in Andhra. The grimaces and contortions in the Resolution are not entirely due to the Moscow declaration on ideological non-interference. There is a Marxian principle of the unity of opposites, and the resolution may well serve as a good example of it! An equally long note on the proposals of the Communist party on economic planning is another example of confusion; it urges that higher prices should be paid for raw materials and higher wages for industrial labour, while the prices of manufactured articles are brought down in conformity with the purchasing power of the people. To promise all things to all men is, perhaps, not an exclusive Communist virtue in a world of political miracle-makers.

IT is two months since Akali Morcha started in the Punjab and

over 7000 arrests have been made so far. Fresh recruits are being thrown in, brought mostly from adjoining PEPSU; the movement cannot be said to have abated. The issues are far from being clear-cut. The Akali agitation is nominally one for a Punjabi-speaking State but no one is deceived by it into believing that it is not a movement for carving out a predominantly Sikh state. Why should this movement now gain the importance which it had not secured before? There are some disquieting similarities to the earlier history of communalism in this country. The manner in which the Congress party dealt with the non-Congress government in PEPSU by imposing President's rule until a Congress majority was obtained has annoyed, if not embittered, non-Congress Sikhs in that State which is now the recruiting ground. The Akali Dal seems now better placed than before. There is enough in the politics of the Punjab to create disgruntled elements and in this situation the State Government has adopted rather high-handed methods to deal with the agitation, actuated undoubtedly by the feeling that a communal movement under cover of a linguistic demand should be exposed. By banning the utterance of slogans, the Government has given the excuse to the agitators that an issue of civil liberty is involved and should be fought out. As it is, the Akali Dal has turned the movement entirely on this issue and though the volunteers may not be conscious of these high principles, there is a colourable plea that even constitutional methods would be ruled out for the Sikh demands. The Congress Sikhs have not, on this occasion, recorded; if their hands are to be strengthened a more conciliatory policy is necessary. Pandit Pant has said that it was an issue of law and order; but the law must on such occasions be reasonable. It is no answer to point to the

courts, because the law as it stands, makes the executive the sole judge of whether circumstances exist to warrant restrictions on freedom. At present, an end to the agitation may come about when the ban on raising Punjabi Suba slogans expires by the efflux of time and is not renewed. Tact has to be combined with firmness, but that is a rare quality in Punjab politics. The mere existence of the States Reorganisation Commission cannot be the final answer to the expression of regional demands which are not violent. Is it possible that there is declining faith in the ability of the Commission to appreciate the strength of the regional demands in view of the opinion held in high circles that all such demands are disruptive of national unity and should be discountenanced?

* * *

THE several Ministries are making headlines in the dailies with their ambitious targets of expenditure under the Second Five Year Plan, undeterred by their performance in the First Plan or by other considerations about their capacity to find the resources. Till now, it was believed that remoteness from terra firma was a quality only of the statistical planner *a la* Mahalanobis, but the disease is more widespread. The extreme case is that of the Education Ministry which prepared a plan involving over a thousand crores of rupees, which was thrice its allotted figure. The Health Ministry's record is so poor that even its plan for Rs. 208 crores is extravagant enough. The Production Ministry has concerned itself with only production targets, assuming that in the public sector cost does not count. Meanwhile, the Railway Minister seems to have been, like Warren Hastings, astonished at his own moderation, and now wants nearly to double his

original plan for about 900 crores. Bliss is in this dawn to be a planner but to be a Minister is very Heaven!

It is now becoming evident that people who were swept off their feet when the Mahalanobis plan-frame was published are having second thoughts. This does not refer to the economists constituting the panel of advisers, who were so over-awed by the compound of ipse-dixits and commonplaces in the Plan-frame that they caved in at the first meeting with one exception only. Dr. B. C. Roy is now cast in the role of a St. George against the Mahalanobian Dragon. In a forthright memorandum he has pointed out the fallacies underlying the Plan-frame. As a practical politician who will have to face the problem of raising money, he has underlined the difficulties in restricting consumption at the existing low levels. The paper planner may glibly talk of increasing the profits of State enterprises but when one pice more on tram-fares proved the last straw in Calcutta, Dr. Roy cannot accept wild Mahalanobian assumptions. What is worse, the country is being asked to rely on the yet unorganised hand-industries for the supply of the large needs of consumer goods arising as a result of the huge outlay proposed on the plan. Even if supplies on this scale are made possible, will the State be in a position to collect a large excise revenue as required by Prof. Mahalanobis from these thousands of petty units?

Dr. Roy's protest would certainly give the lead to the other States and the administrators who now stand in danger of being discredited as incompetent if the vast paper plan meets its inevitable fate. Ultimately, politics will decide what will be practicable; but the gap between promise and fulfilment will be less if some thought is bestowed even now on the sociological aspects of planning.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS:

—ISRAEL STANDS ALONE

—END OF A PHASE IN KENYA

THE intermittent skirmishes in the Gaza strip and on the Israel-Jordan frontier continue unabashed by the presence in the Middle-East of General Burns, Chief UN Truce Supervisor for Palestine. After weeks of negotiations and journeyings between Cairo, Tel-Aviv, Amman and Jerusalem, he has just been able to get the chief parties together to discuss the military aspects of the truce negotiations. The last man to attempt to bring some kind of order into the discord in the Middle-East was Dr. Ralph Bunche who brought about a series of armistice agreements between Israel and four of the Arab states which were to be a prelude to permanent treaties of peace. The agreements have degenerated in five years of misuse into a stalemate. General Burns in the first few weeks of his peace-making sojourn moved from one impasse to another. His 4-point plan suggested recently fell through because the Israelis refused to have joint patrols along the demarcation lines. The Egyptian proposal to establish a neutral territory along the Gaza frontier met with no better success. Mr. Sharett was against adding to the demilitarized zones already in existence. Israel has recommended her own 4-point plan for reduction of tension in Gaza. She has suggested the establishment of security zones 100 metres wide along the demarcation line manned by joint Egyptian-Israeli patrols; and cancellation of standing orders in Egypt to fire on Israeli troops across the border.

The heart of the matter is, of course, the Jew-Arab relation which has not improved since 1948, when the state of Israel was first established

under the recommendation of the UN and the help of the Western powers. The Arab states still resent the very existence of Israel. "Israel is an artificial state," said Col. Nasser in 1953, "which must disappear." For years now Egypt has imposed an economic blockade against Israel. The Suez Canal has been closed to Israeli shipping in brazen contravention of the Constantinople Convention of 1888, under which the state contiguous to the Suez is obliged to keep the Canal "always . . . free and open in time of war as in time of peace to every vessel of commerce or of war without distinction of flag." Goods from less belligerent Arab countries going to Israel have been seized. Indeed the boycott has gone to such lengths that airlines stopping at Palestine airports are denied servicing facilities in Arab territory and information is refused to Israel regarding the prevalence of infectious diseases or locusts. Allied to these major acts of ostracism are the minor vexations of frontier raids, armed clashes, the ambushes in the dark and the sudden unprovoked attacks on helpless women and children.

The situation cannot possibly become worse. A serious war between the Israelis and the Arabs is improbable. Israel cannot afford it and the unity of the Arab states has been disrupted by outside influences. The revolution in Egypt, the settlement of the Suez Canal dispute, the end of the Persian oil argument and the various military pacts and alliances in which individual states have involved themselves have changed the complexion of Middle-East politics. And though proper war with

Israel might be the only thing which would at all bring the Arab states together again, it would be a hazardous experiment with loyalties as also an act of serious embarrassment to at least two of the Great Powers. The \$64 question in America now is: How much do we like the Israelis? President Truman recognised the infant state of Israel minutes after it was proclaimed. Now she has become an awkward impediment in the smooth working of the Allied plans for global peace. Indeed it looks uncommonly as if the welfare of Israel might be sacrificed to a larger principle. The gallant little state stands alone, and vulnerable and friendless in the Middle-East. She does not belong to any defence system and she has not been given any security guarantees. Britain has entered into treaties with Iraq, Jordan, Egypt and Turkey. The United States has committed itself to aid Turkey and Iran. The Arab League Collective Security Pact still stands uniting the Arab States against Israel. Britain's ties with Egypt and Persia are too vital to be upset by consideration for a tiny little racial community which has nothing to contribute to the world at large. To Israel this unilateral help to the Arab States and the change in the Western attitude towards her seems unmoral and directly opposed to the Tripartite Declaration of May, 1950 under which Britain, America and France promised to maintain the *status quo* in the Middle-East. Abba Eban, Israeli Ambassador has been trying in vain for a year now to persuade the United States to draw Israel into the Middle-East's defence plans. But on March 6, Deputy Assistant Secretary of State John D. Jernegan, told a Washington conference of 20 major Jewish organisations that there was no place for Israel in present defence plans for the Middle-East.

Israel is now vexed by other domestic problems. With her third general elections coming on July 26, the

Sharett Government has got involved in an unsavoury scandal which is an overflow from the crimes in Europe during the last war. A Mapai party editor Israel Kastner, has been accused of Nazi collaboration in Hungary and involvement in the death of 500,000 Jews in concentration camps. The Government, having committed the initial blunder of taking up arms on the side of Kastner, have now to see the sordid case through to the end. It is believed this involvement is not going to do the Mapai party much good at the coming elections on July 26.

On July 10, the surrender offer to the Mau Mau in Kenya was withdrawn. It was made six months ago on January 18 when it was clearly specified that those who failed to surrender by July 10 would be deprived of all their existing land and the future right to occupy lands in the reserves. The offer was conveyed to the terrorists by radio and sky-shouting aircraft. Five million leaflets were also dropped over the forests, and a further 2½ million distributed in the reserves. The offer covered even the offence of murder. Since January, 650 Mau Mau have surrendered including about two dozen leaders. Nearly 1,500 have been killed or wounded.

From reports issuing from Nairobi a certain amount of complacency is discernible in the attitude of the settlers. The Mau Mau situation, it is believed, has at last been brought under control. Since the emergency three years ago and up to January this year, 30 Europeans and 38 European service personnel had been killed. Nearly 8,000 Mau Mau had been killed, and 223 hanged. Another 568 had been hanged for other capital offences. It was estimated that during the first few months of this year the Kenya government was hanging Kikuyu terrorists at the rate of 50 a month. Terrorists were hanged for being in possession of arms and ammunition or adminis-

tering Mau Mau oaths, Kikuyus were hanged for consorting with terrorists. And the whole anti-Mau Mau operation was conducted on the principle of "shoot first and then talk". A tacit conspiracy between the Government, the police and the Press had made it possible for acts of brutality and callousness to be perpetrated with impunity. This is not by any means the end though the full effect of the progressive and planned operations since October 1952 are just being felt. The "green branch" surrender offer, for instance, made in August, 1953, is still in force. Britain, fully conscious of her responsibilities in the matter, has voiced her preparedness to provide a grant of £10 million and a further interest-free loan of £4 million to Kenya in the current year. Last year £11½ million had been made available to the Kenya government towards meeting the cost of the emergency. Efforts are now being turned to encouraging "a single and orderly development of African political life." In fact, the situation is supposed to have so improved that the Government has withdrawn its ban on African political organisations. Lieutenant General Gerald Lathbury, Commander-in-Chief of East Africa and director of operations against Mau Mau has done an even better job than General Templar in Malaya.

The first phase was the raids upon Kikuyu reserves, and evacuation of whole villages. The second was the call-up of Asians and the forming of the African Home Guard. The third was the intensification of the pursuit of the Mau Mau in progressively more ruthless operations starting with Operation Hammer and Operation Rat-Catcher. The latest was Operation First Flute named after a winning racehorse, directed particularly against the terrorists in Mount Kenya, a 400 sq. mile area of forest and mountain. This, evidently, is the master-stroke in the grisly series

of acts of official ruthlessness. A vast ditch has been dug around the mountain which is covered by dense tropical forest in the sinister depths of which the Mau Mau are suspected to be hiding. The whole area is guarded by watch-towers and has traps which set off high explosives. There is a 24-hour watch by police and Kikuyu guards. The object of the operation is to drive the Mau Mau into the open where the police will act as "stops." In the reserves the inhabitants are forbidden to help the terrorists under threat of death. Often ditches are dug and fences put round the villages to ensure their co-operation with the authorities. No Kikuyu is allowed out alone for any reason whatsoever.

The Kenya Government, we are told, has also improved its methods of interrogation of the captured Kikuyu. "Confessionals" are held under a team of Europeans and Africans at which tribesmen are encouraged to confess past contacts with the terrorists or accuse each other of treason. In Kenya there are about 80,000 persons now behind barbed wire. They are graded and classified and the whole system managed by a vast and complicated administrative machinery.

The Government is confident that they are at the penultimate stage of the active operations against the Mau Mau. "There is no doubt", said General Lathbury recently, "that many terrorists are sick of fighting and would willingly surrender if it were not for their leaders. If we hit them hard enough they will be forced to make up their mind."

SANTHA

TRUMAN MEMOIRS

Former President Truman has completed the 500,000 word manuscript of his memoirs on which he has been working for two years. Beginning in the fall the memoirs will be published serially in the *New York Times*, *Life* magazine and the *St. Louis Post Dispatch*.

The National Archives Of India

BY RAMCHANDRA

DOWN Queensway in New Delhi a couple of furlongs from Connaught Circus stands a massive building with the following words written in letters of gold on its face: National Archives of India, and a light burns through the night illuminating this inscription. Thousands of men and women pass by this gigantic structure without even pausing to think what the name means or what the building contains. Many believe it is a part of the department of Archaeology. Some take it to be a museum and there may be some honest folk who would confess their ignorance blankly with an almost apologetic murmur. None would believe that it forms the principal repository of the records of the Government of India or that it contains records as old as a hundred years. Prior to 1947 it had been called the Imperial Record Department.

It is true that most of the records kept in the National Archives never see the light of day except when they become so old and brittle or fall a prey to white ants and other insects that they require to be repaired or rejuvenated. It is not unreasonable therefore to ask why these old papers are kept here. What purpose do they serve? Is the government justified in spending lakhs of rupees annually in maintaining this institution? Very pertinent questions. But the answer has to take into account many considerations. Records have to be preserved for administrative purposes. Anyone who has worked in a governmental organisation or a business house can easily understand the important role that old files play in day to day administration. Secondly, these old records are the favourite hunting ground for many a research scholar seeking information concerning various matters of social, politi-

cal, economic, historical or biographical interest. These records, one should remember, are contemporaneous with the events they relate to and hence possess a degree of authenticity rarely achieved by accounts of events in books written later even by scholars and experts.

Having understood the necessity for the preservation of government records, let us get closer to the institution and see how it functions.

It performs three important functions among others, namely, (a) reception of records from the government departments; (b) their maintenance in a highly organised manner on three floors with additional tiers in each floor fitted with movable steel racks and (c) the handing out of particular files of information to government departments and research workers who requisition them. This work is done by the Records Branch, one of the three important branches among which the work of the National Archives is divided.

Hardly less important and even more advanced technically is the Preservation Branch. The work of this branch as the name itself indicates is to revivify and strengthen documents that may have undergone varying degrees of deterioration resulting from natural ageing of paper in course of time or unfavourable conditions of storage, excess of heat or moisture leading to the incursion in large numbers of insects that prey upon paper. The work of this branch is accomplished by undertaking the following processes. Systematic air cleaning for removing particles of dust; fumigating the records in an air tight chamber with a lethal gas for rendering them safe from the ravages of insects; subjecting brittle and torn documents to lamination under heat and pressure. This last process is done with the help of the laminating machine. Any

(Continued on page 47)

The Principles of SAIVA SIDDHANTHA

By S. SATCHIDANANDAM PILLAI

Saiva Siddhanta is something much more than a religion based on the worship of Mahadeva. Saiva does mean 'connected with Siva' but the Lord Siva referred to is not Rudra, one of the Hindu Trinity but the one above them all—Chaturtham as the Upanishads say. It is claimed Saiva Siddhanta is not a new philosophy contradicting or disputing older ones, but only the logical flowering of previous schools of thought. In this the first of a series of three articles, Mr. S. Satchidanandam Pillai, the well-known educationist and scholar explains the principles of Saiva Siddhanta. In the next two articles others will deal with the ethics and the literature of this school of philosophy.

MODERN students of history and philosophy may be presumed to have some idea of the antiquity of Saivism. The nature of the Indus Valley Civilization as it existed over 5000 years ago has been described in a more or less detailed manner by historians in the light of the revelations made by the excavations at Mohenjo Daro and Harappa. The main point which alone need be noted here is that, in those areas, the worship of Siva and the Mother Goddess was widely prevalent. In ancient Babylon, Sumeria, Egypt and even in distant America there are traces of Siva worship.

As for literary evidence there are references to the Siva Linga worship even in the Rig Veda, the earliest book extant. In the other three Vedas there are ampler details given and greater claims made regarding Siva worship. In the Ramayana and the Mahabharata there are clear references to the greatness, which may even be described as the supremacy, of Lord Siva. It is interesting to note that out of the eighteen major Puranas ten are Siva Puranas, and that in the Bharatha Sastra the *mudra* prescribed to denote Lord Mahadeva is the *Namaskara Mudra*. The earliest available Tamil works, some going back to the

B. C.'s and others coming down to the early centuries of the Christian Era, give primacy to Siva in their hierarchy of gods. In some of these works which happen to mention the temples in certain cities, the temple of Lord Siva is mentioned first. Even at present Saivism is one of the best living forms of Hinduism in India.

Saivism as a religion had to formulate a full-fledged philosophy in clear terms when it was attacked by the Buddhist and Jaina missionaries, and when the Brahma Sutras and the great commentaries appeared. Accordingly from its own past literature—the Vedas, the Sivagamas and the Tirumurais—it has developed a clear-cut system known as Saiva Siddhanta. 'Saiva' means 'connected with Siva,' and 'Siddhanta' means 'conclusion'. But the term 'Siddhanta' in this school of thought is understood to mean the 'conclusion of conclusions' and denotes by itself the Saiva Siddhanta system. This system is not one standing exclusively, all by itself. It does not denounce other systems as wholly false nor does it claim a sole monopoly of all knowledge and wisdom for itself. In fact, it studies with respect all religions and philosophies and sees their merits and defects, finds that all of them have their

place in human thought and progress, and takes delight in seeing them all as forming a progressive series like steps in a ladder. It includes and accepts all these systems as having some truth at their core, and transcends them in the sense of eliminating their shortcomings and presenting a mature system. In fact, it is a system of systems—a federation of religions and philosophies. It claims to be the conclusion of conclusions.

Saiva Siddhanta recognises perception, inference and scripture as the three means at the disposal of the enquiring soul which, by its power of thinking (*atma chit-sakthi*), studies things and comes to know their nature. Here 'perception' is used in a very comprehensive sense. It includes perception by means of external senses, by means of internal sense by feelings of pleasure and pain and by means of Yoga or seership. Thus the authority for Saiva Siddhanta is not solely the scriptures, but direct experience and reasoning as well. In other words, it claims that its system stands the test of reason also, and is not content with mere blind belief.

Thus, what is contrary to reason cannot claim validity through revelation, though it is admitted that ultimate Truth and its realization transcend the limits of ordinary human thought and speech. Logic has its place in the enquiry of the seeker after Truth. It helps him to detect fallacies, in his own thought and in the thoughts of others who may confront him with different philosophies, and to have a clear conception of Truth on which he may then mediate.

As for the scriptural authorities for Saivism, we may note that they are the four Vedas and the twenty-eight Sivagamas in Sanskrit, and the twelve Tirumurais and the fourteen Siddhanta Sastras in Tamil. There is no antagonism between the two

sets of scriptures; nor is there any antagonism between the Vedas and the Sivagamas. While all Hindus accept the authority of the Vedas, only the Saivites accept the authority of the Sivagamas as well. Hence, Saiva Siddhanta is sometimes spoken of as "Vedagamokta Saiva Siddhantam." Saint Umapathi speaks of Saiva Siddhanta as the essence of Vedanta. And Saint Kumaragurupara, who is the founder of the Saiva *math* at Kasi, likens the Veda to a tree growing up from the field of Pranava. He speaks of the followers of the various schools of the Vedic religion as those who are satisfied with the leaves, tendrils, buds, flowers or fruits of the tree, and describes the Saiva Siddhantins as those who have tasted the honeyed nectar of the juice of the fully ripe fruit. Hence Saiva Siddhanta is known also as "Vaidika Saivam".

THE principles of Saiva Siddhanta are expounded in the *Sivagnana Bodham*. It consists of two main parts. The first six sutras form the general part. These deal first with proofs of the existence of *Pati* (God), *pasa* (world), and *pasu* (soul), and then with the attributes of *pasu*, *pasa*, and *Pati*. The next six sutras constitute the special part or chapter. These deal first with the *sadhanas* (methods and practices) for realisation, and then the benefits of such realisation. Under these two comprehensive heads, the special characteristics of the soul, the appearance of God as Guru before the ripened soul, the methods of obtaining purification of the soul, the removal of *pasa*, the realisation of *Pati* and the state of the Jivan Mukta are all considered. *Sivagnana Siddhiyar*, which was designed to elaborate and explain the *Sivagnana Bodham*, follows the same order.

First the reality of the three entities—God, soul and the universe is stressed. These three are known as the *Tripadartas*, and their respective names are *Pati* (God), *pasu*

(Soul) and *pasa* (that which binds the soul). There are certain schools of thought which affirm the reality of *Pati* alone, and look upon *pasu* and *pasa* as mere illusions. Some have held that consciousness is only the result of a combination of the five elements (*bhutas*) in the body, and that there is no separate entity like the soul. There have been others who have held severally that the body, the five senses, the life-breath (*prana vayu*) and the mind or the inner organs (*anthakaranas*) constitute the soul. Others have held that the world and the soul are the only existents, and not God. Saiva Siddhanta stresses the reality of the existence of all the three *padartas*—God, souls, and the world and all else that bind the souls. This is known as *Tripadarta Nischaya*. It may be noted that the term *pasa* is sometimes used to denote only the *anava mala*—the primary principle of darkness which binds the soul, and sometimes to denote also the *karma mala* (the law of cause and effect), and the *maya mala* which is the primordial substance out of which material bodies evolve.

So, according to Saiva Siddhanta, there are three ultimate realities which are eternal—*Pati*, *pasu* and *pasa*. Though these are equal in so far as their mere co-existence through eternity is concerned, they are not equal in other respects. *Pati* is supreme and has infinitely higher status, qualities and powers. He permeates, dominates and controls the *pasu* and the *pasa*. Through the *Trimurtis* He acts as the Creator, Preserver, and Destroyer of all the worlds; He is the Lord of all souls.

We shall now try to get a fuller account of God according to Saiva Siddhanta. In His transcendental aspect, "He is neither a *rupi* (one with form), nor an *arupi* (formless one). He is neither *chit* (sentient), nor *achit* (insentient). He does not create or sustain or perform other functions. He is neither a *yogi* nor a

bhogi. Though he dwells in everything and pervades all, He remains unaffected by them and retains His own nature." The author of *Siva-prakasam* sets forth *Pati lakshana* (nature of God) thus: "The object of all the Vedas, the Sivagamas and the manifold arts and sciences (or other works based on the Vedas and the Agamas) is to expound the different natures of *Pati*, *pasu* and *pasa*. Of these, *Pati* is the highest. It is neither *rupi* or *arupi*. It has no finite attribute or mark. It remains ever free from *mala* (impurity). It is one and eternal. It awakens consciousness in countless souls. It is motionless and indivisible into parts. It has *ananda* (bliss) for its form. It remains beyond the reach of the perverted, and is the goal of the devout. It is the smallest of the small, and the biggest of the big. Men of spiritual realisation call it *Sivam*."

EACH soul has its distinct bent of nature which accounts for the infinite individual differences in the world. But all souls possess certain fundamental characteristics in common. The real nature of their being is *Chit* or knowledge. But from the very beginning, *mala* or *pasa* has been holding them in bondage, so that they could neither see themselves as *chit*, nor the *mala* which binds them, and much less the Lord.

Two important characteristics of the soul are clearly brought out in the Siddhanta works, and they form the key to the solution of many intricate problems relating to salvation and the means therefor. They are, firstly, the inability of the soul to remain all by itself in isolation in any stage of its existence, and, secondly, the quality of becoming one with that with which it is united. When it is in union with *mala*, the principle of darkness, it remains in darkness, in spite of its being essentially *chit*. When it is in union with the Supreme it becomes the Supreme and shares Its nature.

These souls are classified into three groups—*Vignanakalas*, *Pralayakalas* and *Sakalas*, according to the degree of freedom achieved from the hold of *pasa*. From the great *devas* down to the amoeba all souls belong to the third order of *Sakalas* and are bound by all the three *malas*. The second order of souls are bound only by *anava* and *karma*, and have bodies and worlds of a much subtler kind than those in which the *Sakalas* live. Souls of the first order have only the *anava mala* still clinging to them.

THE *pasa* (mala) referred to in *Sai-va Siddhanta* is sub-divided in some books into three and in others into four or even five. The division into three is the most common. These are *Anava*, *Karma* and *Maya*. The attributes of each are given in great detail in *Salva* philosophical treatises. *Pasa* is a thing really existing, and is not a mere illusion. *Anava* is not *prantignana*, nor *tamoguna*, nor *maya* nor *karma* nor *Siva sakti*. It is the root principle of ignorance and of the sense of *ahamkara* and *mama-kara*. It hides from the soul the knowledge both of itself and of God and the souls. *Karma* is the law or principle which binds souls to the fruits of their actions, good and bad. And *maya* is matter in two grades of subtlety. It is the primordial matter into which all things and worlds involve at the time of *pralaya* and from which all things evolve at the time of creation. This matter or *maya* is divided in some of the *Upanishads* and the *Sankhya Sastras* into twenty-four *tatvas*. But in the *Sivagamas* twelve more *tatvas* are added. All the thirty-six *tatvas* are matter in varying states of density. The soul is not identical with these *tatvas*, although when united with these it feels one with them. Our body and our mind and all the physical universe that we see are the product of this *maya* or matter. This *maya* is again divided into *suddha maya*, *misra maya* and *asuddha* or *para-kriti maya*. And the thirty-six

tatvas are classified suitably under these three heads.

God stands in *advaitic* relation both with *pasu* and *pasa*, that is, both with the souls and matter. But He is neither the souls nor matter, though He stands in inseparable relation with the two. He envelopes them, dwells in them, and yet transcends them.

This relation of non-duality in which two distinct entities stand inseparably united is called *advaita*. According to *Siddhantic* thought God's relation to souls and matter is of this kind. The plan of salvation for the soul is based on the nature of the soul primarily. As remarked above, the soul feels one with that with which it stands united, and it cannot stand alone. It is found first united with *anava*. The Lord's plan is to wear out the hold of this principle of darkness by pushing the inert soul into the world of activity, —into *Samsara*—by furnishing it with suitable *tanu*, *karana*, *bhuvana* and *bhoga*—(body, organs, worlds and experiences).

Maya or matter is used by the Lord for providing these facilities. This *maya* gives partial enlightenment by wearing out gradually the forces of darkness clinging to the soul like the chemical accretion on copper. The powers of *ichcha*, *jnana* and *kriya* (desiring, knowing and acting) lying dormant in the soul are gradually provoked into manifestation. It becomes conscious by degrees of the bondage, the means of liberation, of itself and finally of Divine Grace and God who has liberated it. Accordingly there are three *avasthas* or states for the soul: *Kevalavasta*, *Sakalavasta* and *Suddhavasta*. The pilgrim's progress lies ordinarily through the mineral, the vegetable, the animal and the human kingdoms. God is all the while watching and guiding the process of purification of the soul. 'Know that He is one who envelops and develops everything' says the *Tiruvachagam*. Saint Appar

declares that *the Lord has been the unseen helper of all his devotees*.

All unseen by man, the Lord pushes up the soul in its ascent of the spiritual ladder. First a strong and noble character is built up. Its features are comprised in the first two steps of the *Ashtanga Yoga*—the steps known as *Yama* and *Nyama*. The qualities to be achieved are non-injury, truthfulness, non-covetousness, humility, impartiality, hospitality, purity, compassion, moderation, endurance, straightforwardness etc. Then *tapa*, *japa*, *santosha*, *astikya*, *dana*, *vratha*, study of *Jnana sastras* and the performance of *Sivapuja* have all to be developed. All this is to ripen into a passionate love for God.

On the said foundation of strong character the edifice of religious life is to be raised. *Biksha* or spiritual initiation in different grades is got from a proper *guru* by the seeker after God, and is sincerely practiced. This path of spiritual realization has four stages according to *Saivism*. These are known as the *charya*, the *kriya*, the *yoga* and *jnana margas*. These are also known as the *dasa marga*, the *satputra marga*, the *saha marga* and the *sanmarga*, since God is looked upon by the devotees treading these paths as Master, Father, Friend and Lover respectively. The reward obtained at the end of each stage is known as *saloka*, *samipya*, *sarupa* and *sayuja* respectively. The last is the highest, since, in that stage the last vestige of individual consciousness is lost and the soul stands immersed inseparably in God, and is in the enjoyment of bliss ineffable.

In the pursuit of the Path with its four stages, the wearing of the sacred ashes and the *rudraksha* beads, worship in temples and the company of true *bhaktas* and *Jhanis* are all emphasized. *Vibhuti* and *rudraksha* have a deep inner significance.

The end aim of all this in this world is the attainment of the state

of the *Jeevanmukta* i.e., realization of God in one's own self and in the world while yet in the body. Both in this state and a later one, the freed soul realises its *advaita* relation with God. The fruit of this realisation is not merely negative freedom from bondage, but also positive sharing of the bliss of the Lord.

WE have seen in the course of this short article how the ancient seers and saints of our land have been reminding us of the ultimate goal of human existence—of a life of spiritual freedom and Divine Bliss, and have given us a philosophy and religion based on reason, revelation, and verification by our own experience. Their message has a special value in these days of growing secularism and a life of confusion, conflict, worry, frustration, fear and misery. The great experiment of democracy in a republic can prove a blessing only if it is clearly recognised that the true purpose of good government is to actively help the citizens in their march through the stages of *Dharma*, *Ariha* and *Kama* to the ultimate goal of *Moksha*—life of spiritual freedom and bliss. All the moral virtues like honesty, purity, love and service have to be developed in the life of the nation, and *tyaga* as opposed to *bhoga* has to be upheld as the definitely superior ideal, and means to the attainment of the final goal of man's existence. We have seen how the *jivan muktas*—those who have no attachment even for their bodies—are impelled by their love for others to render active social service in an unselfish spirit. Those who have not yet risen to their level, they too have to practice this form of service to the best of their ability. It is not to be in a spirit of condescension or patronage, but in a spirit of service to the Lord Himself who dwells in the *Daridra Narayans* as Sri Rama-krishna would call the poor.

THE NATIONAL CHEMICAL LABORATORY

By J. VIJAYATUNGA

"OUR national laboratories will not be run as a Department of Government. They will be given sufficient autonomy and flexibility of administration, so that their activities may not be hampered in any way. I shall be failing in my duty if I do not pay my tribute of admiration for the pioneer work done by Dr. Bhatnagar, our Director, but for whose indefatigable energy and spirit of idealism these laboratories would not have come into existence within such a short period of time," said the late Dr. S. P. Mookerjee, then Minister for Industry and Supply and Vice-President of the Council of Scientific and Industrial Research, at the opening of the National Chemical Laboratory on January 3, 1950.

The National Chemical Laboratory in Poona was the first of the chain of Indian laboratories to be opened. Its foundation stone was laid on 6th April 1947 and the work of building started in February the following year. A year later, before the building was wholly complete, certain sections of the laboratory began functioning. In October 1949 the late Prof. James William McBain, F.R.S., a former Vice-President of the Faraday Society and a former Chairman of the Colloid Division of the American Chemical Society, took up duties as Director.* The end of that year saw the Indian Science Congress in session and it was attended by some of the world's most famous scientists, including Madame Irene Curie-Joliot, Dr. Arthur H. Compton, Sir Robert Robinson, President of the

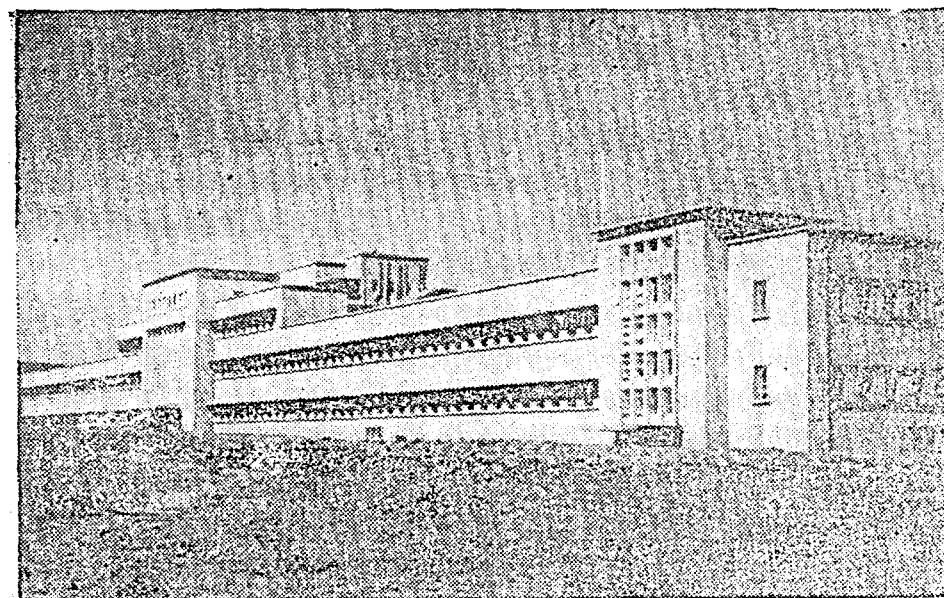
* Professor G. I. Finch, F. R. S., became Director in September 1952.

Royal Society, and Dr. C. V. Raman, all four of them winners of the Nobel Prize—and others like Prof. Desmond Bernal, Prof. Herman Mark, Dr. E. W. Condon of the Bureau of Standards, U. S. A., Prof. P. Auger of UNESCO, and Prof. O. E. H. Rydbeck. Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru who had visited the place three months earlier was eager that the work should be completed before the session of the Science Congress and with the co-operation of the engineers in charge of the building and thanks to the hustling on the part of Dr. Laroia and Dr. Bhatnagar, it was possible to have the opening of the laboratory in the presence of the distinguished scientists mentioned above.

Science and Industry

If today Man has the power to control his environment and his material well-being Chemistry, more than any other branch of Science, is responsible for it. But in ancient times a systematic pursuit of science for its own sake was unknown. And it is only in the last few decades that science, like art, has become part of everyday life.

In India the tradition was individualistic. A man who knew the virtues of a drug kept it as a secret even from his own son, from his most trusted disciple. It was the same in other fields of knowledge. Group work, which is the essence of scientific achievement was unknown in those times. Otherwise ancient Indian medical and chemical discoveries were considerable and the West, through Arab and Greek schools have profited from them. It was only with the introduction of English education in India that we



The National Chemical Laboratory.

have begun to take an interest in applied science. We can recall with justifiable pride the discoveries of Jagadish Chandra Bose, and of Acharya Profulla Chandra Ray, who created an Indian School of Chemistry at a time when the country was apathetic about such enterprises. They deserve our sincere gratitude. The first large-scale chemical factory in India was started under Professor Ray's inspired direction. If today there are nearly 500 factories in India, producing drugs, medicines and chemicals and employing more than 60,000 people, the credit must go to Prof. Ray.

But in comparison with the progress made in the West, chiefly by industrial corporations, our output and achievement becomes insignificant. A few industrial leaders like the House of Tata have done yeoman service in encouraging applied and fundamental research but one must agree with the Prime Minister who, when speaking at the opening of the National Chemical Laboratory, said: "I think it might be more appropriate to mention the names of

industrial leaders who constitute a majority who have discouraged science and not taken any interest in it." He added that he was amazed at the ignorance of some industrial leaders who seemed not to realise the importance of science to industries. That was said in January 1950. Since then, in this short period, thanks to the opening of a chain of national laboratories made possible by the Prime Minister's own zeal and the relentless pursuit of his objective by India's foremost chemist, Dr. Santi Swarup Bhatnagar, F.R.S., Indian industrialists have become more alive to the need for close cooperation between science and industry.

The benefits and, one might add, the profits to industrialists, of applied science are many and varied. In a democracy it is not the function of the State to compete with private enterprise; and so it is upon industry that the responsibility for the advancement of applied science depends. American industrial corporations, for example, spent during 1948, three hundred and seventy-five

prores of rupees on research alone. The profits justified the expenditure, the most benefitted being the chemical corporations. The manufacture of basic chemicals, fine chemicals, and synthetic chemicals, particularly those used in medicines, epidemic prevention, and in agriculture has been made possible now in India. If India cannot at present produce all she needs she will at least produce a part of it and import only the rest. Apart from the self-sufficiency aspect is the fillip to our national pride that our industries are being fed by our own natural resources refined and synthesised by the research of our chemists.

As Sir Robert Robinson, President of the Royal Society, whom Dr. Bhatnagar described as "the greatest living chemist in the world," said:

"Chemistry stands high in importance in its own right as the science of the transformation of materials giving necessary knowledge whenever useful products have to be isolated or synthesised, purified, characterised or evaluated. But it is also an essential handmaid of other disciplines and occupies a strategic position between the basic physical groups and the biological science."

Chemistry in the Home

Chemistry shows us how the most lowly substances which are generally regarded as waste or rubbish can be transformed into useful substances. It can break up a substance into its component parts and it can join several parts of an existing substance to form a wholly new substance. Every modern home is indebted to chemistry for its modernism, whether it be with regard to its lighting, its furniture and furnishings, or whether it be with regard to its building material. Our clothes owe their utility, appearance and finish to chemistry, our preserved foods, our toilet articles, in fact everything that modern man uses is the result of

chemical discoveries. Dyes for textiles, paints, synthetic fibres for cloth, the immense range of plastics from raincoats to airplanes, aluminium for household utensils and construction, the bewildering variety of new metals, pharmaceutical products—all these have been harnessed into the service of man by chemists. Chemistry has also found new uses and better methods for old ideas, such as the bleaching of textiles, the production of steel, and fertilizers to help farmers grow more food.

Dr. Arthur H. Compton, Nobel Prizeman, has summed up the relative importance of Chemistry aptly thus:

Chemistry is distinctive among the sciences in that it so greatly affects them all. There is literally no boundary between chemistry and physics. Whether studies of thermodynamics or of atomic, molecular and crystalline structure are to be considered as physics or chemistry depends upon whether the person who makes the studies first approached the subject by use of the test tube or by use of electrical instruments. The two fields of study are completely interwoven. No engineer can claim competence in his field who is not familiar with the chemical composition of his materials, the problems of corrosion, and possibilities of new materials and methods that chemistry offers. To the geologist and astronomer the chemical aspects of the planets and suns with which they deal are the very essence of their problems. To the biologist the study of the living process becomes one of metabolism, oxidation, reduction, and photosynthesis, of which chemistry is the very heart. In particular, chemistry protects the health of people, through such means as the simple adjustment of p-H concentration, or by control of reaction rates by supplying hormones, or by supplying a chemical

medium in which desirable organisms will thrive and harmful organisms will die—in these medical arts chemistry gives direct service to our well-being...With the possible exception of the physicist's study of the elemental particles that comprise atoms and galaxies, I know of no aspect of science that appears as promising for progress during the generation immediately before us as is our increasing knowledge of the chemical processes of growth.

The inauguration, therefore, of the National Chemical Laboratory as the first of eleven national laboratories was indeed a momentous step for India. Though these laboratories were established only in 1950, and after, they were in their blue-print stage during the British regime when the Council of Scientific and Industrial Research was set up primarily to help the war effort. During the war years and after, till the opening of the National Chemical Laboratory, a great deal of useful research was carried on in the Council's laboratories in Delhi under Dr. S. S. Bhatnagar and Dr. Siddiqui. Among their achievements were: improvements in lubricating oils with vegetable blends, jettison tanks, jute containers, uses of Bhilawan oil in plastics and enamels and anti-oxidants from vegetable products. At a later stage a successful process for printing ink was also developed at the former Delhi laboratories. Dr. J. S. Agarwal's researches into vegetable oils have been specially noteworthy.

Achievement so far

As soon as a part of the new laboratory in Poona was habitable the Biochemistry section under Dr. M. Damodaran moved in and at the time of the formal opening of the Laboratory many results had been obtained both in the Biochemistry section and the section dealing with natural products and Indian vegetable oils. But during the last three years the Che-

mical Laboratory has acquired a fine record of attempt and achievement.

The Laboratory's work is divided into the following seven sections: (1) Inorganic Chemistry including analytical Chemistry, (2) Physical Chemistry including Electro-chemistry, (3) Chemistry of Plastics and High Polymers, (4) Organic Chemistry, (5) Bio-chemistry including Biological Evaluation, (6) Chemical Engineering and (7) Survey and Information.

By June 1951 eighty-two projects were under investigation in all these sections. Some of the investigations, both completed and in progress may be mentioned: Production of White Titanium Dioxide of pigment quality. Production of high standard gelatine—a process now being commercially exploited; photographic emulsions from locally processed gelatine; nicotine from tobacco waste; phosphate fertilizers; battery containers from indigenous asbestos; industrial utilization of Neem oil and by-products; synthesis of anti-malarials. An increasing number of inquiries from more than two hundred industrial concerns were dealt with in the first two years of the Laboratory's existence. Close co-operation is also being maintained with the various university laboratories and institutes such as the Indian Institute of Science, the Armed Forces Medical College, Institute of Sugar Technology, Central Laboratories of Hyderabad, Forest Research Institute, and the Malaria Institute.

Conferences attended by scientists, technologists, industrialists, and Government officials have been another important feature of the Laboratory's activities within the short period it has been functioning. Even before the Laboratory occupied its present quarters in Poona the laboratories of the Council of Scientific and Industrial Research had developed forty-five processes which had

been passed on to Indian industries for large-scale exploitation, and in the words of Dr. Bhatnagar, "some of the processes have produced more wealth than all the money spent on all scientific research in India and will continue to bring prosperity to the country for a long time to come."

