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SWARAJYA

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Editor: Khasa Subba Rau

Vol. I. No. 1 SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1956 TWO ANNAS

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MISSION OF SWARAJYA

I HAVE started this journal, *Swarajya*, after considerable heart-searching. It might not have been impossible for me, perhaps, to find some more comfortable employment, immune from the headaches that the running of a weekly with extremely limited resources entails. But no other employment, could have given me the freedom I now have, so essential for the purpose outlined below. Freedom does not mean simply absence of restraint. Very few journalists are subjected to restraint from their employers in the course of the performance of their day to day duties. The need for restraint is eliminated by conscious or involuntary adjustments which writers and others learn to make to standards of behaviour considered as part of the obligations of service or of duty to the institution served by them. These standards of behaviour are not always inspired by considerations of right and wrong. They have their origins in some interest or other, mostly connected with property, not germane to the proprieties of the journalistic profession. We then find even great newspapers deviating from the pristine purity of their glorious avocation at its best, with all their staffs pulled, whether they like it or not, into attitudes not altogether pleasing to their professional conscientes.

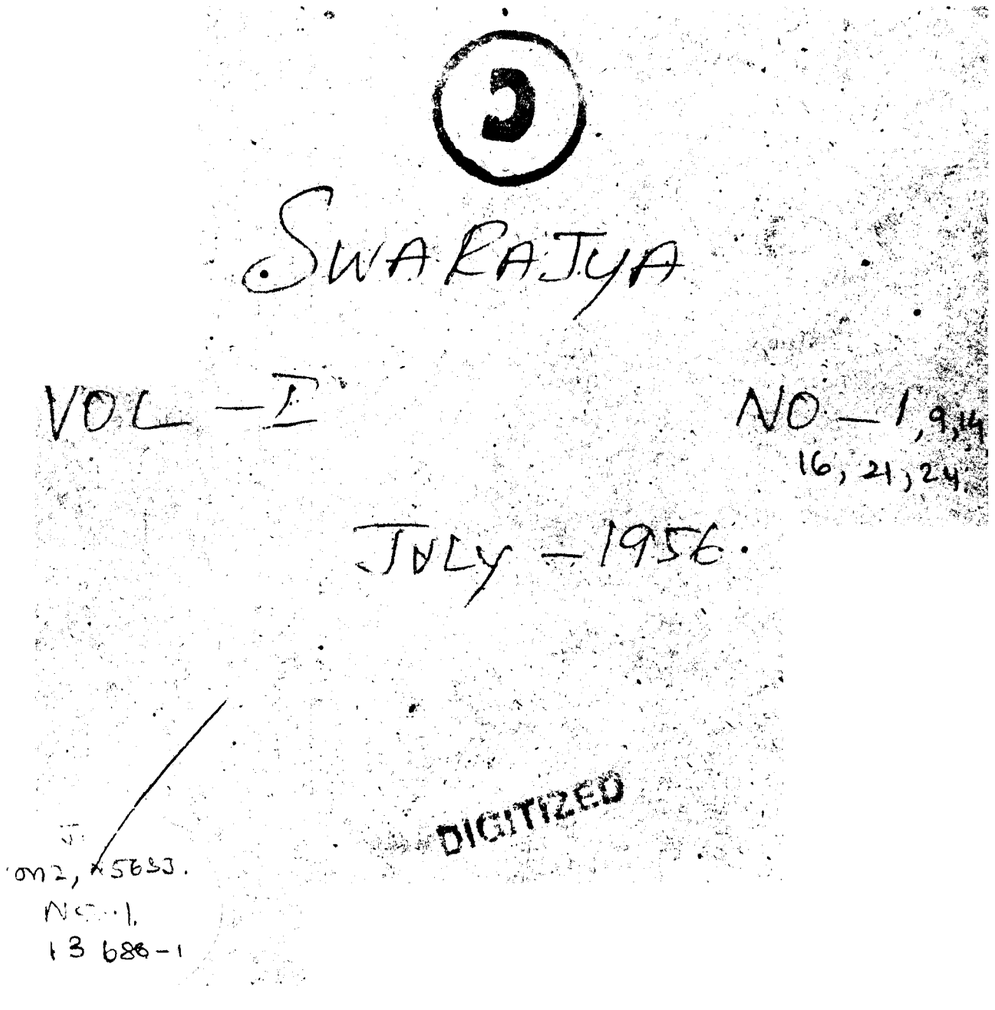
The Press is not alone in evading the discomforts of probity. It is a universal phenomenon, and in India it is aggravated by the perverting power of intense and widespread poverty. Large masses of people without much to live upon tend to become easy prey to leaders and politicians whose main preoccupation is the pursuit of power. Everybody is drawn into the power-scramble. In a democracy the people are supposed to be the ultimate repositories of sovereign authority by means of their power through votes to make and unmake Governments, but in actual practice the votes of vast multitudes are cast, not in freedom or wisdom but in the frenzy of diseased mentalities promoted for their own ends by self-seeking agitators. The hustings are the haunt of corruption in various forms. One net result of it all is that save in exceptional cases, the best men do not get into the legislatures and other citadels of authority, and those who do get in there have a vested interest in keeping out talent and pampering mediocrity.

Out of my own observation and experience I arrived at the same thought to which Sri Rajagopalachari has given beautiful expression in the article he has contributed to this inaugural issue by way of blessing and welcome—that the independence of the Press has been adversely affected by the doubtful blessing of large capital, and that the small well-conducted high quality weekly can supply a felt want and render great national service. Of these choice attributes the one that *Swarajya* has immediately achieved is smallness in size. But the smallness of the journal is an index of the quality it seeks to build. As space in these columns has the preciousness of short supply, it is hoped that good use will be made of every word, none will be wasted carelessly and no trash will be let in to fill gaps.

It is customary for a new journal to announce its policy. *Swarajya* has no fixed policy settled in advance to suit prospective occasions. Its judgments on every issue as it arises will be formed on merits in the light of surrounding circumstances. It will not shrink

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from correcting a blunder when it realises that one has been committed. It will not, for the sake of consistency or false prestige, go on committing other blunders to make the original one look more plausible. It is opposed to the "closed book" or "sealed affair" principle and keeps an open mind as much on its conclusions as on those of others ranged against it in argument or controversy. It is attached to no party and recognises no loyalty except the public interest.

India has immense resources in materials, man-power and talent. If they are properly integrated, not only will the present appalling poverty vanish, our contribution to the sum of human happiness will overflow national boundaries and spread all over the world. But what is standing in the way? It is the dominance of individual selfishness to the neglect of social advancement, even in those elected to rule and set an example, and the acceptance, untested, of the fashion of the day with its half-baked slogans by our leaders of opinion in a desperate endeavour to look progressive and be popular and amass votes. I believe that independent reflection on outstanding regional, national and world issues, combined with unrestricted freedom of discussion subject only to the disciplines of decency, in a journal conducted in a disinterested spirit, solely in the public interest, can turn out to be a source of invigorating influence for correcting some at least of the fallacies into which our affairs have sunk and instal in their place worthy habits of thought that will raise the good of all above the privileged rapacities of powerful or overpampered individuals and groups.

Swarajya aspires to fulfil this mission. Aware as I am of my shortcomings in undertaking it, I can boldly claim one virtue—never to have written a line I did not fully believe in at the moment to another's dictation, and never to have quailed, when convinced, from admitting a wrong. On these credentials of integrity I base my appeal for support, fully conscious that no journal can run a day longer than the public empower it to run with their blessings and sympathetic indulgence and active and confident participation in its work.

KHASA SUBBA RAU

VALUE OF FRANK CRITICISM

By C. RAJAGOPALACHARI

"I AM a sort of gadfly," said Socrates in his defence before the Athenian people. "The State is a great and noble steed who is costly in his motions owing to his very size, and requires to be stirred into life. I am that gadfly which God has attached to the State, and all day long and in all places am always fastening upon you, arousing and persuading and reproaching you. You will not easily find another like me, and therefore I would advise you to spare me." Athenian democracy condemned Socrates to death but his words carried a truth that is immortal.

Great governments benefit by criticism, without which they are bound to deteriorate in self-complacency and unchecked self-will.

After independence, patriotism and public co-operation in India have swung to the other end of the arc, and the Indian press has gone all out for praise and admiration leaving the Prime Minister of India in a dangerous state of loneliness, for unqualified adulation day in and day out is loneliness. The opposition in the assemblies either in Delhi or in the States are weak and divided into separate small self-interested groups and make no impression whatsoever either on Government or on public opinion outside. The Daily press which at present flourishes in a business sense, is daily chiming concord and approval and in all doubtful cases waits to form an opinion until the Prime Minister indicates his own, and contributes but little or nothing by way of criticism.

The need is great for a gadfly-Weekly-paper, which is not overweighted by finance and the consequent fear of losing money, which can close down any time and start again any day without serious loss, and which is governed by a sense of Truth and public welfare and does not look to mass popularity or votes or the power derived from pleasing people. But to be a gadfly of the Socrates—pattern, one must have in some degree the qualities of Socrates, regard for truth, purity of motive, and utter obedience to the voice of God within one's heart. We may not all attain Socrates's level in these respects, but we may all try to be on that road.

Everyone conversant with public affairs and who is older than sixty knows what powerful and healthy influence the very poor newspapers of the old days with a paying circulation that rarely reached 10,000 wielded in those days. Papers now printing a lakh and proudly asking for advertisements on that basis carry far less influence than those old daily newspapers. They have almost lost the habit of adverse criticism either of Government or of their small ineffective adversaries.

For years past Khasa Subba Rau has been no political or journalistic friend of mine except occasionally when it pleased him! But I believe his talent for criticism is a public asset. I am glad to give his new Weekly the blessing he asks me for; and I give it with all my heart for I know the great value of frank and quick criticism for which he has great aptitude. He has more than thirty years of journalistic experience and has now reached ripeness of knowledge and an understanding of true values.

News may be served by the Daily press, but a good high class Weekly has the privilege of educating the public in thought and appraisement, which I fear the Daily press is not adequately or at all doing.

Democracy to be good Government requires statesmen who educate and guide the people and are not merely politicians occupied in conserving their popularity for future power. Without guidance, adult suffrage and democracy based thereon will confirm the worst fears of those Indians who opposed the movement for Independence and allied themselves with the British during the struggle. The Press too should not only aim at reflecting and forecasting public opinion but should try to educate and give guidance to the reading public. The rotary machine has come and with it the doubtful blessing of large capital. The independence of the Press has been adversely affected by this revolution in the Indian Press. The small well-conducted high-quality Weekly can supply a felt want and render great national service.