While it is too early yet to predict the role that the National Chemical Laboratory will play in the industrialization of India it is safe to claim that within the short space of a little over three years it has established that cooperation between the State, science, technology and private enterprise which is the ideal sought for in all democratic countries. The Laboratory was conceived on a broad basis to include not only chemistry, but also physics, mineralogy, engineering and biology—biology in so far as it relates to chemical problems and the utilization of national resources.

At the opening of the Chemical Laboratory the Prime Minister said:

I have wandered about a great deal in this country of ours and I have met innumerable persons. I have seen young people. I think, I am fairly conscious of their feelings. I came to the conclusion long ago that generally speaking the material that India possesses, the human material, is of the most excellent quality, provided—and there are many provisos and 'buts' about it—provided they have a chance to advance. They have not had their chance in the past. Science in the past has certainly not been encouraged in the sense that neither the man who was able had the chance to do his work properly, nor if he did it, did he get encouragement when it was due.

The purpose of the Chemical Laboratory is partly to offer opportunities to the human material. It has already done so, but, we hope, it will do so even more in the future.

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N. GOPALA IYER,
Secretary.

RAW MATERIAL FOR BETTER FILM MAKING

By JAIBOY JOSEPH

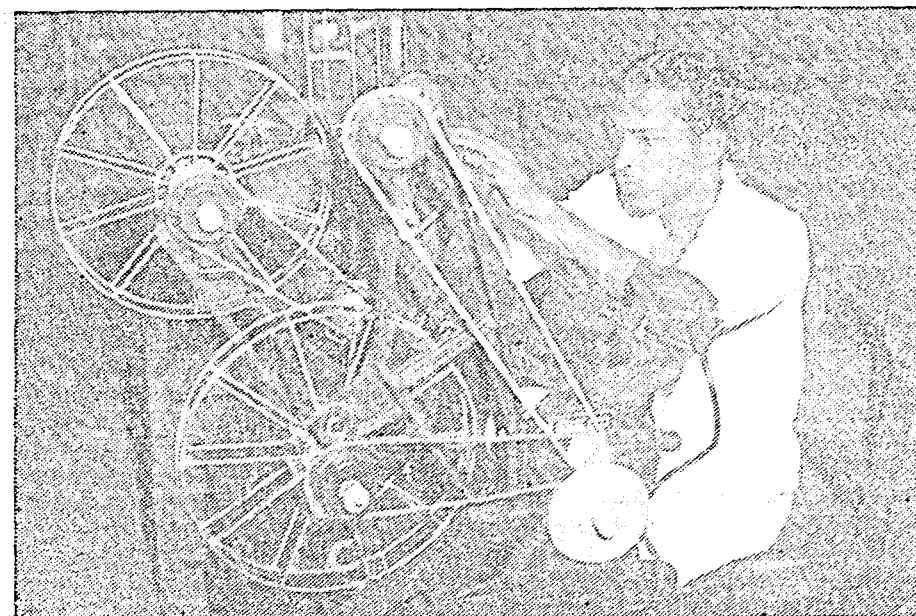
"THE value of Scientific training in cinematography is unquestionable" observed Sri Chakravarti Srinivasan trudging Tuticorin's coral strand at eventide. Assisted by a cine camera crew he had just finished "shooting" pearl fishing operations.

Mr. Srinivasan explained the value of formal training. "Film makers without formal training may end up as top dogs by the adoption of thumb-rule methods, but their work would lack quality." Experience at the Cinematography and Sound Engineering Institute, Madras, where Mr. Srinivasan heads a teaching staff of seven had proved to him that technical background helps a

new recruit into the film industry to master studio techniques sooner than if he entered without any formal training.

Started in 1945, the Institute is part of the State-run Madras Central Polytechnic. It teaches cinematography, and sound and electrical engineering. The Institute's personnel and equipment are also chartered for the making of documentaries such as the one on pearl fishing which Mr. Srinivasan and his film crew recently undertook off the southern coast of India.

Three years at the Institute, plus a year's apprenticeship in any recognised film studio, qualifies stu-

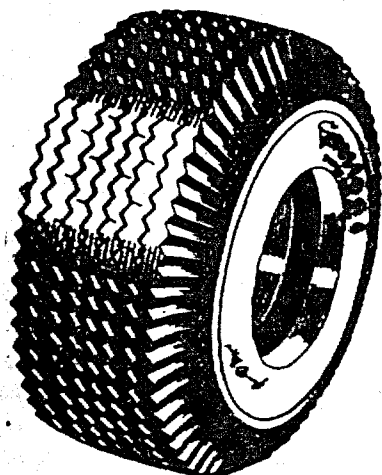


Trainee at the Cinematography and Sound Engineering Institute, Madras, operating the 'moviola' machine.

dents for the "Licentiate in Cinematography and Sound Engineering." Also offered is a year's course after school-final in projection which wins a government approved licence. The Institute, and the Jayachamaraja Occupational Institute in Mysore, are the only centers of their kind in India.

Sponsored by the Government of India, Sri Chakravarti Srinivasan visited the United States in 1948 for a three-year study of cinematography. He spent considerable time at the City College of New York's well-known film technology school which stresses documentary film making. Director of this school is the famed documentary maker Dr. Hans Richter and on the staff is Jack Glenn, senior director of the *March of Time*. Visiting lecturers include film producers like Louis de Rochemont.

Firestone



**BEST TODAY—
STILL BETTER TOMORROW**

Of profit too was his visit to the Eastern Kodak Plant in Rochester, New York. Says Mr. Srinivasan: "There is no organization in the world to beat Eastman Kodak in the manufacture of every conceivable type of film. Tens of thousands of reels are made, and every reel is of the same quality. I studied color there, because I felt it is a coming thing in India."

Before the close of his tour Mr. Srinivasan imbibed new techniques at the Radio Corporation of America (RCA), New York. He also visited Hollywood where in numerous studios he received training in script writing, costuming, sound engineering, and photography.

Cinematography is a field where all arts meet. Knowledge of engineering, music, script writing, and aesthetics are the raw material which make the perfect film man. Recognising this the Government of India now plans to convert the Madras Polytechnic Cinematography Institute into an All-India Film Institute to provide training in all aspects of film making.

A studio will be attached to the institute, and equipment will be added to the already existing RCA recorder, moviola, printers, cameras and other devices. A National Film Board will be developed out of the All India Film Institute.

This Board will not only train technical personnel and produce documentaries, but advise producers, script writers and even undertake research. Eventually a Film Finance Corporation will emerge from the proposed all-India Institute to aid producers.

The Government's choice of the Madras Institute is a tribute to the excellent work already done by teachers and students within its modest confines. Its success now paves the way for bigger and brighter things on India's widening movie horizons.

A Yugoslav Story

Cedomir Minderovic

THE VIOLIN

It had risen up—the violin—threatening me, a huge thing with taut strings, like the thrusting blades of terrifying, glittering knives.

SO there it was, in my own hands —mine! The yellow varnish was worn thin from the ceaseless touch of unknown and distant hands, the strings were broken, hanging dead and detached, and the slender black nut of the bow had split in two, like a lonely stump, once a tree, now bare to the January frosts. An old hulk, whose sailing days are done, looks much the same after a sudden storm, with its ropes all snapped, its sails tattered, its mast shaken and slewing to one side, its naked decks windswept. The seas are still running high, on the horizon a huge sector of the heavens is still inky and the vessel drifts out over that endless dark-blue space into the unknown, at the mercy of the untamable will of the waves, nearer and nearer the sharp reef that rears tense and expectant . . .

"You can get it mended. Tell your mother to take it to a violin-maker . . ."

Mr. Spassoyevitch blinked in his customary short-sighted way. The books were all packed, and he had taken off his spectacles. Then hesitantly, he offered me a twenty-dinar note: "This may be enough for new strings . . ." The violin was a present from an old friend. He was killed, long since . . . I've no time for the violin . . . But you . . . why, here are the removal men already! I'll see to them myself, good-bye!"

He turned a slow, warm, and troubled glance to the door, as if to welcome the men, whose heavy steps and loud voices could clearly be heard from the dark stairs; he was

impatient to get it over. The sounds grew nearer. We could hear the men pausing at each floor, at other flats, trying to guess where the schoolmaster lived, and asking for him. Those moments stretched to eternity. Suddenly he turned to me as if to tell me something. But all he did was to take his overcoat from its hanger and pull it on, with awkward, jerky movements.

The Electricity Power Station siren sounded mid-day.

Mr. Spassoyevitch's household goods breathed calmly, though the moment to leave was so near. A green camp-bed was propped against the wall beside the little window; it was quite unconcerned what hands would bear it away, or into what distant suburb it would be—no doubt to be put down against just such another narrow window. The books, numerous, all packed tightly together in their packing-cases, continued their noiseless, impassive life, even though later that day they were to be unpacked again, with a whirl-wind of page-turning, while beneath the bright oblong of the new window the obscure and noisy river of an autumn night flowed by.

A WARM and dazzling ray of sunlight paused on a thin, leather-bound volume of Whitman's poems, forgotten on a chair.

"Good-bye!"

I heard my own voice ring like that of a stranger in the little grey room, now bisected by that dazzling ray of the sun.

"Good-bye!" I repeated, as if to myself, almost audibly, and clutched that marvellous worn-out but endlessly precious object in my hands, the next moment to collide in the doorway with three of the removal men, who entered, wiping their perspiring foreheads.

As I emerged from the grey three-storey tenement house I stopped short, dazzled by the sunshine. The street was narrow but long; between its paving stones dark green herbage flourished. At the end of the street, set in green, shimmering distance, the waters of the Danube smoked. Then the half-dead violin in my hands seemed suddenly to come to life in the sun, gleaming and shimmering and humming; deep, warm tones poured from that luxurious, dark green herbage and merged with the plain-song of sunlight, merged with the chain of wide-open windows the length of the street, with the golden vapour of the Danube beyond, with the miraculously blue sky that hung over one of the final days of my childhood.

AND there it was, in my hands—mine! Mother dear, you cannot even guess what great delight I bear into our damp and cramping dwelling. You still have no idea what glowing light is to fill our squat hovel, with its permanent gloom, down by the great Danube rubbish tip, when one day the warm and sparkling great heart of my violin begins its lively beat. You are at the window, sitting, waiting for my return. You have already done everybody's laundry, it is long now since the last one called you in to help, and so you sit by our window waiting for me to bring what I have been able to earn—since mid-day yesterday there has again not been a farthing in the house.

Mother dear, I am coming. My violin's great, sad heart is weeping . . . But no, no! The heart of my violin calls to us, like the sunlight! Did you not know that our muddy little window is now going to grow,

and be vast as the eye of heaven? We shall set out on a road from which we shall never turn back! Why do you eye me so sadly? Just listen to my violin! But why, oh why are you crying again?

And I stand before my mother, she at the threshold, her arm raised to shelter her sweet, weary face from the blazing May sun.

"And look, a violin too! It's an old one . . . it will need repairing. What's the matter with you? You look as if you had a temperature. You should not always go about in the sun. I thought you'd be back sooner. It's long past twelve. Sit down and rest yourself. I'll run round to the butcher, he may still be open."

I TURN left and right in the cramped little room, alone, uncertain, then deposit my violin carefully on the table. I make to go and stand in the doorway, but I come back and take my violin in my hands again. It is as light as breath. Would there be anything left to buy strings, I wondered; mother surely wouldn't spend it all on other things.

Lifelessly I let my hands hang, and my dead violin rested on the floor, an alien and senseless object. "It's dead . . . I've no time for the violin,"—unconsciously I repeated to myself Mr. Spassoyevitch's words, while he blinked, and his glance slithered to one side, with the jewel of the sunlight bright on Whitman's verses.

Those were the last days of a strange, sad childhood, when vast bright dreams proliferated amid the dun humidity of our hovel, and icy rains lashed at the close, opaque windows. And the blacker the gloom, the brighter the dreams. But on the other hand, the greater and brighter the flight of the mind, the blacker and more painful the defeat.

Sometimes, on a sunny Sunday, boys of the outskirts mount those fairground ponies, in the veins of

which no blood ever flowed, and ride into the far distance with bright, wide-open eyes. Yet, just as they gallop up to the edge of limitless, luxuriant prairies on which the sun never sets, the hoarse notes of a cracked old gong tear them back and return them, defeated, whence they came. All they ride is a gaily-painted, fixed block of hard wood; at home, in the depths of their street, is a father with bleary eyes and hands aquiver with rage and a mother whose forehead is always bound with a wet compress.

WHEN my violin was taken from me for ever, for days on end I haunted the rubbish tip down by the Danube, like a sleepwalker, while past me swept our daily life, like that foul yellow stream which gathered we knew not whence and discharged, steaming, into the river. Then, irresistibly, more and more constantly my consciousness was full of that wooden fairground horse, clamped to the foot-worn, crazy planking, straining to soar towards the limitless blue of the skies, there and nowhere else. My nag strained, strained every wooden sinew it had, till from me flowed suddenly these hopeless, melancholy lines:

*My frothing steed surmounts the
sun-lit skies—*

*A rusty hurdy-gurdy grinds and
dies.*

*He gallops, nostrils flecked with
blood-stained foam,*

*And I can hear the rickety timbers
groan.*

Joy in full flower, ecstasy that grew, till my wooden Pegasus could never more be halted:

*Faster good steed! Hear how the
wind does roar!*

*Oh good steed, fast, to sun or into
storm!*

*Wake the whole world and break
the world asunder,*

*With your quick hooves unrelenting
thunder!*

*Fly on! to where blue distance
meets the world,
And lofty grasses to four winds
are unfurled!*

But the roundabouts slow down, the silhouettes of the men surrounding them become clearer and clearer, more and more precise, and soon will come the moment when it all comes to a halt, motionless. The antique timbers of the frame begin to creak. The man beside the gong raises his hammer:

*Dear steed, we must be there, oh,
reach that land*

*Before we're touched by dark
night's chilly hand.*

*My fiery steed sweeps on with
gathering speed*

*With awe-inspiring whinny sweeps
the ring,*

*And all a-froth my steed sur-
mounts the skies*

*Just as the rusty music groans and
dies.*

MY mother caught me bent double over those lines. I had not heard her come in, and when I noticed her, she looked away, and her eyes avoided meeting mine. My world, that sad and hopeless world, was thereupon dissipated; I felt my palms moist with sweat, my sight dimmed and my lips quivered as if I might cry. Thus once again, for a single instant, I went through two whole days of one of my first great defeats.

Just as I left it the previous night, my violin lay motionless and silent on the table, its gentle warm outline against the bluish half-light of daybreak. Beside it were the remains of last night's supper, a half-eaten slice of bread, and a greasy piece of paper in which the bacon had been wrapped. It seemed to me my violin was asleep, and the whole of that little box of a room was full of its quivering breath.

Why, I wondered, had Mr. Spassoyevitch been so restless when he was giving me the violin? What too was he about to say, when the removal men came in, and why did he want me to go, since I should have helped the men carrying the furniture out to the van? To-day I had no lessons with him . . . Osmosis . . . I still couldn't see what osmosis was; he might easily ask me, and I should not know . . .

"Mortar, more mortar up here," came the husky, domineering voice of a bricklayer in the neighbouring yard, where they were busy adding yet another floor to the long Yoksimovitch tenement house.

TO my mind came young Dudi Yoksimovitch, who, though now quite grown up, still wore hair long like a little girl's. He went to the French school on the other side of the city—drove there in a motor-car—and every Sunday his governess passed down our street, taking him to Kalemegdan Park. His governess always carried a bright-coloured bag full of things to eat, because little Dudi Yoksimovitch always had to be eating something . . . Oh yes, I remembered, I needed strings, I had to buy strings! George was sure to know where you bought violin strings. But where was George? It seemed he had already gone.

My mother opened the outside door wide, and the confused murmur of all the awakening houses in our yard splashed into the room.

"Up you get," said my mother, "it's time you were off to school."

I stood beside the table, barefoot, clad only in shirt, and brought the violin to my shoulder, my skinny little shoulder. The sunlight slanting off it, clearly revealed every trace of its markings, the least scratch, and with the cracked bow I awakened in it the bright, open, fantasy-full voices of daybreak.

"Mortar, mortar!" came the cries

from the Yoksimovitch building, and the sounds of the violin in my hands became warmer and warmer, brighter, more ecstatic, eddying from our tiny room over the roof-tops and far away towards the river. I would play my violin out on the Danube, when the autumn winds whined and howled in the heights, and the sky was black, and crammed with a tangle of colour, and huge waves rolled ponderously one over the other, all foam, with hollow boom. I would go far away, I would dig my nails into bare and jagged crags of the mountain cliffs and climb, and my playing would be the tempest, so that men halted in their paces and gathered in groups in the foothills below, their eyes bright with happiness and their arms reaching triumphantly into the heights. In the depths, in the very heart of primeval forests, I would play to my mother, reposing on the dense accumulation of intoxicatingly sweet golden leaves, a music of soft and gentle lullaby, eyelids for ever sinking to dream, to the happiest dreaming man could ever know . . .

"What on earth are you dreaming of? Why, I've spent every penny of it, there's not a penny left for strings. Just think, I quite forgot about the strings. You won't be very angry, will you? I was just thinking, too, of taking you to Mr. Zoritch, he used often to come to our *slava* years ago, until the war—and ask him to take you on and give you lessons for nothing . . . then I remembered I'd spent the money which was for the strings. What are we to do now? What are we to do?" my mother repeated, her eyes restless, but dancing like the eyes of a young girl. And I knew that the next moment she would take my head in her hands and look deep into my eyes and give me a kiss, and burst into laughter so loud.

"Come on, hurry up with you, you'll be late for school. George will bring the strings at twelve, when he

comes back from work. And after dinner we'll go and see Mr. Zoritch. Perhaps he will let you join his school—when your father was alive, he came to our *slava* four years. That was long ago, before the war, but I don't expect he has quite forgotten me.

"Get your clothes on, standing there barefoot! Don't put on that clean shirt, you can put that on this afternoon, when we go to see Mr. Zoritch. You did absolutely nothing at school yester—"

Her voice was warm and soothing. She took a jar and sprinkled the floor, then a broom and swept it.

I stepped out more quickly. The acacias were in full bloom, saturating the street with their heavy, swooning sweetness. I should not be late; the big clock at the grocer's, which you could see from our street, showed only half past seven.

BACK home, on the chest where my books lay piled, among them a thin red exercise book with a black scroll reaching all round the title in block letters, *Echoes from a Proletarian Soul*, lay my waiting violin, at rest. Beside it was the bow, remnants of the polish gleaming from the dark corner.

That morning was spent on the customary dead, monotonous school routine. The pointless, senseless moments of each short break alternated with the dreary, soporific lessons, while the trams jangled their bells under the windows of our classroom, in harsh, quick tattoo, to summon dawdling passengers.

I could not see Mr. Spassoyevitch. He seemed distant and unreal. The strange, restless resignation which in that grey little room of the three-storey tenement house had radiated from him as he offered me his dead friend's violin, among the furniture and the packed-up books, all ready for removal, now seemed a hazy, imprecise event in a dream.

At mid-day I found my mother hard at work. Her head was covered in a kerchief. On the low little sheet-iron stove a saucepan was simmering; she was red-faced and hot, hastily stirring it. The tiny room was saturated with the warm, enticing scent of the dinner and three plates gleamed white on the table. George was seated beside the table, scraping the bow over four new, shining strings on the violin. The strings were well drawn up, and as George brought the bow over them they broke into a rapid twittering like birds.

"Now we can have dinner," said my mother, with a glance at me.

WHILE she was filling our plates with her thick, rich pottage, I held my violin without daring to touch the bright new strings with the bow, though, taut as they were, they were ready for it. Then I did do so, and strange, false notes rang hard and alien. Discouraged, I put the violin down on the books. On the bed lay my clean shirt and my mother's faded Panama hat, which I had known since earliest childhood. George had begun to eat, noisily—he had to get back to his workshop as soon as he had finished.

"Come eat up. Make a good meal. It's long way to supper, I suppose we'll find something by then," said my mother, sucking slowly at each spoonful, though she started out with only about half a plate. "I've been round to Mrs. Simitch, and she's paid me what she owed me. She says she's having her clean next week, she's going to have a Gypsy in, but she said I should come too."

At two, when mother had washed up, we set out to see Mr. Zoritch. I carried the violin clumsily under my arm. The bow would keep slipping out, and I had to keep on tucking it back, so it wouldn't fall.

At the courtyard gate I nearly collided with Paul. He had an empty sack over his shoulder.

"What, aren't you coming to gather wood to-day?" he asked, starting in amazement at the violin, at my wetted and well mastered hair, and my mother's broad-brimmed, faded hat. The violin all at once became unbearably heavy, its strings seemed suddenly to turn into knife edges and to cut mercilessly into my flesh, and the wetted hair on my head weighed down like a leaden skullcap.

"I can't, I can't to-day," I said, at a loss, and when, at the end of the street, I turned round, all I could see was Paul's back, crooked and hollow in one of his father's old, worn-out coats—his father was an out-of-work house-decorator. He was walking slowly, and the wind, which had risen, made the sack over his shoulder flutter like a mournful grey banner.

Mr. Zoritch's waiting-room was spacious and bright, with thickly upholstered low armchairs set about a round table covered with illustrated magazines. Over it all glowered Beethoven's vast, wrinkled, sombre forehead, from a high white stand in the corner. Outside, the clouds were gathering rapidly, and that made Beethoven's tremendous forehead still bigger, more wrinkled and more sombre.

MY mother and I stood by the window, hesitant, expecting Mr. Zoritch to summon us. Two little girls with white ribbons in their long, painstakingly brushed hair, were directing an incessant stream of impatient questions at a lady with a massive pearl necklace round her corpulent, lavishly powdered neck. The lady sat motionless and ceremonious between the two little girls.

Then a massive, red, shaggy head appeared in the doorway of Mr. Zoritch's office. I felt my mother start. "Mr. Zoritch," I heard her hesitant, begging voice and the way she spoke sent scarlet flushing my whole body. For an instant the big, shaggy head turned towards us, then, with its lips stretched into a wide, unnatural smile, he turned to the lady with the necklace—"Why Mrs. Arseniyevitch—so you have made up your mind. Please come in, please. Of course, you know talent . . . I am so pleased, Mrs. Arseniyevitch, so pleased. I must confess, I did not expect you so soon. Please come this way. I am entirely at your disposal . . ."

We were alone in the vast waiting-room. Beethoven's vast, sombre forehead hardened to a still more stubborn immobility. I should have

liked to escape back to our warm, stuffy little room on the outskirts of the city, to lie motionless and think of nothing, absolutely nothing. We were alone in the vast waiting-room, infinitely alone. I crushed my mute violin under my arm, as if I were trying to get some warmth from it. A cold draught blew in at the open window of the waiting-room, fluttering the pages of the magazines on the table. Mournful, scarce audible sounds of a piano filtered in, I could not tell from where, and hung about us, till they died away, melting like snowflakes in the sun.

Then the wind banged a window above our heads, and the first drops of rain spattered the panes.

At last, the door of Mr. Zoritch's office opened, and the huge bulk of the woman with the pearls appeared in it.

"So, Wednesdays and Fridays . . . I have great faith in your ability . . . my two little ones are such pets. You are sure to be satisfied with them. Good-afternoon, good-afternoon, Mr. Zoritch."

"Good-afternoon, good-afternoon, Mrs. Arseniyevitch,"—and Mr. Zoritch's shaggy, florid-featured head bowed with the assurance and skill of practice. Mr. Zoritch himself saw the lady and her two little girls out—the latter all impatience to get away—then turned to us, standing stolidly in one corner, where he had retreated out of the way of the self-confidently out-thrust bust of the lady with the pearls and the two little girls.

"Mr. Zoritch, I wonder whether you remember me?" I caught my mother's scarce audible, choking voice. I bent my head down, the yellow rectangles of the parquetry of the floor set a-dancing, then went hazy, turning into a huge confused yellow blotch, which dazzled me.

The violin began to burn me. The sounds of the piano became clearer,

more lively, tempestuous, as if they were now wrestling with the walls, striving to get through into the now cold and gloomy waiting-room, and to bear it away with them on these scalding waves of sound.

"Yes, the years do slip by . . . Times change, too . . ."—fragments of sentences issuing from that florid, shaggy head as if from a cold, wound-up machine, reached my consciousness. "What is one to do? . . . Such is life . . . It's a pity, for the boy's sake." The broken words slipped out, round and shining, like drops of mercury, which one could not get hold of, and for a second two large expressionless eyes fastened on me, only restlessly to switch over to the corner in which Beethoven's forehead, on its tall white stand, loomed over the dark waiting-room.

"But of course not . . . you can see for yourself . . . I should be only too delighted . . . you can see for yourself . . . as you might imagine . . ."

The rain and wind lashed at our faces. The streets were deserted. In front of a house that was being built, two horses, harnessed to a wagon of used bricks, stood motionless under the downpour.

"Come on, mother," I said, "come on," when she would have had me stand with her in a doorway, till the downpour ceased.

Her Panama hat was soaked and shapeless from the wetting.

Then the wind dropped, and we strode swiftly over the puddles. Now a steady cold downpour of fine rain was drenching the empty streets, the roofs, the motionless horse, and violin, from which the rain streamed.

IN the middle of the night, in the stifling darkness which had fallen upon me like a huge black stone, I started from sleep. The darkness was dense and impenetrable, and I could not see my violin. It was in

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the corner, terribly distant, quite beyond my reach, on the old sugar chest which held my books, an unreal thing, an intangible thing.

For a long time I lay motionless, staring dully and indifferently into the darkness. I was hungry. We had gone to bed early, without any supper, and in silence. At my side George was breathing peacefully and evenly, just as he had fallen asleep.

Silence. The long, unfathomable *Narrow Street* night gathered there under the window, wakeful but motionless. I could hear my mother tossing in her sleep. The black stone which lay upon me gradually turned into something hot and soft as cotton-wool.

I woke with a start, wet with sweat. "Mitza, Mitza!" I heard the postman's piercing voice stab the air time and again; the dull sound of pick-axes on soft earth came from the Yoksimovitch building.

MY mother was seated at the bare table, darning a sock. George stood in the doorway, wiping his face. Outside it was a fine, sunny day.

"How can we help it . . . When he grows up he'll buy another," George was saying to my mother, his voice low and disturbed. "We didn't even have anything to eat last night. As for to-day . . . What are we going to do?"

My eyes sought my violin. There it was, yesterday's rain had dried off it, and the tightly-drawn strings flashed like knives. I would have reached out to it and taken it with all my strength in both hands, but I could not stir my arms, they might not have been mine. The perspiration stung my skin, but I could not, simply could not move. My ears buzzed and rang.

My mother was staring far away, through the wall, and said not a word.

"I'll tell you what, I'll buy him a

new fiddle with my first pay, a real new one . . . Only six months more, and I shall be free . . . He won't regret it," George said, and all at once I had the impression that he was not the only one saying this, but louder and louder, he, and mother, and the shrill postman's voice and the dull blows of the pick-axes at the Yoksimovitch house, and the whole of *Narrow Street*, were chanting in unison.

I STARTED violently. The violin had risen up, threatening me, a huge violin with taut strings reaching down at me and threatening me, like the thrusting blades of terrifying, glittering knives.

I could not breathe. I could not cry out. The knives descended on me and warm, stinging blood flooded over me. *Narrow Street* loomed above me, with eyes as dead-white as lime, and steaming, and ever larger, and I would vanish in those eyes, be absorbed in them and vanish for ever.

"Mother!" I cried.

"What's the matter? Are you awake already?"—and she bent over me. It was long past mid-day, the ray of sunlight from the wall opposite had crept right round to the threshold of the door.

There was a strange petrified, deathly silence, in the courtyard.

"Here, Mamma's made you some soup," George—standing at my mother's back—cried, swiftly, as if frightened.

The big black blotches of damp on the ceiling stretched lengthwise, one like a huge black star, another like a spider, with long thin feelers, a third was creeping down the white wall like a dirty, large-headed centipede. It crept on, infinitely slowly it crept, as if it would never reach me, then all at once burst all over the wall and yellow, burning drops dripped down on me.

It was already dusk. There was nobody in the room. Swiftly, feverishly, I dressed. I was already out on the Little Green, the cold grey wool of twilight was winding me about, for a long time I stood over the black hollows, uncertain whether or not to go round them, and against the wind which blew from the river and whipped at my bared chest and hot forehead.

"Why? Why?" I whispered, vacantly, and almost inaudibly.

I STUMBLED over the heaps of rubbish, warmly steaming. I could no longer distinguish the narrow path by which we went down to the Danube to collect driftwood.

"Give me back my violin! Give me back my violin!" I shouted into the night, striving to overcome that unbearable, hellish sound of the yellow waters of the canal at my feet, flowing and flowing, defending and endless.

"Give me back my violin! Give me back my violin!" sang the wheels of a train beneath me, with ever gathering speed, mother, now on the bridge, half the bridge, on the far side of the endless yellow waters had vanished, the vast yellow water dissolved away and waited, quivering at the bottom like the entrails of some huge, starving, centipede-like beast.

"Water? Do you want some water?" came my mother's voice, from far away.

The cold glass touched my lip and in the half-light of daybreak at last I could distinguish her face—grey, agonized and aged.

More than ten years have gone since then, but I can still hear my violin. When a stormy night bangs and tears at the shutters, to tear them out, when the sea roars, foam-flecked and irresistible, I can feel its stubborn, hot voice answering back.

When enthusiastic men march down the street, and across the squares, behind huge white banners, I can catch the sound of it, the rebellious, warm sounds of final victory. It is as real as the sun, the great, warming sun which stands above us all.

MORE than ten years have gone by since then, the wound still bleeds badly, but my violin calls, ever more real, ever more tangible and vocal. Then my fingers set quivering in a strange, restless way . . . I forget all my defeats . . . I stride forward, and then the night rings beneath my footfall.

THANKSGIVING

I HAVE known

The thin, feckless hour,
Have sown
Seeds of fragile fruit and flower.

I have dithered
On the razor's edge,
Felt broken, withered
At the thin end of the wedge.

My derelict heart
Slumped to an aching void
When fond dreams athwart
A nebulous world was destroyed.

All this,
However, could not cloud or mar
The glory and the bliss
That beckoned me from afar.

Lord, whose monolithic will
Defines the valley and the hill,
God, who left me in the lurch
So I would not relent in the search,
While my breathless lute is in agony
I thank you for the promised
symphony.

V. DHURANDHAR

New Books

ACCENT ON FORM. BY LANCELOT LAW WHYTE. *Routledge & Kegan Paul.* 15 s.

MAN's distinction from the beasts has been at once his hope and despair. With the gift of symbolizing his experiences, endowed with memory and possessing language as a means of communication he has been able to achieve marvels which justify his position as the acme of the evolutionary process. But self-consciousness has not been an unmixed blessing.

He is the only animal which can think out the consequences of a certain act, guess whether it will be fruitful or not and decide on his future course of conduct. This he is able to do because of his capacity to communicate. Language by its nature is such that many of the processes of nature, our own feelings and thoughts cannot be expressed suitably. Its analytical mode prevents the utterance of things which we can only intuitively grasp. But it is analysis and abstraction which as the main features of science have helped the advance of western nations from Thales to Logical Positivism. The fearful rapidity with which specialities, and specialities within specialities, have arisen in the sciences is a result of this genius for analysis. Isolation for the purpose of scientific research of one Variable and the functions determining it has been of real benefit. Now the need has arisen for a philosophy and a principle which unifies all the results of science in the various fields of physics, biology and psychology.

Mr. Whyte's book *Accent on Form* is one such synthesising attempt. He considers that the concept of form

and structure which were recognised by men like Plato, Leonardo Da Vinci and in our own time D'Arcy Thompson needs to be revived and revitalised. A very inadequate definition of *Form* would be that it is a certain arrangement of particles which determines the interrelatedness of these particles and their properties and which determines their structure. This would not convey of course, the continuous processes taking place within the structure and the constant rearrangements taking place within the structure. Mr. Whyte gives many instances where the concept of form can be utilized. He suggests that in the study of groups like the family mother, father and child can be considered to form a triadic unit.

Though the material particles that go to make up crystals, genes and viruses may be the same the arrangement and pattern of these particles make for the differences among them. The study of these subjects will profit by an analysis of their form and structure. In the field of Sub-atomic physics the wave patterns ascribed to electrons may find suitable expression in terms of form, claims the author. He deplores that more attention has not been paid to this concept of structural arrangement. In a mood of speculation he takes us into 2000 A.D. where education is on the lines of *Form*. The generations succeeding ours, are shown as being able to understand in a clearer way many of the processes which baffle us now. One of these is the mysterious growth of the human being from the ferti-

lized ovum to the full-fledged baby. The various factors affecting the growth of the embryo are certainly more easy to follow and explain in the light of form and structure than when viewed in the traditional manner.

Atoms in physics have been explored to the point where at least twenty-two fundamental particles have been postulated. While this investigation has been going on philosophers like Alexander, Lloyd Morgan and Whitehead have been elaborating theories of hierarchic structures and emergent evolution. These theories are formal in Whyte's sense of the term.

Though the atomistic school has been immensely successful in explaining the properties of atoms, it has not succeeded in showing how it is that from these minute particles such varied things like a flower, a kitten, or the human brain are formed. Philosophers of evolution have something to offer in this field. Atoms are formed into molecules, molecules arrange themselves into proteins and proteins form themselves into the first unicellular animals which after a long period of evolution have given place to Man. The laws of each stage in this hierarchy are applicable only to that particular stage. In suggesting that potentialities of the next stage are already inherent in a particular stage of evolution the author takes a teleological view.

The laws of physics are valid in the study of atoms and molecules but other methods have to be employed while studying Genes, Viruses etc. In the study of biological organisms physical laws are inadequate. Though life is a property of matter, new laws of function operate when matter is organized into life. And of course, man cannot be reduced to any of these sciences appropriate to

the study of viruses or particles. An entirely different science integrating into itself the results of all other scientific studies should be postulated. Mr. Whyte considers that in a synthesis of holism and atomism, both will be enriched and a new and fruitful science will emerge.

In his analysis of the Problems of life, man, and man's creative achievements, Mr. Whyte has a number of interesting things to say. The sterility that characterises western Man's approach to life and the feeling of insecurity and decay that have descended over Europe, are a result, according to the author, of Europe's loss of the sense of history and evolution. Self-consciousness distinguishing us from animals may in one sense be said to be our curse. With our renewed knowledge of evolution and the fundamental unity of all life, we should be able to retain the advantages of our distinction from nature and at the same time enrich our lives by realising our oneness with nature. The Organic Processes which stress the fundamental continuity of feeling, emotion and thought have to be brought out. Freud's theories have gone some way in doing this. But Freud's unconscious has been the unconscious of Pathology. Normal healthy actions also are traceable to the unconscious processes. But this has not been studied. Here the unity of thought, word and act which the wisdom of the Upanishadic seers emphasized is of some significance.

Being an erudite scientist well versed in all the branches of science Mr. Whyte is able to gather facts from such diverse fields as the study of instincts in animals, the behaviourist school of psychology and semantics and integrate them. This process of synthesis holds a lesson to all scientific workers and indicates new avenues which they could utilize.

Mr. Whyte has written a book

which is a mine of information. Even the superficial reader will not fail to discover that Mr. Whyte is an authority on at least a dozen different subjects. But Mr. Whyte has, one is afraid, a tendency to raise his accent on form to the status of a *mystique*. The great danger of this is that in lesser hands it might degenerate into dogma tending to sterilise science. Otherwise as a work summarising man's knowledge of himself, and speculation, at once disciplined and controlled on our future, *Accent on Form* is unsurpassed.

BOTTEGHE OSCURE XV. Edited by Marguerite Caetani. *Hamish Hamilton, London*. 12s 6d.

BESIDE *New World Writing, Perspectives, The London Magazine*, and *Encounter* which came into being within the last four years—neither small nor big structures—*Botteghe Oscure*, the international periodical published from Rome, may be said, without exaggeration, to be a magnificent edifice. This comparison of creative writing to brick and mortar is made only for a telling effect of physical proportions, it needn't be stretched further. Reviewing the fourteenth number of *Botteghe Oscure* in *SWATANTRA* (April 2, 1955), it was remarked that with that number, this periodical had become more European for the inclusion in it of yet another original language—German—to the bilingual contents in French and Italian already offered to the reading public along with the writings of English and American authors. One hopes that by and by it will grow spacious still for the addition of other original languages, say—Spanish, Swedish, Russian.

What marks off *Botteghe Oscure* from the magazines mentioned above is that it carries no writing by way

of editorial comment. Signora Caetani's preferences are her own; there is no question of my preference or your preference; take them for what they are worth. And in her case the editorial ego confines itself to favouring certain authors whose work she presents rather too often—Rene Char among the French poets and Vernon Watkins among the British. The section devoted to poetry remains the most liberal, the most colourful.

And Quaderno XV has its own abundant measure of verse represented by Edwin Muir, Vernon Watkins, Christopher Logue, Michael Sayers, David Wright, Peter Everett, Jenny Joseph, James Russell Grant, and many others unknown—capped by an anthology of modern Dutch poetry, translated by James S. Holmes—twenty-two poems of varying length and structure—the oldest among the poets being fifty-nine, now no more, and the youngest twenty-nine who, besides writing in his mother tongue, writes in English and in French—Hans Andreus. He gets the lion's share of the anthology: six pieces, all of them written directly in English. Much of it seems to be experimental, but there is no attempt at mystification. 'In place Of' has the following lines:

Here, on this place,
was to be found another poem,
which is lost.
Perhaps
these forms of the air we consider
winds,
but, hide worldlier spirits,
took it with them in a sudden infatuation
and are now playing with it.
Or it may be
that it possessed too much knowledge
to go on
existing.

Among the prose writings Douglas Newton's 'Lights with Us'—a dialogue

between Oedipus and Tiresias is noteworthy. It is a new interpretation of the old, the old being spacious always for newer and newer interpretations. One is inevitably reminded of Andre Gide's play *Oedipus* in which "human dignity puts the horrors in their place; and for the spectator its appeal is rather to the intelligence than to any variety of primitive astonishment." (John Russell in his introductory note to *Oedipus*). Mr. Newton's argument of the situation runs thus:

"What happened to Oedipus after the disastrous revelation of his incest and parricide? Accounts vary. One says that Creon sent him into exile; another, that his sons first imprisoned him, then expelled him. But a third version, perhaps the oldest, reports that, tormented by the Furies, he continued to reign and at last died in battle."

This dialogue between the ill-fated King and the Prophet takes place close upon the death of Jocasta; the rhythms of Mr. Newton's prose rise and fall to the pitch and plunge of the waves of emotion, and the end is memorable for the Prophet's words couched in the ballad form, so poignant in its refrain: "I'm just a lone, old: wandering man."

Two short stories, 'Who killed Cock Robin?' by Sylvia Berkman and 'A Red Light in the Closet' by William P. Wilcox show a careful eye to form, and are readable without being outstanding.

Marguerite Caetani can be legitimately proud of the fifteen numbers of *Botteghe Oscure* part of the contents of which is sure to endure, but it is time that she got out of the set pattern and provided a more variegated pabulum.

THE LONDON MAGAZINE. Vol. 2. No. 6. June, 1955. Edited by John Lehmann. 31, Egerton Crescent, London, S. W. 3. 2s. 6d.

IF there is anything that the editor of a journal has to dread to the

point of a hopeless dullness or numbness, it is the sameness that comes over the stuff he offers week after week, month after month, to a miscellaneous public. He has to be ever on the alert to avoid degeneration; he must be capable of devising fresher items that while stimulating should strike the reader's mind with their originality. It must be said to the credit of John Lehmann that he has realised this fact and spared no pains to give things both entertaining and instructive—and different. In this issue of *The London Magazine* he has begun "the first of a series of reminiscences . . . by distinguished literary figures about their early adventures in London and the famous personalities they first encountered there." William Plomer's 'Coming to London' is a neat piece of writing, so characteristic of this author, and in places the incidents recorded are stranger and more exciting than fiction. The 'Magnolia Flower' by Andre Chamson which is rendered from the French by Jean Stewart is a little masterpiece. This short story which is a study in adolescent sex psychology—the heroine is a girl aged fourteen and the hero a boy of eleven—carries one along on the poetic plane of suggestion, its secret adorning it with a quiet loveliness without the slightest trace of garishness. The poetry section of the magazine makes itself worthy with the distinguished names of Roy Campbell and Robert Graves, while Herbert Read's 'The Romantic Revolution' is a very fine evaluation of the greatest movement in the literature of the Western world in the past two centuries which marked "an expansion into realms of sensibility not previously accessible to the human imagination." *The London Magazine's* claim to the reader's confidence is surely gaining ground.

SPORTS

A NEW STRAIN

By N. S. RAMASWAMI

THE arrival of the New Zealand cricket team next November will be widely welcomed if only because it will dispel the vacuity and inanity of a "domestic" season such as was experienced last year. It has become abundantly clear, though this is a fact which may be deplored, that Indian cricket takes on new life only when there is a touring team in our midst. The indigenous game has failed to capture the imagination of the people.

It is, of course, true that the New Zealand team will be welcomed for another and more satisfying reason. The infusion into Indian cricket of a new strain holds out rich promise. For, each visit by a foreign team

benefits and modifies style in India. The Gargantuan cricket played by the West Indians will be within the memory of most readers. It has resulted in the positive growth of a new technique, the execution of strokes off the back foot. By the same token the suave efficiency of Worrell, who was a member of the first two Commonwealth teams, has played a prominent part in the evolution of Indian cricket. It is impossible that the forthcoming visit by the New Zealanders will fail to exercise a similar influence.

Englishmen, Australians and West Indians have left lasting memorials in Indian cricket, but South Africans and New Zealanders are yet strangers to our culture. The former may never be seen in our fields, but it is fortunate that the latter are to add to the riches of the game in India.

It may be interesting to speculate in what directions New Zealand cricket is likely to leave its impress. The opinion may be hazarded that its effects will not be far different from those which have been exercised in the past by English teams. For, of all the Dominions in the Commonwealth New Zealand has taken most closely after the mother country. It follows from this fact that its cricket will in the main respect the unities. It is more likely to captivate the spectator by its reasonableness and placidity rather than startle him by any eccentricity. In its moments of greatness it may well unfold a grave poetic beauty such as those who have had the great good

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fortune of having witnessed the Worcestershire batsman in action will always associate with Walters. It is also possible that it will depict aristocratic grandeur at the crease. It is most unlikely to be flamboyant or violent, as the West Indians had been and as the Australians are some times reputed to be. India may well expect a strain of peaceful and gentle cricket which, in inspired moments, may be a balm to hurt minds and bruised spirits.

A fugitive and self-effacing style such as this is not likely to overinfluence Indian cricket. But that it will leave behind it many beneficial effects is not to be doubted. The example of decorum and orderliness it is likely to set will act as a good corrective. India's two principal batsmen, Umrigar and Ramchand, are cast in a more violent tradition. They hit the ball heartily and with a powerful contempt of the graces. The tradition of Merchant and Amarnath, classic grace at one end and masterful romanticism at the other, has now merely petered out into rude vigour, which, however utilitarian, can never be accounted riches. It is imperative that India, the land of Prince Ranjitsinhji and Prince Duleepsinhji, should recover its heritage speedily.

NO more efficacious means of recovery are likely to be found than the example of the New Zealanders. They place great emphasis on orderliness of technique, especially as enshrined in the cult of the straight bat and the forward stroke. If this is restored to its primacy in India, it may not be long before classicism reappears in our midst. For, the fundamental basis of grace is accuracy; in the hands of genius, this often bare quality is adorned and decorated. The New Zealanders may well show the path of recovery.

Of the competitive aspect of the forthcoming tour little that is not obvious can be said now. From all accounts it would appear that India

will not be unduly extended, especially if the report is unfortunately true that neither Sutcliffe nor Reid is to accompany the team. New Zealand are yet to win a Test match and he will be a bold prophet who will take it upon himself to assert that the deficiency will be repaired here. As it happens, the present moment represents the nadir of their cricket reputation, for it was only this year that they were dismissed for 24 runs against England. Further, like Englishmen, they may find it difficult, if not positively impossible, to acclimatise themselves in this country, the more so because their tour programme has been curiously constructed. The true riches of their visit are likely to be found in gains to Indian style and manners.

INDIAN BANK

We are informed by The Indian Bank Ltd., that subject to audit, their Net Profit for the half-year ended 30th June, 1955, after providing for contingencies and meeting all expenses, amounts to Rs. 9,15,888.12.10. This amount together with the amount of Rs. 1,30,785.0.11 brought forward from the previous year, totals Rs. 10,46,673.13.9 and is available for disposal. After reserving out of this, Rs. 1 lakh for transfer to Reserve Fund, Rs. 50,000 for transfer to Sinking Fund, Rs. 3,80,000 as provision for taxes in respect of the half-years' profit, Rs. 15,000 for transfer to Buildings' account, the Directors propose to declare an ad-interim dividend of 5% and bonus of 1% (both free of income-tax) in respect of the profit for the half-year ended 30th June, 1955, amounting to Rs. 3,48,000 leaving a disposable balance of Rs. 1,53,673.13.9 which will be carried over to the second half-year's account.

ART & ENTERTAINMENT

Films

BOMBAY

THE superiority of the visual image over the printed word has been proved once again. More than any printed account of the reception accorded to Pandit Nehru in the Soviet Union, the pictorial account recorded by Films Division's ace cameraman Thapa is vivid and inspiring. As you watch the first two thousand feet of film covering the first half of Pandit Nehru's tour of the Soviet Union, one feels elated and proud to be the citizen of a nation whose leader has won the hearts of millions of foreigners in such an irresistible manner.

The Films Division has done well in issuing these two special news-reels; but the Soviet Union has stolen a march on them by making a twelve thousand feet documentary in colour on Nehru's visit and releasing it in India almost simultaneously with the Films Division shorts. Had the Films Division sent more cameramen and taken as much interest as the Soviet Ministry which deputed twenty-nine cameramen to record this momentous event in the history of Russia and India, the Films Division also would have been able to issue a full-length documentary. And I am sure that this feature documentary would have been shown by Indian exhibitors—who are now screening the Soviet documentary—on a commercial basis.

Picture of the week

Without much ballyhoo and publicity Goel's *Vachan* has proved to be one of the most popular hits in Bombay. It is now running in its 13th

week—and, mind you, I could not get a ticket for the matinee show as the house was full. The manager told me that the collections for the 12th week were better than those for the 1st week.

The chief architect of this overwhelmingly popular film is its author Mukhram Sharma—who wrote *Aulad* and *Adhikar*. Like *Aulad*, though cast in a different pattern, *Vachan* is essentially a tear jerker and it is not surprising that women form the majority of the audience. They come and weep throughout the film but they return home in a happy mood.

The story has many tender moments, though its development is not very realistic; it seems rather contrived and manoeuvred. And yet these contrived situations succeed in creating the desired emotional impression on the audience.

The beginning is rather smooth. An old clerk played by S. K. Prem sends his daughter Kamala (Geeta Bali) to get his spectacles repaired. There she meets her lover Prem (Balraj) and returns home after singing a duet. At home we are introduced to Kamala's two brothers—Kishore, who is in school and Kumar who is in college. The drama begins when the old clerk is dismissed with a promise that his son would get the job if he graduates.

Kumar is confident of his success and Kamala's marriage is arranged with Prem. While everything appears to be heading for happiness Kumar meets with a fatal accident on the day the results of the examination are published and all the

dreams of the family are shattered. Worse happens, the father becomes blind. Kamala decides to postpone her marriage till Kishore grows up and is able to support the blind father. But Prem, thanks to his mother's persuasion marries another girl Shyama who starts hating him when she learns that he was in love with Kamala.

Munimji, the opium-addict uncle now enters the picture. Kishore now grown up, marries Munimji's niece. The advent of Munimji into the family brings trouble soon. Kamala along with her blind father finds herself adrift. While searching for a job again, Kamala meets Shyama, Prem's wife and accepts the job of looking after her and her child during Prem's absence. Another ironical but unrealistic coincidence. Munimji contrives further villainies before he is disposed of but no irreparable harm is done; Shyama is killed by a fall and the lovers are united.

The story of a sister's sacrifice is thus crammed full of accidents and coincidences and revolves round one man's evil genius; and yet thanks to excellent characterization, especially of Kamala, the picture succeeds not only in being convincing but in moving the audience. Geeta Bali has given several good portrayals in the past; but as Kamala she is really outstanding. The scene in which she gives water to her father as a substitute for medicine and controls herself with great difficulty is a memorable piece of emotional acting. She carries the picture and the audience with her. S. K. Prem as the blind father, Radha Krishan as Munimji and Rajendra Kumar as Kishore also acquit themselves creditably.

Production values are average; Raj Rishi's direction and Mukadam's photography are competent. Of the songs, only Rafi's rendering of the beggar's song is effective. The dia-

logue is in a colloquial style and full of emotional sentiments.

The success of "*Vachan*" is a triumph for Mukhram Sharma and Geeta Bali.

Personality of the week

On 20th July Prabhat Kumar, Shantaram's eldest son, will make his debut as a director on his own. On that day he will be launching his maiden directorial vehicle for Rajkamal based on a story by C. D. Madgulkar and aptly enough, Baby Nanda, Vinayak's daughter and Prabhat Kumar's cousin has been chosen to play the lead in this picture. Thus, it marks the emergence into the limelight of the second generation in Shantaram's family. Prabhat Kumar has had his training in film direction from his father. Moreover, he has been acquainted with films since his childhood and in fact appeared in small roles in pictures like *Tukaram* and *Duniya Na Mane*.

Soft-spoken, silent and rather unassuming Prabhat Kumar has visited Europe as well as the Far East. He went to Europe to attend the Cannes Festival two years ago when *Amar Bhoopali* was shown there. Still in his twenties, Prabhat Kumar has got an excellent start and it is to be hoped that he will prove himself a worthy son of an illustrious father.

V. P. SATHE

Theatre

Darkness And Light

I remember a hostel-mate of mine in college always woke up at a late hour of the morning so that he could come to the mess for breakfast in his night suit. He had a lovely pyjama suit which he was very fond of displaying. I was reminded of this young man's foible as I sat watching the presentation of *Darkness and Light* by the Sevas Stage Service at the Vivekananda College open air theatre last Sunday evening. Kala-agaram Rajagopal wanted to exhibit his production technique. Sivaji Ganesan had

to display his ability to speak dialogues. The script writer had to prove his familiarity with the Thirukkural and the works of the poet Bharathi. And all these people—like my hostel-mate in his pyjama suit at breakfast—found the play a convenient excuse to parade their respective talents. The play, as such, was no play. It lacked story value and dramatic content. It had an apology of a beginning, and no end. It ended abruptly and the audience was taken by surprise (unpleasant). The audience, in fact, retained their seats even after the play had finished, and an announcement to the effect that the play was over had to be made before they could reluctantly be made to leave. The cause for this is not far to seek. The characters played by Shivaji Ganesan and Sahasranamam had died; Kalasagaram Rajagopal had showed us enough number of gorgeous scenes for one evening; the author had exhausted his literary quotations; there was then no further need for the play to be kept going; and so, even at the risk of being abrupt, it was brought to a close. The Sevas Stage Service must realise that important and interesting though these accessories are it is really the play which matters. However beautiful the shade of the lipstick, it is the lips that truly matter.

The story is about a lawyer who carefully builds around himself a wall of social respect. But the wall threatens to collapse and bury him in the debris when his brother Gunaseelan rushes into his house one night and confesses to a murder. He explains how he fell in love with a poor and starving dancing girl by the name of Yamuna, and how he murdered a rake who tried to molest her. Gunaseelan's brother, from now on, is a worried man. He starts fighting to the last ditch to save his social self-respect. He tells Gunaseelan and Yamuna to keep their guilt a secret, and that he will find a solu-

tion to the problem. But an unforeseen complication arises when the wrong man is arrested for the murder. Gunaseelan is tormented by the idea of an innocent man suffering for his crime, and wants to give himself up to the police. But his brother keeps him back, and takes up the defence of the innocent prisoner himself. Circumstantial evidence, however, (this is not made clear in the play, but I am putting it down to make the narration clear) proves to be overwhelming and the innocent man is condemned to be hanged. At this Yamuna and Gunaseelan commit suicide, leaving an explanatory note to the police. But Gunaseelan's brother destroys the note in order to save his social face. But the burden of his guilty conscience proves too much, and its weight crushes him to death. The play ends with the lawyer's daughter explaining the manner in which her father died to a young man who turns up out of the blue presumably to take care of her till death do them part and they walk away arm in arm into the future. All the characters in the play, as drawn by the author, are mere puppets. They seem to be completely at the mercy of the author who pulls the strings. They behave like automatons, and do not display any reasoning powers of their own. Gunaseelan is about the worst of the lot. He talks glibly and fatuously about Mahatma Gandhi and *ahimsa*, justice and social equality; he mouths platitudes without the faintest blush; and yet, after committing a murder (which is bad enough) he lets an innocent man suffer in his place (which is worse). The character is unlovable and yet—and yet he is familiar. He is, in a general sense, representative of the present-day man of the world. We must take it that the character of Gunaseelan is an attempt at satire.

A word must be said about the performance of Sivaji Ganesan. He was the pick of the lot. He has an ear

for modulated speech. His delivery, is admirable. His subtle variations of pace and rhythm, his studied pauses and tuneful enunciation, show the dialogue to the best advantage. He seems to possess above all, the one prime qualification of an actor—an immense fondness for the language he speaks on the stage. He carries himself with grace and dignity. In comparison with him the others suffer. Sahasranamam has an irritating habit of allowing a streak of the farcical to creep into his voice at the most inappropriate moments. Mainavathi, as Gunaseelan's niece, turned in a competent performance.

The production was what one might call, modern. The producer displayed a permanent back curtain against which the silhouettes of the different locations (with cut-outs) were outlined, as and when occasion required. Lighting was also suitably and cleverly used to give the impression of a plain background like the sky. His full-moon on the sky and his rising sun behind a hill were most attractive.

The orchestra and the singing were of an appropriate standard. All the songs were Bharathi's compositions set to melodious tunes. An unique feature of the production was the quality of the microphone amplifier system. It was like listening to a well-recorded cinema sound track.

K. S. RAMAMOORTHY

Music

ONE of the briefest possible functions was held at the Srinivasa Sastri Hall, Mylapore on Sunday the 10th July. It was followed by a longish concert.

The function was got up by the Sai Gana Samaj to felicitate Sri Maharajapuram Viswanatha Iyer on the receipt of the President's Award for Carnatic Music (vocal) this year. It had been scheduled for five-thirty, started at six and lasted about seven or eight minutes. Many of us do feel we are suffering from too many spee-

ches; we also feel they are unconscionably long. Yet on Sunday when at a function got up to honour a great musician the encomiums were all too brief and the whole function was summarily wound up within a few minutes, many must have felt time was saved in an unseemly manner. Because of this hurried casualness the proceedings smacked of insincerity; it was almost like the 'loyal toast'.

Mr. T. L. Venkatarama Iyer who presided over the evening's function in his brief speech said that Sri Viswanatha Iyer was famous for his *Raga Alapana*. He also made mention of the fact that Sri Viswanatha Iyer had been a front rank concert artist for thirty-seven years, ever since 1918, a remarkable phenomenon indeed in an age when musicians shoot to fame like meteors and fade away as quickly, though not as dramatically. But all this most of us know. Perhaps only a person like Mr. Venkatarama Iyer could have really analysed in a scholarly manner the art of an artist like Sri Viswanatha Iyer. He did not choose to do so.

Perhaps there is only one other musician of the present day who can claim to have been in the field of music for as long, if not longer. And that is, of course, Sri Ariyakudi Ramanuja Iyengar. But to return to Sri Viswanatha Iyer or Maharajapuram as he is known, not only to his intimates but to all his fans in their thousands, he had his training under the late Sri Umayalpuram Swaminatha Iyer, who himself had been a disciple of Umayalpuram Krishna Bhagavathar and his brother Sundara Bhagavathar, two of the first pupils of Tyagaraja. This enviable 'lineage' is chiefly responsible for Sri Maharajapuram's rich repertoire of rare *kritis* not usually known to many others or, if known at all to a few, sung but infrequently.

It has often been said that *raga* elaboration is Sri Maharajapuram's

forte. True, but let it not be thought that is all. He belongs to the old school which took its music seriously. Not that the present generation does not put into a performance the same amount of serious endeavour and painstaking care. The reference is more to the performance they aimed at. Ours is an age of popular music. To meet the demands of his public the contemporary artist has to make his music, whether it be light or classical, popular. Easy, pleasant, delectable perhaps, but not too heavy. That is what is wanted and the artists have learnt to give it. A generation ago the patrons wanted a different type of music, not necessarily the greater, but certainly more serious. And the artists of Sri Maharajapuram's generation were trained to cater to that demand. Since the people who came to the concerts asked for it the artists gave them dignity rather than sweetness, majestic grandeur rather than easy fluency, hard to digest grammar instead of prefabricated *pallavis*. In that sense he belongs to the old school, to a different age.

It is true, of course, that Sri Maharajapuram's forte is *raga alapana*. In this, as in giving his renderings a sonorous dignity, he has a voice that can rise to the efforts of his creative imagination and technical skill. Perhaps it is not fair to judge an artist's voice in the thirty-seventh year of his concert career. But even today when he is in form, Sri Maharajapuram can make his voice perform such wonders as one can scarcely dare believe. It is an indefinable quality, a capacity impossible to analyse which might perhaps be compared to the genius of a painter. Yes, that is the only way one can put it. He does with musical notes what a painter does with his colours. Here a curve, there a loop, a straight line and then a sudden curl; in some magical way a picture is born. So also with Sri Maharajapuram's *raga alapanas*. To him is given the gift

of an Abt Volger *that out of three sounds he frame, not a fourth sound, but a star*.

The performance under review saw Sri Maharajapuram at his best as far as *raga alapana* went. His *alapana* of Suddha Dhanyasi, Mukhari, Arabhi and Punthagavarali were really masterly. In Punthagavarali he excelled himself. It was one of those rare occasions when an artist is almost re-discovered. Younger musicians present would certainly have learnt many a new point in singing the *alapana* for such an *apurva raga*.

In Sri R. K. Venkatarama Sastri and Sri Nagercoil Ganesa Iyer, Sri Maharajapuram had excellent accompanists. Sri Sastri's rich traditional presentation of *ragas* was a delight to the ear. Sri Ganesa Iyer is one of the few who are gifted with musical fingers. In his playing the unique timbre of this pride of the South Indian musical instruments is never lost. Being a musician himself he is able intelligently to anticipate the singer's *sangathis*.

All the same, in the final analysis, the concert should not be considered a success. Some would even say that after a couple of hours of brilliant music the performance flopped. This was mainly due to the artist not having taken the trouble to plan his programme. A magnificent *alapana* of *Kalyani*, so elaborate that one expected it to be the main piece of the evening's concert, was followed by a *padam* by Ganam Krishna Iyer. That was, in more senses than one the beginning of the end of the evening. The *padam* was followed by a *sloka* rendered as a *ragamalika*; then a *javali* in *Khamas*; and to end—another *sloka*! At least to spare our younger artists a bad example one would wish our senior vidwans took a little more care over the choice of items for their concerts. A programme must have balance, above all else.

VANIDASA

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.

B. C. G. Scheme

Sir,—I have read with much interest in the Press, the report on the press conference held by the Health Minister, Mr. A. B. Shetty, on June 28th which he had called in view of the controversy that had developed recently with regard to the mass B.C.G. Vaccination Campaign.

The Minister has admitted that the Government were aware of the fact that there was a certain amount of fear among the public which, he says, was due to the scare created.

The Minister has further stated that it was only Rajaji who has raised the controversy. That means, that if Rajaji had not raised the question, there would not have been such a scare? This has been answered in detail by Rajaji himself in his talk at Lakshmipuram Young Men's Association on June 30, when he again analysed his view point on this matter.

And when the Government comes to know that there is some scare in the minds of the public about a particular scheme launched by the Government, it is up to the Government to disclose and explain to the Public the facts and allay their fears, doubts and suspicions and convince them.

Instead of taking steps on these lines, there was no point in the Government asking the Press not to give credence to unverified and unauthorised reports of complications after B.C.G. Vaccination, because it would only tantamount to suppression of news and keeping the Public away from happenings in support of the Government, which should not be the attitude of a Republic Government. By so screening of news this scare and doubt are likely to be firm in the minds of the Public and therefore it would be better to take steps on such lines to convince the Public and to remove the fears of the Public.

In conclusion I feel glad over the assurance of the Health Minister that the question of giving further treatment to the Girl was being considered and Government would try to do their best and I pray God for the early restoration of her eye sight. N. V. R. SWAMY

Fees On Application For Import Licence

Sir,—The decision of the Government of India to bring down the scale of fees for import licences is welcome. The commercial community is happy to note

(Continued from page 14)

document requiring this treatment is placed between two sheets of cellulose acetate foil and subjected to a high temperature under pressure when the foils melt and fuse into the fibres of the paper thus adding enormous strength to it. This is accomplished without in the slightest degree disfiguring the writing on the paper. Installed at a cost of more than seventy thousand rupees, this machine has ensured safety and speed in the art of preservation of old documents.

The photo-duplication section attached to the Preservation Branch incorporates the latest techniques in Microfilming and Photostating with a view to conserving storage space for copies and providing as many copies of records as may be required at relatively cheap rates.

Of particular interest to research scholars and historians is the work of the Publication Branch. Here, as elsewhere in the National Archives, the hall-mark is thoroughness. Under the efficient supervision of qualified officers, this branch has been responsible for providing exhaustive indices to the enormous collection of records in the National Archives. Particular reference should be made here of the indices and calendars relating to the Persian records in the custody of the National Archives dating from 1757 to 1850 A.D. They throw much light upon the condition of India in those days and the position the East India Company occupied among the Native rulers.

that its view has been appreciated by the Government and a step has been taken by the latter in the right direction. But the considered view of the trade still continues to be that the new fees are excessive and cannot be justified. The law has been laid down clearly by the Madras High Court on 25-2-1952 while considering the enhancement of fees for licences under the Madras Manure Dealers' Licence Order, 1949. While pointing out the difference between a tax and the licence fees which is leviable under the "police power of the State," it has been laid down that "the licence fee is not intended to raise revenue for the general purpose of the Authority levying the fee; for such purpose, the levy should be in the nature of a tax; the licence fee should be reasonable whereas a tax need not be." The former scale prescribed by Government was very reasonable. Considering the liberal import policy of the Government along with the expansion in import trade the previous scale would be quite sufficient. The modified scale is steep and heavy. When the maximum in force till 1954 was Rs. 100 only, the ceiling has been raised to Rs. 250. With

a view to benefit the trade the Government may direct restoration of the 1954 scale of import licence fees without delay.
P. R. MUTHUSWAMY.

Leprosy Sufferers.

Sir,—Mr. T. N. Jegadeesan who is doing yeomen service for the cause of leprosy relief in our country revealed last year the astonishing fact that nearly 75,000 leprosy patients live in the South Arcot District. Though accurate statistics is not at hand now it would not be an exaggeration to say that this number is likely to be slightly more but certainly not less, on any account. So this district holds the worst record. People living in this district know pretty well that every four out of ten beggars are leprosy sufferers. I do not know whether this dreadful disease is contagious or not but I think that it could be hereditary for in many cases the sons of leprosy affected beggars have the disease.

I request the government to pay more attention to this area by way of opening clinics and doing effective propaganda about this much neglected and dreadful disease.
R. SRINIVASAN



Air India International now flies to new stops, Beirut and Zurich. Photo shows distinguished invitees on the inaugural flight.

SWATANTRA

On Sale Every Saturday

Vol. X. July 23, 1955 No. 25

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ON THE COVER:

The Fourth Annual Conference of the Indian Federation of Working Journalists was held in Madras last week. The Secretary of the Reception Committee is here seen receiving Sri C. Subramaniam who inaugurated the conference.

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

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

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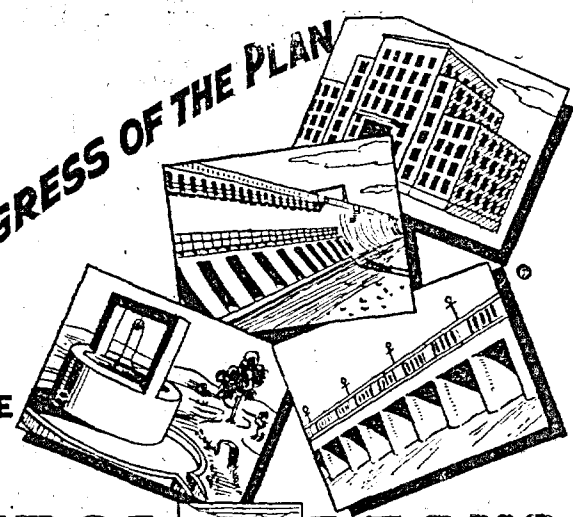
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SWATANTRA

Vol. X.

JULY 23 SATURDAY 1955

No. 25

WHY PRESS CONFERENCES?

THE Press Conference has become one of the hall-marks of democracy. It is the acceptance of the principle of the right of the people to be told what is being done and said and thought by those in whose hands they have entrusted the welfare of the country. It acknowledges the freedom of public knowledge. And the function of the reporter is to enlighten the public, to gather, assemble and clarify the news he gets straight from the horse's mouth, as it were. He has no business to make a 'story' out of it so as to give the public "what the public wants," or to embellish it with his own comment—except for purposes of heightening the interest of the piece of writing without taking away from the precision of the facts themselves—and he has no right to interpret it. He is concerned solely with information. The Press has thus become a kind of liaison between the Authority and the People.

There are many types of press conferences. The cyclostyled sheet press conference accompanied by the inevitable biscuit and coffee seems to have become the accepted mode in Madras city. Pandit Nehru at a press conference is wary at first but breaks out into eager, voluble, irrelevant speech at the first question. His temper is rarely under leash. He talks unthinkingly, he rarely sticks to facts but he establishes at once

with the press a relationship of friendliness and cordiality. He is effortlessly brilliant, always amusing, often boyish. His charm is turned full on so that the reporter comes away with the impression that the press conference had been a tremendous experience. Mr. T. T. Krishnamachari is poised, suave, cool-headed, completely master of the situation, never giving away an iota of information more than he had come prepared to scatter but giving withal the impression that he is putting all his cards on the table. Most of our provincial ministers are less experienced in the give and take, the sparring and the verbal jousting which are the very life and essence of a press conference. Non-officials, of course, feel less restricted and cramped in their dealings with the press. There was once a South African tacher here called Mbiyu Koinange whose press conference was memorable for the dignity and restraint of his utterances even on questions about which he could have expressed himself—understandably—in anger and bitterness.

It is true that though the holders of press conferences and the reporters who attend them are both supposed to be serving the same interests, they often don't come together in a spirit of friendliness. The two parties feel they are representatives of rival camps, one distrustful, sus-

icious seeing barbs in questions which are not there while the other bends his energies in single-minded pursuit, to catching his opponent out or at least to rattle him enough to make him lose his temper. An angry official is undoubtedly the answer to a reporter's prayer at a press conference. Often if the press is not instantly and swiftly put in its place at a press conference, it tends to get out of hand.

It is fairly obvious then that not everybody can conduct and hold a press conference. It needs more than a good grasp of one's subject, more than a marshalling of one's facts at the tips of one's fingers, it needs much more than a mind like a filing index. A man must have his wits about him, above all. He must have felicity of expression, a quick mind, and a capacity to turn an awkward question to his own advantage or let it boomerang on the questioner, and a plentiful supply of charm and humour. There is only one substitute for all this, and that is an obvious, inviolate sincerity and humility.

A dull conference is one of the worst of inflictions in a reporter's life. It is difficult to see what purpose was served by Mrs. Maragatham

Chandrasekharan's press conference last week. There were seven members of the Press and an equal number of officials and non-officials confronting each other across the long table. There were two Directors of Medical Services, two Directors of Public Health and three non-officials. The subject was The Nation's Fight Against Leprosy. It soon deteriorated into the reporter's fight against the confusion and incoherence of the official mind. Mrs. Chandrasekharan whispered her messages to the reporters nearest to her; the utterances of the various directors crossed and recrossed each other like the beams of searchlights across the sky illuminating nothing. Mr. T. N. Jagadisan valiantly made a series of attempts to bring some order into the disarray of the arguments and statements flying around him. One reporter distractedly suggested we could get a story out of Dr. Hemerijckx, who is the leader of the Belgian mission now here to help in leprosy relief. Why had he come here? What had made him come here? The doctor shook his head, threw up his hands and said: "We just came . . . to . . . help." That was the clearest and most intelligible statement made in the whole course of that press conference.

Bang into the Future

WE are informed by the London *Times* that a "bang" shook London early on the morning of July 5 and alarmed the inhabitants so much that they forthwith exercised their prerogative of free citizenship by telephoning the concerned Ministry and demanding to know what they meant by it. Inquiries, however, revealed that it was only caused by a Gloster Javelin breaking the sound barrier. Cruising at high altitude, the pilot's oxygen tube

became entangled in the parachute harness and in freeing it he "inadvertently" exceeded the speed of sound." Not long ago talk about the sound barrier had undertones of tragedy and mystery about it. And so it must come as quite a shock to the layman vainly trying to cope with the speed of modern scientific invention that this bogey of the isothermal layer has so soon been surely and firmly laid to rest and that the blue sky is now almost as

safe as the good earth. We have now reached the stage when we can "inadvertently" exceed the speed of sound. Scientists tell us that it is a matter of time before space travel becomes a reality. Already, in fact, America is planning a satellite which would stay up in the air once it goes out of the area of influence of gravity. This is to act as the first stop in the journey into the blue rather on the analogy of filling stations in motor travel. Indeed one may one day find oneself on the wrong satellite in the course of a quick return trip to Jupiter and be vexed to find that the filling station there does not supply the oil one

uses for one's space-ship. And Bert of Bethnel Green would be writing to Sally of Shepherds Bush that he had "inadvertently" overslept and missed Mars and he did not know what Auntie Anastasia was going to say. But since he was there in Saturn anyway he had decided it a good opportunity to drop in on Marge of Maida Vale—you remember Marge who had married that fellow who had discovered a new type of nylon cord to string stars with? And he hopes young Edie is able to get to school in time in his helicopter, and remains with love, hers. By then the Ministry of Information might have become an anachronism.

Sotto Voce

PATIENCE IN SMALL THINGS



MR. NEHRU protests against the "sneers and jeers," the threats and the romantic nonsense about the past with which Portugal and its friends in the European Press seek to prevent Goa from fulfilling its destiny. How nice it would be if he did not, while declaring his Government's resolve not to be deterred from its task of liberation, himself indulge copiously in flouts and jeers. Such exhibitions of temper are not going to enhance our status. It may be futile pretence for Dr. Salazar to contend that "the Portuguese control of Goa is in defence of Christianity, of European culture and of some other things like that." If it is pretence,

why not let the facts speak, and leave out the frills?

In an ironic aside Mr. Nehru exclaimed, "European culture today finding its finest flowering in Portugal, I suppose!" Possibly not—though I can't pretend to speak about it, having none of Mr. Nehru's apparently inclusive knowledge of the contemporary culture of Europe. But Portugal has given great things to humanity in the past, including one of the world's epics. It may be that the modern descendants of the race of Camoens are quite unworthy of their historic forbears. Still, it would be

but human frailty if they assumed, merely on the strength of the ties of consanguinity, that they were the flower of the earth. Incidentally, what else can be the colourable excuse for our own "nationalists" taking the name of Indian culture in vain?

Dr. Salazar may be a self-willed old despot with outmoded ideas of patriarchal imperialism; and it is undeniable that his regime has been guilty of disgusting sadism in Goa. But his culture can any day stand comparison with that of the sansculottes from whom the Commissars are drawn. And his imperialism at least has all but lost its teeth. If the Portuguese flaunt their superior culture, is not Mr. Nehru's Government partly responsible for this? French culture in Pondicherry is as much of an exotic as Portuguese culture in Goa, and yet Delhi was only too ready to give any number of assurances that it would be preserved in cotton wool. The Comic Spirit these days must be splitting its sides over our endless contradictions.

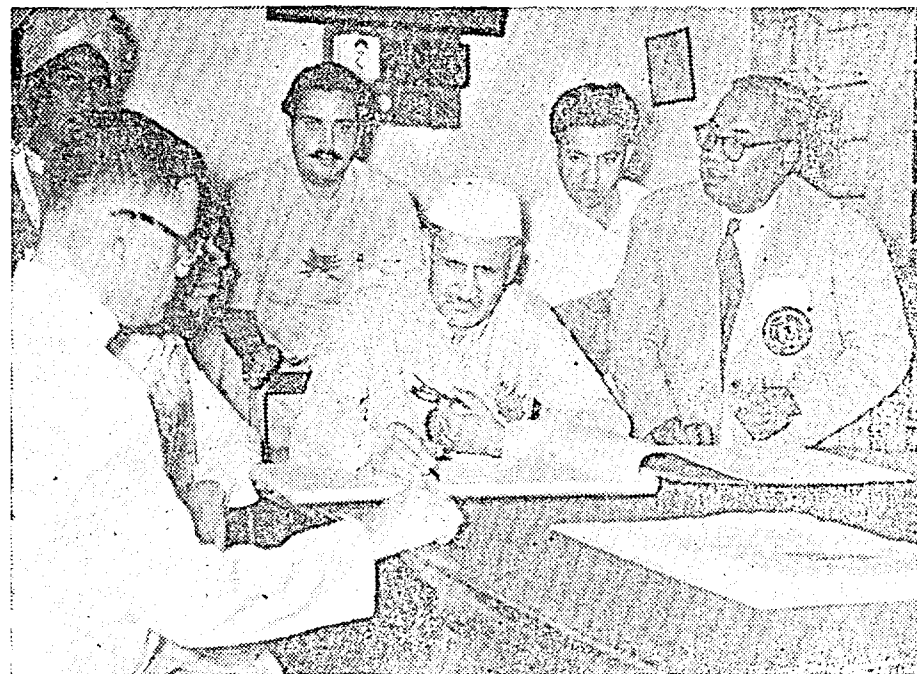
For a man of Peace Mr. Nehru indulged in strange language which is bound to give comfort to our enemies. He spoke of India's "power to deal with the situation swiftly if it chooses." The embattled might of America found that "police action," even in the name of the United Nations, did not work quite so swiftly or successfully in Korea. There are any number of unfriendly Powers who are ready to pounce upon us the moment we stumble. It is a tangled skein that we have to unravel in Goa. The soul of that unbelievable city lies becalmed in dreams of the past, while its body is nourished by fortuitous gains. St. Francis Xavier and the quasi-monopoly of the export trade in minerals are equally potent facts.

Nevertheless our case is so strong that it would be a thousand pities if we were to spoil it by petulance or ill-timed heroics. Even institutions that have survived their use, like Portuguese rule in Goa, do not disappear without causing a lot of upset and heart-burning; but tact and conciliation can heal the sores in time. Imperialism is no longer a viable force in Asia. Portugal will realise it, even as Britain and France did, though as the Power with the longest record of imperial rule it finds it more difficult to shed the ancient *vasana* and with it the tattered remnants of its purple finery.

We ask Portugal to quit because autocracy, and an alien autocracy at that, in Goa and democracy a few miles away can meet only to explode. The Goans are not Portuguese settled in Goa but Indians. Some of them are men of mixed race, thanks to historic accidents, but would be no more aliens in India than the Anglo-Indians. Some few might wish for the perpetuation of the *status quo* because they stand to gain by it. Others who are ostentatiously 'loyal' to the occupying Power will be equally loyal to any Power that steps into its shoes.

It is not geo-politics to point out that Goa is part of the Indian community, that it can prosper only if India prospers and that it must wither away if the life-giving stream of service and commerce from India were to be dammed. Portugal cannot maintain seven thousands miles away from its shores a beleaguered garrison simply for the sake of prestige. And India, in this age of jet planes and H-bombs, can no more afford to have a potential enemy lodging in Goa than Peking one in the islands off Formosa or Egypt one in the Suez Canal. Let us rely for victory on the logic of facts, not on the magic of words.

VIGNESWARA



Mr. Banarasidas Chaturvedi, the new President of the All India Federation of Working Journalists, signing in the Visitor's Book at the Civic Reception accorded by the Mayor of Madras.

ANDHRA GOVERNMENT EXPLAINS

The Director of Public Relations, Andhra, writes:

Sir,—I am to say that the attention of the Government has been drawn to the item No. 1 under the caption 'Sidelights' in your weekly dated June the 11th, 1955 and that the person said to have been beaten by the respondent, was one Malakondiah son of Chalamiah. In the notice to the respondent, by a mere clerical error the name of the victim was given as Chalamiah who is admittedly deceased instead of Malakondiah. When the matter came up for enquiry on 1-6-55 before the District Magis-

trate (Judicial), Nellore, the mistake was detected by the Station House Officer and a memo was immediately filed in the Court representing that the mistake was committed in typing and seeking the permission of the Court to correct it and the District Magistrate (Judicial), Nellore, after satisfying himself that the mistake was a bona fide one, allowed the correction to be made in the public court.

Thus, it is clear that this was purely an error in typing and the Government trust that this clarification will also be published in your esteemed journal so that the reading public can appreciate the correct position.

INDIAN AFFAIRS:

By SARANGA

—PANDIT PANT PROVOKES PAKISTAN

—A PRESIDENT'S PREROGATIVE?

—A POSTSCRIPT ON THE MORCHA

WHY did Pandit Pant drop a brick in Srinagar and hasten back to New Delhi to listen to the reverberations of its fall? Of Pakistan he said: "I do not see any possibility of her agreeing to any reasonable conditions now," and went on to elaborate the whole inter-State position regarding Kashmir. There was, perhaps, hardly anything new in what he said and the Prime Minister in his speech on Saturday endorsed the Home Minister's statement as containing only some obvious truths. But the need for a public expression of these matters, by one so highly placed as Pandit Pant, should have some explanation at this stage when, to all outward appearances, there has been some progress in the talks with Pakistan to reach an understanding on Kashmir. The layman has always been puzzled about these conversations, because it is inconceivable that the whole question should once again be thrown into the melting-pot with all the risks of uncertainty involved in the process. The offer made in 1947 to hold a plebiscite to decide the future of Jammu and Kashmir was made in good faith though it was not a legal necessity because the Maharajah had already signed the act of accession. At that time, there was no line dividing 'Azad' Kashmir from the rest and the subsequent cease-fire resolution under which this area came to be accorded a status was only a transitional step to bring about the plebiscite. The conditions for a plebiscite were never accepted by Pakistan though it lay in her power, during

the prolonged negotiations with the help of mediators, to put India's offer to the test by implementing the cease-fire resolution. India has not left the status of Jammu and Kashmir an open question because there is a legal accession to India. Some steps have been taken already towards the integration of the State by its inclusion in the list of Part B States and by Kashmir's acceptance of the Indian Constitution with some limitations. All these are matters of common knowledge.

The point that Pandit Pant sought to emphasise was that these cannot be reversed suddenly. Would that mean that India would not agree to hold a plebiscite under the changed conditions? The Prime Minister has been categorical in declaring that India stood by her commitments but his mention of changed circumstances in this connection may indicate a desire to make the plebiscite conditional; and since Pakistan had long ago abandoned the cease-fire resolutions of 1948 and 1949 as the basis of the conditions of a plebiscite, India can justifiably take a new position on these points. The changes in Pakistan's foreign policy which have now linked her to the U.S.A., SEATO and Turco-Iraqi bloc are unlikely to alter to suit India's views.

Pandit Pant pointed out that India has created a regular constitutional status for Jammu and Kashmir, held elections there and allowed a substantially autonomous government to function on a democratic basis—features which are not to be seen in

any of the units of Pakistan. Pakistan's treatment of 'Azad' Kashmir stands in marked contrast to the position of Jammu and Kashmir. Because she lacks any legal basis for her control of that area, Pakistan's present relations with Azad Kashmir are highly irregular.

There have been loud protests against Pandit Pant's statement in Pakistan. This is not new. Such protests have been made before when elections were held for the Kashmir Constituent Assembly, at the time of the Delhi agreement on accession to the Indian Constitution and when the President promulgated the order after consulting the Kashmir Assembly and then when Sheikh Abdullah was dismissed and detained. But it is quite certain that future

talks on the Kashmir question will have to take account of this new mood. Possibly, this aspect of the problem has already been raised in the preliminary discussions which have taken place. The problem is now mainly one of not allowing the orderly development of Kashmir being jeopardised by uncertainty which is inevitable if the impression should get round that the whole question is open. If Kashmir wants development like the rest of India under the Second Five-Year Plan, then obviously some assurances must be available about future political conditions and Pandit Pant did nothing more than provide them.

TWO issues have been raised in the last few days about the



Helen Keller was recently awarded the degree of Doctor of Laws by the Harvard University. Here she is seen with Dr. Nathan N. Pusey, President of the University (far right) and others on the occasion. Dr. Konrad Adenauer, Chancellor of the Federal German Republic, is seen second from right.

award of the Bharat Ratna to Mr. Nehru. The first is whether Mr. Nehru needs any such title at all since there can be nothing which can honour him more than the affection and regard of millions of people in the world who now have had an opportunity to see him. The answer is not in doubt and the only justification is that the President deemed it desirable that the government over which he presides should also honour him in a special way, however inadequately. It is no mere adulation to say that in this case Mr. Nehru has honoured the title and invested it with an importance which it did not possess earlier.

The more immediate issue relates to the constitutional authority of the President to confer a title without the advice of the Central Cabinet. In his speech at the banquet, the President confessed that on this occasion he might be said to have acted unconstitutionally which was very true indeed! Can he act *suo motu* on such matters? Has the Head of State under a written Constitution a prerogative right on which he could rely, on the analogy of the prerogatives of royalty in the United Kingdom? Perhaps much of this speculation is unnecessary as the award of titles, definitely prohibited by the Constitution except in cases of military and academic distinctions, has now been brought in by the backdoor on the plea that these constitute awards for merit.

A POSTSCRIPT is necessary on the end of the Akali agitation in Amritsar. The sudden decision of the Punjab Chief Minister to advance the withdrawal of the ban, without waiting for the lapse of the ban orders, was a happy inspiration which has conciliated the Akali Dal. The Prime Minister's return provided a good enough pretext to do so. A consequence of the step is that the Chief Minister has now to face opposition from other quarters. Hindu organisations like the Jan Sangh and even

some sections of the Congress party have read this as a concession to the fanatical communalism of the Sikhs and one can see that their counter-cry of Maha Punjab (against the Sikh slogan of Punjabi Suba) has also aroused a considerable amount of emotion. It can prove to be a source of serious trouble if the Akali Dal wishes to pursue its agitation for a Punjabi-speaking State at a later stage. If a recrudescence of communal passion has to be avoided in the frontier State, great statesmanship would be needed and only the Prime Minister will be able to build up the required degree of confidence in both communities. But Mr. Nehru's fault has been his tendency to dismiss summarily every demand for special treatment of cultural or communal groups as narrow-mindedness. Such abrupt dismissal has never dissolved parochialism; it has only driven it underground to breed in darkness and erupt on any occasion which offers a pretext. In practice, the Congress has come to terms with communalism, in the Madras State for example, though Mr. Nehru may choose to turn his blind-eye to it. This is certainly a necessary phase of political evolution and any amount of mere preaching against such communalism would not cure it, so long as sufficient numbers of people are stirred by such sentiments. The hands of the more liberal and patriotic Sikhs can be strengthened only when they can point to achievements nearer home and at local levels.