Sotto Voce

On With the Dance



A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with the voluptuous swell
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!
Did you not hear it?—No, 't was but the wind
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined.

Amen! I say, though with a fervour which the heart belies. Because, unlike Mr. Nehru who is on holiday and vastly enjoying himself, here I am unceremoniously haled back to do my weekly stint, from what I had fondly imagined was surcease of toil, that blessed state which made Elia shout *Esto perpetua!* No wonder that I seem to hear the distant thunder while the Prime Minister hears only the tabor and the pipes.

* * *

Our highly photogenic statesman, dapper, debonair and ever youthful (by his side Sir Anthony Eden, so long the Prince Charming of British politics, is unmistakably faded) must have looked uncommonly attractive against the drab background of London smog. I have no doubt that he was perfectly at ease when at the Guildhall he encountered the sardonic gaze of Gog and Magog as he got down from his black, gold and red coach. Did he, one wonders, see the ghost of a former Freeman from his own land? If Srinivasa Sastri's benign spirit had indeed been there, I am sure it could not have been to rebuke but to applaud. The meek have their vengeance too!

The sentiments Nehru uttered Sastri could not have bettered. There was indeed a touch of mysticism, which might have disconcerted the older man, in the Prime Minister's tribute to the Commonwealth. He said, "Most people outside the Commonwealth and many inside it do not understand what this Commonwealth is. There is no constitution, there is no legislation and yet it is obvious that something does bind us together, although we are independent and sovereign nations." After all Sastri had not lived in London or been schooled at Harrow nor could he have ever been quite at home, as is the heir of Ananda Bhavan, in the Stately Homes of England. Such was the nostalgic spell of the past that even at the City Chamberlain's discreetly provocative suggestion that the Commonwealth had conferred a favour on India by admitting her to the select circle no sparks flew.

* * *

We are told that Mr. Nehru is mellowing. He must have startled his many admirers by the world-weariness that tinged his message to Mr. Nu on the latter's resignation of his Premiership. He spoke of his own abortive efforts to give up his Prime Ministership. "I compromised, as one usually does," he ruefully confessed. One caught the true Wordsworthian accent in his lament, "It is extraordinary how we get entangled in the world's affairs and then cannot disentangle ourselves." He even slid into the immemorial idiom of his people so far as to talk of his Karma!

* * *

But it would be idle to rush to the conclusion that here is a reversion to type, that Vedanta is claiming him for its own, that we are likely to see the story of Puran Bhagat re-enacted. Anxious admirers may set their minds at ease. It is nothing more than that gift for sympathy which makes Mr. Nehru instinctively establish emotional rapport with his *vis a vis*. It is only at home that, as the Moses cut to deliver his people from their captivity to kitchen-religion, he plies the thong unmercifully on the prone backs of the Hindu majority. He is true to the Indian tradition in that he keeps his pleasantest face for the stranger at the gate.

* * *

But mercurial sensibility in a politician, while it may fascinate, does not inspire confidence. On the eve of his departure to Europe Mr. Nehru delivered himself of one or two enigmatic statements. They may have suggested to some that age and experience were telling. He seemed to recoil from Congress doctrinairism, and that not merely in regard to linguistic states. But did he? I am not so sure. He said he favoured indirect elections. But indirect elections, taken with adult franchise, might produce, not the healthy democracy which Mrs. Besant hoped to usher in by her Commonwealth Bill but the very reverse of it. In regard to the relations between Party and Government Mr. Nehru was for a "middle line" between the British extreme of complete separation and the Russian extreme of complete identification. What does it mean in concrete terms? Does "emotional integration", the quest for a brand new Indianism, *et hoc*, one wonders, mean going more resolutely the Russian way while keeping a steady Janus-face turned to the West?

VIGHNESWARA

REVOLUTION

Nine times out of ten, the man who proposes a change in the government he lives under, no matter how defective it may be, is romantic to the verge of sentimentality. There is seldom, if ever, any evidence that the kind of government he is unlawfully inclined to, would be any better than the government he proposes to supplant. Political revolutions, in truth, do not often accomplish anything of genuine value; their one undoubted effect is simply to throw out one gang of thieves and put in another. After a revolution, of course, the successful revolutionists always try to convince doubters that they have achieved great things, and usually they hang any man who denies it.
—H. L. Mencken.

5½ or 6 pages of foolscap. Then one has to send in the script ten clear days in advance, rehearse the carbon copy at home on the fateful day, get to the broadcasting station half an hour in advance of the scheduled time, and read out one's talk to the mike and return home—with a cheque for Rs. 25 (only) in one's pocket, but let's not forget the one anna one pays for the stamp.

Rs. 25 for all that effort does seem somewhat inadequate to me. Once, when I dared to tell an official of A.I.R. that I did not think his payment for a talk overgenerous, he added insult to injury by pointing out how it was a fixed governmental rate and how even Shri X (a semi-literate man who then occupied a high place in public affairs) got just that! But that is not the worst of it. Not only does A.I.R. expect you to deliver the neatly-typed script ten days in advance, rehearse, and turn up for the talk half an hour beforehand, but they also claim copyright in the script!

True that for some nominal payment they usually permit one to utilise broadcast material in one's book, but in addition to the fee one must provide details of publication, of the format and number of copies that will be published. This, naturally, puts the publisher off. It did mine, anyway. I wish A.I.R. would realise what touchy people publishers are as a breed, how reluctant to decide, in advance, such actual details of publication.

Moreover, this claim of copyright seems utterly illogical to me. Heaven forbid such a thing ever happening, but were I (hypothetically) to broadcast a brief but powerful recital of songs over A.I.R., not only would the words and tunes remain with me after the occurrence, but I would be entirely free to inflict my songs any number of times I pleased on any listeners I could find, in public and without giving A.I.R. any details of such publication. Why, then, this copyright in talks?

Perhaps I have not stated my case in proper style, in sedate and weighty words. But all the same there is a powerful case for A.I.R. relinquishing their unreasonable claim to copyright in scripts and eing content (as most magazines re) with rights of first publication (*i.e.*, of broadcast). Perhaps hey should also have the additional right to print or rebroadast the matter—but it is only air that they should pay for very such republication.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY

NOTICE

Issue of Concessional return tickets between 15th July 1956 and 15th September 1956

Concessional return tickets at 1½ single journey fares will be issued from 15th July 1956 to 15th September 1956, for first, second and third classes, subject to the following conditions :—

(i) Return tickets will be issued between stations situated at a minimum distance of over 300 miles apart either in local and in through booking with other Indian Railways.

The differential rule will, however, apply, i.e., in the case of stations situated short of 301 miles, when two single journey fares are more than the return fare for 301 miles, return tickets can be issued charging fares as for 301 miles.

The reference to distance in this rule is to the mileage for charge.

(ii) In the case of 2nd and 3rd classes separate series of 'Mail' and 'Ordinary' return tickets will be issued at the appropriate fares available by—

(*a*) "Mail" and "Express" and (*b*) "Ordinary" trains respectively.

Similarly combined Mail/Express and ordinary tickets will also be issued where necessary.

(iii) No break of journey will be permitted on the return journey, but break of journey will be allowed on the outward journey according to the normal rules as for holders of ordinary single journey tickets.

(iv) PASSENGERS MUST PRESENT THE RETURN HALVES OF THEIR RETURN TICKETS AT THE BOOKING OFFICE AT THE STATION OF COMMENCEMENT OF THEIR RETURN JOURNEY AND HAVE THEIR TICKETS DATED INDICATING THE DATE OF COMMENCEMENT OF THE RETURN JOURNEY.

Passengers holding return halves without being so dated will be treated as travelling without tickets.

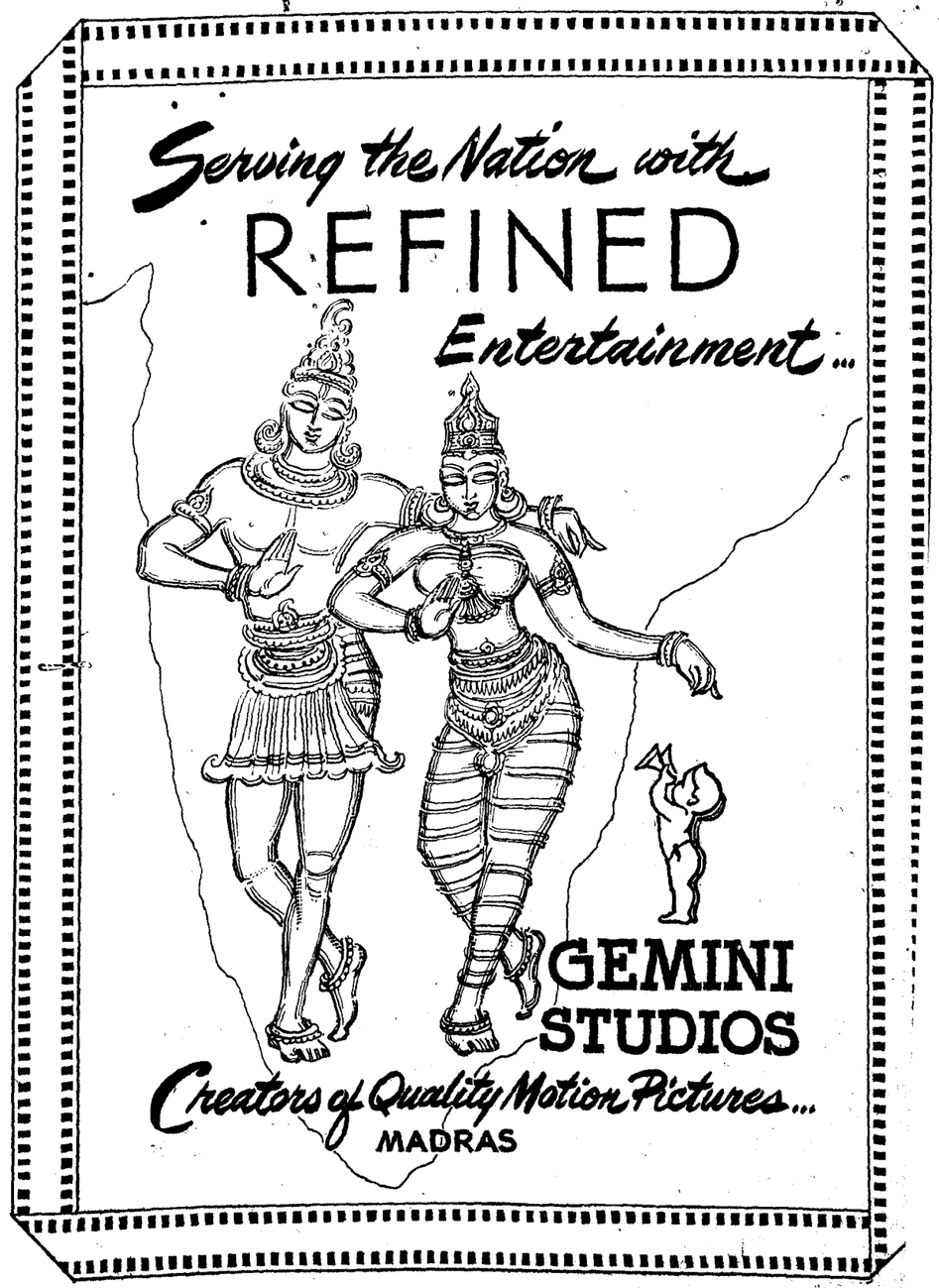
(v) The period of availability of the return tickets will be as under and should be reckoned from the midnight of the date of issue :

301 to 500 miles	... ...	20 days.
501 to 750 miles	... ...	25 days.
750 and above	... ...	30 days.