AMERICAN STUDENTS IN THE CITY

THE elementary school of Attipattu village, fourteen miles from Madras, has just been presented a sum of Rs. 700 towards the cost of a new building, more books, slates and other school equipment. The donors who visited the village last week and made the presentation were Mr. Terry Gaither and Miss Harriet Fincke who made the gift on behalf of the *Project Pakistan-India-Ceylon*

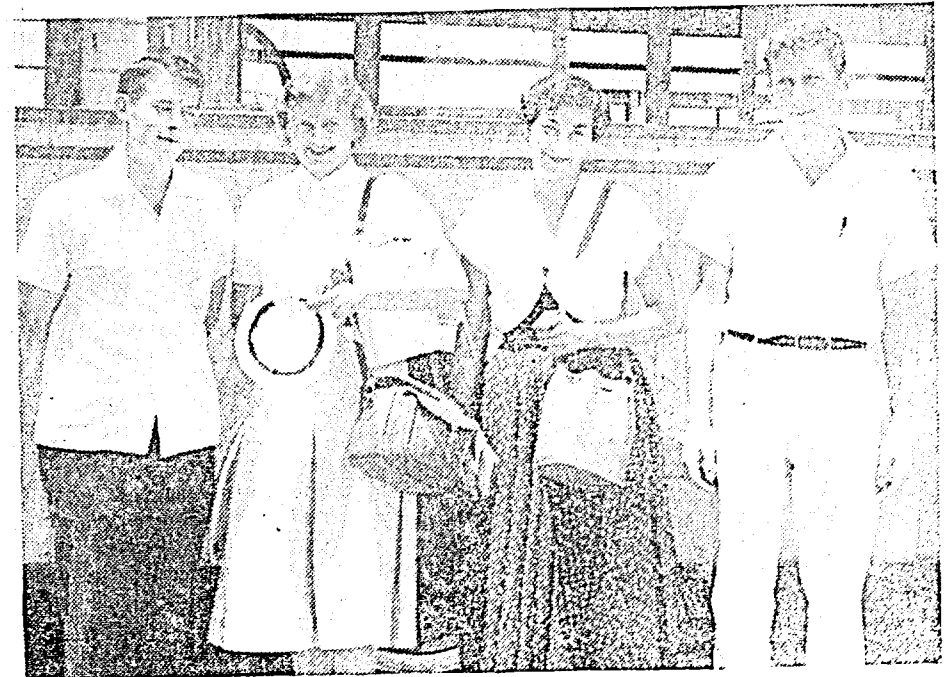
(PIC) of the University of California, Berkeley.

The gift was inspired by a visit in 1954 by a similar PIC group whose representatives had reviewed the possibility of making a gesture of goodwill to the Attipattu elementary school. Last year's PIC group included a medical student, Ronald Mintz, who spent a day and a night at the village. He made many friends and was so overwhelmed by the hospitality of the village that he determined to return the debt. He had been to the elementary school of the village and had been grieved to see many shortages. Why not get PIC to make a gift to the school, or maybe even build a new school-house? But the 1954 PIC group's time and resources were limited, and so the suggestion was sent on to PIC's managers in California. This year's group has followed up their predecessor's suggestion to make a direct gift for specific purposes. Thus the Rs. 700.

Mr. Terry Gaither and Miss Harriet Fincke are two of the four American students currently in Madras visiting social service projects and other student activities. They visited Attipattu to pick up the threads where their friend Ron Mintz had left them. Others in the group, Bruce Towne and Miriam Benjamin, meanwhile visited Indian homes to get to understand the Indian way of life.

The Madras group is part of a larger PIC group of eight, four of whom have branched off to Northern India on a similar mission.

For the past two years PIC has sent groups of students every summer to college and school areas of India, Pakistan and Ceylon acting on the firm belief that with the opportunity for personal contact and interchange of ideas on a personal basis some of the seeming misunderstandings between country and country will be replaced by mutual respect and genuine friendship.



Mr. Terry Gaither, Miss Harriet Fincke, Miss Miriam Benjamin and Mr. Bruce Towne.

SCIENCE

RADAR IN WAR AND PEACE

By V. V. SRINIVASAN

THE Second World War in spite of all the horrors it perpetrated was yet responsible for some very notable advances in science and technology. One of the greatest contributions of science to humanity in that war was radar. It made possible, perhaps more than anything else, the victory of the allied powers. From weather forecasts to guided missiles the sweep of radar extends over a vast and varied range. The science of radio astronomy owes a lot to radar. An instrument of such great significance is naturally of great interest. We in India have had occasional glimpses of radar only through models in exhibitions. But it is a matter for gratification to note that two radar stations are to be established at Delhi and Calcutta to help in the study of thunderstorms during the coming International Geophysical Year in 1957-58.

The basic principle underlying radar is extremely simple. But in the actual working out of this principle great obstacles were met and surmounted. The principle is the echo with which we are all so familiar. The sound waves which transmit our voices are reflected by obstacles like walls etc. Knowing the speed with which sound travels it is a simple matter to calculate the distance of the obstacle. This method of echo-sounding was used in the first world war to measure the depths of ocean beds. Among animals, it has been suggested that bats use a kind of radar for locomotion. Since a continuous sound would interfere with the echo the bat emits its cry in a series of short-pitched squeaks. Prof. Hartridge of Cambridge has found that the navigation of a bat is

interfered with if either the mouth or the ear is put out of action.

But radio waves—which are used in radar—are of much greater velocity than sound waves and in their study much finer instruments of great sensitivity have to be used. The story of radar can be traced to the study of the reflection of radio-waves in the upper atmosphere. That there is a layer in the upper atmosphere which reflects radio waves was known for some time in the early part of the century. Sir Edward Appleton did a lot of work in this field. He calculated the height of this layer for the first time. But it was the work of Dr. Breit and Dr. Tuve of the Carnegie Institute, Washington, that aided the development of radar. In 1925, these scientists measured for the first time accurately the height of the Kennelly-Heaviside layer which is the 'radio Mirror,' reflecting radio-waves. Since radio-waves travel at the speed of light which is 186,000 Miles Per Second instruments of extreme sensitivity and delicacy had to be used. The cathode-ray tube was used by Drs. Breit and Tuve for this purpose. This tube utilises the electron as a measuring rod. The electron which weighs only $1/1800$ of the atom of hydrogen, is focussed in the form of a beam on a screen coated with fluorescent material. The fluorescent material is illuminated when the electron beam impinges on it. The pattern of the curves on the cathode-ray screen is a measure of the changes undergone by the electrons. By suitably connecting the transmitter and the receiver of radio waves to the cathode-ray tube measurements can

be made of the echo of the radio waves and distances can be measured.

Since echoes can be produced by any material it struck scientists to use radio-waves in the detection of aircraft. Moreover, certain British Post Office engineers had noticed a certain coincidence in the presence of aircraft coming in to land and interference in their transmitters. This was traced to the reflection of the radio-waves by the aircraft. Sir Robert Watson Watt realised the significance of this and laid the foundations of radar. The methods of detection, the use of the instruments and the organisation of men to do the work were all done by him. The Radio Research Station at Datchet near Slough in Britain where Sir Robert did most of his work will go down in history as the place in which science took one of its most enterprising pioneer steps.

Aircraft can be located and their range determined accurately by the use of radar. With the help of radar stations situated over a wide area the skies can be scanned for any enemy aircraft. In this connection it is well to remember that radar will be the greatest single weapon even in the detection of raids with hydrogen bombs. In the Battle of Britain where so many owed so much to so few radar turned the tide in England's favour. Bombers could not cross the defence barriers supported by radar either by night or day. Ground stations equipped with Plan Position Indicators could give guidance to Aircraft Interceptors regarding the position of the bomber. Then the radar control of the Aircraft Interceptor could take over and spot the bomber. The Plan Position Indicator and the Aircraft Interceptor both use the Cathode-ray tube.

Since any surface can reflect radio waves it was found that the ground was 'illuminated' in these battles and caused confusion among

the Aircraft interceptors. The wavelength ($1\frac{1}{2}$ metres) was too large. Hence the wavelength range had to be reduced to the centimetre range. Prof. Marcus Oliphant (he visited Madras some months ago) invented the Cavity Magnetron which enables the production of centimetre waves. The cavity Magnetron has been described as "the most valuable cargo ever brought to the shores of America." It enabled the accurate bombardment of Nazi Germany by the Allied powers. Bombers have to fly at very high altitudes to avoid anti-aircraft fire. And aim becomes very difficult at great altitudes. With the help of radar, targets could be located easily and bombed. The Hydrogen Bomb aided by radar would, of course, constitute a deadly combination. In naval battles the principle of radar is much more useful. That great asset of the German Navy during the last war, *Bismarck*, was tracked down and sunk only with the help of radar. One of the cleverest deceptions of the war was practised in the Allied invasion of Normandy. To divert the attention of the Germans away from the main landing force a number of dummies were dropped by parachute at a different place which the enemy radar showed as regiments of paratroopers. This has been described as 'the greatest hoax in history'.

THE warlike uses of radar have been much spoken of because it was a wartime discovery. The peaceful uses of radar are as many and as important, as for example, for night landing in crowded airports, for guiding aircraft away from obstacles and for other purposes in aerial navigation. Meteorology has also benefited by radar which can locate thunderstorms. Aerial survey of enormous tracts of land is very easy with radar. It has even been suggested that obstacles to aircraft could be avoided by charting their course with the help of radar beacons.

BILLY GRAHAM'S BIG BUSINESS

By MATTHEW HALTON

"People are God-hungry," says Billy Graham. His "big business" religion has sent thousands back to church. Here's a report on his U. K. conquest.

IN London's famous Wembley stadium, where Britain's great football championships are played, 70,000 people gathered in cold wind and rain one afternoon to hear a tall, handsome, young evangelist preaching the gospel. Seventy thousand Londoners flocked to hear a sermon, and there would have been more than 100,000 except for the bad weather. There has been nothing comparable in British religious history, in recent times.

It began to rain, but the vast crowd barely moved as the flood of hypnotic hot gospel flowed over them. The blond American evangelist, tall and handsome put his left hand in his raincoat pocket, thrust his right fist forward at the people and offered them hell or heaven. He announced his text: *I am the Way, the Truth and the Life*, and cried: "Let us all say it together." And like an enormous echo the beautiful words came back.

He gave them more hell than heaven. "A quarter of the people here tonight," he said, "will be dead in 10 years' time. If you died at this moment—unless you are reborn—you would be banished from the presence of God forever." And at the end came the eloquent plea, soft and



"I am but a tool of God."

intimate, but carried to every ear by 100 microphones: "Won't you come forward to Christ? Make your decision for Christ."

A harmonium began to play softly.

One young woman said: "This is awful! Has the Church of England really given its blessing to this stuff?"

But she was almost alone in her contempt. Another young woman rose suddenly and walked quickly down the long red carpet towards the preacher. Then another woman rose, then a man. Then more men and women—but always more women than men—went forward. In a few

minutes thousands of people, men, women, boys and girls, were bowing for the blessing of the evangelist and making their decision.

William Franklin Graham, an American Baptist revivalist born 37 years ago on a North Carolina farm, had had 10 days of triumph in Scotland and now he was conquering London again as he conquered it a year ago. What he offers is the Bible straight; plain fundamentalism. His brand of religion does not get down to grips with the problems that face modern man. In fact, he almost ignores them. His message is offered with the personal magnetism that wins what one London paper calls "the Bible bobby-soxers," just as Johnnie Ray or Frank Sinatra wins the other kind.

"God-hungry People"

Billy Graham has had an impact on Britain that I would hardly have thought possible. Over a seven-day period the throngs at Wembley totalled 450,000. He has the ardent support of all the Protestant churches. The Church of England, educated, discreet, "upper class" and ritualistic, has always in the past looked down its nose at revivalism and hot gospel. Many of its members still regard Grahamism as somewhat distasteful both intellectually and aesthetically. But on the whole the Church of England has taken Graham to its bosom. The Archbishop of Canterbury has given the movement his blessing. Hundreds of clergymen of both the Church of England and the Church of Scotland have welcomed Billy Graham's work as a kind of blood transfusion, so that now Graham is respectable as well as revivifying. Royalty has listened to him preach. M.P.'s have welcomed him at lunch in the House of Commons.

The preacher who looks like a Hollywood star is modest about it all. "The people are God-hungry," he says. "I simply show them that the nourishment is there at hand." But that is over-modest. The "nourish-

ment" of spiritual comfort is always there for those who want it or can accept it. It is Billy Graham's winning personality and oratorical hypnotism that win converts.

Whatever it is, it is phenomenal. Billy Graham's brand of magic is known now throughout most of Europe and North America. He has preached from the steps of the Capitol in Washington; to tens of thousands in the Olympic stadium in Berlin; on Korean battlefields; in Canada, Scandinavia, Holland, West Germany, France. But his most interesting success has been in Britain—especially among those classes of Britons who have regarded revivalism as vulgar. Some 4,000,000 people have listened to him. In Glasgow, "Britain's wickedest city," his crusade was a triumph. "I believe that 1955 will be remembered as such a year of outpouring of the grace of God as Scotland has seldom experienced," said the Rev. W. A. Smellie, one of the heads of the Church of Scotland. "Billy Graham's crusade is not an end, it is only a beginning."

Some say Graham offers only old-fashioned revivalism dressed up in all the slick paraphernalia of modern mass communications. He certainly has the paraphernalia. His showmanship is terrific. "And why not?" he says. "I am selling the greatest product in the world. Why shouldn't it be promoted as well as soap?" Such a statement offends the intellectual good taste of some people and the religious taste of some others—but Billy Graham certainly sells his product. Huge stadiums, choirs of 3,000 singers, floodlights, "crowd marshals" with walkie-talkies going through the crowds—some say all this is hardly religion. Billy Graham replies: "Why should the devil have all the good tunes?"

Sensationalism Restrained

Graham says he is a humble man. ("If the Lord will keep him anoth-

ted," says his chief lieutenant, Grady Wilson, "I'll keep him humble.") But there is nothing humble about his organization. It is big business, "big business for Christ," his disciples say, though Billy Graham himself is said to take no more for himself than \$15,000 a year. In his headquarters in Minneapolis he has a staff of 200 just to handle mail.

Before he speaks, he calls quietly for silence and individual prayer. Then he begins: "You can leave here tonight with peace and joy and happiness such as you've never known before. You say, 'Well, Billy, that's all well and good. I'll think it over, and I may come back some night and I'll—' Wait a minute! You can't come to Christ any time you want to. You can come only when the spirit of God is drawing and wooing you . . . I beg of you to come now before it is too late. You know you need Christ in your life. Leave your seat now and come forward. If you have friends or relatives here they'll wait for you. Whether you're old or young, rich or poor, white or coloured, come quietly up now and say, 'Billy, tonight I accept Christ.'"

Yet something about him prevents this kind of preaching from sounding cheap. He sounds honest and humble. "If God should take his hands off my life," he has said, "my lips would turn to clay. I am no great intellectual and there are thousands of men who are better preachers than I am. You can't explain me if you leave out the supernatural. I am but a tool of God."

Such a paper as the *Manchester Guardian* has said: "Billy Graham has a holy simplicity." Some say his magnetic appeal derives simply from his good looks—yet his looks would hardly win over the Archbishop of Canterbury. Some say it is mass hysteria. Other say: "Whatever it is, it is good, if it sends people back to church."

There is smooth generalship as well as simplicity in the Graham

technique of conversion. The word "smooth," in fact, may be an understatement, to judge by the following report from a U. S. paper. "When the first converts start to come forward, an extraordinary part of the Graham machinery swings into action. It would surprise most converts to know that the pleasant person of their own sex and approximate age who falls into step beside them on the way to the 'inquiry tent' is there as the result of careful planning and smooth quarter-backing. Counsellors are seeded through the audience under the watchful eyes of 'advisers' stationed at the aisles down which the converts must come. As soon as a convert starts forward, an adviser looks him over and signals to a counsellor of the right sex and age to join the convert."

Billy Graham does a good, workmanlike, and I think sensible job of trying to keep his converts converted. Each convert fills out a card on which he states (1) whether he or she is accepting Christ for the first time; (2) whether he is reaffirming his faith; (3) whether he is stating his renewed assurance of salvation; (4) whether he is already assured and is now dedicating his life completely.

"Nothing But Good"

The complaint against him from thoughtful people in Britain is that he cannot really do much good, because he gives no more than a passing reference to the great issues of our times, and after all, Jesus did not ignore the problems of his times. As the *London Observer* says: "It is in the inadequate application of the Law of God, the rule of brotherly love, to real life that his religious revival seems to fail in meeting the needs of the modern world . . ."

Even simply as a phenomenon Billy Graham is worthy of notice. This American evangelist has inspired religious controversy such as Britain has not known for 50 years.

BRITAIN'S COLONIES AT HOME

By ANDREW ROTH

THE genial helpful farmer proposed in the midst of our calamity: "I'll go and get Mr. B. . . . He's British, he'll know what to do."

Even in the excitement of watching my car burn this proposal struck me as smacking very much of a colonial inferiority complex.

We were stuck in the mud of a flinty hill-side road. In attempting to turn around, the car started to buck. As I discovered later this threw off the lead of the carburettor whose spark started a conflagration. The first sign we had was when we saw the paint buckling on the bonnet of the newly-painted car and smoke and flames pouring out. We hurriedly jumped out of the car, abandoning all our holiday baggage for fear the flame would reach the petrol and blow us up. Luckily, the fire immediately cut off the suction sucking the petrol up from the petrol tank and burnt itself out with limited damage in 15 minutes. But at the time it was a frightening sight to see the flames and smoke shoot out and wonder whether the whole thing would explode and perhaps set fire to the nearby farm building and farm house.

In the farm house where my mother, wife and children were being sheltered, the motherly farm-wife apologised for her poor English, which she used little. There was a coal stove, for no piped gas was available. There was no electricity.

Welsh "Nationalism."

Although English was not the native tongue and there was no gas and electricity, we had not left the British Isles. We were simply vacationing in a hilly portion of North Wales—the beautiful country near Mount Snowdon.

It is in this and similar portions of Wales (and Scotland and Northern Ireland) that you get a picture of the diversity of the United Kingdom. Danes who were staying at the same guest house as ourselves told of a visit to portions of Scotland where the people still retained the names of the ancient Viking invaders and the blonde hair and appearance of Scandinavians. I began to smile at the thought of the possibility which occurred to me of doing a satire on the books and articles written by so many Britons on the subject of colonies which could not be considered ready for self-government because they were composed of so many diverse peoples who could not agree among themselves and did not even speak the same language.

Certainly, down in the local town of Llanryst we found that all the "natives" spoke Welsh among themselves in the stores and workshops, switching to that lilting inflection with which the Welsh speak English when an obvious "foreigner" appeared.

Welsh is not spoken so extensively in all portions of Wales. In Monmouthshire, on the border between England and South Wales, only a minority of the Welsh speak Welsh. Aneurin Bevan, for example, comes from there and is not Welsh in speech, nor is he a Welsh nationalist in the political sense. At a luncheon recently I heard him refer to himself as "a patriotic Englishman"—not even a "patriotic Briton!"

It is where the Welsh language and culture are strongest in the hilly rural areas off the main track that Welsh nationalism is strongest. In the constituency in which we vacationed a Welsh Nationalist had run as a candidate—under the

general slogan "Wales for the Welsh"—and received a tenth of the votes.

The Problem of Education

The speaking of Welsh is of considerable importance to all in Wales. For the Welsh it is the indication that they are foreigners in Wales.

It affects the education system, as bilingualism does everywhere. The people we stayed with were English; they loved climbing and had moved to North Wales largely because it is a climber's paradise. But they complained that their children who have gone to the local schools have had to learn Welsh as well as English. They felt the necessity of studying a second language reduced the amount of studying children could get in primary school. And Welsh, they felt, was a dubious asset.

For the Welsh nationalist, of course, the situation is reversed. He objects to having his children taught in a "foreign" tongue since he wishes to preserve the culture of his people. Even today about a million speak the language of the 2.5 million people in Wales. And it is more important for the continuity of the language to have children taught in it than to have annual cultural festivals such as the Eisteddfod, or Congress of Welsh Bards which was proceeding in nearby Llangollen.

In talking to our hosts about the Welsh among whom they lived, I was struck by the way in which even liberal-minded and well-educated people tend to generalize depreciatingly about people from a different cultural and social background. They were not far removed from the French settler in Algeria who swore to me about the "lazy Arabs" who were building a swimming pool for him in the hot sun for three shillings a day while we drank cool drinks in the shade. The English, with their emphasis on reserve and reliability, tend to suspect the Welsh who have a Celtic temperament which makes them more akin to the Italian than the Englishman. The Welsh are extrovert and uninhibited; in political life the uninhibited Aneurin Bevan annoys as many by his manner as by what he says. My hosts were upset by the uninhibited sex life of their Welsh neighbours. But, on the other hand, not a few of us brought up on a high-protein diet wonder whether there is not some truth in the old saw that "an Englishman's hot-water bottle is his substitute for sex."

Our English hosts in Wales gave us an excellent insight into that staggering phenomenon without which one cannot understand contemporary British society: the middle class

drive to get the best possible education—that is, a public school education—for their children. They worked ceaselessly to put three children through public schools.

This drive for education is one which runs unevenly in various societies. The desire of the overseas Chinese for a classical Chinese education for their children is one which baffled English administrators overseas. But these same Englishmen will make tremendous sacrifices to send their sons to one of the outstanding public schools. The excuse is that they get the best possible education there. They undoubtedly do get an excellent education. But Manchester Grammar School, which is a day-school, is the school which gets the most entries to Oxford and Cambridge and no proper middle-class Englishman will break his back or his bank-account to get his son there, unless he already lives in Manchester and cannot afford a public school.

The public school is becoming more and more the new insignia of status. The Welfare State has blurred the purely economic lines of distinction. The Assistant Bank Manager may make less than a coal-miner. But, by denying himself a television set and a car, he can put his son through public school and assure his status in the next generation. The miner's son may be as smart but his father will never try to get him into a public school. Even where there are free places in a public school for excellent scholars, the local education authorities find it often difficult to persuade parents of working-class scholars to enthrone over entering them in schools which the middle class yearn to have their children enter.

The manual labourer's aspirations are simpler. He aims to get his child a white-collar job. In the U. S. the unskilled Irish labourer aims at a teacher's or a policeman's job or a

clerical job in the gas or electricity companies for his child. In Wales the miner's desire is to make sure that his son does not have to go down in to the mines. So prevalent is this desire for a white-collar job that in the garage where my burned-out electrical apparatus was replaced the Welsh foreman complained that, despite constant advertising, he could not get the half-dozen apprentice mechanics he needed. It explains the need for Britain to import coal because of insufficient coal miners. In short, we all have our own ways of escaping from our own past and seeking for our children a better future.

SYNTHETIC RICE

An Indian scientist is conducting experiments in synthetic rice which may lead to the promise of a more plentiful and healthful supply of food for the world. At Salem College in the state of West Virginia, Dr. Mahindra C. Guha has developed a synthetic rice which he reports is inexpensive and simple to produce. Furthermore, he claims its food value is far superior to that of polished rice. He says he has proved that his synthetic rice is not only a healthful and nutritious food, but also a curative one. Gastric ulcers caused by a diet of polished rice and water, he points out, appeared to be cured by a change to the synthetic rice of his formula.

"In making synthetic rice," he says, "any edible roots and herbs rich in carbohydrate, such as the wild arrow-root of India and Pakistan, and certain cereals, like cornstarch, oats, barley, and wheat, can be used as the ingredient to provide carbohydrate, the major constituent of natural rice."

Dr. Guha says his synthetic rice, when cooked, is as fluffy in appearance as cooked polished rice.

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ARE CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENTS NECESSARY?

By JAMEEL AHAMED

EVER since the introduction of the Bill in Parliament to amend Article 31 of the Constitution, the question has been asked whether such frequent amendments of the Constitution would not in the long run result in considerably diminishing the respect for the Constitution which should be held sacred and inviolable by the people. The question of sanctity apart, it is interesting to find that opposition to the amendment has emanated from sources which are to a great extent affected by the substance of the amendment. The vigour and vehemence with which changes are opposed is indicative of the degree to which those interested are affected by it and all the talk of respect for the Constitution and threat to the independence of the Judiciary are but cloaks that conceal a variety of motives and fears.

A Constitution is a parallelogram of manifold forces—social, political and economic and its greatness is derived from the fact that none of these forces are static but are on the other hand protean and ever changing. The readiness of a Constitution to change with conditions is the only basis for its stability. A static Constitution and a dynamic society are *ipso facto* antithetic and if this artificial situation is allowed to continue, it would result in social unbalance and political instability. And amendment of the Constitution takes place whenever there is such a maladjustment of forces, so that the amending process becomes a mechanism through which a revolution is averted. From the mere fact that a Cons-

titution is an attempt at compromise between conflicting interests, it is apparent that the amending process is the method through which the dominant class seeks to attain its objectives when it finds that it has not been possible to attain them through any other means. Democracy has not yet attained that perfection of institutions by which it could satisfy the desires of the dominant and yet please those who are not dominant. This is not to say that changes have always taken place at the behest of the dominant class. Instances could be found where changes had been the expressions of a powerful minority which due to its economic power could exercise a profound influence. But such changes have proved to be ephemeral as they were based on the exclusion of a class numerically and politically large, which exclusion as Aristotle urged long ago is one of the causes for political revolution.

It is, however, true that the pattern of political parties in a democratic State and the impact of federalism considerably alter the nature and content of constitutional changes. The amending process in a Federal Constitution must remain rigid if those provisions which Cromwell called 'fundamental' are to remain untampered with. The amending process in the U. S. Constitution is quite rigid though its Constitution has been amended quite a number of times. No one can say that our amending process is simple though it is less complex than in the U. S. Constitution. But our Constitution is unique in the sense that it

attempts to combine federalism with parliamentary democracy. Federal Constitutions are by nature rigid. They cannot be otherwise for if they are too flexible the rights of the minority would be affected. The amending process in our country must remain a comparatively simple affair until such time as the Parliament be composed of political parties whose strength is evenly balanced. A party that has an overwhelming majority in Parliament would be able, through the exercise of its party Whip, to carry through an amendment which it would not be possible for it to do if the composition of parties is such that no one party has absolute majority.

IT is significant that the amendments to our Constitution must have been necessitated as a result of a judicial interpretation of the Constitution, which has declared certain of the legislature acts as null and void. It is because, as the Prime Minister explained, "the Constitution has been kidnapped and purloined by the lawyers" that the amendments were introduced. This has resulted in the emergence of the theory envisaging the supremacy of the Parliament and the restriction of the functions of the judiciary to that of mere interpretation. Doubtless this emphasis on the supremacy of the Parliament is a departure from constitutional practice in Federal Constitutions as in the U. S. where the judiciary assumes even legislative duties.

But it must be understood that there is no sanctity attached to that particular pattern of Federalism which is based upon a theory of complete separation of power. Even in the U. S. which translated into practice the theory of Montesquieu it was found to lead to several contradictions. Further, an acceptance of the dictum that Judges do and must legislate would result in leaving to the judiciary levers of immense

power which, as American experience illustrates, have always been used for the maintenance of the status quo. The attitude of the Judges in the U.S. to the New Deal legislation of Franklin Roosevelt would demonstrate this. But this has also been responsible for the growth of an opinion,—shared by Judges themselves—questioning the competence of Judges to express themselves categorically on social questions. In a memorable case, *Southern Pacific V. Jensen*, Justice Holmes stated: "I recognise without hesitation, that Judges do and must legislate. But because the legislative aspect of their task is confined from molar to molecular motions they are not entitled to replace legislative decisions by their own. The legislature is not to be hampered by judicial control unless the limitation proceeds from the plain words of the Constitution." On another occasion he said: "The life of law has not been logic, it has been experience. The felt necessities of the times, the prevalent moral and political theories, institutions of public policy, avowed or unconscious, even the prejudices that Judges share with their fellow-men have had a good deal more to do than the syllogism in determining the rules by which men should be governed." There is a tendency among Judges to declare law without making it, but unless the Judges are constantly experimentalist, and do not approach social questions with preconceived notions and belief in the universality of a teleology of law, it will not be desirable to make them interpreters of social policy.

But this does not mean the amending process is the method through which progressive measures are enacted. It must be clearly understood that a frequent employment of this method would even be dangerous to the very causes they espouse judged in terms of their long-term effects. Here also it is the

functioning of political parties and their attitudes in the frame-work of the Constitution that would very much influence the course the changes of the Constitution would take. The Socialist experiment in Britain has shown that in the context of parties whose economic philosophies are radically different it would be fairly easy for a party to reverse the decisions of its predecessors in power. It is this fact which has made certain writers suggest referendum as the method through which such questions on which there are fundamental differences be decided. But to speak of referendum as a method of judging the desirability of adopting a measure in a vast country like India, whose masses are illiterate and where elections are expensive is impracticable.

THE necessity for the amending process apart from its being the method through which revolutions are prevented, arises out of the peculiar nature of our Constitution which has written into it the Directive Principles of State policy. It would indeed

be curious if the interpretation of the Fundamental Rights part of the Constitution should contradict the Directive Principles of State Policy. It is true that the latter have no force of law. But they are the standards by which the Government in power will be judged and no Government worth its salt has any chance of survival if it violates these principles.

There cannot, therefore, be any reasonable basis for arguments against frequent amendments of the Constitution. Constitutions are amended only when the force of circumstances make such amendments inevitable. In our country it is quite possible to assert that if judicial interpretation had been a bit more liberal these amendments would not at all have taken place. If amendments do not take place people will come to distrust the Constitution and it will in the long run affect the stability and the justice of the Constitution. The moral basis of the amendment is derived from the fact that what the people desire is, to invert a famous aphorism, "a Government of men, not of laws."

THE LOTUS IN INDIA

By DR. V. RAGHAVAN

The Commissioner of the Madras Corporation, on the result of the Corporation Entomologist's investigation that the lotuses in the Mylapore Kapaleeswarar Temple Tank bred mosquitoes and rendered the area roundabouts unhealthy, has issued a notice to the temple trustees for the uprooting of the lotus plants. Between miasmal emanation at one end and sublime divinity at the other, the Lotus, it seems, is waiting to see the outcome of the appeal on its behalf to the higher authorities! Meanwhile this article—

THERE is in fact no greater symbol of Indian culture than the lotus

flower. Few objects of Nature had affected the imagination of Indian thinkers, philosophers or aesthetes as this wonderful flower. From physical beauty to cosmology and esoteric spiritual concepts, this flower par excellence of India has been the standard, the inspiration, the symbol and the prototype of ideas. This large blossom, white or pink as it more often is, has filled not only the tropical waters of India, but also every page of Indian literature.

The very Universe bloomed out of a primeval lotus, for as God Vishnu, the sole Divinity, lay on the waters of Deluge which had submerged Creation, there rose out of the Lord's navel a lotus, within which appeared the primary Creator, God Brahma,

who then proceeded to create the worlds.

The Vedas speak of the heart or the inner depth of one's being as of the form of a lotus which is indwelled by the Spirit. The heart, the abode of God, is always referred to as the lotus of the heart.

In esoteric lore, the human system is considered to have six centres of energy or power, from the pelvic region to the head; the task of Yoga is to rouse the power that is slumbering in the basic plexus and take it through the four intermediate centres to the highest, the one in the head which is described as a thousand-petalled lotus (*Sahasrara Kamala*) out of which, on the power reaching there, the nectar of immortality flows and the Spirit of the successful aspirant is immersed in ineffable bliss. The five lower centres are also pictured as lotuses.

In spiritual endeavour Hinduism gives a number of formulae of esoteric significance, with most of which goes also a pictorial counterpart of the form of a chart (*Chakra* or *Yantra*): invariably the form or at least the core of such a chart is a fullblown lotus, in each petal of which a letter of mystic formula is enshrined with the vital syllable in the very centre of the lotus, its pericarp.

One of the poses of sitting in Yoga or meditation is named after the lotus as the *padma-asana*.

In Indian architecture or decoration again there is no motif which recurs so profusely as the lotus; there is indeed a lotus-complex here.

If a village or township is not considered complete without river or tank, no water is thought of divorced from its lotuses; in fact any tank is called a '*pushkarini*,' that is 'a lotus-tank.' The golden beams of the Sun striking the slumbering waters and the lotus waking and blooming at the touch of the rays is a scene which

one meets everywhere in Indian literature; for all awakening and blooming into grace and beauty, this scene is the prototype; one of the names of the Sun is 'the friend or lover of the lotus' and between them, the lotus and the Sun have been the symbols of a lasting love which distance does not diminish.

In Indian aesthetics, the lotus of course reigns supreme. There is hardly one aspect of beauty for which it is not invoked. Of the most beautiful personality, the feet, the palms, the face, the eyes, the tint or complexion, all these are compared to the lotus. The grace—the highly pleasing effect of the flower has made it the supreme simile for the face and eyes in particular which form the most effective part of human personality. Added to the charm of its appearance is its soft fragrance, and the attraction and sustenance it provides for such choice beings as the swans which, in their turn, have symbolised the Spirit and the highest evolved Soul (*Paramahansa*). In rhetorical treatises dealing with love, the human types among women are classified into four kinds, and the most refined and exquisite type is equated with the lotus, and one of this class is called the lotus-lady, *Padmini*; her very breath is of the fragrance of the lotus.

The Goddess of Beauty and Prosperity in Hinduism is located in the lotus; She abides in the lotus, holds the lotus, nay is called by the names of the lotus, *Padmasana*, *Padmavati*, *Padma* (or *Kamala*).

The fountainhead of all beauty is the Great God Himself who has, as I said at the outset, the lotus in the navel, *Padmanabha*; as one who entrances the whole world into devotion and love toward Him, He is one of lotus-eyes whose look casts a spell on the blessed, the *Pundarikaksha*, by which the Upanishads themselves characterise the Supreme Being.

IMPLICATIONS OF BASIC EDUCATION

By P. KODANDA RAO

ON the 4th July 1955 the Education Ministry of the Government of India published a summary of its proposals for educational development in the Second Five Year Plan which, among other things, said that Basic Education was the objective, to be universalised as soon as possible. Earlier, on the 30th June 1955, Messrs. Shriman Narayan and K. G. Saiyidain issued a statement from New Delhi clarifying the concept of Basic Education.

The Statement affirmed that, broadly speaking, Basic Education meant the same as was defined by Mahatma Gandhi, the Zakir Husain Committee and the Central Advisory Board of Education, and had two advantages over the current non-Basic Education: educational and economic. It was superior education, in so far as teaching was based on a craft, and was good not only for rural, but also urban, children. From the economic point of view, it aimed to make education self-supporting, partly if not wholly, by the sale of the socially useful articles made by the children as the basis of their education.

Mahatma Gandhi, who first propounded Basic Education in 1937, affirmed that self-support was its acid test, (*Harijan*, July 1937). As Mr. C. Rajagopalachari said, it was "work education" as distinguished from "activity education" (*Hindu*, 18-2-53). In other words, it was "activity education" plus self-support, or "earning while learning by doing."

On the relative importance of its two aspects, *Compulsory Education in India*, by K. G. Saiyidain and two other pamphlets published by the

UNESCO in 1952, thought that the economic was more important than the educational aspect. It went on to say that if by the end of five years Basic education was not self-supporting to the extent of at least 50 per cent, it must be given up. Such emphasis on its financial aspect is likely, if not bound, to overshadow its educational advantages, if any. Whatever be the theory and the restraining influence of the few higher-ups in the administrative hierarchy, the more numerous inspectors and the still more numerous teachers at the bottom will be tempted to pay more attention to the financial, than the educational, results, not only because they are more easily assessed, but also because the continuance of Basic education itself would depend on its revenue results.

Mahatma Gandhi insisted that the child's education should begin with craft training for the production of salable goods. The *Nai Talim* syllabus for the first grade, when the child is barely six years old, prescribed spinning for two hours a day for two hundred days in the year and producing 40 rounds per hour of the average count of 8 to 10. However wide and intensive the education that is possible with this craft or any other craft as the basis, it is hardly education but a trade. To attempt to give a wide variety of knowledge and skills through a single craft seems to be educationally unsound. In so far as the objective is to enlist the interest of the child in school work, nature study and gardening, etc., are already included in the curricula of primary schools, but not adequately imple-

mented. "Activity education" has a high educational value, if it can be financed. But "work education" for children seems to be very unfortunate.

If children, from the age of six, have to pay, partly or wholly, for their education by their work and earnings, could it be said to be free education, as contemplated in the Constitution? If, on the top of it, children are compelled to work by the State, it may be difficult to distinguish it from *conscripted child labour*, forbidden by the Constitution. Education consists largely of learning something new continually in knowledge and skill, while work is largely *repetitive* if the product is to have any appreciable salable value. Basic Education can hardly be *free and compulsory education*, but only *conscripted child labour, with a subordinate educational content*.

BASIC education, in the sense of earning while learning by doing, is as old as humanity. Indeed, it would be no exaggeration to say that about ninety per cent of the children in India are having nothing but Basic education all along. They are at work, at home, workshop, field or factory, contributing in part or whole, in kind or coin, for their informal education, cultural and vocational, outside the formal school. If, on the top of it, the State should conscript them for more work to pay for their formal education in school, it will only add to the burden of child labour.

It is a pity that children should be worked to pay for their education when there are adults who are unemployed or under-employed and are willing to work and pay for the education of children. It is undesirable enough that children should be compelled to work for and by their parents; it is even more undesirable that they should be compelled to work for the State to pay for their formal education; and it is even more unjustifiable when there

are adults unemployed. Let adults work and earn; let children play and learn.

It is worthwhile recalling that the late Sir C. R. Reddy, no incompetent and unsympathetic critic, feared that Basic education would amount to vivisection of children. (*Report on Education in Mysore*, 1949, p. 55). Even Mr. C. Rajagopalachari, in his speech to the Teachers College, Madras, on the 17th Feb. 1953, confessed that the people who accepted Basic Education did so out of fear of Mahatma Gandhi and not out of conviction. If Basic Education had an appeal to teachers, pupils and parents, private organisations would have entered the field by now as in the case of Progressive Schools, High Schools and Colleges. It is, therefore, undesirable that the coercive power of the State should be invoked to force Basic Education on unwilling people and be financed from public taxes. For the present, it may be left to the private sector in education, while the State concentrated on the universalization of compulsory and free education of at least four years, rising to eight, and of adult literacy, which are less expensive and more urgent.

Enlightened education policy seeks to democratise the opportunity for education by making it free in the elementary stages and practically free in the post-elementary stages. Elementary education is free in England and America. Thanks to numerous scholarships and freeships, no student of merit is denied higher education because of his poverty. The trend is to make education of all grades free for all who can take it.

An unhappy innovation has just been made in the Mysore State. Some private professional colleges have adopted the idea that applicants for admission should give advance "donations" of Rs. 1,000 to Rs. 3,000 or more! "Advance bookings" for years ahead may be made by parents who seek admission for their child-

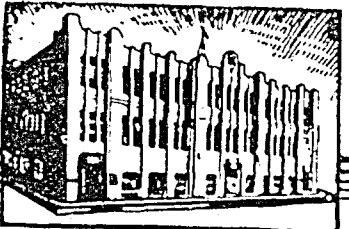
ren. People who have no children of their own may make "open bookings" as it were, and have the right to nominate candidates of their choice. It is even said that a "black market" has already developed, by which those who bought seats subsequently "auctioned" them to the highest bidders, as sometimes happens in the case of theatre tickets for popular shows! One of the consequences of this innovation is that pupils with more money than merit secure the seats while pupils with more merit than money are kept out. All the while, the State is making grants to such institutions from the public funds.

We may soon see seats in state and private institutions publicly auctioned to the highest bidders!

Some old-fashioned people may be excused if they view these new trends and prospects with dismay, and wist-

fully recall the earlier examples in the contrary direction typified by the Fergusson College and the Law College, Poona. It was to make education as inexpensive as possible in order to enable merit to have a chance in competition with money. Teachers made sacrifices and helped to build up institutions.

The better course in Mysore is to organise private institutions, register them, raise long-term loans, build and equip the institutions, enlist the services, voluntary or on nominal allowance, of teachers and other experts, charge only normal fees without "pugree," give merit free-ships as far as possible and pay off the loans in easy instalments from the savings from the fee income, public donations and Government grants. Such *vidya dan* seems to be more commendable than the "auction system," now threatening to spread.

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MODERN URDU SHORT STORY

By DEVENDER ISSAR

MODERN Urdu short story is passing through a crisis unprecedented in the history of Urdu literature. Such a pessimistic note at the outset may seem unwarranted, especially when Urdu short story has successfully braved many a battle against conventionalism, both in life and literature, and travelled far in such a short span of time from the romantic idealism of Sajjad Hyder Yaldram, Hijab Imtiaz Ali Taj, Niaz Fatehpuri, and Majnu Gorakhpuri to the new trends of social realism of Krishan Chander, Rajinder Singh Bedi, Ismat Chughtai, Sadat Hassan Manto and Ahmed Nadim Quasmi. The later group of writers, the realists, have followed in the footsteps of Prem Chand who had an uncanny insight of social realities and had blended harmoniously realism with idealism. But the Urdu short story has not progressed from the tradition of Prem Chand in a marked manner; Prem Chand has done a pioneer's work with almost religious zeal to introduce the elements of reformism and social consciousness in literature. He has, with his skilful depiction, made the life of the teeming millions of India live in and through his literature. Though a number of short story writers have, after Prem Chand, manifested literary talents, it seems that the tradition of Prem Chand has not been enriched and carried forward with any burning enthusiasm. The enthusiasm for social reform was replaced by romantic revolutionism with the publication of *Angare*—an anthology. The young writers were more inspired by the spirit of open revolt than the creative approach to social reality. The deprivations of material as well as spiritual requisites of life turned the new writers to Freudism and Mar-

xism for the solution of these problems. Henceforth the hero of the Urdu short story was invariably a melancholy youth with unbridled anger against political oppression and economic exploitation. With growing consciousness of the self, the characters depicted in the short stories realised that they could not escape the down-to-earth reality. These 'bohemians,' disappointed in their environments, with intense desire for change, were in a continuous state of tension, agony and mental restlessness. The young writers inspired by the ideals of social justice and economic equality unfurled the banner of revolt with sensitive and touching themes. Gradually their themes began to exercise a strong grip on reality and their roots were entrenched in the Indian soil.

The post-independence period which brought in its wake a mad wave of communal riots stirred the soul of the Urdu writer and brought forth a number of short stories describing the horrors and naked violence of riots and their social repercussions. Some of these stories touched the deepest human emotions and heights of human greatness with artistic accomplishment, such as Krishan Chander's 'Peshawar Express,' Chughtai's 'Jaren' and Ahmed Abbas's 'Ajanta.' But the deep social and political significance of these riots still awaits a master pen for their portrayal.

In the enthusiasm for depiction of reality, Krishan Chander's short stories have depicted the misery of the people of Kashmir and the commonman's struggle for bread. Balwant Singh has reflected the toiling masses of the Punjab with his matchless touch of romanticism. Hayat Ullah Ansari's 'Akhri Koshish' and other stories were representative portrayals of the muslim middle class. The only writer who is still persist-

ing in this great service to Urdu literature is Ahmed Nadim Quasmi. Rajinder Singh Bedi has grasped that depth of social reality which has escaped from the artistic access of many writers in this period. Life of the Panjabis has yet to find a better exponent than Quasmi. Bedi's 'Garam Coat' and 'Lajwanti' are stories of our ordinary life with profound emotion and social significance. In fact Bedi has that artistic calibre which leads from reality to art and penetrates into the complexity of human mental structure. Bedi has that rare gift which makes one recall the short stories of Chekhov.

Ismat Chughtai began her literary career as a crusade against sex obsession and deviation from normal life in muslim families; she dedicated her life to fight the hush-hush taboo against sex. She has a powerful pen dipped in bitter truth for such themes. Recently, however, her themes have undergone a radical change which has bestowed a social perspective to her work. This had indeed cost Ismat her poignance with which she had launched her campaign for a radical reorientation of muslim attitude on life. Abbas has a quick pen to write on topical interest, and he writes with the speed of an adept journalist and skilled photographer.

Krishan Chander is by far the most popular short story writer in Urdu. He has influenced quite a large number of writers of the new generation. He is the author of such powerful stories as 'Zindgi ke mor par' and 'Annadatta.' The critics have begun detecting signs of decay in him. But his literature needs to be judged from another angle because he has an individual approach—the approach of 'poetic realism.' With Krishan it is not the plot which is important but the emotional pattern that underlies it. Krishan's art is passing through a critical stage—an apparent decay.

But it will be no wonder if his undying love for humanity and broad sympathies for the downtrodden may lead him to that artistic greatness where literature becomes a link between truth and mankind.

Lest we forget the Knight Errant of Urdu literature—Sadat Hassan Manto. He is a writer with a deep sense of revolt against all that stinks and offends him. He enjoyed laying bare the wounds of the body-politic and of the paralytic society. Though dead in body Manto is alive in the world of art, and will continue to inspire many a generation.

The modern Urdu short story is confronted with the great challenge of time. Whether it successfully survives or succumbs to it is a question which we can well pose but not answer. Our hopes are with those writers who are grappling with reality for a new and brighter pattern of life and a sublime future of peace, progress, and contentment.

MUSIC OF INDIA

A newly released record titled "Music of India", is described by the *New York Herald Tribune* as music "that combines something of Bach's classicism, the heady cross-rhythms of hot jazz, and the galloping finale of a Rossini overture." The disc, pressed by Angel Records, is also called "remarkable" by the *New York* paper. The artists are Ali Akbar Khan and Chatur Lal and the record has a brief spoken introduction in English by the violinist Yehudi Menuhin. The musicians were recorded, "with the utmost fidelity and taste," while they were in the United States this spring. The second record, "Classical Music of India," features Nazir Ali Faiz-bhon who speaks about Indian ragas, their aesthetics and practice.

Short Story

By K. Venkataraman

THE PARALLEL LINES

There could be, it seemed, no slip betwixt the cup
and the lip, but—

HOWEVER full the air might be with empty talks about the "socialistic pattern of society," I am cocksure that the rich will rule the roost for sometime to come. Pity it is then when one does not become rich, when one is allowed to become so. And you will pity me when I say that I missed being a rich man by the proverbial coat of varnish.

"Ah," you are going to say with a significant shrug of the shoulders, "the man is going to spin the traditional story—that he missed being rich because he was not careful enough in choosing his birth-hour and that the planets plotted against him."

No, not that; I am not going to bemoan my untimely birth. I am going to tell you the case where I took the opportunity of being rich by the forelock and yet missed it by my madness. Or was it really madness or indiscreet discretion or any other thing? That you are left to judge.

I had a relative whom I called uncle, though my actual relationship to him I cannot explain, except with a genealogy chart just as the one we use to locate the species of any dynasty. My relationship with him was neither so distant to be unmindful about nor very close—medium, if you like.

Well, this uncle of mine possessed (a) a bank account with rather plentiful zeroes in the Rs. column; and (b) he had no son, no daughter no wife, indeed no direct heir. He was an orphan, if I may use the term

broadly, with nobody for him to care for and with nobody to care for him.

He was rather a whimsical person, probably because the orphan-like quality of his existence made his emotions overflow in certain directions. However, that he was wise and intelligent was agreed on all hands. (I do not know why, personally I regard a man foolish when he amasses wealth without knowing for whom he does it). He was quite affectionate towards me and I recollect clearly that when I was a small boy, he used to thrust a quarter-anna piece into my tiny hands every time he went back from our house after a visit. He had been affectionate towards me ever since and would give off and on some money to me. (No, not a quarter-anna piece, as you think. Tips from kinsfolk, upto a certain point, go up in direct proportion with the age, and you also know, prices have quadrupled due to war and post-war inflation.)

SO it was rather quickly that I made up my mind to go to his place, when I received a letter from him stating that he was very ill and that he would like me to come and live with him for some time.

I remembered too his bank-balance; the probable zeroes in the Rs. column were waltzing before my eyes to the accompaniment of an indistinguishable—nonetheless pleasant—music. There it was before me and finding no other takers telling me that I should be blind to miss it. There could be, it seemed, no slip betwixt the cup and the lip.

But then less happy thoughts

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clouded my mind. There were three more relatives of sorts to my uncle, all in the running for his money bags. It was going to be a quardrangular fight then for the spoils.

However, on second thoughts I found that so far as getting the major slice of the riches was concerned, it was going to be a straight fight between Ramu and myself.

Ramu—may his tribe not increase!—was of a despicable sort, selfish, a perpetual chewer of tobacco and a haunter of hotels. He was also a reader of mystery books in the English language that shock you for twelve annas in Indian money or thrill you for six. I do not say for a moment that chewing tobacco, haunting hotels or reading mystery fiction are bad qualities, but the man was fundamentally bad. His face somehow reminded one of the jackal.

I FELT I should be up to the task. I was going to put every ounce of my thirteen stones into my effort.

My fears about Ramu were realised, as I found when I reached my uncle's house. The blighter was already there and he looked at me scornfully when I entered. He was having the Estate Duty Act in his hand and was making conjectural calculations on a piece of paper.

"Who asked you to come here?" he asked with a proprietorial air. He reminded me of the dog that comes into trespassed territory earlier and howls at another that comes later.

"Not you; if you had asked me, I wouldn't have come," I retorted.

I went to see my uncle. There he was lying in a bed, a pathetic figure: pale as the pillow covers; with eyes sunken to the core; lean as a dry twig.

I was ready to heave my heart into my mouth if by that my pockets could be made to bulge. But there was no need for it. His was a state

that evoked sympathy and sorrow spontaneously.

"Oh uncle, how have you gone down!" I said.

"Do you expect a fever-stricken person to be as plumpy as you are?" Ramu, who was just then entering the room, intervened.

I treated the viper as if he were a worm and continued talking to my uncle. Ramu, however, stopped the conversation short, putting the *onus probandi* on doctor's orders.

Both of us recognised that we were thorn in each other's flesh. The other two relatives were calm contenders, hope making up their silent strength.

We were trying to outbid each other in our attentions on the dying man. Every ounce of effort seemed worth its weight when a photo finish was probably the outcome.

"Shall I read to you, uncle?" I happened to ask him one day.

Reading for me is quite a boring thing and how much more so will it be when I read to somebody else! But I ventured to ask this in an effort to outbid Ramu. It is a case where you offer to do a thing hoping you won't be asked to do it.

MY uncle smiled faintly. "No thanks," he said. "But if you want to read books yourself, here is the key to my library. You know I price my library above all else."

Since he should think that I had little interest in books and still less in his library, I was obliged to go in. But my mood was like that of a Hindu monk forced to get into a non-vegetarian mess.

I looked at his collections from a safe distance. But then something happened which made my heart pound from within.

There were some collections of cadjan neatly tied. Musty parchments which breathe the air of anti-

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quity are not allowed to get musty unless they contain some mystery or other. There must be something in them, I thought—probably the formulas of an alchemist or secret of a buried treasure or what not. Probably it was through these parchments that my uncle became rich, I conjectured. Then I will be getting not only the flow but also the fountain from which the flow comes.

I decided that nobody, least of all Ramu, should be allowed to see them. I bolted the door and the next moment I was scrutinising them with all the loving care of an antiquary.

I picked up one set of leaves which looked like containing some sober secret. It was full of illegibly carved Sanskrit words. But this was a case where every unit of input could produce numberless times of output. So I gathered all the Sanskrit I had carelessly learnt and made a supreme effort.

THE task offered sweat and toil and at the end of it, tears. I wondered how in such a venerable thing could be found such a platitudinous piffle of a narrative which the editor of any modern magazine would hesitate to publish even in the children's section. Well, the narrative ran thus (it was written in labyrinthine style, but I have discarded the accidentals and distilled the essentials):—

A king was cursed with four sons. I say 'cursed' because the sons were non-co-operative and quarrelsome, each repelling the other like poles of two magnets. The king became old and thought it was high time he went to the forest and did penance to wash off the sins he had committed. He called his sons and asked what they wanted from him. The first three asked for the whole of the kingdom hoping for at least a half. The last one—"plous like Prahlad," said the MS—asked for nothing but his father's affection

and blessings. The king was immensely satisfied that here was the ace among his offspring, bequeathed to him the whole kingdom and amended the constitution appropriately.

The narrative ended by expatiating on the moral elaborately. And my first thoughts were that it was platitudinous piffle. But then I jumped up loyfully like a team of scientists having just observed a total solar eclipse.

The story had aroused a spark and completed, so to speak, a circuit in my thinking. Why should I not follow the king's youngest son and walk away with the prize?

THE more I pondered over this point, the more appropriate and urgent it seemed to me. Things at present were getting out of hand and if the *status quo* continued, heaven knew what it would end in. Gangrene, somebody has said, cannot be cured by lavender water. The situation required tactful handling and I resolved to cut the Gordian knot instead of trying to untie it. I locked the library again and handed back the key to my uncle.

The occasion too presented itself soon. My uncle had apparently noticed the dogs barking for the bone. One day, he called all of us—the other two relatives were also there—and asked what property of his each of us would like to have. He said he could prepare his will if he knew what exactly we were having in our minds.

The other three burst forth naming the bungalows, groves, cupboards, etc., etc. Each had prepared a list as if he were answering a questionnaire of one of those countless committees we have these days, and each list invariably ended with a clause: "And any other thing you wish to give me."

My turn—this was my finest hour, I thought—came. I mustered all my histrionic talents and said: "I want

only your affection and blessings, dear uncle. They are the A and B of what one can bequeath." I spoiled the whole effect by quoting Shakespeare or whoever—it is: "Who steals my purse steals trash, you know."

My uncle smiled and for a moment. I thought I perceived an incomprehensible twinkle in his eyes. He then adjourned the meeting *sine die*.

A few days afterwards, he asked us to take him to his library and there he was, in utter privacy, preparing his will with the help of his lawyer. His health seemed to have improved to the utter consternation of Ramu.

He died. The great day came when we, the probable heirs, were sitting before the attorney with swift beating hearts and clumsily twitching fingers.

In pindrop silence, amidst the rustle of his papers, the attorney read the will, sonorously. The other three were dealt with before and each had got more or less what he wanted.

The attorney paused significantly, peered at me through the space between his eyebrows and spectacles and then read: "To V—, I give my affections and blessings which he had asked. I also bequeath to him my library which is the greatest thing I can give him . . ."

"D—n his library!" I roared. "I ought to have cremated it with him." Disappointment had made me desperate but there was nothing I could do.

"Is this all? I am sure he had more possessions." I heard Ramu's dissatisfied voice.

The rosy picture which I had been for long painting in my mind had vanished as if by a magician's wand. I could do nothing but to pack up. Then I remembered that my purse had dried up. I thought of touching Ramu for a tenner but I knew the blighter was a hard nut to crack.

So I approached him tactfully and said: "I don't want the library, Ramu.

I have no money and I will sell it to you. It contains ton loads of mystery thrillers."

I had touched him rightly. We bargained and then and there he gave me ten rupees.

Meanwhile, the attorney rose. "So you have sold the library," he said. Apparently, he wanted to say something soothing to me but this was all he could say. He bade us good-bye and good luck.

Ramu went to have a look at his new possession, the library, and I followed him aimlessly. I turned to take a look at the cursed cadjan collections . . .

Beneath them were bunches of bank notes.

Simultaneously Ramu also had noticed them. "They are mine," he shouted, leapt forward and clasped them to his breast. A sheet of paper fell from among the notes. Something had been written in shaky handwriting in it. I picked it up and read it aloud:

"Dear V—(it ran) Really, I feel most affectionate towards you and I never thought of dying without giving you some of my possessions. At the fancy of the moment, however, I arranged my will that way, but I have hid here these bank notes—really a major portion of my riches. Sorry for giving you that momentary disappointment. Such fancies take hold of one when one is old and feels lonely. God bless you."

I turned and saw Ramu standing near by. I cried, "You d—d—" if you know what I meant. Really I meant nothing. I was too thunderstruck and dispirited to indulge in vociferous vituperation.

"It is all your Karma," said Ramu, soothingly.

The devil was quoting the scripture.

SO, I and the bank account continue to be Euclid's parallel lines. We never meet.

New Books

THE COLLECTED POEMS OF WALLACE STEVENS. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. \$6.75 net.

A SPECIAL NUMBER of the London *Times Literary Supplement* devoted to American Writing Today and issued on September 17, 1954 showed readers the world over the richness, freedom and vitality of literary activity in the United States. Excluding Edith Sitwell and W. H. Auden the periodical kept to its famous tradition of anonymity; and the anonymous 'Poetic Background: A Period of Consolidation' had the following most revealing introductory paragraph: "Poets and their audience in America," the article began, "as in other Western countries, form a small group compared with the population as a whole. In the United States this small body has not only grown appreciably in size during the last twenty years, but has gained in insight and what may be called a consolidation of resources. Standards have been established and a new sense of perspective has brought about a new confidence. The situation at present is by no means a completely happy one; drawbacks and frustrations of one kind or another still block the way towards deep and effective accomplishment, on the part of poets and complete understanding on the part of their hearers. But in spite of these obstacles it may safely be said that listeners and readers in general, if they are interested in poetry at all, have become interested in the poetry of this century. A time lag that existed far too long and far too generally has been at least partially overcome."

American poets who have attained renown in England and via England in the rest of the English-speaking world—to mention only the most renowned—are: Ezra Pound, Marianne



Wallace Stevens

Moore. Robert Frost, John Crowe Ransom, H. D. (Hilda Doolittle), Conrad Aiken, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Vachel Lindsay, Carl Sandburg, Edgar Lee Masters, Edwin Arlington Robinson, E. E. Cummings, Wallace Stevens—interesting the reader in their poetry some of which is first-rate in the first-rate poetry of this century—as different from the New England poets, Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, Emerson and Poe who "might have flourished under the insular skies of England." The first authentic note in American poetry was struck by Walt Whitman, out of the din and turmoil of the Civil War, and Wallace Stevens who was only thirteen the year Whitman died was to express himself thus, many years afterwards, to "a questionnaire from England" among other points about such a thing as a distinct American national style: "At bottom (Stevens said) this question is whether there is such a thing as an Ame-

rican. If there is, the poems he writes are American poems . . . Would you be likely to mistake *Leaves of Grass* for something English? . . . The poems of *Leaves of Grass* are typical American poems. Even if a difference could not be found in anything else, it could be found in what we write about. We live in two different physical worlds and it is not nonsense to think that that matters."

Birth in Reading, Pennsylvania, on October 2, 1879; education at Harvard University and then at the New York Law School followed by his admittance to the New York Bar in 1904; practice in New York City and entry into the legal department of the Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company in 1916 and becoming its vice-president in 1934—these are salient biographical details in Wallace Stevens's life. While in college he wrote for the *Harvard Advocate*, but it was only with the publication of his poems in 1914 by the founder-editor Harriet Monroe in his *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse* that Stevens came to be recognised by a wider audience which was the starting point of his growing reputation which has grown steadily during the more than four decades of his poetic career. His first book of poems, *Harmonium*, containing such pieces as have become famous today—'Sunday Morning' and 'Peter Quince at the Clavier' (this latter was included by Richard Aldington in his anthology, *Poetry of the English-speaking World*) appeared in 1923. His later collections of verse comprise: *Ideas of Order*, (1935), *Owl's Clover* (1936), *The Man With the Blue Guitar* (1937), *Parts of a World* (1942), *Notes Towards a Supreme Fiction* (1942), *Esthetique du Mal* (1944), *Transport to Summer* (1947), *The Auroras of Autumn* (1950). *The Collected Poems* which was first issued on October 1, 1954 to honour Stevens on his seventy-fifth birthday and which passed through its second printing in February 1955 contains the latest

series of poems under the heading, *The Rock*—altogether a massive volume indeed consolidating between two boards his poetic achievement stretching over a period of forty years. And this achievement was hard-won in his own country, but he met the tardiness of recognition with his supreme integrity; and England, the different physical world from his, as he said, gave accent to the recognition only in 1953 by publishing a volume of his *Selected Poems*, thirty years after the appearance of his first book in America. Stevens's output in prose is confined to a single volume: *The Necessary Angel*, a collection of essays on Reality and the Imagination.

At the outset one is apt to be swept off one's feet by the splendour of Stevens's poetic diction; allowing this and overcoming it, and then letting his idiom and imagery sink all of a piece leisurely in one's mind, one comes to realise his steadfast vision of life, his basic honesty of purpose. Yet he has had his detractors; unkind reference to his job in relation to his writing has been made; Fescennine verses as the following—one D. Jon Grossman is their author—show to what depths denigration can descend:

Wallace Stevens . . . also a Harvard Man

He was not an Intellectual,
he was intellectual.

He did not go to London to sell poetry:
he stayed home instead
(this little piggie)

to sell insurance.

So much of his talent to his job he lent
that the company made him the vice-president,

and that sort of vice so pleased the lad
'twas the only vice he ever has had.

He also wrote
poems.

Ring in his ears was some bow or
brooch

or braid or brace, lace, latch or catch
or key to keep,

and he had read Bacon, and forgotten
he had read him,

and remembered only the ideas.

My intention in poetry is to write
poetry,

and to do this because I feel the need
of doing it.

He remembered Bacon, and he
remembered

Hopkins, and he whipped in kitchen
cups

concupiscent curds

and his intention in poetry was to
write poetry,

not to be a lion

(except in the Hartford Lion's Club)

and his intention in insurance was
to sell insurance.

He sold insurance very well, according
to old

and well-ordained methods: salesman-
ship,

snap, pep, get up and go;

and he wrote poetry very well, too,
according

to new and unexplored methods:
experiment,

try and trial and trill, drill, droll and
drone and dry and try;

following Bacon,

an adherent of no School

(always expecting Harvard),

and he became a Pillar of the
Community.

But the Nice Old Ladies whisper about
him,

behind their programs at concerts:
"He writes Poetry!"

The position of Stevens as a business executive "bore only an antithetical relation" to his poetry, says Marcus Cunliffe in the Chapter, 'The New Poetry,' in his book, *The Literature of the United States* and quotes the poet's own words: ("Stevens has spoken of himself as a romantic poet, using the epithet to define his innocently implicated relationship to the world about him"): one who 'still dwells in an ivory tower, but who insists that life there would be intolerable except for

the fact that one has, from the top, such an exceptional view of the public dump and the advertising signs . . . He is the hermit who dwells alone with the sun and the moon, and insists on taking a rotten newspaper.'

While Stevens can add luxuriant frills to a fancy and lustre as that of a constellation to a conceit, while he can be both giddy and gaudy, he is fundamentally a meditative poet whose world of cognizant reality, in space as well as time, coalesces beautifully with the world of his creative imagination. With his remarkable technical virtuosity, he is etcher, engraver, miniaturist, large canvas painter and in every one of these roles he is simply brilliant. It is difficult in the course of a review to do justice to Stevens's poetic thought, sweep, skill, and scintillance thrown off by his, *The Collected Poems*; however, here are three short pieces which illustrate his method of evocation, realization and comment—all of them from *Harmonium*:

The houses are haunted

By white night-gowns.

None are green,

Or purple with green rings,

Or green with yellow rings,

Or yellow with blue rings.

None of them are strange,

With socks of lace

And beaded ceintures.

People are not going

To dream of baboons and periwinkles.

Only here and there, an old sailor,

Drunk and asleep in his boots,

Catches tigers

In red weather.

('Disillusionment of Ten O' Clock')

Why should she give her bounty to
the dead?

What is divinity if it can come

Only in silent shadows and in dreams?

Shall she not find in comforts of the
sun,

In pungent fruit and bright, green wings, or else,
In any balm or beauty of the earth,
Things to be cherished like the thought of heaven?

Divinity must live within herself;
Passions of rain, or moods in falling snow;

Grievings in loneliness, or unsubdued
Elations when the forest blooms; gusty
Emotions on wet roads on autumn nights;

All pleasures and all pains,
remembering

The bough of summer and the winter branch.

These are the measures destined for her soul.

('Sunday Morning': Stanza ii)

As the immense dew of Florida
Brings forth

The big-finned palm
And green vine angering for life,

As the immense dew of Florida
Brings forth hymn and hymn
From the beholder,
Beholding all these green sides
And gold sides of green sides,

And blessed mornings

Meet for the eye of the young alligator,

And lightning colors

So, in me, come flinging

Forms, flames, and the flakes of flames,

('Nomad Exquisite')

Forms, flames, and the flakes of flames: these build up the poetic aura round Wallace Stevens, and his Muse moves always with an athletic ease and grace, aristocratic bearing, aesthetic charm and adult, austere tranquillity. To quote Mr. Cunliffe again: "Like Marianne Moore whose work begins after World War I, he (Stevens) has ceased to be worried by crude equations of people and public. . . . Along with his more boisterous colleagues, he indicated that American poetry had come of age." Three

books, *The Oxford Book of American Verse* edited by F. O. Matthiessen, *The Penguin Book of Modern American Verse*, edited by Geoffrey Moore, and *The American Genius*, an anthology of poetry with some prose edited by Edith Sitwell are well worth a dip into as preliminary to a journey through the vast and varied territory of *The Collected Poems of Wallace Stevens* to apprehend and respond to its special beauties and subtleties.

SILENCES

WATCHING at the gate
The dumb beggar

Tortured by shoals of thought

Hour upon hour, loading his insane face,

Racking it out of shape;

Holding with mere nerves and muscle

The trembling,

Her I took in my laughter and her tears,

Her silent tears;

Walking away from men

Through the bird-forsaken corridors

Of a broken temple, urgent with desire

To shout and whisper, whisper and shout

Of pain and release, of longings
crueller than pain,

More healing than release;

I am suspicious: suspicious

Of silences full

Of speech!

M. P. BHASKARAN

THE EXPLOITS OF SHERLOCK HOLMES. By Adrian Conan Doyle and John Dickson Carr. John Murray, Albemarle Street, London, W. 12s 6d.

TO dislike Sherlock Holmes is to dislike Intellect. And it will surprise many to know that the late Lord Birkenhead, though an intellectual, did dislike this greatest figure in detective fiction. Now, sixty-eight years after his creation, and twenty-five years after the death of his creator, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, the halo round Holmes shines steady and bright; he, with the lovable but absurd Watson—his medical Boswell—has passed into the realm of history; throughout the world, in the minds of millions of people, these two are far more flesh-and-blood, than many of their living friends or acquaintances.

"Holmes has been the hero of fifteen different legitimate stage plays, one hundred and ten films, over a thousand radio dramatizations, and has made his debut on television," reads the Publisher's Note to *The Exploits of Sherlock Holmes*, which contains twelve entirely new Sherlock Holmes

stories: two of these, 'The Adventure of the Seven Clocks' and 'The Adventure of the Gold Hunter' written by Adrian Conan Doyle (Sir Arthur's younger son), and John Dickson Carr, a considerable name in modern detective fiction, in collaboration; 'The Adventure of the Wax Gamblers' and 'The Adventure of the Highgate Miracle,' solely by John Dickson Carr; and the rest—'The Adventure of the Black Baronet,' 'The Adventure of the Sealed Room,' 'The Adventure of Foulkes Rath,' 'The Adventure of the Abbas Ruby,' 'The Adventure of the Two Women,' 'The Adventure of the Dark Angels,' 'The Adventure of the Deptford Horror,' and 'The Adventure of the Red Widow,' almost wholly by Adrian Conan Doyle.

How do these new stories in *The Exploits* compare with the original inventions in *The Adventures*, *The Memoirs*, *The Return*, *The Case-Book*, and *His Last Bow*? One needn't have any hesitation in answering the question: while the problem, puzzle, or enigma is genuine in almost all of them and the method of elucidation quite in the Doylean style, it will be unnecessarily exercising the imagination to fell the thrill, the excitement

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S. KRISHNASWAMI,
Secretary.

of suspense raised by the conjectural and the hypothetical, equal in intensity to the amazing final unravelling of the mystery—say, as in 'The Man With the Twisted Lips,' 'The Red-Headed League,' 'The Speckled Band,' 'Silver Blaze,' 'The Cardboard Box'—to cite but a few instances—and *The Exploits*, "though conceived with the single desire of producing stories of the old vintage"—to borrow the words of the blurbist to the book—the impression catches hold of one, not illusorily, that the hand here is often the hand of rehash, as is evident in 'The Adventure of the Dark Angels' which is a clever replica of 'The Five Orange Pips' with just this difference that whereas in the latter the dreaded Ku Klux Klan comes in, a Sicilian Secret Society named Mala Vita is employed in the former. This is not said in disparagement of the son; only his Dr. Watson seems in this, his second incarnation, to be too conscious of his first. But *The Exploits*, as a whole, has succeeded eminently in learning the lessons of the master, and its authors deserve our warmest congratulations for the way in which they have worked out their plots from references in the original stories. And in this new collection, the most exciting of all narratives is 'The Adventure of the Deptford Horror'; 'The Adventure of Foulkes Rath' runs close to it, while in 'The Adventure of the Red Widow' the luridness is relieved at the end by the personal note struck by Dr. Watson, who like Prospero laying aside his magic wand, has, for the last time, dipped his pen in the ink-well.

My task is done . . .

Through the window that overlooks the modest lawn of our farmhouse, I can see Sherlock Holmes strolling among his bee-hives. His hair is quite white, but his long thin form is as wiry and energetic as ever and there is a touch of healthy colour in his cheeks, placed there by Mother Nature and her

clover-laden breezes that carry the scent of the sea amid these gentle Sussex downs.

Our lives are drawing towards even-tide and old faces and old scenes are gone for ever. And yet, as I lean back in my chair and close my eyes, for a while the past rises up to obscure the present and I see before me the yellow fogs of Baker Street and I hear once more the voice of the best and wisest man whom I have ever known.

"Come, Watson, the game's afoot."

Along whatever paths of detection the reader might have been travelling how these words of Holmes which have acquired a universal renown take him three score years back to the enthralling, 'A Scandal in Bohemia,' and make him avid for times and places that witnessed this "best and wisest man's" adventures!

BIOGRAPHIES AND MEMOIRS

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SPORTS

DICKENS AND CRICKET

By N. S. RAMASWAMI

I SEE that Nicholas Nickleby has won a race at the Ascot Meeting. It is difficult to say whether his creator, Charles Dickens, would have been gladdened by this fact. As far as I am aware, nowhere has the great novelist indicated his partiality for racing. But that he was extremely fond of cricket is undeniable.

There is extant a painting of Dickens, in his seignorial days at Gad's Hill, acting as a scorer at a cricket match. Under a spreading tree he is depicted seated on a chair going through the motions of carving "notches" (as runs were reckoned then) on a stick. It is, however, doubtful if he was well acquainted with the intricacies of the game. This impression persists even when allowance is made for the obvious fact that, in those early days in the history of the game, manners and practices were not what they are now.

There is a speech by the young Barnacle (he of the Circumlocution Office) in *Little Dorrit* which defies common comprehension. In his most engaging vein he complains that "it's like a limited game of cricket. A field of outsiders are always going in to bowl at the Public Service and we block the balls." It is not difficult to undersand this metaphor, but it must be confessed that some aspects of it are baffling. It is not obvious what "a limited game" may indicate and how "a field of outsiders" (whoever they may be) can be permitted to bowl is not very clear. Young Barnacle is generally

pellucid, but it must be confessed that he is obscure here.

A greater cause for uncertainty arises when Mr. Alfred Jingle of Nohall, Nowhere, undertakes to edify the company with illustrious passages from his cricket career. It will be the height of folly indeed to accept this eminent individual as a veracious historian. The modern student will find it difficult to follow in detail the historic single-wicket match between Mr. Jingle and Colonel Sir Thomas Blazo in the West Indies, which incidentally one takes to be the place of origin of the game.

According to Mr. Jingle, the match commenced at "seven o'clock A.M.", a highly doubtful statement. Then "six natives looked out." This assertion must cause much difficulty. It displays a total ignorance of the laws of single-wicket matches, in which only two players are engaged. But Mr. Jingle's tale grows even more incredible. It would appear that when "the natives all fainted" in the intense heat and were "taken away", a "fresh half-dozen was ordered." This circumstance defies all laws of cricket, old or modern. It is well known that, unlike, for example, football, the law regarding substitutes is strictly formulated and governed in cricket. It is utterly inconceivable that six substitutes can ever be permitted on the field.

The tale grows even more wondrous. It would appear that while Mr. Jingle was speedily ascending to his record total of five hundred and seventy runs, the Colonel, unable to dismiss him, fainted and was incon-

tinently "cleared". His place was occupied by his "faithful attendant," Mr. Quanko Samba, who proves himself a most remarkable individual. This mighty bowler "mustered up last remaining strength" and at last bowled Mr. Jingle who had by now attained Bradmanesque heights. In the meanwhile the ball was "scorched brown" and, even more astonishing, the bat was in "blisters". It is difficult not to feel aghast at these grave improprieties.

It is tempting to follow the subsequent career of that great bowler, Mr. Samba. If league cricket had been played in England then, he would undoubtedly have graced the fields of Lancashire. As it was, however, his exertions proved so strenuous that he died. The world of cricket may well mourn the untimely decease of this eminent player.

Even allowing for the fact that Mr. Jingle's inaccuracies of detail should not in fairness be accounted to Dickens' ignorance, it is to be feared that, even where no satire or burlesque is intended, the novelist has not shown himself fully familiar with the rules. This inadequacy is evident in the report of the historic match between All-Muggleton and Dingley Dell. To assert that Mr. Luffey was "pitched to bowl against Dumkins and Mr. Struggles selected to do the same kind office against the hitherto unconquered Podder" predicates an arrangement which does not exist in cricket, for the two batsmen do change over in taking a single or three runs and Dumkins must have batted against Mr. Struggles and Podder against Mr. Luffey in a partnership of "some fifty-four."

An amiable piece of eccentricity on the part of Mr. Luffey is worth noticing. It is that before he sent down the first delivery he "applied the ball to his right eye for several seconds." The sight of bowlers

vehemently brushing the new ball against their trousers in order to obtain more lasting swerve is a common one, but what object Mr. Luffey proposed to gain by applying the ball to his eye, right or left it matters little, it is difficult to say. The awful suspicion arises that Mr. Luffey, so far from being "the highest ornament of Dingley Dell," was actually a novice. But perhaps this is an unworthy thought.

I have embarked on this inconsiderable study in no spirit of denigration. There is no attempt here to ridicule the great genius of Dickens. But it may provide amusement for an idle hour to learn that his knowledge of cricket left much to be desired.

WHY MARRIAGES DON'T LAST

"I'm pretty well convinced that the reason women love romantic sloppy novels and heart-throb films is because they supply the glamour men fail to provide. When a wife looks to her husband for romance—ten to one he's tinkering with the motor-bike. The grim reality of married love is that more men are happier in the tool shed than holding hands with their wives. No wonder wives get restless."—MARJORIE PROOPS, the well-known journalist talking in the BBC's Pacific Service about divorce.

MORAL CODE

"Lenin taught that the basis of Communist morality is the struggle for the building of communism. Everything which contributes toward setting up a new Communist society is therefore moral. Anything that hinders it is immoral and amoral. Being a moral person means giving all of strength and energy to the struggle for communism."—From a recent Radio Moscow broadcast to the Soviet Far East.

ART & ENTERTAINMENT

Music

NOWADAYS any one interested in music listens to more music from the radio than by going personally to a concert. In that sense broadcasting does more to make music and musicians popular with the public than any other institution. A public utility service is always open to criticism. We think we have a right to criticise a public institution. No doubt that is true, but taken by and large, All India Radio, at least in South India has not done so badly. It has been responsible for the increasing popularity of music during the past fifteen years or so. It has also moulded the taste of the public in this field to a very large extent. If in the bargain it has been responsible, even more than the cinema, for the present-day craving for film music, well, it is just one of those things that cannot be helped. But the greatest service of broadcasting to music in any country is that it discovers new talent and brings to prominence the younger musicians in a way no other institution or medium can afford to. Broadcasting has no choice in the matter. Forced to fill up hours and hours of programme every day no broadcasting service can hope to survive using only the well-known, concert artists. Broadcasting services all over the world are therefore constantly on the look-out to increase the artists on their lists. Often indifferent stuff may get broadcast, but sooner or later they set for themselves a certain standard below which they never descend. It is said a people get the government they deserve. The same

is possibly true of the broadcasting service they get. All India Radio in the South, let it be said, has lived up to the traditions of the people it serves.

Quite a few of the younger musicians earning a name for themselves today as concert artists were first introduced to their public by the radio. And quite a few knowledgeable artists who for various reasons may never become concert artists in the sense that music is their profession and they make their living by giving public performances, were brought to light by AIR. To give only two examples Sri S. V. Parthasarathi and Sandyavandanam Srinivasa Rao. To begin with the latter first, Srinivasa Rao is an unostentatious, modest, scholarly musician, who is rather retiring in his ways. He is cultured, educated and thoroughly unspoilt as an artist. He has been closely associated with Sri T. L. Venkatarama Iyer for many years and has learnt from him a good number of Dikshitar's compositions. He has a pleasant voice; also a voice which has the stamina to stand the strain of a long recital on the radio. Whether he can give a full length concert lasting three to three and a half hours is a different matter, which does not interest us here. He also has that rare qualification, a clear diction. All told it is a most pleasant experience to listen to Srinivasa Rao for an hour or so on the radio. His broadcast a few days ago was a fine example of this. His rendering of Subha Pantuvarali was very good. The song *Sri Satyanarayanam* seems to be very popular now, but it

is a tricky piece of Dikshitar's and few are able to do justice to the composition. Srinivasa Rao sang the *kriti* with a competence too seldom come across. When even amateurs insist on indulging in the vocal gymnastics of *swara* singing, though they possess neither the knowledge nor the talent for it, Srinivasa Rao provided a refreshing contrast by refraining from any such exercises.

On Sunday the 17th, Sri Tyaga Brahma Bhaktajana Sabha had arranged a concert by Sri S. V. Parthasarathi. Sri Parthasarathi belongs to the youngest group among the concert artists of the day. He has had training under such able masters as Sri T. S. Sabesa Iyer, Sri Ponniah Pillai and Sri Tiger Varadachariar; and latterly he has had opportunities to learn much from Sri Ariyakudi Ramanuja Iyengar. All this has given him a firm foundation of knowledge and experience. He has, however, not taken to the style of any one of his masters, but developed an individual style of his own. This is true of his whole manner of singing, both *raga alapana* and the rendering of the pieces themselves. His concert last Sunday began with the Bhairavi Ata tala varnam. His rendering of the piece seemed a trifle hurried. Because of this, to a certain extent, he would appear to have lost the advantage of starting a concert with a varnam.

There seems to be a growing misconception that *Srikanta niyeda* in Bhavapriya is to be sung in *madhya kala*. The very raga in which the piece is set should prove that it is not so. No less a person than Sri Tiger Varadachariar can be quoted as authority for this. It used to be a treat to listen to him singing the song in *chowka kala*. It is possible that a commercial recording of this song by Sri Semmangudi Srinivasa Iyer has set this incorrect mode. The limitations of time so tyrannically present in recording for the gramophone

in the old days might have forced the decision on Sri Semmangudi. If that was the reason, he could yet correct this misconception by singing the song in the right tempo in his concerts and broadcasts hereafter.

Sri Parthasarathi took Kambodi for the main piece of his concert. Sri Parthasarathi's *raga alapana*, *tanam* and *pallavi* was one of the best heard recently in the city. It was notable for its proportion and balance. The *tripata tala pallavi* was sung in a simple, crisp and neat way and it did credit to the young artist. Perhaps he could have elaborated the *swara* singing a little more to bring out the four *eduppus* of the *pallavi*. His diction, however, cannot be said to be faultless. If he would take a little more care over the *sahitya* his performances would be enriched considerably.

It is encouraging to note that at least some of the music sabhas give opportunities to the younger musicians to come to the forefront, instead of always exploiting those musicians already in the front rank to ensure the commercial success of the performances.

VANIDASA

USIS PRESENTS INDIAN DANCES

During the past six months many dance performances by well-known dancers of South India have been given under the auspices of the United States Information service. The months of June and July rounded off the USIS dance season with two outstanding repertoires—a folk dance series featuring Padmini, Lalitha, and Chowdhuri, and another, a classical programme, with veteran dancer and *maitre de ballet* Gopinath, Kumari Yamini and Sethulakshmi, Government of India scholars learning Bharata Natyam and Kathakali, and many talented artists such as Gopalakrishnan, Vasudev, Sakku, and Kamini Kumar Sinha.

Kumari Yamini gave a performance of Bharata Natya with what a local critic has described as "a charming blend of native grace and delightful felicity." Her *Tillana* in particular was a thing of beauty and feminine elegance. Gopinath's party which took charge of the Kathakali numbers fared well, especially the piece on the hunter in the forest, which was full of the fire and vigor which are a characteristic of Gopinath's members.

Theatre

"The Vanishing Island"

THE kindest thing to do is to praise the production, for there is nothing else in the play to praise. But you can praise the production sincerely, truthfully, without any mental reservations. The temptation to make a musical play a gorgeous display of colour and scenic effects is really great. *The Vanishing Island* achieved distinction with a laudable economy of sets and property. We are accustomed to the proud boast of producers who think that the larger the number of 'sets' used in a play the more spectacular the effect and the wilder the heights to which the success of the production can soar. We have recently had the classic example of a play in fifty-two scenes featuring nearly as many sets. *The Vanishing Island* uses one set and one back-drop; by an adroit manipulation of the furniture the one set is made to look like two, and clever lighting assisted by a mechanical contrivance causes the single back-drop not only to look like two but play a dramatic part in the production.

Even according to our "play-back" standards, for a whole musical play to go through without a hitch to an orchestral accompaniment recorded on tape and played back for every performance, is an achievement. It speaks volumes for the precision with which the production has been planned, rehearsed and prepared. I

don't say this technique is praiseworthy. The recorded music sounded feeble and tinny. The music did not fill the theatre; it sounded half-hearted. But a play like this touring the world has to contend with certain handicaps, one of them being the impossibility of dragging along a full orchestra. Within the limitations of the scheme the production could not have been managed more cleverly. The microphone positions had been so carefully worked out that a fairly satisfactory balance was achieved between the recorded orchestral accompaniment and the singing from the stage.

Few producers realise how closely the pace of movements on the stage is related to the tempo of the play. The genius of the producer lies in varying the pace of the movements of the cast, both as individuals and as groups, without violating the physical and emotional nature of the characters in the play. Also tempo is not always achieved by increasing the pace. As often as not it is derived from contrast. *The Vanishing Island* was an object lesson on these and many other points of production technique. For example, there was the 'witch-hunt' scene. If it had been played a shade faster it would not have registered. If it had been played a trifle slower it would have been bizarre. If it had lasted a few seconds longer it would have become laughable. Timing and correct duration were the very essence in that scene and it was produced so expertly that the effect was just perfect. To give another example, there was a scene played to the accompaniment of a marching song. The effect of the goose-step movements and the arm-swinging of the whole crowd was heightened by the presence and deportment of one character, Odioso, who did not march and swing his arms. The scene which followed this, in which Odioso's wife walks in verily dragging her steps and looking the picture of dejection

provided just that contrast in tempo that was necessary at that moment.

The lighting was throughout well controlled. The illumination was adequate and yet unobtrusive. But there was one occasion when the lighting technique and the movement of the characters on the stage combined to produce a most dramatic effect. And when you come to think of it, it was so very simple. As the scene progressed all the lights from the front went out imperceptibly; that is, the two hanging from the ceiling in front of the stage, the two from the side-corridors upstairs and the one from the back of the auditorium all went out. The quantity of the lighting on the stage, however, was not diminished, as the lights from the roof of the stage and from the wings were brought on to make up for the loss. During the last few seconds of the scene a singing chorus standing in a row advanced towards the audience to the very edge of the stage. The words of the song they were singing suddenly took on a new meaning. The song no longer belonged to the play; the words were addressed to the audience. The scene was so cleverly timed that at that very moment the members of the chorus had all the lights behind them. Their faces got blacked out in the shadow. The effect was remarkable.

So much for the production. What of the play? It is not possible to consider and either appreciate or criticise *The Vanishing Island* as just a play. It is the latest attempt of the Moral Re-Armament movement at dramatic articulation, and has to be judged as such. Now, plays with a strong propagandist bias are not unknown. From the morality plays of old to the plays of Ibsen, Galsworthy and Shaw there are many instances of great and memorable plays which openly and without any attempt at concealment set out to sell an idea.

to preach and teach. A contemporary example is Charles Morgan's *The Burning Glass*. So it amounts to this: A really good play may or may not bring you a message but a play cannot become a good one or even a successful one just because it contains a message—however sincere or noble that message might be.

The Vanishing Island is not a first-rate play; it is not even one which just fails to make the grade. It is mediocre and ordinary. The main reason for this is its constant preoccupation with its message about 'a new type of man' and 'a still small voice.' It has no characters; there are only some types in it. It has no theme or story; it has only a moral. But its most inexcusable fault is its childish approach. No play which underestimates the intelligence of its audience to this extent can ever hope to succeed. It can try very hard to be funny and tell of an *id* which can be called an *iddy*, growing up to be an *ideol*, and finally blossoming forth into an *ideology*, but the people will not even laugh.

The secret of Peter Howard's failure in this play lies, paradoxically enough, in the very strength of MRA as a philosophy. MRA pleads for a change of heart in the individual for all the ills of the community to vanish. Peter Howard's play *The Forgotten Factor* dealt with individuals, ordinary, separate human beings with petty, small problems of their own. The cumulative effect of all their hates and weaknesses was a social tension. When the individuals changed, the social tension disappeared. The message got across because the play proceeded from the particular to the general, according to the logic of its philosophy. *The Vanishing Island* tries to put the cart before the horse. It starts with the general and tries to proceed to the particular. That is why the message does not get across.