The return tickets will, however, not be available for completion of the return journey after the midnight of 30th September 1956. For example, a ticket issued for a distance of over 750 miles on 15th of September will be available for completion of the return journey upto 30th September 1956 only.

Where advance booking is permissible, the period of availability is to be reckoned from the midnight of the day on which the outward journey is to be commenced.

MADRAS *Chief Commercial Superintendent*



SIDELIGHTS : :

THREE months ago I found myself without employment. I thought for a little while that the thirty years of work I had done in one capacity or another as a journalist entitled me to retirement. Retirement seemed also to be the only thing to do in the utter exhaustion of spirit that came upon me on the death of my eldest daughter last month. But I have managed somehow to recover from these plans of prospective idleness. A holiday that comes as a brief respite from heavy work is a thing of joy. But an indefinite holiday with no limit to it is one of the hardest trials that can befall a man accustomed to an active life. It induces the guilt of a parasitical condition in which one feels like having ceased to earn one's own keep. Also, dejection from whatever cause is a lapse into abject intellectual paralysis, a falling away from philosophical fortitude which is the real test of culture, in fact a sort of flying in the face of Providence. It is a deadly social vice to be ever-engrossed in extremes of emotion that interfere with the constructive contribution of the individual to his own good and the happiness of his environment.

Kind friends came forward with persuasion to reinforce the operation of natural tendencies. Eventually doubts and waverings ceased, and this journal, SWARAJYA, emerged as a settled fact. The inaugural issue is an imperfect indication of what it aspires to become in coming days. It is a most ambitious project conceived by one wholly without ambition professionally or for any acquisitive purpose. At my age of sixty a man reaches the turning point in life when many of the excitements that possessed him when the blood was younger cease to have significance. He is confronted with mortality not as a distant destiny but an imminent possibility. It is as if any moment he may be dragged before the judgment seat of the All High to give a rendering of what he has done and failed to do in his pilgrimage on earth. From the standpoint of the journalist, the over-emphasised consciousness of the temporariness of life's remaining span is a corrective to all those distortions of mind and spirit that arise from the astonishing miracle that is all-pervasive in the world, the illusion of immortal existence that persists in defiance of the contrary truth dinned into everybody by the experience of each passing day.

In the past the sensation of the moment was to me often the whole of the universe. There was no reserve of tolerance to draw upon for effecting a gentle adjustment between the real and the ideal. Duty presented itself in censorious guises. In the way in which it was performed, perhaps it hurt more people than it benefited. It poured vitality into controversies. Its redeeming feature, however, was the complete absence of any motive or intention or even capacity in me to deviate from basic integrity out of malice or personal likes and dislikes or for indulgence in any selfish aim. I can claim to have been always wholly indifferent to what may be considered personal interests in the pursuit of professional duty impersonally. All this however did not prevent much of the writing from being second-rate. I now know that first-rate writing should abandon hard words. Its effects must be produced by persuasion and not denunciation. The most powerful weapon in its armoury should be moderation. There is nothing like the force of mild words employed in the service of a logic that is irrefutable. The sign of great writing is the agreement it impels even in those subjected to adverse criticism, not the pain it gives or the rancour it engenders.

SWARAJYA is dedicated to journalism from this elevated level. Its content will be emptied of all those stunts and tricks of the trade that are deliberately practised so largely now-a-days to excite the passions and catch circulation. It will take its stand entirely on the reading matter it provides without the embellishment of captivating pictures to inflame the eye and hypnotise the senses. Only such pictures will be occasionally included as can serve an artistic purpose. The aim is to present to the public a quality journal at the lowest possible price. What is quality? Externally, of course, quality has to do with care in phrasing, an endeavour to be word-perfect.

July 14, 1956

Good taste and the avoidance of crudities are comprised in quality. It also includes diligence and painstaking industry in the collection of reliable information of significance. But the most precious values of quality spring from discipline of mind, intellect and soul. It has to do with things like justice, fairness, courage of conviction, and intrepid pursuit of human good. Without these, even consummately competent writing is divested of power and social purpose and becomes merely a flair.

I invite all who read these lines to participate in the work and mission of SWARAJYA. Nothing decent put forth in good faith will ever be excluded from its columns for the reason that it is not palatable to its conductors. It has no resources except what the public gives. If it runs into a deficit it will have to be wound up. Treat this journal as a forum consecrated to public service, and bless it with moral and material support to the limit of your opportunity.

SAKA



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

By M. KRISHNAN

WHEN they start a company, one of the first things they do is to draw up the articles of association and the memorandum of objects. I am not sure if I have the terms correct, but what they do is to generally decide the scope and course and conduct of the concern. An excellent idea, for it prevents a company formed mainly for the mining of iron ore from losing sight of its objectives after a while and taking to jute and gunny, dairy farming, or some such activity equally remote from the original purpose.

I am floating no company, but it would be just as well to draw up the memorandum of objects of these monthly reviews of A.I.R. broadcasts now and here. When I was doing these reviews for SWATANTRA (when Khasa Subba Rau had charge of that magazine), I failed to indicate their scope in a preliminary article, with the result that some readers thought I was attempting something much more comprehensive than I was. I know that this memorandum cannot wholly prevent a reader from misunderstanding me or me the reader—how dreadfully uninteresting life would be without misunderstandings!—but this will, I hope, provide me with something to fall back upon if I need it. So, here goes.

First, these reviews are not intended as any general appraisal of any station of A.I.R. For one thing, my choice of broadcasts as a listener is most often made at random, so that I may well miss most of the major programmes in a month. I do try to listen to some carefully preselected broadcasts, but frequently something happens to upset my plans. There is no point in telling me to plan more firmly. Unlike Henley, I am not the master of my fate.

I share a receiving set with others at home, and use it now and again, but sometimes my listening is done away from home, in hotels, in the houses of others, even at public loudspeakers. And even at home I do not always tune in to All-India Radio. Radio Ceylon, the BBC, Radio Australia, and some stations delightfully unknown to me, are also tuned to, intentionally or by accident. That does give one comparative values, in assessing a home-made broadcast!

It does happen at times that I listen to quite a few broadcasts of a particular type, or even to a whole series faithfully—my methods, being unplanned, are unpredictable! I am then in a position to do a fairly comprehensive review, especially as I always jot down details of each programme listened to, and such comments as occur to me.

Finally, I have no political bias, belong to no creed or society, and have no friends or foes among broadcasters—things that qualify one to take on review work. But I am sadly limited by my ignorance of most Indian languages. I know only Tamil—well enough to know how deeply familiar one must be with the nuances and idiom of any language to appreciate or criticise its subtly expressive, flexible speech. That is why I say nothing about broadcasts in other Indian tongues—I hope this will meet the eye of the gentleman who wrote to me a few months ago to ask why I never mentioned Telugu radio-plays, but forgot to give me his address. Not that I do not realise that a slight understanding of a language is often sufficient for the enjoyment of a talk or a broadcast play. Sometimes even that is not needed. I have felt elated and encouraged after listening to that station that I keep getting when I try to tune in to the commentary on the Anglo-Australian Tests direct—I think it must be some Czech station, to judge by its richness of consonants.

* * *

FOR some reason quite beyond me, people in our country think it a very special privilege to broadcast. Yes, it is a refreshing experience to hear the sound of one's own voice uninterruptedly for ten or fifteen minutes (particularly if one is married, as I suspect the majority of our broadcasters are), but I understand that is not why people like to, and yearn to, broadcast. They want to because it is an honour; it is such an honour to broadcast. Dear Friend, I, no less, am broadcasting from A.I.R., . . . on Tuesday, 12th July, at 9.15 p.m., do not fail to listen to my talk on ANTIBIOTICS AND POULTRY FARMING—it is, as I said, at *9.15 p.m.* on *Tuesday, 12th*. There are men who write dozens of cards like that to their Dear Friends on achieving what is known, technically, as Securing a Contract, and afterwards, after their talk, they get their friends to write dozens of appreciative letters to the Station Director of the station they broadcast the talk from, to say how thrilled they felt to hear all about penicillin and poultry. Sometimes I wonder if the Postal Department shouldn't pay A.I.R. an annual tribute of some substantial sum, in return for the effective sale of postcards and stamps that broadcasting promotes.

And then, when they call on you to find out if you really listened to their talk, these broadcasters accept your quick, effusive congratulations on their perfectly marvellous talk, so full of interesting details, so lucid, so *original* (you daren't be specific, not having listened) with modest smirks, and tell you how they just dashed it off on the spur of the moment, how on Monday they suddenly realised the script was long overdue and due for broadcast next day, how they sat down to it and dashed it off in precisely twenty-five minutes!