(Contributed)

Films

HOLLYWOOD

STARTING WITH A MOUSE . . .

(Being the exploits of Mr. Walt Disney)

WALT DISNEY these days is, as usual, as busy as Pluto burying bones, and as contented. He's always most contented when he's mixing new entertainment potions in that cauldron which has given the world magic names like Mickey Mouse, Donald Duck—and Davy Crockett. He said the other day that there were some new television programmes and movies simmering happily on the Disney fire. But one of the most fantastic concoctions this master of amusement alchemy has ever brewed has just been served up for mass consumption. On July 18, Disneyland was thrown open to the public.

"It is something of a world's fair, a city from the Arabian Nights, a metropolis of the future, a show place of magic and living facts," said Mr. Disney.

It is on a sprawling, 160-acre tract in the heart of California's orange grove country. The man who dreamed for others has made his own biggest dream come true. It is a dream which has cost him \$10 million to transfer to reality. "It's a place for parents and children to share pleasant times, for teachers and pupils to discover greater ways of understanding and education," said Mr. Disney. "The older generation can recapture the nostalgia of days gone by and the younger generation can savor the future." Sixty acres make up the amusement area, the remainder being given to playgrounds, picnic groves, and a parking section. The



Walt Disney looks over an aircraft model that resembles Dumbo, the flying elephant.

amusement park is encircled by an 8-to-15 foot embankment on which real steam engines (five-eighths size) will carry 300 passengers in six coaches for an overall view. Passengers then enter Disneyland from the railroad station and walk down Main Street U.S.A. a replica of a street of an American town of about 1900, with a town hall, post office, opera house, fire station, and shops.

"At the end of Main St. lies the Plaza, hub of Disneyland," Mr. Disney explained. "Shooting out from there, like the cardinal points of the compass, we have four cardinal realms, four separate worlds—Tomorrowland, Fantasyland, Frontierland, and Adventureland."

Tomorrowland, featured by a tall, pylon-shaped space rocket, will give visitors a view of futuristically designed buildings in which large industries will present exhibits which would be produced in the future. Miniature racing cars and speedboats and a simulated round-trip by rocket to the moon will catch the eye of the young fry.

Fantasyland will be reached by walking through a pastel-colored castle with parapets 70 feet high. Once inside, there will be rides like the Peter Pan Fly-Thru, over 'London' to Never-Never Land; the Snow White Ride-Thru, by mining cart to the diamond diggings of the Seven Dwarfs; an Alice-in-Wonderland Walk-Thru down a rabbit hole to meet her friends; and a Mr. Toad Drive thru, which will be a haystack, corn, and cow-bumping journey in a 903 auto. Then there will be the Funstro-the Whale water slide, and Jumbo-the-Flying-Elephant aerial ride.

Frontierland will have log forts, board-walked streets, frontiersmen, Indians, buckboards, Conestoga wagons, Concord stages. Its town meet will show a marshal's office, oil assay office, Wells Fargo Express station. A street-end loch will berth a 105-foot paddle-wheeler

ready to take passengers on a real river cruise, passing replicas of New Orleans, Natchez, Mobile.

Adventureland will feature life-like wild animals and reptiles from remote sections of the world. An explorers' boat will set sail on a five-acre voyage, starting at a Tahitian settlement replete with tropical flowers, shells, birds, fish, and journeying to ports of call in Central and South America, Africa, Asia and Australia.

It's no wonder 18 TV cameras were used during the July 17 pre-view telecast.

But Mr. Disney revealed that, even before Disneyland reached the drawing boards, his heart had been lost in another project. "Our first full-length cartoon feature in Cinema Scope, *Lady and the Tramp*, caused almost as much of a stir among our staff as Disneyland," he said. "In it, we introduce many new characters: Lady, a glamorous cocker spaniel; Tramp, a jaunty mongrel; Jock, a thrifty scotty; Trusty, a veteran bloodhound, and many more." The picture tells the story of the romance between the well-bred Lady who loves her human owners, and the nondescript, rough, socially-in-the-doghouse Tramp who hates people.

"We are also starting production on the *Mickey Mouse Club*, a daily Monday-thru Friday television show for youngsters, starting October 3, from 5 to 6 p.m.," Mr. Disney said. "New characters and techniques are being created for these programmes, but they will feature old friends as well: Mickey Mouse, Donald Duck, Goofy, Pluto, Jiminy cricket and all of our animated cartoon stars."

Mr. Disney said, incidentally, that the death of Davy Crockett at the Alamo on the *Disneyland*-TV show February 23 brought a fustillade of thousands of protest letters from parents and kids. "It was entirely because of such letters that we con-

sented to bring back Davy Crockett," Mr. Disney said. "His life-story had been told in three episodes on *Disneyland*. But, since Davy figures in American legend as well as history, we agreed he could return as the hero of storied exploits. His new adventures will be shown in four *Disneyland* shows entitled *The Legends of Davy Crockett!*"

As a man who has brought scores of imaginary creatures into being, did Mr. Disney have any personal favorite?

"Mickey Mouse, said Mr. Disney at once," "Ours is an old partnership. It goes back a long time. During the last few years, we've ventured into a lot of different fields but we've never lost sight of one thing—it all started with a mouse!"

This, then, would seem to be a case where the old proverb was reversed and a mouse labored and brought forth mountains of wonderful entertainment.

Walt Disney lives with his wife, the former Lillian Bounds of Lewiston, Idaho, in a house filled with beautiful antiques on an estate in Holmby Hills, California. He is a great family man.

"My two daughters are now grown up," he said. "Diane, who is 21, is married and just recently presented me with a grandson. My younger daughter, Sharon, 18, is a student at the University of Arizona."

Did he know which is the daughters' favorite Disney character?

"I hope it's their daddy," said Mr. Disney.

P. G. KRISHNAYYA

BOMBAY

AT last an Indian picture is being released by an American Distributor in the United States. And that picture is *Jhansi Ki Rani*, depicting an inspiring episode from Indian history, a story of the courage

and valour of a brave woman who challenged the might of the British Empire.

Jhansi Ki Rani like Joan of Arc symbolizes Indian national aspiration at its fiercest and it is in that light we would like foreigners to see her story on the screen. But, alas, the reviews published in American newspapers of *Tiger and Flame* (as *Jhansi Ki Rani* has been re-christened in the United States) betray complete ignorance of Indian history and the role *Jhansi Ki Rani* played in it and lay too much stress on the pageantry, pomp and spectacle.

That is not all. United Artists are publicizing *Tiger and Flame* in a manner which would shock most of the admirers of *Jhansi Ki Rani* in this country. A two-color advertisement published in Motion Picture Herald has headlines like this: "All the Pageantry . . . the orgies . . . the blood-battles of a spectacular century . . . flame across the screen!" "Filmed entirely in Mystic India" "On the raging battlefield . . . in the silken boudoir the Queen of Jhansi ruled by the sword."

Having misrepresented India, its history and culture in their own pictures, now Hollywood has gone to the extent of misrepresenting Indian pictures to Americans in such a revolting manner. Even if the Queen of Jhansi is a box-office hit in the United States, its success will not make up for the loss of dignity and pride we must suffer by such cheap vulgarising, for purposes of mob appeal, of one of the proudest and noblest chapters of Indian national history.

Picture of the week

G. P. Sippy has at last hit the jackpot. After trying his hand at Geva-color and other things, he found that a picture produced and directed by himself has hit the bull's eye. The picture is a historical fantasy *Adle Jahangir* woven round the legendary ideal of justice of Emperor Jahangir.

Sixteen years ago Sohrab Modi made *Pukar* on the same theme; but his story was more faithful to history than Qamer Jalalabadi's screenplay of *Adle Jahangir* which is, in fact, full of historical inaccuracies, and is more of a triangular romance set against a historic background than a page from history.

Whatever its historical shortcomings *Adle Jahangir* has an engrossing story, whose appeal is heightened by superb acting by some of our most accomplished stars—Meena Kumari, Sapru and Durga Khote. Even Pradip Kumar has improved and is particularly impressive in the love scenes. The story, full of the coincidences and incredible situations which are always popular with our audiences, revolves round Zarina, Shiraj and Prince Khurram. The first half of the film recounts how Zarina was rescued in a bandit raid, how she grew up in the woods and fell in love with the rescuer's son Shiraz. This part proceeds rather leisurely and lacks pace and drama. It is only when Prince Khurram arrives on the scene, saves Zarina from being abducted and takes her back to her mother that the picture gains momentum and dramatic interest which is kept up right up to the end. The second part is surprisingly well directed and the climax duly thrilling with Emperor Jahangir being called upon to deal out justice in a case in which his own son is involved. After a tense duel between father and son, the picture ends in the triumph of both justice and love. The photography by Sarpotdar is noteworthy, and Qamer Jalalabadi's dialogue is aptly melodramatic and his lyrics set to pleasing tunes by Husanlat and Bhagatram.

Personality of the week

The person who is very much in film news at the moment is our Prime Minister Nehru. He has become, in film parlance, a great star attraction. The full-length Soviet documentary film recording his visit to the Soviet

Union in about 12,000 feet in color has proved to be the greatest draw of the season and the Film Division's Special Newsreels covering Pandit Nehru's visit to Russia have augmented the collections of the theatres. This is one occasion when no exhibitor would grudge paying the rental for newsreel to the Films Division.

As against the usual three shows, the Nehru film is being shown for four shows every day at a theatre here and is drawing packed houses. The picture has proved a commercial success and fantastic sums are being quoted for its territorial rights—prices above the highest prices quoted for any Indian picture so far! According to a modest estimate *Nehru In Russia* may collect over a crore of rupees at the box-office in India.

V. P. SATHE

BASIC PROPOSITION

"The most conventional of all weapons, and the one which no nation can dispense with, is a people determined to fight on the beaches and to fight in streets in defence of their freedom . . . If they are brave enough and strong enough, they will survive because of the aggressor's reluctance to engage in total war . . . If, in the early postwar period, Czechoslovakia and Poland had been equipped with the number of divisions and the unbroken spirit of Finland in 1949, the Russians could not have dislodged the Polish Government nor pulled their Prague coup. They would have been forced to show their hand and engage in open warfare—and the odds are that they would not have dared to take the risk. It is indeed distressingly simple: free men must be prepared to defend their freedom or lose it." —ARTHUR KOESTLER in an article for the June 27 issue of *New Leader*.

SWATANTRA

On Sale Every Saturday

Vol. X. July 30, 1955. No. 26.

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ON THE COVER:

Vaijayantimala famous dancer and film star in one of her attractive dance costumes.

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

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Vol. X.

JULY 30 SATURDAY 1955

No. 26

ACHIEVEMENT AT GENEVA

THE "Summit" Conference at Geneva has been hailed as a great success. It was naturally too much to expect that it would produce cut-and-dried answers to all the problems which have been vexing relations between the two Power blocs. The Foreign Ministers of the Big Four Powers are to meet again in October next and it would then be time to consider specific remedies, in detail, for specific problems. Mr. Nehru has pointed out that the fear of atomic warfare was hovering over the "Summit" conference. In a war of the future, it is generally agreed, there will be neither victor nor vanquished. War is something to be avoided if humanity is at all to survive. As long as there is international tension, so long is there a danger of a third world war. The greatest contribution to peace made by the "Summit" Conference is the all-round lessening of tension it has brought about in so marked a manner. The principle of co-existence has been accepted. Very cordial relations, on a personal basis, seem to have been established between the Heads of the Four Governments. This is a great gain. It should now be evident to the Russians as well as to the Americans that a desire to avoid war is general. Equally important is the fact that a formula has been worked out for more negotiations on the connected problems of German unity and European security. The Russian attitude had been in favour of subordinating the question of German unity to European security; the

Western Powers naturally took the other view. It has now been decided that at the Foreign Ministers' Conference in October both the problems will be discussed together.

If peace comes to Europe it would make for peace in other parts of the world, too. During the last one or two centuries the European Powers have so dominated the affairs of the world that they have come instinctively to think of themselves as the Centres of all power. But the feature of the post-second-world-war era is the fact that the Centres of power have shifted, to the U. S. (which is not European) and the Soviet (which is more than half Asian). Another important fact is the Asian awakening to which eloquent spokesmen of Asianism, like Jawaharlal Nehru, have repeatedly drawn the attention of the Western Powers. It is no longer possible for the statesmen of Europe to meet at a conference table and settle the future of Asia. Great nations like China and India have achieved freedom from foreign domination and are insisting that Asian affairs should be settled only with the full consent of the Asians. The chief aim of the "Summit" Conference was to bring peace to all the world. By refusing to discuss Far Eastern affairs the U. S. confined its utility to that extent. Tension is much in evidence in the Far East, in places like Formosa, Korea and Indo-China. By refusing to recognise the Peking regime the U. S. is making a Far Eastern settlement difficult. But, obviously as a

result of the Geneva Conference, the U. S. and Peking China are to meet at an ambassadorial level to discuss the specific problem of the return of American nationals from China. It must be hoped that this contact will lead to further meetings and enable Mr. Eisenhower to prepare his people gradually, but inevitably, to the acceptance of the fact that the real spokesmen of China are in Peking and not in Formosa.

The "Summit" Conference would have been considered complete only if it had discussed matters affecting all parts of the world where the Four Powers have influence and can exert it decisively in furthering the cause of peace. Mr. Nehru has already indicated that another conference will be necessary to discuss Far Eastern affairs. Peace is indivisible and we cannot have a European peace while tension is allowed to continue, or even spread, in Asia.

A notable feature of the "Summit" Conference has been the role played by Mr. Eisenhower. His dramatic offer to the Russians that the U. S. would give the Soviet military blueprints of the U. S. from end to end and provide unrestricted facilities on a reciprocal basis, for aerial photography of military installations, must be considered proof of the U. S. sincerity about avoiding war. The offer shows also how much the prestige of the President has grown in his country during recent months and how much more sure of himself he has grown. It is no longer possible for the very much deflated Joseph McCarthy to oppose him and even the "dinosaur" wing of the Republican Party has been quiet. So dramatic and unexpected was Mr. Eisenhower's offer that there was little chance of the Russians, a hard-bitten lot, accepting it straightaway. The U. S. must now be considered to be very sincere about disarmament. Even as disarmament is a *sine qua non* for global peace, inspection by a commonly

acceptable body or by each other (in the case of likely antagonists) is the very basis of any successful disarmament plan. Further conferences on disarmament will naturally follow the Geneva meeting and it will be the hope of all humanity that these will succeed in their efforts. So far, however, the U. N. Disarmament Sub-Committee cannot be said to have made any notable progress. The Russians have now given up their demand that disarmament also should be discussed at the Foreign Ministers' Conference; they are willing that the U. N. Sub-Committee should consider all plans, including President Eisenhower's dramatic offer. The cautious statement may be ventured that agreement on disarmament seems to be nearer than it seemed previously.

It is necessary that the effectiveness of the United Nations should be increased. "Summit" Conferences are undoubtedly essential but the smaller Powers will feel confidence in their future only if global decisions are taken by, or on behalf of, the U. N. It gives them a forum for expressing their views and exercising their vote. It gives them the feeling that they are deciding their own future, individually and collectively. Without the U. N. the Big Four (as a matter of cold fact, they are only the Big Two) would get into the habit of settling the future of all the nations without any direct references to them. Time and again we have had evidence of a desire to bypass the U. N. This is not a desirable development. Not the least important fact about the Geneva "Summit" Conference is the chance it has given the U. N. to increase its prestige by providing a solution to the problem of disarmament. While many think that world government is a vain dream, all would hope that the U. N. will develop into an authoritative and universally accepted and respected agency for the settlement of all international disputes.

Sotto Voce

★

BY-PASSING THE ATMAN.



THE proliferation of freak faiths is the familiar mark of unsettled times. So it was in the Age of the Antonines. "Some jaded women of fashion, especially, found in certain oriental devotions, at once relief for their religiously tearful souls, and an opportunity for personal display; preferring this or that 'mystery', chiefly because the attire required in it was suitable to their peculiar manner of beauty": thus Walter Pater in *Marius the Epicurean*. India of an earlier generation saw the birth of many New Dispensations which denounced Vedic ritual only to substitute their own synthetic solemnities in its stead, which were as colourful as and perhaps not more significant than the pageants of such exotics as Free Masonry.

Fashions in religion may aim at the restoration of the archaic as much as at the creation of new modes. The new enthusiasm for Buddhism among some of our intellectuals is a case in point. A pleasant little function arranged by a local firm of book-sellers to launch an attractive little book on Buddhism set me musing on the strange spectacle that these spiritual antiquaries present. They are fierce against Hindu 'revivalism'; though in fact Hinduism had never fallen into a faint except in their parched hearts. But they glow with the joy of discovery of a creed that has been dead and cold in this land for a thousand years.

These sophisticates will only too readily swallow Orientalist poppycock about the Rg-Veda enshrining "a form of primitive religion." And, coming to the extracts from the Dhammapada without any knowledge of the Bhagavad-Gita or to the Jataka tales without any knowledge of the Puranas, they will no doubt feel as excited and exalted as Keats felt on reading Chapman's Homer. They would not know that the teachings of the Buddha partly derived from that of previous teachers whose shadowy procession can be traced back to the Vedas. Where the Buddha reacted, say, against the ritualism of the Vedas, he was not doing something novel either. He was merely following in the track of the Upanishads on the one hand and the earlier heterodox systems on the other.

What the Buddha himself taught can only be conjectured: the earliest canonical scriptures took their present shape centuries after his passing. The doctrine, in the process of recollection and consolidation, may have received the profound impress of Hindu thought as recorded in the *Mahabharata*, for instance. Take the crucial faith in *ahimsa* which is being played up so adroitly today as a gift of the compassionate Buddha. Actually you find it as a categorical imperative in the Vedas,—*maa himsyaah sarvaa bhootani*,—not to mention such authorities as the Kalpa Sutras of Gautama. And the *Maha-*

bharata, the epic of the first of all Great Wars, gives us the doctrine in its classic perfection.

I am not forgetting the Vedic sacrifices. But we must not forget either the Buddha's sanction of meat-eating. That he permitted the eating of only five kinds of meat is true. But the limitation itself invested almost with a ritual air, for later generations, the eating of the permitted kinds of meat. A faith which brings under its umbrella all manner of men must needs permit a

certain latitude in matters of observance. Kalidasa, the most humane of men, speaks with no hint of disapproval of the river of blood that flowed from the sacrificial hall of King Rantideva: had not the blood turned into miraculously perennial life-giving water, proclaiming his greatness for all time?

The Hindu scriptures know and exalt no less another Rantideva, also a King, who declared (almost in the words which the Buddha himself is said to have used) that "he would willingly bear the burden of everybody's suffering if he could thereby bring relief to the world." And non-killing is today an article of faith with considerable sections of the Hindus as it is not with the Buddhists. The Buddha recognised, no less than the faith in which he was born, the validity of *adhikari-bheda*. The parable of the three fields is as famous as the parable of the sowers. And in his reply to Sangarava he demolished as completely as did Sankara the facile criticism that it is selfishness that prompts men to seek personal salvation.

Buddhism did not spring all complete from the head of the Buddha, like Minerva in panoply. It grew and changed, often unrecognisably, over the centuries; and in the process it took as well as gave to its parent faith. Thus the goal proclaimed by Mahayana Buddhism is not very different from the doctrine of *Sarva-mukti*, even as the love it teaches is not different from that exalted by the Bhakti-sutras. The Buddha's thought was not less astringent than Sankara's. And Sankara's compassion was not less than the Buddha's. But Buddhism has wilted because, *pace* the dialecticians of *Sunya Vada*, it was rooted in negation. You cannot by-pass the Atman.

VIGNESWARA

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Mr. Khasa Subba Rao, Editor, "Swatantra," at a party given by friends in New York City.

THE MEANING OF FREEDOM

Speaking before a conference of officials, students, and newspapermen in New York city, Mr. Khasa Subba Rao said:

"IN the history of the world, strong nations went out to other lands, looted the property of people there and became rich and powerful. For the first time, perhaps in human experience, we find the United States a powerful nation taxing itself to spend large sums in other countries in the underdeveloped areas of the world to improve their conditions. This is unique and unprecedented but there seems to be little appreciation of it. Even the beneficiaries of the American Aid programme seem to be indifferent to them. It is for the U.S. policymakers to probe into the causes of this anomaly and seek to remove it so that the millions given by them for human welfare are spent more fruitfully.

U. S. policymakers have divided the world into the free world and the

unfree world. In the free world of their description are included large areas subject to domination of the European powers. Most of Africa is divided among the European nations and treated by them as their territory. American talk on freedom and the Free World makes therefore no sense to Indians, Asians or Africans and this is perhaps why a statesman like Pandit Nehru prefers to be neutral.

Along with the money allotted for the foreign aid programme American policymakers should take note of the existence of large unfree areas in their allied Free World, and seek to remove the contradiction between the description and the reality. They should provide a positive programme of freedom to rouse the enthusiasm of people still dependent in Asia and Africa.

Gandhi said that without India being free there could be no peace in

(Continued on page 42)

INDIAN AFFAIRS:

By SARANGA

—STIFFENING POLICY ON GOA

—THE PLAN MAKES PROGRESS

—STRIKING WITHOUT SUCCESS

—P. S. P. IN THE MELTING POT

INDIA'S Capital city is once again humming with activity since the Prime Minister broke its somnolence with his first public speech and press conference on his return from his travels. With Parliament also in session, the tempo of Indian politics has been heightened. Goa has been leaping into the news with every mention of the subject by the Prime Minister but there is as yet no great change in the situation. While Mr. Nehru has reiterated the adherence of the Government of India to peaceful methods, Portugal has plainly declared that there will be no peaceful transfer of sovereignty to the Indian Union. This leaves the average Indian bewildered though he is inclined on the whole to leave it at that, in the belief that Mr. Nehru's faith would be vindicated in the event, as it has been vindicated on other larger matters like India's foreign policy or economic planning.

One cannot, however, overlook the differences between the situation in the French possessions and in Goa. France is a working democracy in which the leaders change constantly; and at the time of the settlement of the problem of the Indian possessions, France had the most enlightened Government in her post-war history. French India comprised scattered enclaves where the people depended more closely on India for their existence, than they do in Goa. Whether the present regime in Portugal will collapse or not as pre-

dicted by Mr. Nehru, it would be quite exciting to watch how much compulsion the peaceful freedom struggle of the Goans will exert on the authorities at Lisbon, now that both Mr. Nehru and the Congress Working Committee still insist that there should be no mass entry of Indians to participate in the struggle in Goa.

The implication seems to be that there is no ban on the entry of individual Congressman into Goa, especially after the Congress Working Committee has emphasised that it becomes the right and duty of the people of Goa and the people of the rest of India to strive for the liberation of Goa. Mr. Nehru's statement in Parliament on Monday was in pursuance of this new directive and the first among the sanctions to be employed besides the closure of the Portuguese legation in New Delhi was the stoppage of the train service to Goa. Other steps must follow, however slowly, now that Lisbon has rejected the idea of a peaceful solution of transfer of sovereignty. Sections of the Congress party and the other Indian political parties which have been very critical of the Government's policy of moderation have welcomed the change, which is entirely a response to the pressure of public opinion.

In spite of the fact that developments over Goa are exciting enough to monopolise public attention, the

discussions last week on the Second Five Year Plan have stolen the limelight and the Indian press has accorded to them a status not inferior to that of the Geneva Summit talks. This speaks much for the growth of plan-consciousness amongst the people to whom the fourth estate has to cater. This prominence was, however, also quite fitting, because these developments have overshadowed some of the recent controversies on the character of the Plan. The proceedings of the Central Advisory Council of industries, which met last Friday, and of the Standing Committee of the National Development Council, have provided the assurance that the Planning Commission and the Administration will not be thrown into the background by any statistical strait-jacket containing facile suggestions for regimentation of the economy in pursuit of very doubtful courses of action in the name of development.

In particular the gnawing fear of the inflation likely to be let loose in the pursuit of fads about hand industries—which may fail to deliver goods in the volume and quality needed in the next five years—has now abated. Very quietly, the Ministry of Industries and Commerce went to work on chalking out a programme for the private sector in industry involving an investment of about Rs. 750 crores under the Second Five Year Plan. The Ministry has taken care to emphasise that while the details are still tentative, there will be positive measures to realise the targets set out, including financial assistance from the Government even to the extent of Rs. 100 crores if necessary, to fulfil the ambitious programme. Mr. T. T. Krishnamachari has once again made a bid to secure sufficient importance for his pet-child, the National Industrial Development Corporation, which he has always visualised as a dynamic agency for industrial development. The entire

industrial plan now placed before the private sector contains many ambitious targets. But yet there has been a surprisingly quick agreement from the leaders of Indian business that the outlay proposed is well within their capacity—which is in contrast to the conservative and sometimes grouching attitude of businessmen in earlier years.

The merit of the Industry and Commerce Ministry's scheme—which official spokesmen have sought to emphasise—is that none of the proposals involves any serious conflict with the striving for increasing employment through labour-intensive or small cottage industries. There may still be cranks, who, like the Rice Milling Committee, would love to set all the clocks back, but in the large number of metallurgical, engineering and chemical industries which are now being planned under this investment programme—no one can suggest that village industries should be substituted. In the case of cotton textiles, it is proposed that mill cloth output should be stationary while more yarn is made available to hand and powerlooms—giving tangible proof of Mr. T. T. Krishnamachari's claim that he has now become a complete convert to the philosophy of the handloom.

The significance of the meeting of the Central Advisory Council of Industries should not be underestimated. It has provided the occasion for concrete planning for the private business sector in a realistic manner and for *ex cathedra* assurances to the business community on the main issues disturbing them today. It is no secret that Mr. T. T. Krishnamachari's statements on nationalisation and the principles of compensation in his speech to the Council had the prior approval of the Prime Minister. There is little of controversy left about this part of planning though difficulties may arise later on—such as whether some of the items should be transferred to the

public sector—if the rivalries among the Central Ministries continue as before.

The Standing Committee of the National Development Council which met almost immediately after these developments has devoted its attention to the problem of resources and endorsed the original outlay proposal of Rs. 4,300 crores in the public sector in spite of the proved difficulty of mobilising resources beyond Rs. 3500 crores. Mr. Nehru threw in a cryptic declaration to the effect that he would use even 'abnormal' methods to mobilise the resources. More taxation was indicated in his speech and in that of the Finance Minister. The latter seemed divided in his loyalties between his own department which was preaching caution on the one side, and the Prime Minister, who was keen on not cutting the size of the Plan; and it was only natural that loyalty to the latter should triumph.

However, there is still a long way to go before the Second Five Year Plan can be finalised. The other Central Ministries, which have traditionally been spending departments, prepared their blueprints of outlay on the old principle—the more the outlay, the merrier. Now State Governments also have done likewise and there was the amazing revelation before the Standing Committee that State plans totalled upto Rs. 12,000 crores—an irresponsibility which had precedents before 1951 in the estimates of the respective food deficits in their States. A very drastic pruning process has to be gone through before these plans can deserve that name.

The long textile strike in Kanpur—involving about 50,000 workers and losses of about Rs. 150 lakhs to industry and Rs. 50 lakhs in wages to workers—has at last been brought to an end. It is difficult to assess the outcome but if labour has at all secured any advantage it is in the

postponement of the rationalisation scheme till the report of the Committee now appointed is available. U. P.'s Chief Minister has declared unhesitatingly that the "illegal" strike was thoroughly unnecessary and that the parties are now only where they were after the Tripartite Naini Tal Conference of last year when principles of rationalisation were evolved. This very doubtful gain of securing a judicial enquiry on rationalisation would hardly offset the hardship caused to the strikers' families. Relations with employers have become embittered as a result and there are echoes of the strike in the refusal of returning workers to take up changed work assignments or altered work-loads. The U. P. Government refrained all along from getting excited about the strike, thereby creating an opportunity to show labour the lack of responsibility on the part of its leadership.

With the decision of the P. S. P. Executive to suspend Dr. Ram Manohar Lohia from the membership of the Party, the fat is at last squarely in the fire. Dr. Lohia will not certainly repent for the "gross act of indiscipline and disruption" alleged by the National Executive in its charge sheet. Dr. Lohia has never concealed his desire to take the reins of the party into his own hands and whatever else he may have lacked, he was never diffident about his being able to run the party. At present he hopes to win over 60 or 65 per cent of the party to his side; considering the division on the last occasion at the National Convention on the question of the T. C. police firing—this may not be an exaggerated claim. But will Dr. Lohia find a consistent programme for himself and his followers? On one thing he has always been clear, namely that he would like to be in the opposition and there are many like him to find solace in such an outlook and follow him.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS:

By SANTHA

PRESIDENT PERON OVER-REACHES HIMSELF

IT now looks as if President Juan D. Peron of Argentina has again over-reached himself. This is not by any means the first time he has done so. There was the memorable occasion less than half a dozen years ago when, in his enthusiasm to set up post-war Argentine economy more steadily on its feet, he squandered his bid and almost brought his republic to the brink of bankruptcy and tarnished his prestige abroad. President Peron has, in the course of his ten years of office, shown a flair for reading the writing on the wall only when the wall has half collapsed on his head. His egotism is gigantic even for the president of a Latin American Republic and his personal ambition has grown with his power. He is convinced, and a not negligible percentage of the population of Argentina endorses his conviction, that he is a lineal descendant of Bolivar and Miranda and that the salvation of Latin America has become his personal responsibility. He has certainly achieved a Continental importance. Now his reputation has spilled over the boundaries of South America into Europe. He has raised his hand against the one Empire which, changeless and rigid and ever-expanding, has held its own through wars which have levelled continents.

The present insurrection has been simmering from at least November, 1954, when President Peron openly attacked the Roman Catholic Church in a broadcast, even going so far as to name the "offenders" among the Roman Catholics who had worked against the State. Within a month he abolished the Ministry of Educa-

tion's Department of Religious Instruction. By the end of April this year, certain Catholic newspapers had been ordered to be closed down, state subsidies withdrawn from 30 Catholic Schools and hundreds of teachers dismissed. Peron then plunged his hand into the heart of the Catholic Action Movement and arrested more than a dozen of its leaders. On May 20, the Argentine Senate passed a Bill demanding the reform of the Constitution and the disestablishment of the Catholic Church. Less than a week later started Catholic demonstrations in many leading cities which mounted in fury as Catholic University professors and more priests were summarily arrested and thrown into prison. Peron banned religious education in schools, taxed Church property. He forbade church parades. There was rioting on Corpus Christi Day when the Government took out a rival procession to honour a boxing hero. Three days later he dismissed and exiled Mgr. Manuel Tato, Vicar-General of the arch-diocese of Buenos Aires and Mgr. Pamon Pablo Novoa, Canon-Deacon who, not unexpectedly, made a bee-line to Rome. From the Vatican came an order excommunicating Juan D. Peron from the Catholic faith. Two hours after the order of excommunication was received rioting broke out. Hundreds died and thousands were wounded. Police occupied the Arch-diocesan Palace and the Catholic Action Headquarters. Churches were burnt.

But that was not all. On June 16, another enemy struck at Peron. This time it was the Navy. In 1951, the

Army had risen against him. Now it was the Navy. The Army rallied round and the rebellion was put down—not bloodlessly, however—and the rebels crossed over to Uruguay from where they emerged again a few hours later, to rain destruction upon Buenos Aires. Peron hastily appointed General Franklin Lucero, Minister of the Army as Head of Security. Eighty officers of the Navy and 25 of the Air Force were dismissed as rebels.

It is not known whether that appointment had anything to do with it, but it has proved the turning point in the tide of revolution. Peron has so often since referred to a "radical" change in his position that the Press of the world still buzzes with speculations about a military coup. It is probable that the revolt of the Navy showed Peron that he had more than one enemy in the state to contend with and that the time is not ripe for him to show his hand—yet.

Now it is all to be sweetness and light again. President Peron has changed his tune. He has pleaded for conciliation. He has offered his opposition parties a "truce." He has released the priests. He has gone further. He announced last week that he was vacating the position of Head of the Peronista Party and would henceforth rule merely as "President of all Argentines—friends and foes alike." He has announced the gradual removal of all restrictions on the rights of the people. Censorship of the Press is to be abolished. Henceforth, he has announced, politics would be left to politicians, the Government would have nothing to do with it, but would content itself with governing the people along principles laid down in the Constitution. The Government would also encourage the formation and working of other political parties.

A tentative peace has descended upon the Argentine political factions. The Radicals are partly on the side

of Peron and partly against Catholic Action. The Conservatives are wholly on the side of the Church. The Socialists hate both Peron and the Church and though they are powerful enough in Buenos Aires they are unlikely to become a majority party in the country. The powerful and vitally important Confederation of Labour seems to have suddenly become a little indecisive in its loyalty to Peron.

Latin America has shown ever since its dissociation from imperialist government a flair for breeding two types of people—the religious fanatic and the political despot. The Church is a force in all the Latin American republics. In Argentina the Roman Catholic Church is still the strongest, richest and most coherent of all the traditions which have come down from Spanish monarchical association. And the Catholic Action Movement is not out for purely spiritual rewards. It has an ambitious political side which is militant in character.

JUST how long this flush of peace will last no one can tell. For the people of Argentina like the people of most of the South American republics are not inhibited by an overzealous regard for the law nor has the flamboyant Strong Man of Argentina set up precedents of absolutely constitutional behaviour which might intimidate him in chalking out a future course of action. One of his more peaceful and ingratiating gestures made recently was a friendly message of greetings to the Pope on the occasion of the Peter and Paul Festivals. Came back a cold note from the Vatican: "On receiving your Excellency's message for this festivity we pray that our Lord should enlighten your heart so that our beloved Argentine people can live freely according to their Catholic tradition."

The peace—if peace it is—is, unhappily, only tentative.

P. S. P.—A HOUSE DIVIDED

By D. A.

THE decision of the National Executive of the PSP to take disciplinary action against Dr. Lohia puts an end to a glaring anomaly, if it also helps to deepen the crisis within the party. While it may lead to a final parting of ways it certainly clears a lot of confusion in the public mind about the party's affairs. In rusticating Madhu Limaye and suspending the UP executive without taking any action on the real source of inspiration behind the rebels, the party's high command had placed itself in a dubious position from which it has wriggled out at long last. It was, however, explained on behalf of the leadership that the door had not been closed against negotiations for effecting a rapprochement. The party's decision is described as a measure to tighten up discipline in the ranks and Dr. Lohia's explanation is awaited.

Dr. Lohia's reaction, however, was characteristic. Having been accustomed for long to treat the executive's decisions with scant courtesy, he has dismissed its verdict against him as one of those "little things" which should not upset him too much. From his point of view (he is not alone in taking the stand), the crisis in the party is not one of rules of discipline or code of conduct but of ideological irreconcilability. It must, no doubt, be admitted that Lohia's revolt cannot be lightly brushed aside as a technical breach of discipline as the trouble has its origin in serious differences between two schools of thought within the party itself. He has been telling his supporters for some time that the two alternatives before him were: to convert the party to his point of view before the end of this year or to form a new party "which will be a valiant and heroic

movement, opposing injustices, wherever they are found."

After watching the high percentage of mortality among new political parties, he must be a brave man who thinks of starting a new one now. It may not, of course, be a very difficult task to launch an organisation with a new label but it would be a near miracle if anyone could succeed in the present political circumstances. Politics was a full-time occupation in pre-independence days and few could help being politicians in some degree or other. Since 1947, at any rate, most people are busy consolidating the gains of freedom in a personal or collective sense. The younger intellectuals and student leaders who would have readily joined the fray in the thirties and early forties are nowadays conspicuous by their absence for it has become the young citizen's first and foremost patriotic duty to become a class I officer in the central services. There is little new ground left on which Dr. Lohia could try his political fortunes.

Though it may be a gallant thought to lead a new party of a "valiant and heroic" character, sober reflection on the recent past would suggest discretion to be the better part of valour. Dr. Lohia must be more ambitious than realistic in hoping to succeed where a greater leader of men like Subhas Bose and a keener intellectual like M. N. Roy, not to speak of tried politicians like Kripalani and Prakasam, had failed. A brief review of the history of Leftist forces in India would show that they had always been found wanting in unity and consolidation.

Leftist unity

The first serious attempt at consolidation of the Left was made by

Subhas Bose after the debacle of Tripuri where he raised the banner of revolt—the success was too short-lived—in 1939. Having failed to carry the A.I.C.C. with him in the face of Rightist opposition, he tried his best to bring all the avowedly Leftist parties and groups within and outside the Congress under one roof. Only a handful of extremist Congressmen with ardent admiration for and loyalty to him, could go the whole hog with him. The Forward Bloc, launched by a Congress president elected against the wishes of Gandhiji, and in the teeth of solid opposition of the Right wing, fizzled out as a splinter group of little consequence.

The Communist Party had always been, as it now is and, perhaps, will ever be, acting like the foreign wing of the Russian Communist Party. Its policy and programme have to be shaped and pruned according to its master's voice in Moscow. It was only natural that Subhas Bose could not count upon the support of these so-called Leftists who would not even shake hands with him unless he could obtain a conduct certificate from the Kremlin—which obviously he could not. Even the Socialists who strengthened his hands in his defiance of the Right, in the beginning only said 'thus far and no further,' when they came to know on which side Nehru's sympathies lay. For, Nehru was the friend, philosopher and guide of the Congress socialists. The Royists, the Trotskyites and other leftists of a lesser significance, preferred to plough a lonely furrow.

Genesis

Nehru could be considered as the spiritual father of Indian Socialism. He made no secret of his socialist sympathies and rationalist inclinations, though oftentimes he had, willingly enough, to subordinate his reason to the Mahatma's intuition. The Congress Socialist Party, formed in 1934, drew inspiration from his speeches and writings. Even at its in-

ception it was not a close-knit brotherhood with a rigid water-tight discipline. It was rather a loose congregation of a number of youthful democrats, not satisfied with the moderate policy and limited programme of the Congress. They were kept united by a burning sense of nationalism which was common to all of them. Otherwise, they had not so much in common. There were in the party genuine Marxists like Jayaprakash Narayan and Acharya Narendra Deva as well as staunch anti-Marxists like Asoka Mehta and M. R. Masani and Dr. Lohia who came later, with an outlook all his own on matters, economic, social and political. Achyut Patwardhan, with his Sanskrit background, brought with him the wisdom of the East. Purushottamdas Tricumdass, Kamaladevi Chattopadhyaya and other individualists were willing to fall in line after the policies were laid down, by majority decisions. Aruna Asaf Ali jumped into the political fray one fine morning in 1942, and though her ebullience could not be confined within the limits of a small party, the stress of the times and her patriotic impulse did not allow her to go away from this group. Personal friendships and mutual loyalties also helped in keeping the group together. Though it was a coat of many colours, in a sense, the overall effect was one of unity, as the dominating hue was pink.

Break and Merger

Gandhiji, not unlike Nehru, began to look upon the Socialists with paternal tenderness as he could see that all of them were genuine patriots, only a little too irrepressible. Jaya Prakash always had deep personal respect for Gandhiji, and perhaps through Mrs. Narayan, who was a disciple and ward of the Mahatma, began to develop a sneaking sympathy for Gandhian methods also. Gandhiji, in his turn, went to the extent of favouring J. P. Narayan for the Congress Presidentship at one

time. But after the war, the Congress-Socialist divergencies began to grow and the party took an independent line with "Democratic socialism" as its goal. The Congress Socialists "reconsidered" their stand and even in foreign policy they were not satisfied with the Congress attitude. Matters came to a head and in response to a general feeling in favour of severing the link with the Congress, the prefix was dropped at the Kanpur meeting.

The most important change in the complexion and character of the party came about with the merger of the K.M.P. Party and the Socialists after the 1952 general elections. Both the parties were badly routed at the polls—the Socialists more so. They learnt the lesson that triangular and quadrangular contests would only help strong organised minority parties like the Communists. The Socialists began to think in terms of merger with other democratic parties and groups led by Kripalani, Dr. P. C. Ghosh, Prakasam and others. Though Acharya Kripalani was elected as the first chairman of the P.S.P. full-blooded socialists were not quite reconciled to the leadership of a Gandhite ex-Congressman and could not bear to see him behave as anything more than a titular head.

Crisis

The T. C. firing incident is a case in point. Dr. Lohia, then Secretary of the P.S.P., was very enthusiastic about the P.S.P. forming a cabinet with a membership of about 18 in a house of over 90 and was not tired of citing French parallels including the Leon Blum Cabinet as precedents for the experiment. Mr. Thanu Pillai quite willingly took office and soon there was reported an incident of the T.C. police firing on an unruly mob demonstrating for the merger of Tamil areas with Madras State, resulting in the death of some persons. Dr. Lohia wanted the P.S.P. Cabinet to resign immediately, as police firing *prima facie* was un-

imaginable under a socialist government. Mr. Thanu Pillai was in no mood to oblige Dr. Lohia and satisfy the latter's personal conscience without a party ruling on the matter. Dr. Lohia did not have the patience to bother about such technical issues as discussion by the national executive and decision by the national executive and decision by the party leadership. He resigned the secretaryship.

The conflict between Dr. Lohia and the national executive reached a climax at the Nagpur session, when Kripalani resigned though the no-confidence motion against him was not carried. Dr. Lohia could not command a majority. Narendra Deva was then elected chairman as it was thought that he, as a respected Socialist leader with an unblemished record, would command general confidence.

If the P.S.P. was a house divided against itself, Dr. Lohia could not escape a share of the blame for it. He could, of course, legitimately marshal support for his policy by private talks and personal contacts with party members, and try to make his point at the national executive or the party conference, but he could not in fairness claim the privilege of openly condemning the party decisions, once taken, and attacking the leaders for all their acts of commission and omission. Further, Kripalani and his supporters have ceased to take active part in the party's affairs. J. P. Narayan has found consolation in the Bhodan movement. Achyut Patwardhan had even earlier become a recluse, far from the maddening crowd of Socialists. Masani, after "reconsidering" socialism finds public relations more profitable. Tricumdass is probably concentrating on his briefs. With Narendra Deva ailing and ineffective only two intrepid souls are left, Asoka Mehta busy finding "areas of co-operation" with the Congress gov-

ernment and Lohia conducting an open feud with him.

Its legions routed at the last elections, the Socialist Party had its thunder stolen when the Congress, under Nehru's inspiration and guidance, adopted the Socialistic pattern of society as its goal at the Avadi session. Its fast-sinking morale is further shattered by Lohia's attempts at storming the fort from inside. While Asoka Mehta hails the Five Year Plan as a mighty experiment in national reconstruction and would like the party not to lose the chance of participating in it, Lohia sees nothing good in projects, dams and the like. If Mehta and his group are ready to offer responsive cooperation in legislatures, Lohia commends the example of the P.S.P. leader in the U. P. Assembly who squatted on the floor of the House and held up its proceedings. Dr. Lohia emits more fire than light and has drive without direction and genius without judgement.

Coming from theoretical jargon to practical realities, one may not be quite satisfied with the tempo of progress of welfare measures under the Congress government. But can another government do better? Dr. Lohia urges nationalisation of more

industries and the starting of small units. The Nehru government is doing nothing else. Steel and other heavy industries are being slowly nationalised and the Imperial Bank has just been taken over. Small-scale cottage industries are being decentralised and the Second plan touches the life of the common man at many points. The socialistic pattern of society is sought to be realised in gradual stages. Even an opposition party, if it were to be realistic and plausible, has to give the Government its due. To act as a necessary check on the possible tyranny of a majority party and as a watchdog against corruption, favouritism and the spoils system, a strong and vigilant opposition is necessary but it has to be created by strengthening the P.S.P. and bringing all leftists under its fold by the method of conciliation and agreement and a spirit of accommodation, and not by weakening the existing party. Watching the havoc wrought by Aneurin Bevan in the Opposition party in the U. K. the need for a united, strong and disciplined organisation becomes not merely clear but imperative. Another new party would only split the opposition further and expedite its extinction.

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LOKAMANYA TILAK

"It is blasphemy," wrote Gandhiji, "to talk of such a man as dead. The permanent essence of him abides with us for ever."

By SUBHASH J. RELE

THE story of the life of Lokamanya Tilak is the history of the birth and growth of Indian nationalism. No single man had done more in the previous years to awaken in Indians, educated and uneducated, the desire to govern themselves and the feeling that they were fitted to do so. He has been called "the father of Indian unrest" and the title is not an inapt one.

The death of Lokamanya Tilak on August 1, 1920, marks the closing of a brilliant chapter in the history of our political struggle and the opening of a new one. "Swaraj is my birthright and I will have it" was the cry which was his greatest gift to the next generation. The task of fulfilling the promise he made fell on the shoulders of Mahatma Gandhi. To achieve the goal of freedom Tilak emphasized more than anything else the need for a politically conscious educated middle-class. He infused a new spirit of patriotism into them. To him, the British Government was an evil which had crushed Indians politically, socially, industrially and spiritually. More than any man of his generation he was the cause of the great re-awakening of self-respect and self-confidence that came to India in the years before the war and in his later years he was a powerful cementing force in the political life of the nation. He was, before all else, the hot gospeller of nationalism, the stormy petrel of Indian politics.

Bal Gangadhar Tilak was born on the 23rd July, 1855. He was by birth a Brahmin a fact which was to prove a significant factor in his life. In the middle years of the 19th century the political atmosphere in



"I will sacrifice Truth for Freedom."

India was electric. After passing the B.A. examination with honours and taking his degree in law, he did not propose to make himself a money-making machine. He, with some of his friends, resolved to dedicate himself to the service of the motherland. They together started the Poona New English School and also the *Kesari* and the *Mahratha* newspapers. The Poona school developed into the now famous Ferguson College.

In the early years Tilak bent all his energies first to the task of re-awakening in the Maharatha people a sense of their past greatness. He founded Ganapati Societies, banded the students in the towns and youths

in the villages into melas and gymnastic societies, giving to them a corporate feeling and a sense of the importance of their own future. The years 1896 and 1897 were marked by an appalling famine not only in the Deccan but throughout India. Tilak was untiring and selfless in his efforts to relieve the distress. He carried on a series of bitter attacks on the British Government in the *Kesari*. In 1897 two British officials Rand and Ayerst were assassinated in Poona. Tilak was prosecuted for sedition and sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment on the ground that the murderer had been emotionally excited by the fiery tone of his articles and had committed the crime. The murder of Rand and Ayerst was a landmark in Indian history for two reasons. Firstly, it marked the start of organized terrorism in India and, secondly, it resulted in the final emergence of Tilak as the most popular leader of that time. With him as a leader our nationalist movement entered a new militant phase. He had the qualities of fearlessness and ruthlessness in an unusual degree. It was these qualities that roused a whole people to march forward regardless of consequences and storm the citadel of British Imperialism. Restraint always galled Tilak. To him soldiering was not a profession, but a religion. He had the blood of the lion in his veins. He was always on the gallop, sabre in hand, fearless of odds, challenging authority and bent on victory. The press and platform were his fields of action and from this battlefield he waged a relentless war on the British bureaucracy for about forty years.

Lokamanya Tilak was much more than a politician, he was a leader. His unassuming simplicity, his magnetic personality as well as the note of challenge and defiance in his writings and speeches, brought him an immense following. Brilliant and yet subtle in argument, he could rouse in those with whom he came into con-

tact the same violent emotions which he himself felt. He had also the gift that was to be later pre-eminently Gandhiji's of inspiring unquestioning devotion. In fact, he was one of the very few leaders of his time constantly in touch with the people. His ear was always to the ground to catch the direction of the march of the millions. He considered leadership to be the capacity to interpret and appreciate the national sentiment and to conduct it along the most constructive channels. He was given, by common consent, the name of *Lokamanya*, "respected by the people."

"The characteristic of heroism is persistency," said Carlyle. In that sense Tilak was a real hero. He rushed into the political battle with courage and bore his trials and tribulations manfully with a stout heart and braved the ire and persecution of a malignant bureaucracy. His career exhibits the farsight of a statesman, the profundity of a scholar, the qualities of a commander, the coolness of a philosopher and the endurance of a martyr. He was what we might call a practical politician. Ideas were valuable to him only to the extent they could be put into practice in daily life.

NO one of his time had gone so far with so entire a reliance on his own merits and so complete a scorn for the arts of self-advertisement as Tilak. He never had the need to borrow other people's convictions. Yet he never knew fear. In its early days Congress had been mainly a body of intellectuals thinking in terms of ideas and ideals. Tilak was the first Indian to bring political agitation to the level of the masses and never did he shrink from braving the frowns of the mightiest. His *Kesari* was the castle from the door-step of which he defied an Empire.

His personality was many-sided and like the facets of a diamond they added to his brilliance. His two works, the *Orion* and the *Artic Home in the*

Vedas were written in jail when Tilak had nothing except Max Muller's translation and the text of the *Vedas*. The same was the case with his writing of *Gita Rahasya*. It was written at Mandalay where there could not possibly have been as many books at hand for reference as a scholarly work of that magnitude is usually supposed to require.

It is said Tilak's agitation was responsible for the emergence of the Muslim League as a rival to the Congress. There is perhaps some truth in this in the sense that he tended to identify the national awakening with a revival of Hinduism. For a time indeed he fought from a religiously biased platform. But he soon realised that unless the Hindus and Muslims spoke with one voice the cause of national liberty would even at the outset be jeopardized. "It has been said, gentlemen," he said at the Lucknow joint session of the Congress and the League in 1916, the year he founded the Home Rule for India League, "that we Hindus have yielded too much to our Mohammedan brethren. I am sure I represent the sense of the Hindu community all over India when I say that we could not have yielded too much . . ." and added, "when we have to fight against a third party, it is a very great thing, a very important event, that we stand on this platform united, united in race, united in religion, united as regards all different shades of political creed."

That was a speech of great moderation for a man like Tilak. For a time he and Gandhiji moved together but later Gandhiji branched off on his Non-cooperation Movement and thereafter they worked on different fronts. Tilak said: "I will sacrifice even Truth for the freedom of my country." To Gandhiji Truth was the ultimate goal. In one of his many articles he wrote of this difference with Tilak. "Drawing illustrations from his inexhaustible store of Sanskrit learning," he said describing

Tilak's fiery arguments, "he used to challenge my interpretation of life and frankly and bluntly would say, truth and untruth were only relative terms, but at the bottom there was no such thing as truth and untruth just as there was no such thing as life and death." And, "whilst I could not resist the abstract presentation, I detected the flaw in its application to actual life." Again, in another passage he admitted that though in all humility he could claim to deliver Tilak's message to the country "as truly as the best of his disciples," he was conscious that his method was not Tilak's method.

WHEN Lokamanya Tilak died, Gandhiji was deeply moved. "A giant among men has fallen," he said. "The voice of the lion is hushed." For us, he added, "he will go down to the generations yet unborn as a Maker of Modern India. They will revere his memory as of a man who lived for them and died for them. It is blasphemy to talk of such a man as dead. The permanent essence of him abides with us for ever."

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The Ethics of

SAIVA SIDDHANTHA

By Dr. V. A. DEVASENAPATHI

THE Siddhanthin's ethics is God-centred, not man-centred. It has its consummation in the realization that real virtue consists in becoming an instrument in the hands of God for the fulfilment of His purposes. God is not an omnipotent dictator but the personification of Love. Hence, to serve Him is to achieve the true aim of our existence. Saint Tirumular says that while the ignorant think of God as different from Love, the wise ones realize that God is Love, and, through this realisation they come to abide as, and, in Love.

Why should we seek to transcend the moral law and transform it into Love? How is this to be achieved? To the first question the answer is that Law binds an individual but Love sets him free. This freedom is not the licence to indulge one's selfish and sinful desires, but the liberty to act spontaneously and according to one's true nature.

Three views may be noticed in regard to ethical laws. One view denies their authority altogether; another grudgingly concedes a temporary status; the third by wholeheartedly accepting them seeks to transform them into something better, namely Love. The Siddhanthin advocates the third view.

How can one rise above Law? So long as one claims agency for one's deeds, seeking to win rewards and escape punishment, one is caught in the nexus of the consequences of one's deeds. This is inevitable so long as we are governed by Law. Surrender to God with full awareness of one's dependence on Him,

brings freedom in its wake. It must not be thought that giving up agency for one's deeds will lead to irresponsibility. It really makes for supreme responsibility. For, to act as God's servant is no easy undertaking. We may not betray our Master.

How does the Siddhanthin define virtue? Virtue is action conducive to the welfare of souls. Vice is action which is opposed to their welfare. Action needs to be understood in the widest sense here. It includes thought, word and deed. To harbour an evil thought or to speak an evil word is no less harmful than actually doing wrong to people. Examples of good deeds are: caring for the welfare of others, thinking well of them and being of pleasant speech and engaging oneself in physical exertion for others' good. Examples of bad deeds are: thinking ill of people, talking ill of them, doing them harm physically and filching others' property. The Siddhanthin gives a list of 16 virtues. Some of these are: conducting oneself in conformity with the ways of the world (the world here stands for the best people, not the average people), love towards all, truthfulness and true renunciation.

In fact, these virtues are not passive ones, but dynamic in nature. Their practice brings one into relation with others in such a way as to change both oneself and others for the better. The Siddhanthin preaches active love to all beings. Failure to help them is a positive sin. It may be asked whether there is not a conflict here with the doctrine of

karma. If everyone has to expiate his sins by experiencing the consequences thereof, and, therefore has to suffer, any attempts to relieve another man's suffering only prevents that man from working out his *karma*. The doctrine of *karma* it has been said, stultifies all altruism by making it impossible for men to help one another. *Karma* stultifies individual effort and initiative as well. But such a view of *karma*, though frequently held, does not represent Hindu or Saivite thought correctly. *Karma* is three-fold, as *prarabdha*, *sancita* and *agamyā*. It is *prarabdha* that is considered to be normally inescapable. After all, even one's *prarabdha* is what one has oneself freely created. If we have had the freedom to make a wrong choice in the past and have to suffer now, surely the reason is that we can and must make a right choice and thus ensure a happy future. In the oft-quoted words of Dr. Radhakrishnan: "The cards in the game of life are given to us. We do not select them. They are traced to our past *karma*, but we can call as we please, lead what suit we will, and as we play we gain or lose. And there is freedom."

Now for the criticism that the doctrine of *karma* stultifies altruism, individual effort and initiative. No one knows what one's past *karma* is, much less another man's. One has to engage in action whether one likes it or not. For, psychologically, it is impossible for us to desist from action. A wise man tries to do good to others. Knowing the operation of the moral law only in a general way, we do not know enough to say whether in a given case the sufferings we witness is due to past *karma* or not. It is our duty to help to the utmost of our capacity. But if in spite of our best efforts the consequences are unfavourable, then and only then, are we to reconcile ourselves to the inevitable by attributing it to past *karma*. There can be no

excuse for failure to help others who are in distress on the assumption that our efforts would interfere with the operation of the law of *karma*. The Siddhanthin includes among evil deeds, failure to alleviate the sufferings of one's fellowmen when one is capable of doing so.

The Siddhanthin says that not acting in accordance with the precepts of the scriptures is sin. But even action in conformity with these precepts, though popularly considered to be virtue is really a disease, to be precise, the disease of self-centredness, when such action is not actuated by love of one's fellow-beings. It is only when our ethical endeavour rises above the level of seeking merit and avoiding demerit for oneself, and reaches the level of love of all beings it becomes truly ennobling. Thus the Siddhanthin's conception of virtue gives a vigorous, individual ethics as well as social ethics. It insists that spiritual life must be informed, through and through, by high ethical endeavour. The late Professor S. S. Suryanarayana Sastri maintained in an article that the practical genius of the Tamils makes them insist that even in the case of the *jeevan-mukthas*, ethical injunctions have a prescriptive, not only a descriptive significance. Even the *jeevan-mukthas* have to adhere to the laws governing ethical and spiritual life. Perhaps the difference in their case is that the law blossoming into love, becomes a spontaneous expression of their nature, not a mechanical, or forced observance of rules.

The Siddhanthin has no sympathy with those who seek their own salvation to the neglect of their social duties and who do not care if others fare well or ill in their ethical and spiritual endeavour. He maintains that service to fellow-men with faith in God is our guiding star, should be our main concern. If this service brings us happiness or

salvation they are consequences which were not intended. The attempts to lead a spiritual life without love for others is ridiculed in a popular verse which says: "Of what use is the chanting of the *Thevaram* to a man who has not overcome his selfish attachments and who does not share the suffering of others?" The idea, surely, is not that the chanting of *Thevaram* is useless, but that the significance of the *Thevaram* is understood only when the chanting issues in efforts to love all beings, share their sufferings and help them in their needs.

The crown of the Siddhanthin's ethics is that the God he worships is Neelakanta, the personification of sacrificial love, of the readiness to take on suffering oneself so that others might be happy. This ideal of sacrificial love has a relevance to all times, and especially to our own times. Perfect love accepts suffering for the sake of the loved ones. When Rama is warned that Vibhishana's surrender might be a ruse to ensnare him, Rama cites instances to show that even if it were so, one should be prepared to suffer even unto death for a friend. He reinforces the point by saying: "When the celesti-

als rushed to Siva in fear at the sight of the poison which was threatening to destroy everything. He who considers Himself the refuge of all those who are in distress, gathered the poison in His palm and drank it up. If a man does not extend his hand in sympathy and help the distressed, if he does not give what he has to the needy, if he has no love for those who go to him as their refuge, of what avail is such a man's virtue or even his manliness?"

The Siddhanthin realises that the God whom he worships is the God of Love—of Sacrificial Love. This enables him to love all living things. Vegetarianism is one of the practical ways in which he gives expression to this love. In fact, the word Saivite has come to mean in Tamilnad any one, be he a Hindu or a Muslim or a Christian, who is a vegetarian. The Siddhanthin's life is and must be a life of prayer, love and service. In the words of Saint Appar, his daily thought should be:

It is His duty to support me in my weak endeavour.

It is my duty to serve all His creatures.

THE NATIONAL PHYSICAL LABORATORY

By J. VIJAYATUNGA

THE idea of a National Physical Laboratory was conceived by Dr. S. S. Bhatnagar in 1941 when he recommended to the Government that the Physics and Chemistry laboratories should be separate. It was referred to a Planning Committee in 1943 who submitted their Report in 1946. The report was circulated among leading scientists and scientific organisations abroad. Dr. Bhatnagar and some members of the Planning Committee toured the United Kingdom and U.S.A. during 1944-45 as guests of the two governments, and they availed themselves of the opportunity to visit important Laboratories and Research Institutes in the two countries. At the same time they studied engineering and architectural features peculiar to those laboratories and scientific institutes. That knowledge was to prove useful in the planning of our own national laboratories.

The Laboratory may prove the cornerstone for the new pattern of industrial development which we are fashioning today. Paying a tribute to Dr. Bhatnagar, Dr. K. S. Krishnan, F.R.S., present Director of the National Physical Laboratory said on the occasion of its being declared open: "It was not so long ago that we used to speak of the genius in the garret, not so much with a guilty sense of our neglect of values, but almost as though it were the proper atmosphere for genius to flourish in. A story is told of a great past President of the Royal Society that when a visitor from the Continent wished to see his Laboratory, he requested him to be seated in the drawing room and had the labora-

tory brought to him on a tray. Many great scientists have grown under and lent enchantment to this tradition which has since been called with some appropriateness, the 'string-and-sealing-wax' tradition. Faraday, the Curies, Thomson, Rutherford, and our Raman. But the majority of us find that the Muse of Science has become a little too sophisticated to be wooed under such simple surroundings. Large laboratories, liberal equipment, and enthusiastic teams are the least that seem to satisfy her—the more so when science has to be applied to industry, as it will be, in these Laboratories. In organising these National Laboratories, and in providing for hundreds of our young scientists adequate facilities for research, both in the Pure and Applied Sciences—facilities which were not available even for a limited few till now—Dr. Bhatnagar has rendered great service to the cause of science."

A site for the Physical Laboratory was selected at Pusa about ten miles from New Delhi. The foundation-stone was laid by the Prime Minister, Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, on 4th January 1947. The same architects who were commissioned to build the Chemical Laboratory, were entrusted with the job of raising its twin also. The National Physical Laboratory was declared open on 21st January 1950 (within three weeks of the opening of the Chemical Laboratory) by Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel, Deputy Prime Minister in the presence of Sri C. Rajagopalachari, Governor-General of India, and leading citizens and several foreign scientists of international fame, including Sir Charles Darwin,

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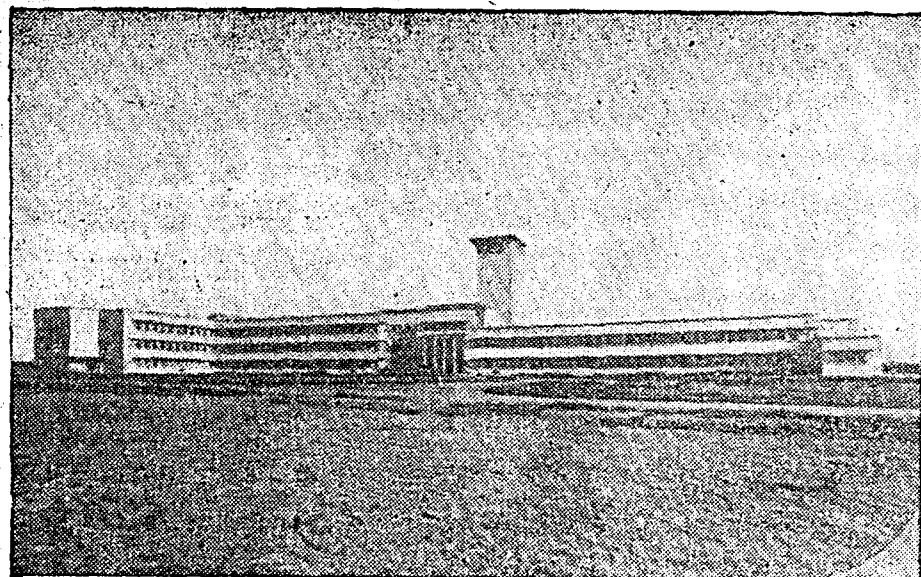
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The National Physical Laboratory

Director of the National Physical Laboratory, U. K., and Sir Harold Spencer Jones.

Modernistic Layout

Though situated some distance from the heart of New Delhi the architectural dignity of the National Physical Laboratory is well in keeping with the panoramic layout of New Delhi planned and designed by the famous British architect, Sir Edwin Lutyens. It is essentially a part of New Delhi. It may not be out of place to describe briefly a few of the outstanding features of this magnificent pile. Facing the longer-established Pusa Agricultural Research Institute the Laboratory is situated in an area of some seventy acres. As the traveller from New Delhi crests the top of the hill on his way to Pusa he sees the sprawling new township of Patel Nagar and immediately ahead the 105-foot tower of the Laboratory rising up like a great cathedral. The tower remains a landmark till one actually reaches the Laboratory.

The purpose of the tower is dual—both ornamental and utilitarian. Of

its eight floors the ground and two upper floors are a part of the main building. The fourth floor contains two reinforced concrete water tanks built to hold 12,000 gallons. The fifth floor contains the driving gear of a two-dialled master quartz clock made in the Laboratory. A 1000 kc. quartz crystal vibrates in a resonant circuit. The three top floors house micro-waves and radar transmitter-receiver units operating on 10 cm. and 3 cm. There is also a frequency meter for measuring frequencies of 100-10,000 mc/s.

The whole structure is in the form of an L, with three floors on the east wing and two on the west. The base of the L is 130 ft. long and the arm of the L is 575 ft. long and the basement, fourteen feet wide, runs the whole length of this 575 ft. The basement is used not only for storing all the laboratory equipment but carries along its walls all the main pipes—water, gas, electricity, drainage, compressed air, oxygen and helium. It is entirely fireproof and all the electrical lines run in steel circuits. Steel shelves are used in the storage section. A library, an auditorium

which because of its fine acoustic properties is popular with Delhi concert audiences, a club-house and swimming pool complete the external requisites of the Laboratory.

Under the Director, Dr. K. S. Krishnan, F.R.S., the renowned physicist, work a staff of some 120 scientists and research assistants. There are nine divisions: (1) Weights and measures, (2) Applied mechanics, (3) Heat and power, (4) Optics, (5) Electricity, (6) Electronics, (7) Sound, (8) Industrial physics and (9) Analytical chemistry.

Generally the functions of the Laboratory cover maintenance of and research on fundamental and derived standards, research on industrial standards (quality, performance etc.), and standardisation of investigations on raw materials, processes and finished products, practical application of the results of fundamental research, advice on specifications, and scientific and industrial tests.

Scope & Functions

While the National Physical Laboratory has been modelled on the lines of and with much the same scope and functions as the National Physical Laboratory in Great Britain it serves besides as a National Bureau of Standards much like the National Bureau of Standards, Washington, though of course, not on the same scale, at least for the present. If the efficiency and standard of Indian industry is to be raised it must be through a systematised measure of fundamental standards, specifications and quality. To quote Dr. Bhatnagar: "The National Physical Laboratory will give that stimulus to the development of Industry which in the past appears to have been a prerogative of Chemistry. In fact, Physics is proving so useful to Industry that it seems to have already caught up with Chemistry, and if Engineering is to be classified as Applied Physics, I venture to say that it has already beaten Chemistry."

Physicists, who are the *enfants terribles* of Science, pursue a particular path of research and suddenly come across a discovery which either revolutionises industry or adds phenomenally to the sum of human welfare. For example, R. R. Williams, a research worker of the Bell Telephone Company determined (to quote Sir Robert Robinson) "the constitution of Vitamin B-1, a bio-chemical triumph which has led to the large-scale production of the vitamin by synthesis." The discovery of plastics based on silicon was made in similar circumstances in a physical laboratory under the guidance of Langmuir. In this connection, one's attention is drawn to an important paper by Dr. Krishnan and his associates published in the Proceedings of the Royal Society of England. It is prosaically captioned as "Temperature Distribution Along a Thin-Walled Tube or Rod of Filament Electrically Heated in Vacuo." It sounds to the layman simple enough, but who knows what undreamt of discoveries it may lead these same group of scientists or others to. Faraday's discovery of "Induction" may have sounded just as casual to his contemporaries.

Another fundamental research now being carried on at the Physical Laboratory is on Low Temperatures. First brought to the notice of fellow scientists by the Russian scientist, Prof. Kapitza, the behaviour of matter at exceedingly low temperature is now engaging the attention of many research workers. The limit of rising temperature is reckoned as the heat of the sun, but the lowest point is Absolute Zero, when matter is at zero pressure and zero volume. Exactly 272 degrees below zero centigrade, the point at which water freezes, matter is supposed to attain zero pressure and zero volume. Science has not yet touched Absolute Zero but has worked down to a point less than a degree above the Absolute Zero. At this point matter defies the laws of physics. That at least is

what the physicists claim. Liquid helium which remains in its liquid state at that incredibly low temperature and with which these experiments are being carried out, behaves in the most tantalising manner at these low temperatures. For example, enclosed in a tube liquid helium, at low temperatures, goes round and round non-stop. A Cambridge professor and a Cambridge-trained Indian scientist are now investigating at the Physical Laboratory the behaviour of metals at low temperatures.

Mention must also be made of photographic standardisation, research on photographic materials, lenses, microscopes and illumination. The Laboratory has designed a photo multiplier unit for the measurement of light intensities. The X-ray unit tests rare earths produced by monazite sand. The electron microscope has helped in the study of diatoms, diffraction etc. A pilot plant is now producing silver mica capacitors, high frequency ceramics, volume controls and valve tubes. Radio components from Indian raw material are also being made on an experimental basis. Fundamental research on sound and heat is also being carried on.

The Division of Applied Mechanics, to which is attached the Laboratory Workshop, tests engineering materials for hardness, ductility, fatigue, compressive strength etc. The Workshop by utilising war material has perfected an optical apparatus for gauging stresses in engineering structures. The Division has also evolved a formula for a magnetic and fluorescent fluid used in detecting cracks in machine parts. This would be of immense use to the metal industry. Welding silver alloys with high melting points is another achievement of the Workshop. India's growing industries such as bicycle manufacture, machine tools, precision instruments, electrical fans etc., are depending more and more upon the

advice of the Division of Applied Mechanics.

It might also be mentioned that this Division developed a special apparatus for measuring the temperature rise in concrete during the setting for the giant Bhakra dam.

The Division of Industrial Physics has developed carbon products for use in the electrical, cement, graphite and other industries. Treatment of graphite ores for the manufacture of carbon-graphite brushes for dynamos and motors, dry battery cells etc., have now proceeded beyond the experimental stage. These results will shortly be at the disposal of Industry.

Utilitarian Devices

Of more immediate utilitarian value are some of the other experiments that have resulted in the discovery of the possibility of using solar energy for cooking, air-conditioning, refrigeration etc. An air-engine is now working at the Laboratory run by solar energy and air. Commercial exploitation of the Laboratory-perfected Solar Cookers is also very likely.

The Laboratory has also evolved portable anti-smuggling apparatus which is likely to be of use to Customs officials. Of interest again to Customs is the Opium Detector which will help in tracing opium. Some other important researches carried on in the Laboratory are, Work on high vacuum pumps, Vibration of crystals, study of Beta disintegration of energy of radio-active isotopes.

Apart from pursuing its own lines of research the National Physical Laboratory extends its collaboration to universities, other Science Institutes, and State governments. For example, a research scholar from the Central Drug Research Institute is making experiments here with the help of the electron-microscope while another from the Jammu Drug Research Institute is studying the effects of various anti-biotics on the tuberculosis germ.

MAHAKAVI ULLOOR

By E. M. J. VENNIYOOR

IT may not be possible to find in the entire history of Malayalam Literature one more versatile than the late Mahakavi Ulloor Parameswara Iyer. Nor will it be possible to point out many literary men who have done as much for the enrichment of the language as he. He was a poet of the highest stature, and ranks with Asap and Vallathol as one of the grand trinity of modern Malayalam poetry. Moreover, he was a great scholar, an authority on the classics of the country, an antiquarian who salvaged for the language many a literary gem, a critic, a patron of literary and cultural institutions and a guide to aspiring writers. The influence he wielded in shaping the whole trend of thinking during his time is something unparalleled in the cultural history of the people. He knew a good many languages, and has written both poetry and prose in three of them—Malayalam, Sanskrit and English. It is estimated that his writings which range from nursery rhymes to Mahakavyas, from folk tales to metaphysical speculations and theories of Science cover well over seventeen thousand pages in print. It is no wonder, therefore, that he has been called a *sarvajna*, a master of all known branches of knowledge.

Ulloor was essentially a self-made man, a heroic soul who had to fight his way all through life. Born of Brahmin parents in the year 1876, in a family hailing from Ulloor, a suburb of Trivandrum, the early life of the poet was beset by countless woes. His father passed away even while he was a boy, and consequently, he had to shoulder the entire responsibility of a big family left in indigent circumstances. But



Ulloor Parameswara Iyer

as it proved subsequently, hardships served only to strengthen his determination to master destiny and win recognition. It was a gruelling fight, but he came through successfully. By private studies he took the highest Degrees for which he could prepare in the State, and joining Government service at an early age, rose from humble beginnings to one of the highest offices in Travancore, the office of Dewan Peishkar. All this while, and even after retirement, he was actively associated with many educational and cultural institutions of the region, the Travancore University and Sahitya Parishad that he helped to found, in particular. Seven years ago, at the age of seventy-two, his illustrious career came to an end, but his spirit will, for ever, continue to illumine

the life of the people for whom he wrote.

It has been said of Ulloor that his poems are but a confession of values which he practised in his own life, that his life itself was full of the calmness and grandeur of an epic poem, that he was the greatest idealist among all Kerala poets. These claims must indeed be true, for there is not a single note of dishonesty in any of his works. It has also to be remembered that he was instrumental to some extent in bringing about the historic Temple Entry Proclamation. And as for the love he bore for the Malayalam language, this alone would be ample testimony, that he was busily engaged in completing his last and monumental work, *The History of Kerala Literature*, right up to the day of his death.

ULLOOR has left an imperishable name in every field in which he engaged his versatility, but it is primarily as a Mahakavi that he will be known to posterity. He has left behind one Mahakavya, seventeen Khandakavyas, and hundreds of lyrics—all of exceptional quality. The Mahakavya, *Umakeralam*, is rightly described as the magnum opus among his poetic works, for in epic grandeur and all those qualities that make a poem immortal, it compares most favourably with similar classics in Sanskrit. Unlike the other epic poets of Kerala who have chosen oft-repeated episodes from the mythologies for their themes, Ulloor has chosen a chapter from the history of his own native State for the work. Three centuries ago, Venad, the southernmost principality of Kerala on which was subsequently founded the Travancore State was ruled over by a weak prince, Maharaja Aditya Varma. His daughter, Kalyani, fell in love with his minister, the young Ravi Varma Thampan, but the lovers could not marry because of the machinations of the Ettuveetil

Pillamars, the eight local chieftains who sought to annihilate the dynasty. These war-lords managed to see that Thampan, the efficient minister who guarded the royal house from danger, was first exiled by the Maharaja; and then, they poisoned the innocent ruler himself. The five children of Umayamma Rani, the eldest of whom should have succeeded the Maharaja, were most tragically drowned in the notorious Kalippankulam tank, and the State itself was over-run by Mukilan, a Muslim invader. But finally the invaders were beaten off, order restored in the State, and the lovers united in wedlock.

Out of such dry bones of history, Ulloor has created by the skill of his imagination, a beautiful masterpiece. The veracity of the data on which the work is based has often been questioned, but not the merits of the work. The poet's patriotism transcends all limits whenever he sings of his native land:

There is a land to the west of those hills—

An expanse of loveliest blooms—

Akin to the fabulous Alaka

That stretches south of Siva's Mount,

Bordered by seas that dance in the revels

Of Lakshmi, the goddess of grace,

Who chose for her stage this beautiful land,

The boon land of Malayalam!

The work abounds in word-pictures of the most exquisite fancy, and sayings embodying the greatest truths.

THE poet is steeped in the puranic lore of the land, and he is never weary of singing of its infinite glories. Most of his themes are chosen from the *Puranas*. In *Karnabhoshanam*, an epic poem of singular charm, he extols the love of charity that burnt within the hearts of our forefathers. The poet finds in the

great Karna a symbol of this ardent love of charity. On the eve of the battle of Kurukshetra the Kauravas seemed sure of victory thanks to Karna, their invincible ally. None could vanquish him in battle so long as he was protected by his charmed earrings. But he was the very soul of charity, and anyone aware of this secret, Indra for instance, might ask for the ear-rings as a gift, and he would gladly part with them. This should not be, so thought his father, the Sun-god, for this would make him vulnerable. To warn his son, therefore, against such a possibility, Suryadeva comes down disguised as a Brahmin, to Karna's bedside in the capital of Anga. By many a cogent argument, the affectionate father, who reveals his identity subsequently, explains to him why he should not part with his ear-rings. But Karna had only this to say: *Be it my very life, if it means that I should make a gift, there cannot be an argument about it.* As for Indra:

*The stones of his realms are gems,
The waters, springs of ambrosia;
And yogins who realise all
Propitiate him with offerings.*

*What greater joy may I ever have
Than that he should pray for a gift?*

*Charity has always thriven
In Bharat from the hoary past.*

The father is thrilled by his son's nobility, and blesses him with a full heart:

Thy fame wax! thy name be glorified!

Thy charity no limits ev'r know!

These rings perchance may leave thine ears,

To prove only the world's ornaments!

In the great poem, *Pingala*, Ulloor has given us his version of the momentary conversion of a peerless beauty mentioned in the puranas

from a life of the senses to a life of the spirit. She leads the life of a courtesan in Mithila, the city sanctified by the birth of Sita. In the words of the poet, Pingala is a drop of liquor in the vessel that once contained ambrosia. It happens in the hey-day of her glory one moonlit night in the fragrant spring. Any minute a host of lovers may come knocking at her doors. But no one comes that night, and the hours are fast running out. She begins to fret and fume, and disappointment begins to smother her. At last the realisation dawns on her that her fickle lovers have deserted her. She weeps, and by stages, her disappointment culminates in a great repentance for the shames of her past. Next morning, the inhabitants of Mithila see in the person of a notorious courtesan the moving spirit of a holy life.

THE portrayal of Pingala's gradual transition from low lust to a holy life is accomplished by the poet in a masterly way. The first step lay in the realisation that life, after all, is transient:

*Death strikes with its axe
incessantly*

*At the root of the tree we call life,
All morning and noon, evening and night,*

The beat of the heart echoes that sound.

Subsequently she realises the evanescent nature of all human glories:

*The dew that gathers on the blades
of grass,*

*When kissed by the rays of the
morning sun,*

*Bursts forth in the rainbow's
gorgeous colours,*

*And dazzles the senses a little
while;*

*Alas! but then, it vanishes to
nought—*

*Did you see that, the mirror of my
charms?*

THUS, by stages, Pingala comes to think of the eternal values in life, and finds consolation for her distraught soul in penance and devotion to Sri Rama.

In *Bhaktideepika* (The Lamp of Piety), the poet tells us that the vision of God is not the privilege of high birth or scholastic attainments, but of humility and purity of heart. This long poem speaks of how Sanandana, the illustrious but proud disciple of Sri Sankaracharya, is assisted by an unlettered and unknown man from the jungles, Chathan by name, in gaining the vision of Sri Narasimhamoorthy.

In *Chitrasala* we see Indian womanhood in all its glory. Ulloor was hurt by the outrageous caricature of our women by the American authoress, Miss Mayo. In this work, the poet gives expression to his righteous indignation at this slanderous portrayal. He unveils the vast panorama of India's past and establishes in unmistakable terms the truth that womanhood was always held in the highest esteem in this country.

The lofty idealism, purity of thought, and the great wisdom contained in each one of Ulloor's innumerable shorter poems entitle them to be ranked as masterpieces in miniature. The highest lyrical raptures to which a poet could ever rise can be seen in these poems. For the charm of imagery or sweetness of fancy, it may not be easy to find a poem excelling *Sunrise at the Cape*. And his *Premasangeetam*, a poem so dear to one and all in Kerala, has all the qualities that go to make poetry great and immortal. It is a hymn to the All-pervading, All-sustaining Universal Love for which God is but a synonym:

*The only creed for the earth, indeed
its very soul, is Love—*

*A full-blown moon that nurtures
all life in ambrosial showers;
It's the Spirit of God, embodiment
of noblest virtues*

*Revealing Itself in many ways to
illumine the world.*

*Negation of God, Its en'my is Hate;
and premature Death,*

*The end that welcomes the victims
of this darkness of the world*

*Bridal chambers to burning pyres,
this angel of death transforms,*

*Blossoming gardens to arid wastes,
and high heavens, hell.*

The dominant note in every work of Ulloor is his ardent patriotism. He bursts forth into ecstasies of lyricism whenever he speaks of his motherland:

*Hail my Mother! shrine of the
Rig Veda!*

*Thy greatness lies beyond the
power of words!*

*Each particle of dust that shines
in Thee*

*Goes in the making of a great
Rishi!*

He preaches constantly the Oneness of all religions and the brotherhood of man:

*Rama and Rahim, Krishna and
Christ,—*

*They may a little differ in names;
But all reflect that Infinite Light,*

*A Light sans doubt is one and the
same.*

ULLOOR does not believe that the experience of art is an end in itself. It should nourish the spirit of man and help him rise higher. He would therefore protest against every injustice, and champion with singular zest, the cause of the lowly and the lost.

Short Story

Manjeri S. Isvaran

VISIT OF AN IMMORTAL

She thought for a moonstruck moment that it must all be some wild,
sudden disorder of her brain . . .

FROM his exacting labours the make-up artist had retired for a short while to refresh himself with a cup of tea.

And Svarna Kumari, the darling of the masses, the blazing new 'star' to which the Pingala Studios had hitched its rather rickety wagon, sat surveying herself appraisingly before the huge mirror that reflected back the beauty aids lying in jumbled confusion on the table. Three quarters of an hour more for her to go to the set. She was playing the stellar role in *Sakuntala*, the smashing hit of the Pingala for the season, their mighty musical, memorable mammoth (words taken from the advance Studio publicity), that was anticipated to make screen history in the South—why, in all-India, in the opinion of certain technical experts.

Svarna Kumari was alone in the room. She wanted to be alone for a brief while, before the call of the Camera came. She had sent out even the maid, her personal attendant. Outside the night was cold, she fastened the door against draught and possibly, intruders. Bending low in the high-legged stool and bringing her face close to the mirror, she flicked off, with the edge of the nail of her little finger, a gritty particle from the corner of her shining carmine lips, opened her dark eyes wider, lifted her finely-pencilled eyebrows, patted her tresses rippling in pretty wavelets, and smiled bewitchingly—she thought. She smiled again but with restraint, and one could see unobserved and from the cautious restraint, that she hadn't the courage to part her lips wider; her teeth were

her undoing; there were some extra canines in her mouth, too strong for the dentist's forceps.

Svarna Kumari was past her first bloom, although the cosmetics (Max Factor's of Hollywood fame) and the skill of the make-up man struggled hard to restore it. Nondescript, she might be of any age between twenty and thirty, was swarthy, and as a 'star' of the first magnitude her raid on powder and paint and rouge and lotion and salve had ever been martial. Curling tongs could raise the ripples in her heavy hair, lip-salve endow her lips with redness; bleach and cream and rouge give depth and deceptive youngness to her face and if the worst came to the worst, even thick aggressive eyebrows could be shaved off and pencilled delicately, but her moustache was her misery. No doubt it was a light down, but a moustache is a moustache for all that; on occasions when she felt most maidenly, a female coy, it sort of desexed her, confused her, and made her look clumsy. And as she sat in the high-legged stool sunk in herself, leaning to her image, the hooded electric light on top intensifying its brilliance on the mirror and throwing the rest of the room in shadow, the contours of her body shimmering through her gossamer dress seemed weary, her breasts drooped wearily as if imploring the tight bodice to be a little merciful; but unaware of all natural flaw and weariness and conscious only of the sense of pride that a synthetic youth bestowed on her, she appeared to feel that her glamour had not been adequately awakened,

and she mentally registered an instruction or two for the make-up man to improve the interplay of lights and shades in her face.

To-night she must give of her best. She must bring out to the full all the simplicity, all the artless charm of the forest-maiden, Sakuntala. The scene is the garden of Kanva's hermitage, where Sakuntala along with her friends Anasuya and Priyamvada is watering the creepers and plants, with King Dushyanta who had come a-hunting to the forest, in the offing. She had done well in the rehearsals, the Director had expressed complete satisfaction. Before looking up to her costume, to its brightness and smartness, she must get her dialogues in their correct pitch of emotion and intonation. A note-book much thumbled and dog's-eared lay on the table. It contained her dialogues. Yes, she will give a last glance to her lines before the call of the Camera came.

SHE had hardly stretched out her hand to open the note-book when the shaded electric light over the mirror went out, there was a sound as of cracking of the corrugated roof overhead, and she saw whisked about in swift eddies of astonishment and confusion a cloud of brilliance sweep down the ceiling and burst on the floor, flinging quick flickering shadows all over the room and resolving itself into the shape of an unutterably lovely maiden. Its manifestation was so rapid that Svarna Kumari thought for a moon-struck moment that it must all be some wild, sudden disorder of her brain; she had heard of ghosts and poltergeists but never seen one, and although she had no special fascination for the supernatural and was scarcely inclined to believe or disbelieve it, she was put at her ease by the smile on the face of her strange visitor. And she welcomed the present as a wholesome change from the boredom of endless association with

things in flesh and blood, for her visitor, she could see, was a finer yet of a material that mystified her; her voice too must be different, different and more musical than human speech, she concluded.

"Who are you?" she asked, without further ado.

"I am Sakuntala, daughter of the *apsaras*, Menaka. My father is Viswamitra and my adopted father is the great sage Kanva. I was very anxious to meet you."

"Sakuntala!" cried Svarna Kumari, unable to believe her eyes and ears. "Why do you want to meet me?"

"Because you are desecrating my name, tarnishing my immortal glory," came the sad reply.

"How! This accusation is hardly fair on the part of one so fair as you."

"You don't know who you are. You don't know your weaknesses."

"Indeed! You are putting things rather too high. In plain life I am Kannamma, daughter of Alamelu. My father is Atmanatha Sastri. I have not gone in adoption to anybody, thank God. And as for my weaknesses let me tell you I have none. Maybe taking the name of Svarna Kumari is a weakness, you will say. But that's the work of the Proprietor of the Pingala Studios in collusion with the Director. That's my screen-name."