No one who has done as much professional writing as I have can be unaware that occasionally, too occasionally, inspiration does visit the struggling writer and speed his pen. Even so, the script of a 15-minute talk takes some two hours to dash off, often twice or thrice that time. Then there is the job of editing it to suit the specified number of minutes, and getting it typed double-space on

NEW BOOKS

		Rs.	A.	P.
1.	History of the English Speaking Peoples Vol. I by *Winston Churchill*	22	8	0
2.	Atoms and the Universe—An account of modern views on the structure of matter and the Universe by *G. O. Jones, J. Rotblat and G. J. Whitrow* ...	18	12	0
3.	The American Treasury, 1455-1955—Prose, Poetry and Song from American life, laughter and literature selected with commentary by *Clifton Fadiman* ...	40	8	0
4.	Cat on a Hot Tin Roof—A new play by *Tennesse Williams* ...	9	6	0
5.	One Foot in Eden—A new volume of poems by *Edwin Muir* ...	7	14	0
6.	A Way of Looking—Poems by *Elizabeth Jennings*	6	6	0
7.	A History of Turkey from Empire to Republic by *M. Phillips Price*	15	0	0
8.	Roger Casement—A new judgment by *Rene MacColl*	15	12	0

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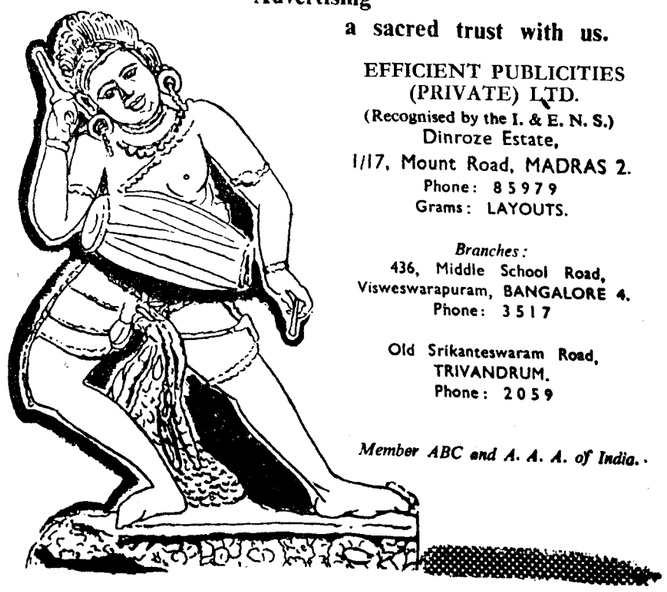
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SHORT STORY

A MADRAS ADMIRAL

By Manjeri S. Isvaran



THE sight was common; yet it was like seeing a bright peacock plume slipping unexpectedly from the book of a sprightly little school-girl; or for its element of surprise, a glittering diamond ring on the finger of a ragged beggar. There was nothing in the hour or the circumstance to foreshadow the revelation, it happened as many things do happen; but inclined to ponder over, it seemed to be one of life's strangest evocations.

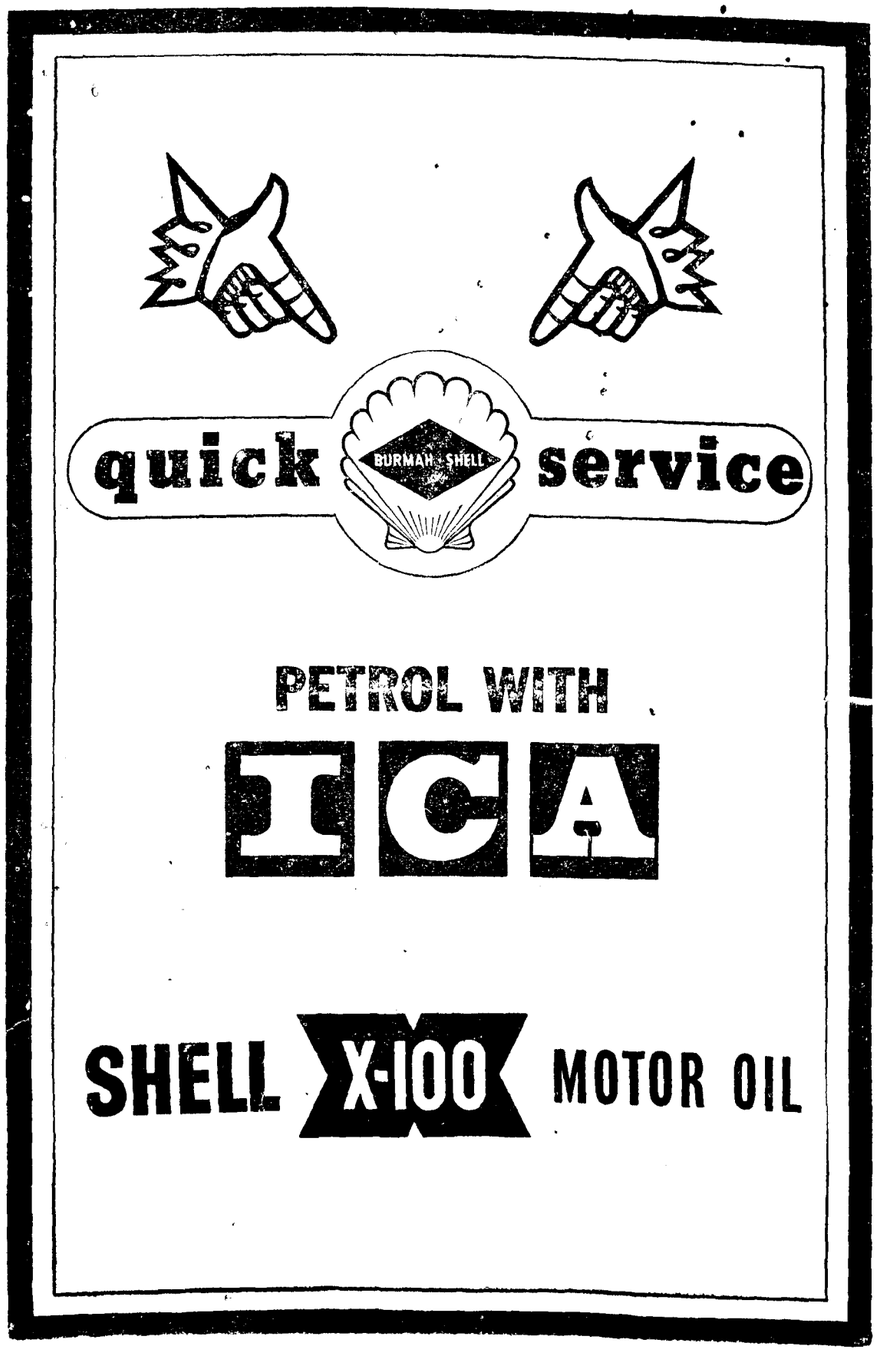
It was the time of the year when the days were getting longer, and a long day was drawing to a close. Rain had fallen till early afternoon, then a sudden sun had dried up the tarred roads and the sky was unrolled as a vast sheet of flawless blue ready to be a manifesto of the stars. Five years ago the German Cruiser *Emden* had bombarded Madras, smashing a portion of the compound wall of the High Court Buildings—one can still see the stone slab bearing the inscription of the bombardment fixed as a souvenir here—throwing the City into a dreadful panic. I remember it all vividly to this day: the petrol tanks of the Burma Oil Company hit by a shell into a raging conflagration which no fire brigade could put out and dying of itself after fifteen hours, the din of the cannonade, the wild exodus of the people, streets near the beach cluttered up with splintered wood and glass, twisted tramcar posts, burrowed walls, barrels of tar honeycombed with bulletholes disgorging their stuff as though the pit of Acheron had overflowed —I remember it all, but more vividly than everything I remember the dead body of a constable attached to the Beach Division who was on beat that fateful night in September 1914, floating in the Springhaven, his skull split open by a shrapnel . . .

But this evening, to my eyes, Madras looked like a new City, not as I had seen it in the shadow of a war, but in peacetime newly planned and built, and the people busying along the thoroughfare were the architects and masons who had raised it with their own hands. What a thought! But the human imagination is such that it can picturize what it wills and wants.

I had stepped out of a grocer's shop with a packet of dried fruits under my arm, on a road in Royapuram to walk to my house which was a mile away northward and more than half the distance within sight of the sea. A nip in the air put extra vigour into my stride; both wayfarers and wheeled traffic were thin along the route at this hour of near nightfall, and I was free to enjoy the loveliness of the lingering daylight as a final enchantment of evening always accorded to man by the passionate sun of the tropics. Clear air, blue sky, bright stars—their beauty is stimulus to the mind for fresh ideas, for flights of fancy, but are these always as beautiful? I am not certain. For my mind while apprehending Nature's charm at that moment suddenly registered the image of that dead constable floating in the Springhaven. But are not the dead beautiful too? Yes, only when they die a natural death, and not violenty as did this policeman his head cleft in twain . . . Abruptly the train of my reflections was sundered by the sharp rataplan of a drum, and I saw a procession emerge from a bye-street into the high road. Even at about a hundred yards away I knew what it was: a corpse was being borne to the burial ground. I stopped. The procession approached nearer. Two sturdy young fellows, walking in front of the drummer, turned double, treble somersaults in the air, while the drummer himself seemed in a trance, his instrument producing such sad, staccato notes, and often so brazen that it looked as though the shindy would make the corpse rise and sit up in its bier. A steady drone travelled over the drumbeats: a low hum which rose from the whispered talks among the crowd of mourners.

I had not moved from where I stopped. While walking or riding on a rickshaw, bicycle, bus, tram, or car, if a funeral cortege met my sight, I have never failed to pause, shuffle the sandals off my feet, and pray for the soul of the dead, irrespective of caste, creed, or colour. I have managed to do the requiescat as unobtrusively as possible, but once I had the misfortune of being caught in the act by a friend who ridiculed me for what he called my mawkishness. Maybe, but I don't mind being dubbed a sentimental bloke; often what in the view of others is a weakness in one has proved to be a more authentic sanctuary than any kind or degree of strength. I am not ashamed to admit my weakness.

The bier had come close to me now. For a moment I shut my eyes and prayed and when I opened them again to look at the corpse the surprise it presented left them lidless indeed—for how long I cannot tell—presumably till it had passed the line of my vision. No shroud covered the body. It was dressed in the uniform of a naval officer of the highest rank —an admiral's to be sure—complete with cap, coat, trousers and boots, and on its side rested a long sword. Its face seemed as ancient as the earth, black, many-wrinkled through the grey stubble of a beard, weatherbeaten; the nose jutted like a veritable beak, as of a bird of prey, and the mouth was drawn in being absolutely toothless. The uniform too looked as ancient as the earth, with the



Caliban's Guide to Madras Bus Transport

By N. S. RAMASWAMI

NOTHING in civic life in Madras City to-day is more notable than the improvement effected in the Government bus transport system. No longer is it an ordeal of the first magnitude to attempt to board a bus. While the citizen will be undoubtedly grateful for the striking improvement, it is not proper that the memory of the earlier epoch should be completely forgotten. Then every intending passenger was nothing less than a hero. This guide endeavours to preserve fond recollections of that heroic epoch. In order to gain verisimilitude the account has been narrated in the present tense.

When the philosopher declared that it was better to hope than to arrive, he could not have had the Madras bus system in mind if only because of chronology. Yet, it will be difficult to find a more suitable motto for the service.

The campaign begins as soon as one arrives at the stand. A mob is already milling there, its components in various stages of irritation, indignation and resignation. One observes with wan sympathy the hot-headed youth in a fever of impatience. The middle-aged gentleman is breathing fire and slaughter, possibly contemplating a violent Letter to the Editor on the iniquities of the transport system. But the experienced campaigner is at once detected by his air of resignation, even serenity. He, more than anybody else, is aware that there is a place and time for everything, especially for so erratic and unpredictable an object as the Government bus.

It would be amusing if it were not tragic to observe that each man at the bus stand eyes the others speculatively as rivals. The athletic frame and the stalwart bearing of the youth obviously bode no good; it is almost certain to triumph in the Donnybrook fair that greets the arrival of every bus. On the other hand, there is scope for satisfaction in the disabilities and frailties of old age. These can be contemptuously spurned aside. Women present a serious problem. It is not difficult to brush them aside and boldly enter the bus except that some stupid people, with a chivalry which is thoroughly misplaced and which cannot be too strongly condemned, stand in the way, hindering prompt despatch. At such a time as this one forgives the dramatist his violence of language when he apostrophised:

> *"Destructive, damnable, deceitful woman."*

There is a strong presumption that he was an intending passenger on a Madras bus. As for children, little thought need be devoted to *them*.

After displaying unexampled heroism and hardihood, the passenger, looking for all the world as if he had fought in Flanders field, his dress nearly torn to tatters, his hair in violent disarray, his spectacles broken, and with one of his footwear missing, effects his entrance into the bus. This is a solemn moment worthy of commemoration in epic verse and not such halting prose as this veracious guide can muster. Of this man it can be said that he has conquered the world. There are no fresh fields for him to conquer. He is indeed much greater than Alexander, misnamed the Great, for the Macedonian never attempted and succeeded in boarding a Madras bus.

The triumphant entrance effected, the wise passenger will now address himself to the equally stern tasks ahead. From the conductor, invariably a polite and courteous individual whom others will do well to take as an example, there issues a steady stream of commands, execration and abuse. He requires everybody to "move up". This is easier said than done. In the first place the individual just in front of one conceives a violent desire to stay where he is. Neither threats nor cajolery will move this immovable person. In the second, there is really no further space to "move up". Yet the exhortation from that flower of knighthood, that pinnacle of courtesy masquerading as a conductor continues unabated either in volume or in richness of reflections on the parentage, the antecedents and the probable future of those who had rashly placed themselves in his hands.

The bus has not proceeded a few yards when it comes to a halt, this time seemingly for ever. For, this is what is technically called a "stage" when the conductor has to issue tickets to *all* the passengers. This process naturally takes time, more so as the man of office has at the same time three verbal quarrels, mostly over change of money, and at least a physical one on his hands. He is convinced that the passengers are his natural and inveterate enemies. The philosophic passenger will, in the meanwhile, almost be suffocated in the midst of the mob inside, find it profitable to pursue the musings which were rudely interrupted at the battle of the bus stand. Fortunately the problems of "foreknowledge, will and fate" require much time for an adequate mental discussion.

After what seems an eternity, but which no doubt is only a few minutes, the bus resumes its way. This is by no means to suppose that it triumphantly reaches its destination. The wise passenger, cogitating on the statement of the Minister in the morning paper that there was nothing defective with the Madras Government transport system and that it compared favourably with those of La Paz, Pernambuco and Bulawayo, though perhaps not (he is not certain) those of London, New York and even Bombay, is suddenly brought to the realisation of the fact that the bus has stopped where it should not have. It then dawns upon that supremely happy individual that his bus belongs to the slender percentage of two or three per cent which the Minister, with a frankness for which he cannot be too highly praised, has conceded has a tendency to break down. Fortified by the glad recollection that his buses on the previous five days had also belonged to this infinitesimal percentage, he alights and assists in pushing the bus ahead. Sometimes the response is satisfactory. More often, however, this veracious guide is happy to confirm that it is not. The bus driver and the conductor look on benignly as his former passengers in a body move up the road as if they were being immediately led to execution. But this guide is not called upon to harrow the feelings of its readers further.

The pleasantry does not end here. The next morning there are again millions of individuals offering themselves for the honour and distinction of travelling in the buses as if the incidents of the previous day had never been. Are not stories told of our forefathers who walked the way to Kashi?

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SWARAJYA

Editor: Bhasa Subba Rau

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OVERDOSE OF SOCIALISM

As a definition of the objective, the phrase, "Socialistic pattern of society" is excellent. Socialism is State intervention for the protection of society's underdogs without leaving them exposed mercilessly to the operation of ruthless economic factors and forces. The main difficulty in organising the administration on Socialistic lines is connected with personnel. As Socialism plays Providence to the community, its essential spirit cannot be implemented except through the instrumentality of very highly evolved Government officials imbued with immense benevolence and an exemplary sense of justice and integrity. Public servants of indifferent calibre cannot fulfil the wide functions and exercise the vast powers inseparable from Socialist planning to the satisfaction of any large body of men outside a narrow circle of favourites. When the Ministers themselves take a hand in distributing largesse under various administrative guises to partymen who have helped or whose help is sought in the elections, there is an end of fairness and security to the common man as automatic guarantees of government.

Under the banners of Socialism, a considerable amount of animus against the big capitalists who are reviled as the enemies of society, is mobilised, but somehow the rich men have a way of flourishing under all systems, even when the transition is from one kind of rule to another diametrically its opposite and even under drastic Socialist patterns. Except in the case of a small number of politicians who have acquired the power to rule, economic power has remained static in the same old hands and registered no change on account of the exit of the British. It is the men of small incomes aspiring to improve them (who may be described as miniature capitalists) that are affected most adversely when systems of government change. The bulk of the people in the country belong to this class. Their very existence depends on individual initiative and free play for their individual capacities. They have not much to hope for under the dismal regimentation which is the advance signal of most of the Socialist patterns of society.

The private property motive of capitalism seems to be inherent in every human breast, and we are not sure that there is any Socialist in the world who has discovered an adequate substitute for at least some sort of minimum of exclusive personal property as an indispensable necessity for comfort and happiness. Even the uncompromising extremists of the Communist brand have appropriated to themselves large chunks of power more valuable than any property, because such power is a more effective means for securing any kind of benefit for which property is desired. The promise of the best way of life for the largest number of people seems to lie in a combination of policies capable of correcting excessive accumulations of wealth without interfering with those incentives to the production of wealth in individuals, such as freedom of enterprise, which may be classed as the most precious and irreplaceable of the assets that stand to the credit of any nation.

The Socialistic pattern which the Congress has taken as its objective will confer happiness, prosperity and contentment on the people only if its protagonists take care not to stifle freedom of economic effort and the hope of achievement inseparable from such freedom. All joy in productive activity springs from freedom of enterprise. The application of Socialism should be limited to policies expressly planned to neutralise the opportunities for exploitation and undue dominance that excessive concentrations of economic power involve and also to the extension of State enterprise selectively just to those spheres where private effort is for some reason or other unable to operate efficiently. Atomic research, for example, cannot be undertaken competently by private organisations because the power of control over people and property for safety purposes that is required for it is beyond the reach of any agency not armed with the power of the State.

Individual intelligence, brain power and talent, left free unregimented and encouraged to work, organise and discover, will lay golden eggs; and to thwart them or control them departmentally is like killing the goose for the sake of the eggs. We cannot, in the present stage of evolution of our ministerial morality and bureaucratic morale, afford the large doses of State execution control of industry in the fascinating name of Socialism. Socialism demands more from individuals and rulers than any other system.

THE SWARAJYA SPIRIT

By G. V. KRUPANIDHI

IT gave me a thrill when I learnt that Khasa Subba Rau decided to name his new journal, *SWARAJYA*. It brought to my mind memories of old associations, old struggles and privations and something also of that old inspiration which, in the early twenties, impelled us, a band of young journalists, to join under Sri Prakasam's leadership and work for his daily, *Swarajya*, during the 12 years of its fateful existence. The word "Swarajya" had a dynamic significance then. At that time, the whole country was echoing to Mahatma Gandhi's clarion call, "Swaraj in one year." The phrase summed up in a beautiful way the aspirations, even more, the determination, of a people at the crest of a revolutionary movement for independence—staking their all against foreign domination, at the same time setting a new glorious example in world history, the winning of freedom by non-violent means. What more inspiring name could there be for a newspaper thus pledged to the service of this revolutionary movement? What greater attraction could there be for youthful enthusiasts like ourselves who had been swept away from our respective professions—law, teaching, service and so on—by the idealistic force of Gandhiji's movement—and were eager to take part in the country's revolutionary struggle? Khasa Subba Rau was typical of that fiery idealistic spirit. It was not journalism as such which attracted those who gathered round Sri Prakasam. It was journalism charged with the specific mission of fighting for the country's independence, for Swaraj which was the cry reverberating in the country then. It was indeed journalism with a definite mission —the mission which even turned Sri Prakasam, a top barrister who had given up his practice to join the non-cooperation movement, into a journalist.

Swarajya was a perfectly apt name, simple but eloquently expressive of its mission, for a newspaper devoted to the independence movement and pledged to serve it unflinchingly, even to the extent of sacrificing itself if necessary, for it could not be true to its name if it compromised itself in any way to the detriment of the movement's spirit and ideals. I am tempted to quote here a letter of appreciation which Pandit Nehru gave to the workers in *Swarajya* in 1931 when he was passing through Madras. His kind words of appreciation gladdened our hearts then, for the Congress, as also Congress papers like *Swarajya*, were passing through a crisis. I have treasured this letter as a precious possession. In his message to us, he wrote:—

> I must congratulate the *Swarajya* on the fine work it has done in the cause of India's freedom during the last ten years of its existence. During this period it has faced many ordeals but relying on the public it served it has carried on, and the public has not been slow in supporting this soldier of freedom. Last year, at considerable loss to itself, it obeyed the directions of the Working Committee and stopped publication when the Press Ordinance came out, and it has duly resumed publication on the expiry of this ordinance. I should like to express the deep appreciation of the Congress for this example it gave of subordinating its own personal advantage to the larger good of the nation and to its subjecting itself voluntarily to this discipline of the National movement.
>
> *Swarajya* has done good work in the past. It has supported many a cause of those who suffer and are exploited. May it continue this good work and may the Indian people whom it serves, help it to carry on this good work.
>
> JAWAHARLAL NEHRU.