"You are welcome to call yourself by any name you please or to please others, but as Sakuntala you are dragging me to the dirt, *me*, Poet Kalidasa's Sakuntala."

"Poet Kalidasa's Sakuntala! I've heard something like that. But on my eyes I tell you that the story in which I am featured as Sakuntala is written by one Subbanna. The dialogues are by Pappanna. And the songs are by our popular composer, Soma Sarma. They are really hits. Shall I sing one to you?"

"O horror!"

"Where do you see the horror, pray? I've signed a contract with the Pingala for five thousand rupees, and if the picture is not finished within the stipulated three months, I get *pro rata*."

"But I am Poet Kalidasa's Sakuntala. There can be only *one* Sakuntala. Subbanna! Pappanna! What ugly names! And you too are ugly. I was never like you."

"How could that be? I am I and you are you and things have advanced quite a lot from your time."

"Advanced? It's nothing but squalor in which you are living. Look at your room! Look at your dress! How filthy! How awful! I never wore dress such as you are wearing. You are immodest!"

SVARNA KUMARI flushed hot. That was an unkind reference to her exquisite translucent sari, to her blouse of the finest organdie which had never failed to launch the armada of her physical charms on the enthusiastic waters of popular applause.

"Immodest indeed!" she cried, genuinely surprised. "You don't know what box-office is! And pray, what was the kind of dress you were wearing?"

"Bark of trees while I was in the hermitage of Kanva, my adopted father."

"Bark of trees! Really! That's for savages. Since your time we have discovered heaps of nice fabric in cotton and silk and wool and velvet—"

"But you can't wear these in a holy hermitage. It's vulgar. It's sin. More than a thousand years ago when I visited this earth I saw nothing but loveliness everywhere. Kalidasa who had witnessed our life and heard our talk recorded everything in unforgettable words. That was the age when men thought and talked like gods. Now—"

"Yes, now—"

"Man has lost the faculty for original thought, forfeited the gift of the gods to create. He's pretentious, conceited, and in his infinite pretension is bent upon perverting what the great souls have said before him. And whoever has heard of songs that *hit*? They are meant to soothe and sweeten life."

Svarna Kumari alias Kannamma sat bemused; the fervour and ache in the tone of her celestial visitor proved so overwhelming that she was all attention, with cheek on palm and the dawn of a new understanding in her eyes.

"Oh, what's that?" cried the heavenly one, pointing to the chin of Svarna Kumari.

Svarna Kumari shot a hurried glance at the mirror and saw half her chin smudged red from down the corners of her mouth. The lip-salve had flowed out. With quick mortification she realized how absent-mindedly she had poured herself out a cup of coffee.

"That's make-up," she said briefly. "It's a stick used to redden lips. In fact I am all make-up, you see," and she wiped her cheek briskly with a piece of cloth and her skin showed black.

"How horrid!" cried the celestial one, "I never painted myself. I never decked myself in tawdry stuff. I am Kalidasa's Sakuntala. O, if you must play my part on the earth's stage be Kalidasa's Sakuntala. Don't desecrate my name. Don't insult the Poet."

Suddenly, the seraphic shape was transformed again into a cloud of radiance and it swept out via the roof through which it had descended.

"Stay yet awhile!" called out Svarna Kumari, plaintively.

There was no answer. She thought she heard the gap in the corrugated roof close with a rumble; the hooded electric light was on inundating the mirror, and urgent knocks on the door called her scattered wits to attention.

She opened the door. The Producer, the Director, the Cameraman, the make-up artist, her maid, and several others stood outside.

The Director entered the room breathlessly, after him the Producer.

"We were a long time knocking," said the Director, somewhat taken aback at the make-up and the dress of the 'star,' all awry.

"I want to be Kalidasa's Sakuntala!" murmured Svarna Kumari with a strange ecstasy.

The Producer stared at her dumbfounded.

"You are, already," said the Director; then turning to the Producer and in a voice which affirmed that he knew the abnormalities of artists as plain as the palm of his hand: "There can be no shooting tonight. She's such a high-strung artist, the poor dear. She's so deeply saturated in the character she is portraying. Give her a little rest, a couple of days' rest, and she'll be O.K."

The Producer stared suspiciously at the Director, wondering what new trick he was up to, then looked at the 'star,' and failing to spot a clue fell glumly to calculate how much in rupees, annas, and pies it cost him to cancel shooting for that night.

Rhythm

I believe there is something about the beach that comforts and delights us. More than pleasure in the beauty of the sand—sand ribbed and patterned by the lapping and pounding of the water, sand covered with the telltale marks of the feet of the birds, or the flurry by the tips of their feathers; more even than pleasure in the ocean itself, there is the awareness of the rhythm of the tides. For we have need of this rhythm.—Clare Leighton.

MY ANCESTOR

PARAMESWARA is my ancestor,
and Parvati his spouse;
there were snakes about their house,
and some did deck
his neck,
his arms,
—hooded, smouldering alarms;
and he was ever in a trance
of debonair stance,
welding into his frame
half of her,
his wife,
and so Ardhanari, his name.
No knife
could cut the soldered asunder,
not even keened by the flint of
thunder
which there was not,
and rains failed; came a long, long
drought,
and my ancestor
in all his power
letting a wink in his swoon
(by the by
he had a third eye),
and with a thrust of his trident
playfully intent,
impaled the sickle moon
on heaven's high tower
and wore it as a flower
in his matted locks
as raven as rocks
whence a river that cooled his head
kept the flower unwithered.
At which frivolity
the whole of Parvati
wresting her half from him free
got into a bouderie,
and that was the hour
when my ancestor
got out of his trance
and danced his awful dance
which wrought destruction's doom,
then—brought new life a bloom.

MANJERI S. ISVARAN

New Books

SEX, LITERATURE AND CENSORSHIP. Essays by D. H. LAWRENCE. Edited by Harry T. Moore. With Introductions by Harry T. Moore and H. F. Rubinstein. William Heinemann Ltd., London. 15s net.



David Herbert Lawrence

OF the 1883-1914 generation in England which included writers who were later to become famous (though Henry James thought of them as toiling "in the dusty rear") and who were in the prime of manhood during the First World War—as Compton Mackenzie, Gilbert Cannan, Hugh Walpole, and Francis Brett Young—it was given to David Herbert Lawrence who, today, towers over them all by the nature of his genius, who abhorred war as a "horrible stupidity," refusing to have anything to do with it—it was given to Lawrence, this son of a Midlands coal-miner to vitalise the English

language in a new way as novelist, poet, story-teller, and essayist, making it glow with fiery nuances and to erect a Cult of Pansexualism evolved from mystical experiences which was destined to bring him violent admirers and equally violent detractors. With its burning instances of blood apprehension, and in its ecstasies akin to the religious—"dark tensions of emotion," "cold dark clots of thought," "dark flow," "deep body" are Lawrence's favourite iterations to describe sensations—it promised a vision of loveliness and bliss through unabashed sensuality, and the vision was impossible of attainment once the physical was broken and any attempt was made to translate the fragments into some noetic pattern. "Lawrence"—the words are from Aldous Huxley's study of D. H. Lawrence, from his book of essays, *The Olive Tree*—"Lawrence, as Mr. F. R. Leavis insists, has many affinities with Blake. He had the same gift of knowing what he was interested in, the same power of distinguishing his own feelings and emotions from conventional sentiment, the same "terrifying honesty." Wordsworth achieved his raptures by drinking perennially from the chalice of his hyper-faith: Nature (always *Natura Benigna* to him); Lawrence, from Sex.

If anything Lawrence was a hundredpercent artist. "I always say, my motto is *Art for my sake*," he says in a letter to his friend Aldous Huxley written before the war. "If I want to write, I write—and if I don't want to, I won't. The difficulty is to find exactly the form one's passion—

work is produced by passion with me, like kisses—is it with you?—wants to take.” Though son of a workingclass miner, hard as granite, well-defined, forthright, Lawrence was more the son of his mother who came from a superior social stratum and possessed exceptional intelligence and sensibility. Her unbounded love for him which affected him deeply was the most dominant factor in the shaping of his life to which there is no greater testimony than *Sons and Lovers*. In 1898, at the age of thirteen, he won a scholarship to Nottingham High School, and later obtaining a teaching certificate at the Nottingham University College became a schoolmaster for some time, and then on the tenuous reputation of a first novel, *The White Peacock*, published in 1911, gave up teaching and took to fulltime authorship for a living. The whole of the twenty years of his writing life—he died in 1930—was a “savage pilgrimage”: he passed through long spells of poverty though friends helped him with money now and then; he had to put up with the persecution of his Cornwall neighbours when the war was on for his German wife was suspected to be a spy; he felt terribly humiliated not for his rejection by the army authorities as he was physically unfit for a combatant's training but for the repeated medical examinations; he was refused a passport when he desired to leave England and could not get away until after the signing of the Armistice; and he was, to quote Frank Swinnerton, “one of the few writers ever to be threatened with prosecution for obscenity; one of the few painters to have the exhibition of their works closed by police order and the works themselves taken in charge; one of the few poets to have a packet of poems stopped in transit through the English post.” Yet, and to crown all this, dogged by continual ill-health—he was stricken with tuberculosis—he got through with a prodigious amount of work,

gallant to the very end, his culmination and consummation as a novelist being reached by *Lady Chatterley's Lover* which shocked, scandalised, and outraged the British public which, as Thomas Hardy once said of it, was subject to periodical fits of morality, and the publication of this novel maybe caused or was coincidental with one such.

Lawrence was both a piquant and cutting social commentator having seen much of the world as a constant traveller and sojourner in Germany, Italy, Sicily, Sardinia, Australia, the United States, Mexico—he came East as far as Ceylon but did not touch India—and he wrote coruscantly—“as direct as water thrown out in all directions by the impact of a stone,” comments Virginia Woolf on his prose style—about people, places, paintings, monuments, books, birds, beasts, and animals which disclosed to his intense perception miracles of thrilling discoveries, as will be obvious to anyone who has read even randomly any of the essays in *Twilight in Italy, Sea and Sardinia, Mornings in Mexico, and Etruscan Places*.

The leap that Lawrence takes from his posture as a serious essayist to that of a sprightly pamphleteer, and back again to the former, is executed so briskly that it shows the supreme artist he is and his sweep over subject-matter as well as power to speak out the values in which he passionately believed, and believed would “rise again and renew themselves in the world” like the Phoenix which he had “taken” as his own emblem. In *Sex, Literature and Censorship* are eleven essays brought together for the first time “showing Lawrence at his gayest and most profound as an attacker of false morality.” Here are ‘A Propos of Lady Chatterley's Lover,’ Lawrence's celebrated retort to the uproar that the novel stirred up; the delectable ‘Cocksure Women and Hensure men’

‘Introduction to Pansies’—unexpurgated—*Pansies* being a collection of his poems, first published in July 1929, a paragraph of the Foreword to which reads thus:

“When Scotland Yard seized the MS in the post, at the order of the Home Secretary, no doubt there was a rush of detectives, postmen, and Home Office clerks and heads, to pick out the most lurid blossoms. They must have been very disappointed. When I now read down the list of the omitted poems, and recall the dozen amusing, not terribly important bits of pansies which have had to stay out of print for fear a policeman might put his foot on them, I can only grin once more to think of the nanny-goat, nanny-goat in-a-white-petticoat silliness of it all. It is like listening to a Mrs. Caudle's curtain lecture in the next house and wondering whether Mrs. Caudle is funnier, or Mr. Caudle; or whether they aren't both of them merely stale and tedious.”

This is small beer compared to the unexpurgated version which ends with a trouncing of mob-insanity and a call to fight it in order to keep society sane. Among the other essays, the wittiest is, ‘Introduction to His Paintings,’ and the most conducive to the present day, ‘Making Love to Music’ which has this significant sentence: “We are such stuff as our grandmother's dreams were made on, and our little life is rounded by a band.”

Harry T. Moore's Introduction entitled ‘D. H. Lawrence and the “Censor-Morons”’ which runs to thirty-eight pages is a factual and thorough account of Lawrence's conflicts with the law: from the year 1928 “in which Lawrence began to bombard English-speaking countries with the Florentine edition of his *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, to the year 1950, the latest event being the spectacular suppression of the Japanese translation of the novel (one Sei Ito of Waseda University was the translator), and the conviction of the

publisher, Hisajiro Koyama. Now, more than a quarter century after its publication in Orioli, Italy, “no one,” says Mr. Moore, can buy the complete text of this novel in Anglo-Saxon countries except through the black market. Meanwhile, it is ironic that *Ulysses*, which Lawrence considered an unclean book has flourished these twenty years with legal blessing.” And this was what Lawrence said: “My God, what a clumsy *olla putrida* James Joyce is! Nothing but old fags and cabbage stumps of quotations from the Bible and the rest, stewed in the juice of deliberate, journalistic dirty-mindedness—what old and hard-worked staleness, masquerading as the all-new!”

In his role as a social critic one can accept Lawrence almost wholly, but as a mystical explorer of sexuality only partially; and even in the first when he discusses the problems of pornography and obscenity—and he is for “censoring genuine pornography rigorously”—one has to admit that one finds that he has nothing new to offer in matters of censorship. H. F. Rubinstein who, we are told, is an “eminent lawyer and authority on the legal problems of ‘obscenity,’ in his second Introduction to the volume, captioned, ‘The Law Versus D. H. Lawrence’ traces the history of censorship with great finesse and due emphasis on the changes that have happened in public opinion, winding up his survey with the “closing words” of the *Arcopagitica*—that memorable pamphlet of Milton in defence of freedom of the Press:

“Seeing . . . that those books which are likeliest to taint both life and doctrine cannot be suppress without the fall of learning . . . and that evil manners are as perfectly learnt without books a thousand other ways which cannot be stopped . . . I am not able to unfold how this ranterous enterprise can be exempted from the number of vain and impossible attempts. And he who were pleasantly disposed would

not well avoid to liken it to the exploit of that gallant man who thought to pound up the crows, by shutting his Parkgate."

Here, one is strongly reminded of what the late George Orwell said in a footnote to his essay, 'The Prevention of Literature' (in the volume *Shooting an Elephant*) after attending one of the P. E. N. Club celebrations. "I happened to strike a bad day," runs the note. "But an examination of the speeches (printed under the title *Freedom of Expression*) shows that almost nobody in our own day is able to speak out as roundly in favour of intellectual liberty as Milton could do 300 years ago—and this in spite of the fact Milton was writing in a period of Civil War." Relevant to the control of the law, one will find profitable reading 'Sex and Censorship in Contemporary Society' (*New World Writing* 3), by Margaret Mead, noted American anthropologist and psychologist, 'The Kinsey Report' (in the book of essays on Literature and Society, under the name *The Liberal Imagination*) by Lionel Trilling, the American Professor and literary critic, 'Writers and Society, 1940-3,' by Cyril Connolly in his volume of essays, *The Condemned Playground*, and the brilliant Introduction by Andre Malraux to the French translation of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*—all this lending valid support to the re-publication of Lawrence's essays under the title *Sex, Literature and Censorship*, and his still powerful, though posthumous participation in the battle that is now waged for liberty of expression. Throughout his life Lawrence fought ferociously and unflinchingly everything materialistic; he "rejected Christianity and Platonism with equal scorn"; and no greater tribute can be paid to his genius than that by the generations which succeed him by an appraisal and understanding of his message and the values he held most dear in life.

SCIENCE NEWS 36. Penguin Books. Harmondsworth, Middlesex. 2s 6d.

BEGUN nearly a decade ago as a series intended to convey to the lay reader the achievements of science both in the applied and basic fields, *Science News* has established and maintained traditions of high standards of scientific journalism. Without sacrificing detail for the sake of deceptive simplicity this quarterly has successfully performed the function of interpreting science to the commonman. The articles are invariably written by authorities but they are never condescending nor mystifying. This periodical is indispensable to those who are interested in keeping in touch with the development of science.

Science News 36 begins with an article on Growth, Regeneration, and Tumour growth. It serves as a point de repere to recent work done on cell growth and cancer, and indicates lines along which work on cancer is likely to proceed. Mr. E. S. Williams deals exhaustively with the Scintillation Counter which is used in the study of radioactive phenomena. He surveys the history of the Scintillation Counter, its components and their use. Mr. Williams feels that this instrument challenges the pre-eminence of the Geiger Counter. Mr. A. W. Haslett in the 'Research Report' deals mainly with the prospects of nuclear energy. He makes a comparative survey of the work done in the United Kingdom and the United States of America on the utilization of nuclear power, with special reference to the coming conference of international scientists at Geneva in August. Mr. F. A. Fox discusses Brittle Fracture of Structural Steel, a subject of great interest to metallurgists and all heavy industries. The size of Atomic Nuclei, and Fluidization are some of the other subjects discussed in this number.

ATOMS FOR PEACE

By V. V. SRINIVASAN

TEN years after the explosion of the atom bomb at Hiroshima and Nagasaki mankind has not yet advanced much in the constructive application of the atom. We are yet groping in that direction. Of course, there are immense practical difficulties to be overcome in the harnessing of the atom for peaceful purposes. Yet it is arguable that if even a sizeable fraction of the amounts spent on perfecting the hydrogen-bomb had been devoted to the research on the constructive uses of the atom much more could have been achieved. The fear and insecurity engendered by the constant talk of war are slowly giving way to a relaxed atmosphere in which people perceive the glimmerings of peace. In August an International Conference is to be held at Geneva where prospects of the utilization of atomic energy for the benefit of mankind will be considered. The scientists who will assemble there represent diverse fields of specialization varying from metallurgy to cancer. This is itself an indication of the versatility of the atom.

In America the atom has already found a vast range of uses. Experimental power stations have been established. Radio-active isotopes are used in the treatment of diseases. Agriculture has gained immensely. Industry has saved millions of dollars by the use of knowledge gained from work on the atom. Where X-rays were being used in heavy industry now radio-active isotopes are being used. Some of the routine tests of the soundness of metals are done with cobalt 60 which is a radiation source. Science and technology have made great strides by the use of the 'tracer' technique.

The awareness of the commonman has been affected to a greater or lesser extent by the realization of the enormous potentialities of the atom. A desire for more knowledge about the atom and its uses has been kindled in him. The situation has changed for the better since the time about two years ago when Gordon Dean, sometime Chairman of the U. S. Atomic Energy Commission did write—"About all most people know of the atomic energy programme today is that it is big, costly and complicated, and that it is devoted, primarily, to bomb-making and may eventually be devoted to more peaceful objectives. I fully appreciate that there are people who do not want to understand any more than this."

Exhibitions perform the function of liaison between the layman and science. If well organised they could be made highly educative media for the spread of knowledge. The Atoms for Peace Exhibition now being held at the Rajaji Hall conveys to the viewer about all that need be known for an intelligent and informed appraisal of the atom. It reviews the scientific progress of the atom age. Starting from fundamentals such as the definition of an atom, it takes the viewer by gradual steps through

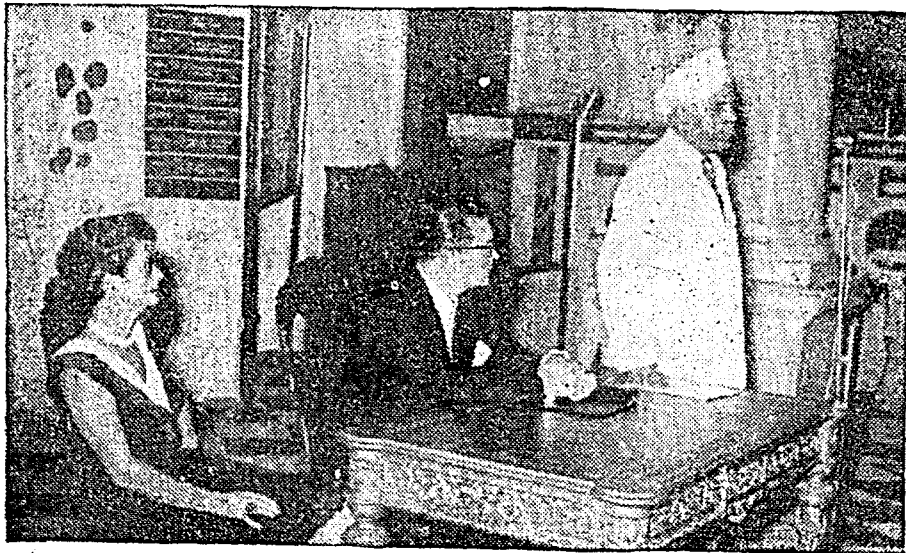
CHANGE OF TELEPHONE NUMBER

Consequent on the cutting over of new Telephone Exchanges at Mylapore, the telephone number of 'Swatantra Printers' has been changed to 71177 to come into effect from August 4, 1955.

all the advances of atomic research. The fission of the Uranium atom is demonstrated by means of a model. The bombardment of an uranium atom with a neutron splits it up into two nearly equal parts. At the same time more neutrons are produced which in turn split up other atoms. The concept of the critical mass which is of great significance in the making of bombs (A and H) is shown by moving pictures with commentary. Reactors are a source of power and heat. These use uranium as fuel and some substance like graphite or heavy water depending on the context as a 'moderator' to slow down the neutrons. In the exhibition there are photographs and models of reactors which go a long way in helping us to understand how these work. Tracer techniques are illustrated. Radio-isotopes can be used to trace the course of a particular compound through a plant or animal. It can be easily measured at any stage by the use of the Geiger Counter a work-

ing model of which is also exhibited. If the volunteer had been as clear in explaining the principle on which the Geiger Counter works as he was eager to inform us that it cost more than Rs. 700 he would have been much more useful. Fertilizers have been improved tremendously by the use of tracer techniques. The needs of the plant at various stages of its growth can be estimated more accurately. In the diagnosis of diseases, in the treatment of tumors, radioactive iodine, boron and cobalt are being used and these are explained clearly by means of the photographs and their explanatory captions.

The exhibition which has been shown at various other cities in India is a tremendous success. It was first shown at the United Nations Headquarters, a most appropriate place to emphasise the peaceful uses of the atom. The scale on which it has been organised and the efforts which have obviously gone into its making are richly rewarding.



Atoms For Peace Exhibition. Dr. A. Lakshmanaswami Mudaliar speaking at the inauguration of the Exhibition at Rajaji Hall, Madras. Seated are Mr. Henry C. Ramsey, American Consul-General and Mrs. Ramsey.

SPORTS

ON CRICKET NAMES

By N. S. RAMASWAMI

IT was perhaps irreverent of me, but when it became known that Zatopek, the athlete, would shortly visit India, my mind immediately flew to a passage in the tremendous diatribe of Mr. Gladstone about the "Armenian massacres," by Turks in the last century. Demanding, as the reader will doubtless recall, that "they (the Turks) one and all, bag and baggage, shall clear out from the province they have desolated and profaned," he pronounced a particular animadversion on "their Zaptieks and their Mudirs; their Bimbashis and their Yuzbachis; their Kaimakams and their Pashas."

The point of this particular fervid denunciation is now quite lost and the passage is probably read in Istanbul without any one's withers being wrung. But the resemblance between the name of the Czechoslovak athlete and one of the objects of Mr. Gladstone's vehement anathema, "Zaptieks," is remarkable and would warrant further enquiry if I were a philologist. It is a fascinating subject which, however, must be deferred for the time being.

I have brought up this subject not so much to recall Mr. Gladstone's tirade, for what he said in the House of Commons on May 7, 1877, matters now no more than what he said on the famous occasion in '68, as to speculate on the fact that among foreign names only the Anglo-Saxon ones fall sweetly upon our ears. While even "Smith" evokes no unpleasant sensations, the syllables constituting "Zatopek" (despite the probability that in their own native Czech language they probably

mean something moving and poetic) are received with reluctance. One imagines a connotation of strength and vigour about them, all highly appropriate in an Olympic champion of such distinction, but it is undeniable there is also something harsh and violent, even possibly sinister, about them. India's growing "cultural" contacts with many East European nations will, no doubt, correct this deficiency soon. Meanwhile, confronted with the portentous phenomenon of "Zatopek" I am like the reader in Milton's vehement sonnet:

"Cries the stall-reader, 'Bless us, what a word on

A title page is this'; and some in file

Stand spelling false while one might walk to Mile

End Green."

It is tempting to pursue the theme further. Mr. A. G. Gardiner who, I believe, is little read now (to the present generation's sore loss), but who was a particular object of regard for our fathers, has pointed out that in English poetry only those possessed of euphonious names like "Tennyson" and "Swinburne" have made their mark, while no man regards your Robinsons and Blacks. This principle, if it be principle, is capable of extension to sport, particularly, as it seems to me, cricket.

In the days before the flood, that is to say in 1933, three English cricketers made their appearance in Madras as members of the M.C.C. team who well illustrate this belief. Of the captain, Jardine himself, there is little new that can be profitably

said now. But it is worth pointing out that, despite the connection of the name with a garden through the French language, its echoes were more those of implements of war, a gun or a piece of artillery. As one looked at that tall and angular frame, it was difficult not to associate with it thoughts of fire and slaughter. He had come unbowed and unshaken through the fiery ordeal of the "body-line" tour in Australia the previous year. Every match was to him a campaign and there is little doubt that he regarded himself as a Duke of Marlborough. He gave no quarter and demanded none. All these qualities, I believe, could have been deduced by the mere enunciation of that formidable name.

It was far different with Valentine. This is a name much in demand in those laborious penances of writing, the stupid and lachrymose "romances," but in its purity it denotes the height of aristocracy and fashion. One could imagine an owner of it lounging his way through life, but always obtaining what he seeks to achieve. So it was with Valentine the batsman. He minueted and prouetted his way through an innings. He came to the crease with a mien of lordly disdain, his loose silk shirt flapping about him. He took his "block" with a graceful insouciance, gazed at the bowler and his ten colleagues with imperious but, no doubt, kindly disdain, and then condescended to receive the ball. When it reached his bat, he offered no violence to it, but merely caressed and soothed it so that it fled to all parts of the field as if endowed with life of its own. He did not run between the wickets so much as measure his tread between them. Everything that he did was instinctive and replete with an aristocratic elegance.

Verity belonged to a different world, the cloister, perhaps even the monastery. His name breathed the moral virtues and there was a

powerful air of righteousness (not to be confounded with self-righteousness) about him. He was eminently a precisian. His bat was severely practical and he would perhaps rather have died than make a hook stroke. But it was in bowling that the soul of the man overflowed. It was nothing if not accurate. A grave and thoughtful man, he measured his steps to the wicket with the air of a philosopher debating to himself of foreknowledge, will and fate (much like Tyson with his quotations from Wordsworth). Each of his deliveries was a problem as much of metaphysics as of cricket. Correctly was this bowler endowed with the name that he bore, for he personified philosophy strayed into cricket. If Plato ever played cricket (which is unlikely) he would have been something like Captain Hedley Verity, the gallant soul who now lies near Catania in Sicily.

(Continued from page 7)

the world. President Roosevelt said the same thing without any consultation with Gandhi. Roosevelt pressed the British Government to liberate India. Successors of Roosevelt should proceed farther from the point at which Roosevelt had made his contribution and realise that not India alone but every country should be free. They must initiate a world freedom movement. India cannot be indifferent to such a movement.

A new adjustment of forces with India, USA and Britain working together will draw the world's democratic forces into vital action. It will force the imperial colonial powers out of Asia and Africa. It may compel Russia to liberate the East European powers. With each country master in its area, tensions of the world will relax and there will be a new atmosphere for peace more potent than any that the atom bomb can provide."

ART & ENTERTAINMENT

Music

WHO was it that wisecracked that a patriot was a rebel who had succeeded, while a rebel was a patriot who had failed? But even wisecracks have an iota of truth in them. Or else, they will not be remembered, and so cannot be quoted. Anyway, how will this do for a wisecrack? Style in music is mannerism that has succeeded, while mannerism is an attempt at style which has failed. Don't brush it aside as foolish prattle. Pause and think for a minute. Who is your favourite *vidwan*? Try to recollect how he sings or plays. What makes him different from all the others? His style. Now try to analyse his style. If you are dispassionate enough, you will discover, that stripped to its bare essentials, style is merely a set of mannerisms. Take another musician whom you do not like. What is it you do not like about his music? If you dissect your own feelings clearly, you will realise it is some mannerism of his which gets on your nerves. There is only one difference between the two. Mannerisms irritate.

These random thoughts are not so very random, after all. They are occasioned by a concert we had last week. On the 23rd July, there was a concert by Pathamadai Krishnan at the Tyagaraja Sangita Vidwat Samajam. This junior vidwan has many qualities which augur well for his future. There is one proviso however. He has a fondness for introducing Hindustani flourishes and accentuations into his singing. He has a weakness for overdoing it. It is threatening to become an irritating man-

nerism. He should see it doesn't. Not only does this mannerism mar his music, but there is another, more important reason why he shouldn't try these effects. Little attention is paid to voice culture in the training of musicians in the South. In the North they do bestow more attention, at least traditionally if not scientifically, on voice production. Their music takes this for granted. When an artist not trained in that school attempts flourishes and accentuations belonging to that school his failure is very obvious.

But for this Sri Krishnan's performance was quite interesting. He sang a number of compositions of Muthuswami Dikshitar's, not often heard in concerts. His *alapana* of Devagandhari was good, and the *kriti* he sang in that raga was a rare piece. But here again, the effect was marred to a certain extent by the artist's poor diction. The charm and beauty of such rare *kritis* are totally lost if the *sahitya* is mutilated and mispronounced. Sri Krishnan with a little care can avoid all this.

That the ability and suitability of the accompanists contribute in no small measure to the success of a concert cannot be overemphasised. But ability and suitability are comparative terms. There is a tendency nowadays for the so-called seniors to stick to the senior accompanists, thus denying the younger artists sufficient opportunities to come to the forefront. At the same time some of the younger artists, afraid of the accompanists stealing the show, insist on having very indifferent artists as accompanists with a view to eliminate

entirely competition. Recently there was a concert in the city in which the audience had to put up with a mridangam which was not even tuned properly. Sri Krishnan's recital was notable for that composite charm which is the result of well-matched and well-suited artist and accompanists. T. K. Murti was in excellent form and it was a treat to listen to him. His attempts to play the mridangam tabla-style to pep up the pseudo-Hindustani deviations of the vocalist were brilliant. His style is reminiscent of Tanjore Vaidyanatha Iyer, a giant of the last generation.

It is a pity there is not as much appreciation for instrumental music as for vocal music. Because of this apathy of the public the Sabhas which depend on public patronage for financial success do not arrange many instrumental concerts. With orchestral music absent, the instrumentalists have a lean time on the whole. This hurts in two ways. Not only do instrumentalists and instrumental music languish without encouragement, but a large number of young artists take to vocal music though they themselves are aware they do not have the voice for it, just because there is no future in instrumental music, except for the gifted few. At present the only opportunity music-lovers have of listening regularly to instrumental music appears to be provided by the radio. Thank God, for small mercies!

Talking of instrumental music, it is indeed courageous of our Corporation to come forward to cater to some little extent to the artistic needs of its tax-payers. The reference is, of course, to the Corporation Band. But why a band? The very idea seems foreign to Carnatic Music. Brass and wind instruments are not unknown, but as far as one is able to gather they were intended for certain types of functional music—not for classical music. It is possible there were some tentative attempts to play

Indian music on the 'European Band' the foreigners brought with them. These playful experiments possibly date back to the early days of the East India Company. There is even a story that Patnam Subramania Iyer once composed a *kirtanam* after listening to a military band in Madras. Later Tanjore seems to have played an important part in developing this hybrid art-form, the encouragement coming from the Mahrattas with their military background. Whatever the history, the band has come to stay.

The Madras Corporation Band usually consists of ten pieces—two clarinets, one bag-pipe, three brass instruments, one big drum, a tavil and a pair of small cymbals. But in actual practice the main playing is restricted to the two clarinets. The principal percussion accompaniment is provided by the tavil. The other instruments come in here and there at a few apt places. Each day the band plays at some public park or somewhere along the Marina.

For example, last Sunday evening the band played opposite the Senate House. Owing to the open air and the general distractions of the place nobody paid much attention. Occasionally, when there was a break in the conversation you listened casually and were pleasantly surprised to recognise an old time favourite not often heard nowadays. Otherwise it was as mediocre a performance as they invariably give. Particularly in the *pratimadhyama* ragas like Kalyani and Bhavapriya, the playing was so completely devoid of the characteristic *gamaka* in the *madhyama* that it was even jarring.

So let us ask again, why a band? The beach is so full of foreign visitors nowadays. Many of them don't much care for Indian music. They will be content to go back without having heard any Indian music at all. Need we force an unpleasant impression on them? If our City

Fathers insist on doing their duty by Art, why not try an honest to goodness Nagaswaram recital? The South Indian has a traditional fondness for the instrument, musically it is one of the best, and for an open air entertainment nothing can be more impressive.

VANIDASA

Theatre

"Raja Raja Chozhan"

AS I rode back home in the bus late last Saturday night after having seen T. K. S. Brothers' *Raja Raja Chozhan* enacted at the Sundareswarar Hall in Mylapore, my nearest fellow passengers happened to be two gentlemen who evidently had never failed to see a play acted by this troupe. I have seen most of their plays too. And all the three of us agreed that *Raja Raja Chozhan* was the finest of them all.

Eleven years ago T. K. S. Brothers conducted a Tamil drama competition. And Sri Aru. Ramanathan's *Raja Raja Chozhan* was a prize entry in it. But, due to the vicissitudes of fortune this play has had to wait a long time to be produced as a stage play. The author asks for no "muse of fire that would ascend the brightest heaven of invention," or for "a kingdom for a stage, princes to act, and monarchs to behold the smiling scene." And yet Sri Ramanathan's muse is poetic enough to put up a kingdom on the stage, and the acting of the T. K. S. Brothers' troupe is powerful enough to inhabit this kingdom with princes and monarchs. The play is replete with the beauty of the Tamil language and Tamil culture. As a well-known figure in the Tamil literary field remarked on a previous occasion: "We might write innumerable books on Tamil language and culture. We might address countless meetings on the same subject. But one drama of this exquisite type will do more towards popularising the Tamil lan-

guage and culture than all our books and all our meetings."

The play depicts South India at the height of its glory. Raja Raja Chozan had conquered the whole of the South. The Chera and the Pandya Kingdoms had come within his domain. He had subdued the Andhras and the Malayalees. It was the heyday of Tamil art and culture. It was the period of the *Tenarams*, it was the time of Appar, Sundarar, and Manikkavachakar. Tamil culture, through her Colonists, was spreading beyond the seas. Envoys reached even far China. The Chozha king was now in a position to style himself *Rajathirajah*, that is, the King of kings.

To the court, of such glory and power, of Raja Raja Chozhan comes the prince of Vanga Nadu, Kamaladityan. He falls in love with Sundari, the Chozha princess. This, for the time being at least, has the approval of Raja Raja Chozha. But his foreign minister, who is really in league with the Chalukyas of the North to bring about the downfall of the Southern power, fans up a fire of misunderstanding between Prince Kamaladityan and Raja Raja Chozhan. This leads to a declaration of war between them. But instead of the armies fighting each other and contributing to mass annihilation, it is agreed that a duel between Kamaladityan and the son of Raja Raja Chozhan should decide the result of the battle. Sundari takes a promise from her brother that he would deliver Kamaladityan to her unhurt. The Chozha prince proves the better swordsman, and bound by the promise to his sister, he does not kill Kamaladityan but cleverly disarms him in the fight and takes him prisoner. Raja Raja Chozhan gives a willing ear to the evil advice of his foreign minister and imprisons Kamaladityan and heaps untold indignities upon him. Princess Sundari, failing in her argument on behalf of her lover resolves to win

him for a husband at all costs. Raja Raja Chozhan's birthday arrives. On this day all political prisoners are to be set free, and poets of merit would compose songs in honour of the Raja and win bountiful presents. Sundari sees to it that Kamaladityan, being a political prisoner, is set free. And he composes a poem of remarkable brilliance in honour of the king which enthralls Raja Raja Chozhan. When asked what present he would want for such a lovely poem Kamaladityan claims Sundari's hand in marriage. In the meantime, by accident, the foreign minister is unmasked and his treachery brought to light.

Sri Aru Ramanathan's script is of high literary merit. His language not only pleases the ear but also appeals to the mind. Its substance stirs the heart, and its philosophy

exercises the mind. He successfully recreates on the stage the glory that was Bharatha Bhumi. The acting of the T. K. S. Brothers' troupe comes up to the standard of the script. Bhagavathi's Raja Raja Chozhan is cast in a heroic mould. Equally good is Shanmugam as the Chozha prince. The actor playing the part of Kamaladityan is every inch a *mudi vananga mannan*, that is, a prince whose head has never bowed to any mortal. His singing of the poem for which he wins the hand of Sundari, is exquisite.

The young girl playing the part of Sundari seems a new-comer to the stage, or at least to this troupe. She is a good find. She is charming, and acts well—a rare combination. Her chief asset is her ability to speak her words well, and in this respect she seems to me to be the female coun-

terpart of Shivaji Ganesan. She seems to have indeed a bright future.

There is an undercurrent of comic relief in the play provided by two court poets who possess the tongues of poets, but not the hearts of poets. Their antics are a comedy of manners. The actors who play these parts do full justice to them. Sri Ramanathan uses them as a kind of chorus, a connecting link between the main incidents in the play. Thus, unlike in most Tamil plays and pictures, the comic element is an inherent part of this play.

Sri Shanmugam, during his speech at the fag end of the play, said that he welcomed criticism. If honest and constructive, he said he would accept it and use it. Here is some then. The sword fight between Kamaladityan and the Chozha prince was most unconvincing; if not downright ludicrous, although this was shown only as a shadow play. The dialogue in the preceding scenes informed the audience that these young princes were the best in the South. The actual then comes as a dreadful anticlimax. Mr. Shanmugam should either engage an expert fencing master to train the actors, or else get rid of this scene from the play altogether. K. S. RAMAMOORTHY

Films

BOMBAY

IT is heartening to learn that the Films Division is making a feature film on Pandit Nehru's visit to Europe and that it would cover not only his tour of the U.S.S.R. but Poland, Yugoslavia, Rome, the Vatican, London, Cairo and the return to India. There is no doubt that the regular film distributors would come forth to exploit such a feature film on a purely commercial basis; it will be ready for release on July 29.

The third part of Pandit Nehru's tour now being shown all over India

does not follow the tour in chronological order and skips the Prime Minister's visit to Yugoslavia—which would be included in the 4th part. Yet, the documentary film of over two thousand feet is very impressive and the highlight of the film is the reception accorded to the Prime Minister in Bombay and Delhi. The State banquet in which the Rashtrapathi conferred the honour of *Bharat Ratna* on Pandit Nehru and the overwhelming emotional impact on the Prime Minister who broke down in tears is a scene which will be long remembered.

Picture of the week

Ramsingh's *Sau Ka Nofe* is described as a comedy of errors. The plot jointly conceived by Ramsingh, Director Yeshwant Pethkar and Radhakishen follows the old Mukerjee pattern of boy-meets-girl.

The girl in this case is Geeta Bai, daughter of a poor widow who, while on her way to see some friends, is mistaken by a film-crazy Pathan driver of a Seth for his master's fiancée. The driver gives them a lift which begins the pattern of misunderstanding. For, the producer-director also mistakes Geeta for the fiancée of the Seth and gives her a job in anticipation of finance from the Seth and creditors give goods to Geeta on credit and send the bills to Seth.

As fortune would have it the Seth turns out to be a handsome youth in the shape of Karan Dewan who goes to meet Geeta and is mistaken by her for a journalist—a pose Karan maintains; so much so that when he puts on the Seth's costume and becomes his real self he is called an impostor and the police enter the scene. All this adds up to a hilarious climax.

Entertaining in parts, the story is also a mild, good-humoured satire on the working of our studios. To make

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it interesting several guest artists have been introduced in the picture in different song numbers. Of them Johnny Walker is easily the best. Geeta Bai's dances form a major attraction of the film.

Yeshwant Pethkar's direction is competent, though at places he seems to have lost his sense of restraint. The production values are average and the picture itself is an average mass entertainer with *Sau Ka Not* as a rather misleading title.

Personality of the week

Mohan Bhavnani who has been associated with the Films Division almost since its inception has relinquished his post as the Production Controller. The news of his sudden departure from the Films Division came as a surprise to the film industry, though ever since he went on tour abroad last year there have been persistent rumours to that effect.

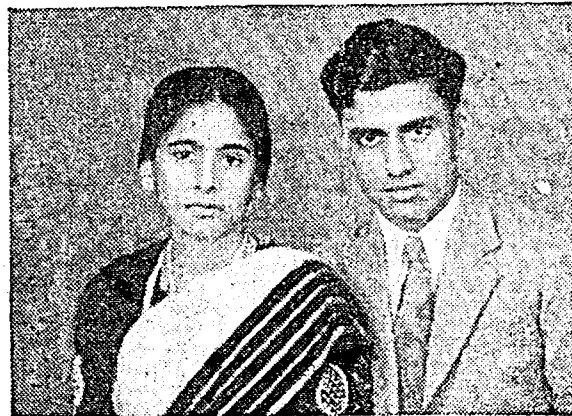
These rumours however, proved wrong as Shri Bhavnani returned from his tour of Europe and Hollywood and took over charge from Shri V. Shantaram who had been officiating for him in an honorary capacity during his absence. But, a few months later, it was learnt that he had gone on leave and the rumour-mongers flashed the news that Shri Bhavnani who had been holidaying in Kashmir would not return. This time, they proved correct. For Shri Bhavnani returned only to relinquish the job during the first week of July.

Whatever the administrative reasons for his departure, there is no denying that under his guidance the Films Division

made excellent progress and produced documentary films which won praise from discerning picture goers throughout India and even critics abroad. Even the newsreels showed steady improvement, though at one time picturegoers used to walk out during the screening of the Films Division reels. That in itself is no mean achievement.

Shri Bhavnani has been associated with films for three decades now. He is the director who discovered such talented stars as Sulochana, Durga Khote, Enakshi Ranwarce (now Mrs. Bhavnani), Nalini Tarkhad, Kamaladevi Chattopadhyaya, David, Bibbo and others. But as a producer of feature films, he was not an outstanding success. Yet he has been a pioneer in many ways and it was left to him to make the first postwar color film in India, *Aarti*, but unfortunately, most of his pioneering experiments did not commercially successful. *Aarti* flopped.

★



Srimati Saraswati and Sri R. Seturaman, M.Sc., who were recently married.