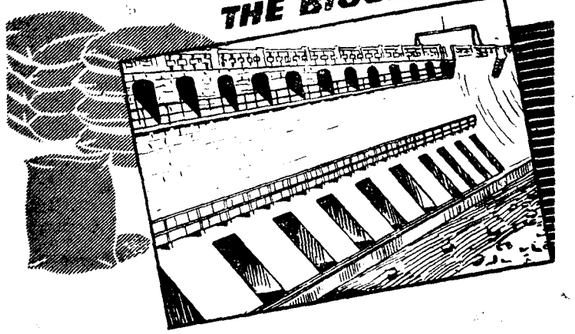
I have quoted this letter at length for a special reason, for it has a lesson for us today, as it had then. *Swarajya* was not able to continue its work, but it is no small satisfaction to those like Khasa Subba Rau and myself who served it from the first and worked in it till about the last, that it did good work and tried to live up to its ideals. The spirit which infused the working of *Swarajya*, to which Pandit Nehru referred, applies as much to conditions today as then. The larger good of the nation has always to be kept in mind.

Why has Khasa Subba Rau chosen the name, *Swarajya*? And what is its significance today? Naturally one asks oneself these questions. It is true that, as the country has already achieved independence, the struggle for "Swaraj" in the sense of political freedom, has ended, but can we forget that there is a much bigger aim still to be achieved—implicit in the very word "Swaraj"? Can we forget that we have to give to every man, woman and child in the country the full content of Swaraj, political and economic, as envisaged by Mahatma Gandhi? The joy of freedom—not only freedom from foreign rule but full freedom as defined and promised in the preamble of our Constitution—has to be brought to every home in the country. I am, therefore, glad that Khasa Subba Rau has chosen to name his new journal, *Swarajya*, for it serves to remind us that the struggle for Swaraj will not be over until this aim is achieved. In fact, it is a continuing struggle which brings with it new challenging problems with the ever-growing pressure of events.

Was it not Pandit Nehru who once said that we should thank ourselves that we were born in this generation—though to many of this generation, as to Nehru himself, it has been a life of toil, suffering and sacrifice, with long periods of imprisonment thrown in. It has fallen to the lot of this generation to witness the emergence of the Gandhian movement which brought out the best in our people and, ultimately, achieved independence for the country. And today, it sees, under Pandit Nehru's leadership, a rapidly developing country—a new India in the making which has won growing prestige abroad and created a new powerful consciousness in the people at home which is in evidence in every field of activity. It is the fortunate lot of this generation not only to see this country shaking off foreign rule and emerging as an independent republic but also to see this political independence gradually growing into a powerful social and economic democracy which is bound to be a stirring chapter in world history. As this very transition raises tremendous problems, problems summed up in the very word "Swaraj", it is well that Khasa Subba Rau has put that very challenging word before himself in starting his new journal.

If one takes one's memory back to the India of the twenties when Sri Prakasam brought out his *Swarajya* as a means of service to the national movement, one can get some idea of the vast changes that have taken place even in the field of journalism. In those days political journalism had nothing to offer but hazards and privations from day to day. Salaries were low and uncertain. No Congress paper could be sure of its existence. It had to fight against tremendous odds to keep itself alive, for neither big business, which in those days meant British business, nor the Government which, being foreign, was relentlessly out to fight the Congress, could be expected to advertise in or support any Congress paper. Those that supported these papers in any way were marked men in the eyes of the "powers that be". If, in spite of all these tremendous odds against them, the papers were able to carry on, it was largely due to the patriotic support of the ordinary people and the spirit of sacrifice and devotion that animated the young men who worked in these newspapers—expecting no reward but happy in the work that they were doing. It used to be a daily struggle, even to the extent of finding the money for the day's postage, but they had always the satisfaction that the paper they produced was of some service to the nationalist cause and helped to forward the Congress movement despite the might of the British power. It is that spirit which Khasa Subba Rau exemplifies. And if that spirit impels the new journal he has started, it is bound to be a powerful influence for good—particularly in the fight against injustice, against prejudice, against small-mindedness and against that habit of mind which puts self above everything else, and more particularly in the task of building up the right mentality for serving the people's good—in other words, genuine dedication to the ideal of "Swarajya".

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A MATTER OF LIFE OR LIBERTY.

By SANTHA RENGACHARY

AFTER all the soul searching there has been intermittently since 1948 when capital punishment was first abolished in Britain, one has now to admit that the attitude of some of the European countries to this question seems much more realistic. January 1957 is going to see the introduction in Czechoslovakia of a new Penal Code in which life imprisonment would be abolished for the reason that it has no "educative character." The death penalty, however, is to be retained.

This indicates a new sense of values. It implies that liberty means more to a man than life itself. A criminal, or as perhaps may happen in countries with one-party governments, a non-conformist has either to die or be returned to society as speedily as possible. Returned for what, one might ask. Presumably to take his place, do the job of work allotted to him and be a useful member of society. It is the Utilitarian concept of Life as different from the Sanctity (or Sentiment-ality) concept of Life. A man's value to society and country depends on the extent of his utility. Those whose capacity for utility is outbalanced by their ability to harm society have to die.

We have heard all the arguments for the abolition of capital punishment—that life is sacrosanct, that the habit of hanging by the neck till dead is uncivilised, that the hanging of criminals does not really act as a deterrent to others and, most telling argument of all, that one cannot rectify mistakes of judgment in the case of a death sentence. The question of the 'sanctity' of life is, however, the only one which does not ring true. The one bitter lesson the 20th century has taught us is that one of the cheaper commodities of nature is human life. In fact at no period of history has human life ever been considered 'sacred.' It has been thought of as mysterious, awe-inspiring, full of wonderful, unpredictable, possible. But 'sacred'? Never. Sacred as, for instance, virginity, childhood or marriage have been held in our country. If human life were sacred, conception would not be so easy. So, I believe it is not the 'sanctity' of human life that the pro-abolitionists have in mind but a squeamishness about deliberately taking it and taking it. It would be ironical were it not so serious a matter. Since when has the citizen of our century become squeamish about taking life? Or of inflicting death? In the testing of atom bombs in the cause of defence or its synonym, Progress, in the blood being spilled in the name of Liberty in Malaya, Kenya, Latin America, in the name of civilisation in the Naga territory in India, in the vanity of the Far East and the fear in Indo-China, is there any recognition of the 'sanctity' of Life or indeed fear of Death?

The pro-abolitionists also argue that no man has the right to judge another and impose the extreme penalty of the law on him. They argue there are factors beyond the mere fact of crime and its motive which man with his limited understanding cannot perceive; that the levels of emotional disturbance which a human mind can touch in times of stress, cannot be gauged. Too true. But as long as we presume to rule one another, to pass laws over one another, to organize one another to achieve the greatest good of the greatest number, it is inevitable we should 'judge' one another. Moreover, the morality of punishment is another subject altogether. Judges are concerned with the factuality of the crime. The morality of punishment is a controversial subject. Starting with the premise that no man is born evil we can lose ourselves in moral argumentation which will lead us into worse chaos.

So the sentence of death is not immoral, frightening or wrong in itself since it is, in a sense, a law of nature and one of the privileges that man is exercising all over the world in one form or another, for one reason or another. But life imprisonment is another matter. Death by hanging or electrocution can be swift. But life imprisonment is a living death lasting years, withering the body, corroding the heart and deadening the spirit. It teaches no lesson. It makes of man a caged beast and, at best, supplies cheap labour to the State. There is no use arguing that in these enlightened post-Freudian days life prisoners have more freedom, that they are kept occupied and busy, that they lead useful lives and earn money. All these are as nothing against the one fact that a man cannot get up and walk out of his prison. We say in jest that "hanging is too good for him" but we never say "life imprisonment is too good for him." It isn't. It does no man any good. The Theory of the Expiation of Sin has become outmoded and illogical in point of duration of time. By imprisoning a man for life society makes an enemy for life.

Why shouldn't we limit incarceration to ten years for any crime and take a chance on human nature?

Then and Now

The Editor of *Swarajya* could have hardly hit upon a better name for his new venture of faith. What pleasant and poignant memories it awakens? The old "Swarajya," indissolubly linked with the honoured name of its illustrious founder Sri T. Prakasam, had a distinct place in Indian daily journalism. Perhaps it was not a great newspaper, judged by rigid technical standards. But it was indubitably great as an organ of opinion. No newspaper of its day had more unflinchingly served the cause of the Congress when it staked its all on shaking, if not shattering, the citadels of British Imperialism. "Swarajya" had fulfilled yet another great function; it singled itself out as the nursery of journalistic talent; it gave not only good lessons in journalism but hard lessons in life.

Not less is expected of the new *Swarajya*.

K. ISWARA DUTT.

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EASY WAY OF CHANGE TO DECIMAL COINAGE

By C. RAJAGOPALACHARI

THERE has been quite a large crop of letters in the daily press about the new decimal coinage proposed by the Government of India. Most of them suggest various devices by means of which they feel that the confusion created by the *naya paisa* may be minimised. It were all very amusing had it been a less serious subject. If but my suggestion could find an openminded and receptive bureaucracy in Delhi to deal with it, all confusion could be avoided and the birth of a decimal coinage in India could be as smooth as normal parturition.

There are always two ways of reaching a point, either the point is brought nearer or we move to the point. The purpose is to relate A to B in the ratio of one to ten. Either we keep A as it is and make B a tenth of A, or we keep B as it is and raise A to ten times B. Either process would give us the desired result. The question to be considered is, which would be more convenient in the circumstances?

The Government of India's proposal is to keep the rupee as it is, viz. at 1 sh. 6 d. in the world market and change all the denominations below according to the decimal system, that is, a rupee shall hereafter not consist of 16 *annas* or 64 *paisas*, but shall consist of 100 *naya paisas*.

My proposal—made not for exhibiting my originality nor out of mere cantankerousness but for meeting the wide-spread confusion that must inevitably follow in the daily transactions of the millions—is that the *paisa* shall remain at its presents value, and we adopt a new rupee whose value shall be hundred *paisas*, that is, a hundred present *paisas*.

In order to avoid confusion I shall in this article not use the word *paisa* which has one meaning in upper India, and another in the South. *Paisa* means in upper India three pies, a sixty-fourth of the rupee, whereas a *paisa* in Tamil is the same as *kasu* in Telugu, or Kannada; that is, it is a third of the upper India *paisa*. A rupee in Madras is 192 *paisas*. I shall call the three-pie piece a cent for the purpose of the present article. According to my proposal the new rupee would be hundred cents and therefore of the value of Rs. 1-9-0 in terms of present Indian money.

The position would be as follows: The present three-pie piece or cent will be worth what it is now. The anna coin will continue to be worth four cents. The two anna piece will continue to be worth 8 cents. The four-anna piece will continue to be worth 16 cents. The eight-anna piece will continue to be worth 32 cents. The pie will continue to be worth a third of a cent, and all these coins of lower denominations than one rupee will continue to purchase just what they now would fetch. The rupee note would gradually disappear giving place to the new rupee note which would be worth 100 cents or Re. 1-9-0 of present money. The new decimal coins that may be issued would be 5 cents, 10 cents, 20 cents, 25 cents, and 50 cents; and they would work side by side with the present small coins without confusion.

Old and new coins would be

(1) the cent (the three-pie piece);
(2) the anna (four cents);
(3) 5-cents (0-1-3);
(4) the two anna piece (eight cents);
(5) 10-cents (0-2-6);
(6) the four anna piece (sixteen cents);
(7) 20-cents (0-5-0);
(8) 25-cents (0-6-3);
(9) 50-cents (0-12-6);
(10) old rupee (64-cents);
(11) new rupee (100-cents).

The old rupee being paper money can soon be made to disappear into Government hands and withdrawn, and for the rest of the old smaller denominations, we can wait indefinitely. The decimal ratio would have been introduced at once in all calculations, these being in cents and naya rupees.

Some critics apologising for the Government of India's plan seek to minimise the difficulties of the 'Ready-reckoners' and to point out defects in my proposal. They ask, "What happens to the two anna bit and the four anna bit in your proposal?" I have already answered this above; they remain at their present value and will be no cogs in the wheel. They can run along with the new coinage as 8 cents and sixteen rents and cannot disturb your new system of 5, 10, 20 and 50 cents but, on the contrary, will be convenient intermediary denominations easily understood and evaluated by the commonfolk without any 'Ready-reckoners'.

Another question has been raised by some. "The Indian rupee," they say, "is a stable and much valued article in the international market, and to shift its value may endanger its stability and its worth." This is, I venture to say, sheer ignorance. The stability and prestige of the Indian rupee does not depend on the coinage system. It depends on the volume of our export and import trade. If that is good and stable, our new rupee will be as good and stable as the old rupee. Old hundred rupees will be exactly 64 new rupees. Old 1,000 rupees will be 640 new rupees.

A third objection has been raised that account-keeping in banks and Government treasuries and tax departments will have to cope with too heavy work if the rupee is appreciated as I propose. This is an absurd fear. Surely the ratio of 16 to 25 is not too big a mathematical job for those high level agencies. On the other hand, is it just for Government to throw all the confusion arising out of a change of system on the heads of the unfortunate millions of our poor folk, instead of themselves coping with the small problem of conversion of old rupee figures into new rupee figures on the simple formula of 16 : 25? This reminds one of the traditional bad habits of throwing the sweepings of one's house pellmell into the public street.

I have no hope that Delhi will change its mind. The plea of 'too late' is ever ready and we have got habituated to accept the fiat of bureaucracy as equivalent to patriotism.



Sotto Voce

One-man Crusade

There was an Old Man of Madras,
Who rode on a cream-coloured ass;
But the length of its ears
So promoted his fears
That it killed the Old Man of Madras.

NEITHER the geographical coincidence nor the gloomy prognostics of the limerick need detain the reader for more than a moment. Poetic analogies must never be pressed too far. We shall energetically hope that C. R. will be spared for many years, so that he may, for the greater joy of mankind, descry and denounce with picturesque vehemence the lengthening of the aural appendages of his successive mounts. His knack of changing his mount in mid career is one that Lear's apocryphal Old Man might well have envied.

In a sense there has been only one steed for this rider. And he has been faithful to it after his fashion. And that steed has always had long ears. In this he resembles the redoubtable Knight of La Mancha whose Rosinante was not the sorry nag, all skin and bone, that honest Sancho saw but the Platonic idea of a horse, unchanging and ineffable. He has never had any difficulty in equating loyalty to the Congress with whole-hogging zeal for the idea that possessed him for the moment. But as rapidly as he fell in love with one idea, he fell out of love with another: he saw its ears alarmingly lengthening.

Dakshina Pradesh is the current enthusiasm. It is as indubitably long-eared as the Uni-linguism, trained by Panikkar and ridden by Pant, that is now to make its last spurt for the winning post. But to C. R. in his present mood it is of paramount necessity to establish that his reigning favourite is not merely of the equine species but also of the authentic Pegasus breed. Even then, was it necessary, in order to exalt Dakshina Pradesh, to picture it as essential for defeating the dark designs of the Hindi imperialists? No wonder the cyrics ask, "How can he have forgotten Stalin Jagadisan?"

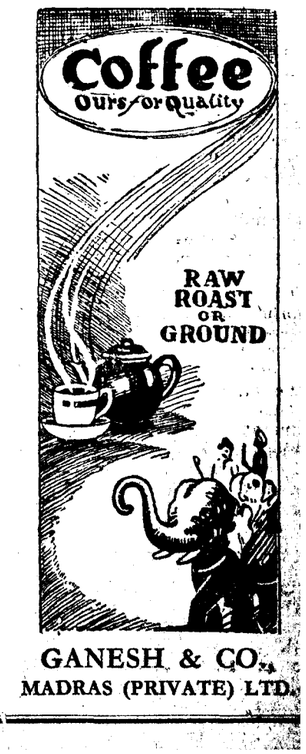
C. R. dreams of yoking the rump of old Madras to Travancore-Cochin. But, though musical inspiration can create a star by adding a third note to two pre-existing ones, Dakshina Pradesh, concatenated by political opportunism, will be neither a thing of beauty nor a joy for ever. The resulting din would, more likely, resemble the caterwauling of Kilkenny cats immursed in a dark room. Why does not Hosur's worthy son serenade under the window of his fellow-Mysorians, if he is so keen on swelling the multi-lingual harmonies of the South? But so far was he from misliking linguistic States or yearning for Dravidastan even two short years ago, that when Andhra went apart he incontinently thrust Bellary out in the cold.

He is now hot under the skin against the hate-mongering in Tamil Nad. If he had shown a little less of that Aurelean detachment and amused tolerance towards his old Salem crony when the Apostle of Self-respect began smashing idols and preaching the forcible ejection of the Brahmans we might have been spared the lawlessness that is endemic today. But the remedy for this is not the creation of the bi-lingual prodigy for which C.R. has fallen. An infusion of Kerala is hardly likely to make the cup less bitter for the baited monorities. After all it was the crusader from Parasurama's country who first rallied the hosts of Dravidia. That apart, whom possibly can C.R. placate with Dakshina Pradesh, since his old friend E.V.R. has now in all due form abjured Dravidistan?

Whimsical philology in search of Ur-Dravidia, febrile nightmares of the Hindi ogre and the Northern Polyphemus, doleful prophecies of the rise of a new Moghul in Delhi are the stock-in-trade of the hate merchants. These bogeys can hardly be expected to persuade the sceptical simply because C. R. has borrowed the entire outfit for the nonce to fight his lone battle. If linguistic division can make "dialactal states" which must ever be at each other's throat will not Andhra and Kannada be still there to carry on the feud with C. R's favoured amalgam? What earthly chance would there be of all of them combining against the Northern Colossus?

We all know the silly ambition of *Saamraajya* that the Hindi fanatics entertain. But the danger of the North oppressing the South is far less than that of apostles of pseudo-kultur of the sub national variety beginning to dream imperial dreams. It is Vice regal megalomania that has always been our political bane. No bloated Pradesh, Dakshina or Uttara, for us, I say. It is One Desh and one only that we want, with reasonable small administrative units and inflexible will to put down lawlessness. If we had that we should no more hear of the prancing and posturings of the wild men of the D.K., the D.M.K. *et hoc.*

VIGHNESWARA.



SIDELIGHTS : :

THERE was no need for the Executive Committee of the Tamil Nad Congress to pass a resolution calling upon all Congressmen not to involve themselves or the Congress organisation in the controversy over Dakshina Pradesh. This is one of those ineffective resolutions that indicate the exact contrary of what they seek to convey. For the resolution itself implies that Tamil Nad Congressmen are already involved in the controversy they are asked to get out of. To be involved in a controversy is to have one's mind drawn into it on one side or other of two conflicting viewpoints. Is it possible by command to restrict the scope of operation of any mind, or make it think in one particular way and not another? Mental processes cannot be amended in this way by organisational exercises of disciplinary authority. The only way in which they can be influenced is by logical deta or intellectual persuasion. Both call for freedom of discussion. Freedom of discussion as an aid to the formation of opinion is an essential condition of sound democracy, and the Tamil Congress leaders did not act as good democrats in passing the resolution they did. They overlooked the fact that thought cannot be suppressed arbitrarily. Its expression only can be suppressed. The suppresion of the expression of thought will only breed political hypocrites who will be careful to mask what they really think with a contrary impression. It cannot but prove fatal to the health of a party.

If the aim was not to disturb the electoral fortunes of the Congress, the party bosses could have advanced it by simply stating that Dakshina Pradesh is not an issue in the elections. They could prove it further by choosing candidates belonging to both sides of the controversy. Nothing is gained by an artificial ukase to create an illusion of unanimty that is not there and that can, in the circumstances, deceive nobody.

Some have said that Dakshina Pradesh is a dead issue. It might not be actually dead, but it is not quite so much alive as the [illegible] it is making might lead one to think. It is the anaemic lump of the colonial State it could have been, if doctored skilfully in time at the first sign of impending disintegration. How can one sympathise with this rather belated affection of the present excited aspirants for a puny Dakshina Pradesh for it will be no better even if their dreams are realised in the light of their supreme indifference when Andhra broke away. They egged Andhra into separation and some of them were positively delighted when the Andhra leaders went out. Dakshina Pradesh, with Andhra included, would have been mighty. Without it, so much heat and passion for its sake seems scarcely worth while. It is like straining at a gnat after swallowing a camel.

The real moment of defeat for the idea embodied in Dakshina Pradesh is not now. It came when the leaders now fighting for it agreed to the suggested dismemberment of Hyderabad without raising a little finger in protest. Hyderabad is the supreme example in the heart of India of a multilingual State flourishing in amity and blossoming out into a composite culture. It furnished a vision in advance of what Dakshina Pradesh could be in a different terrain. The disintegration of Hyderabad is tantamount to the destruction of the concept of the multi-lingual State, and thereafter nothing could stem the rush of passion for unilingual separation. The Chief Minister of Madras was discreet beyond his compeers while he stood, uncommitted, in calm planning, but when he himself plunged into the dialectical conflict, it lost its placid flow and became a turbulent torrent. After that, when others were called upon not to do what the Chief Minister had done, it simply completed the circle of contradictions.

Dr. A. Krishnaswami took me the other day to a meeting of the Pachiyappa's College Students Union which he addressed. It was a delight to listen to the fine flow of his eloquence. On every point he touched (including Dakshina Pradesh) I found myself in complete agreement with what he said. Of particular interest was his panacea for rehabilitation of the small businessman whom he commisserated greatly for the raw deal he was getting under our Socialistic pattern. He assailed vigorously the Madras Government's policy of having a State workshop to attend to repairs of buses of the City transport system. If this policy were reversed, the whole neighbourhood, he said, could have been converted into a busy beehive of prosperous motor mechanics. He reinforced his favourite theme of regional development in the South with a dismal prognosis. Within a year, he prophesied, three-quarter million Tamils would quit Ceylon and migrate into the peninsula. Accustomed to higher living, they would not be pledged to non-violence. To avoid chaos the Government should plan for large-scale industrial employment from now on. These words of caution, it is to be hoped, would not be lost on the authorities concerned.

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POST-WAR JAPAN: I

By V. K. NARASIMHAN

(Sri V. K. Narasimhan attended the recent Asian Editors' Conference in Tokyo as a representative of The Hindu.)

A BRIEF stay of two weeks, one of which was almost wholly taken up with attendance at the sessions of the first conference of Asian editors and journalists, is perhaps too short a visit for anyone to form decisive opinions about the conditions in a foreign country. All that one can have is a series of fleeting impressions and what follows is nothing more than an account of them.

Arriving at Haneda airport on a rather chill and wet night in March is not perhaps the best way to be introduced to Japan. The long trip from the airport to the city is through an area which has no striking views to offer. An unending row of low wooden houses carrying here and there display signs in Japanese was more suggestive of poverty than opulence. Even Tokyo itself, despite its great natural beauty, is not half as impressive as Bombay as a city of affluence, judged only by the test of the number of its multi-storeyed buildings. But I wonder whether any city in India has anything equal to Tokyo's famous Ginza, which is a blaze of glory by night.

Eleven years after the end of the war, one sees very little of the havoc of war in Tokyo. This was in striking contrast to what I saw in Germany in 1953, where the devastation caused by the air raids was still all too plainly and grimly visible in every major city from Frankfurt to Dusseldorf. There has been tremendous rebuilding of all the war-damaged areas in Japan. A most remarkable achievement was the new eight-storeyed premises of the private corporation which runs the overseas radio communications of Japan. A thoroughly modern building, I was told that every equipment in it had been manufactured in Japan—striking evidence of the industrial recovery which Japan has made since the end of the war. Japan, like Switzerland, is peculiarly endowed by Nature for the development of electricity and the industries based on it. Cheap and plentiful supply of hydro-electric power compensates largely for the absence of many vital raw materials. Apart from textiles, which have long been Japan's special field, the electrical equipment industry is one in which Japan has made remarkable progress.

And who visiting their giant department stores, comparable in every respect with their counterparts anywhere in the West, will fail to marvel at the Japanese capacity to produce anything under the sun? These stores with their eight or nine floors displaying every type of article from shoelaces to television sets, crammed with bustling humanity, mainly women and children, are the most convincing proof of the economic recovery which Japan has made after a war in which she lost all her colonial empire and suffered considerable damage in her homeland. My companion, a veteran editor from Travancore, could not help exclaiming every few minutes that in another ten years the Japanese would be the most powerful nation in Asia. Their quiet efficiency, their discipline and devotion to work and their ability to master the latest developments in technology seemed to him to represent a combination of qualities which few other Asian nations possessed.

This does not of course mean that Japan has no serious economic problem. It is indeed all too obvious even to a superficial observer. The intensity with which small patches of land are cultivated, the enormous numbers of persons employed even by small firms, and the peculiar organisation of cottage industries employing every member of the family from children to the most aged—all testify to the problem of overpopulation in the country.

A curious aspect of the Japanese economy is the absence of sharp contrasts. One gets the impression that the country is predominantly a land of the middle class. The almost universal picture outside the main cities is that of families with a house and a small plot of land, a shop occupying the front part of the house, while the farm is in the rear. The family runs the shop and the farm and also engages itself in some cottage industry or other.

The strange blending of giant modern enterprises with small undertakings co-ordinating in an ingenious way the family labour of various groups is a peculiar characteristic of the Japanese economy. A remarkable instance of this is furnished by the newspaper industry itself. While there are giant newspapers like the *Mainichi* and the *Asahi Shimbun*, with circulations of four million each, which in their organisation and technique are as advanced as mass circulation papers in the West, there are also small circulation dailies produced as a form of cottage industry. There are dailies in Tokyo with circulations of 10 to 20 thousand which have small editorial offices—manned practically by the members of the family,—whose "copy" is set up in a small composing establishment. The printing is done in a different printing press, which is more or less a family show. The printed copies are folded in another place with all members of the family lending a hand. The folded copies are stamped and distributed by yet another family group. The perfect way in which the different operations are timed and the manner in which the labours of different groups of families are harnessed for the purpose of producing and distributing a daily newspaper are a marvel. I doubt whether in any other part of the world such a thing has been attempted at all.

Another curious aspect of Japanese economy is the absence of wide disparities between the salaries of people at the top and those at the bottom. While the wages of unskilled or semi-skilled workers are higher than those prevailing in India, the salaries of the men at the top—whether they be managers of factories or editors of newspapers—are considerably less than those of their counterparts in India. Whether this is the result of a conscious process or not, it has enabled many Japanese establishments to provide employment to a much larger number than would otherwise have been possible. It is remarkable, for instance, that a paper like the *Mainichi* has as many as five hundred reporters working for it in Tokyo alone. Nearly all of them draw salaries averaging that of a stenographer in India (about Rs. 150 a month excluding conveyance and similar allowances).

(To be continued)

COMPANY OF GENTLEMEN, UNLIMITED

By SANTHA RUNGACHARY

THE Commonwealth of Nations is putting the United Nations to shame. It is a friendlier and freer association of people than the UN has so far proved itself to be. The UN has tended to become commercialized. Its genesis was wholesome and healthy enough but somewhere along the way in its ten years of growth its focus of dedication became blurred. Principles of brotherhood, equality and justice have been obscured by hazy notions of economic righteousness and political security. Its very size is hampering its fair and free growth. It has acquired so many politico-economic ramifications that it has ceased to be either flexible or uniform.

The Commonwealth, on the other hand, has hardly any rules or restrictions or ancillary appendages. Its Constitution, like the constitution of Great Britain, is unwritten. There is no monetary contribution involved, no consideration of giver or taker, no question of debt or gratitude. It is not a formal association and so there is always scope for improvement and adjustment. In a Commonwealth conference there is full and frank discussion but happily no decisions are taken nor are any signed pledges given. Tempers are under control and nothing drastic is ever said or done, the conference is not a tribunal. It is merely a meeting of gentlemen. Even when the members agree to differ they still behave like gentlemen. As has been said, hypocrisy implies a standard of decency. There is often no unanimity of outlook but the members try to achieve at least a certain degree of harmony. There is less compulsion in the Commonwealth than in any other existing association of peoples. The Inter-American System of which high hopes were held unfortunately degenerated into a General Disagreement on Trade and Tariffs. The Commonwealth Conference is not a successful conference in the sense that anything positive and concrete is achieved in its deliberations but it works easily and without unpleasantness. At best its results are vague which just about suits its purpose. No one member is allowed to dominate the conference or impose his views and attitudes on the others. A good deal of trouble was unobtrusively taken at the recent conference, we may be sure, to keep Mr. Nehru and Mr. Strydom at a discreet distance from each other. And though Britain showed marked respect for the views of Mr. Nehru on the larger issues confronting them all, Sir Anthony Eden held his own private consultations with the other prime ministers on matters pertaining to their particular countries.

The Commonwealth Conference achieves only this, that its members understand exactly where they stand with each other and realise that there is more than one way of looking at a problem and that it takes all sorts to make a peaceful world. In the Commonwealth conference we see the practical working of the policy of co-existence.

* * *

It was certainly a great honour that was accorded our Prime Minister in being offered the Freedom of London City. But a more significant courtesy — from the point of view of the protocol-conscious British—was also shown him. He was placed next to the Queen in the official Conference photograph which has just been released. In the last Conference photograph he was second from the right, or perhaps it was third. Republicans might think this gesture as of little consequence but we must remember the Queen plays a curious role in British public life. The working of monarchy in Britain is an example of the tyranny of the many over the one. There is a great deal of affection and loyalty in it but it is tyranny all the same. The British public likes to dictate (through their representatives in a constitutional manner, of course) how their Queen is to bring up her children, whom the members of the Royal family are to marry and with whom the sovereign may associate and be seen in public. When Mr. Bulganian and Mr. Khrushchev visited Britain not long ago the question of an official reception at Buckingham Palace inevitably came up. A section of British public opinion was outraged by the very idea of their Queen according the Russian visitors official welcome which might be taken to imply official *approval*. Another equally positive and vocal section was in favour of doing practically everything for their guests except tuck them up in bed at night. So a compromise was arrived at and the Queen invited them for lunch at Windsor Castle.

In photographs taken at previous conferences the Queen had been flanked by Australia on one hand and Canada on the other with New Zealand and Britain itself within arm's reach. That was as it should be. It was the British way of looking at things, part of the British way of living. The British way of living is most evident in four aspects of their life—their attitudes towards their Royalty, towards war, towards each other and towards foreigners. The British definition of a foreigner is simple. Any man or woman not of Anglo-Saxon stock is a foreigner. And they have as a nation a deeply-embedded complex about the rightness of British attitudes. And they treat foreigners with a mixture of condescension and good humour. Virginia Cowles in one of her books relates a typical incident during the war. When France fell she returned to England in a ship which had picked up a variety of nationals on its way from the Cape. German aircraft attacked them on the way but luckily they were still afloat when their gallant vessel docked at the English port. Quite a reception awaited them. There were flags all over the place and cheerful old ladies dispensing buns and tea. A little while later some forms were distributed among the new arrivals stamped REFUGEE. "I am afraid there is a mistake", pointed out Miss Cowles. "I am an American journalist." The lady addressed paused briefly in her busy duties. "Anyone who is not English," she said firmly, "is a refugee."

So it was a specially courteous gesture to make Mr. Nehru, Citizen of London City to be sure but still a foreigner, stand right next to the Queen in the official photograph taken at the Commonwealth conference.

DISCREPANCIES IN THE SECOND PLAN

By SARANGA

THE very bulky document which contains the final version of India's Second Five Year Plan, is in point of draftsmanship considerably superior to its bulkier predecessor. This is partly due to the long discussions with the large number of foreign experts which had helped to formulate the issues involved in precise terms and partly to the open debate in the country since the Plan-frame came into being over a year ago. Yet it is remarkable, considering that clarification was sought on the various issues in the Plan by a number of people at all stages, that there is still so much of vagueness left over, to be dispelled only in the process of implementation. Nothing could be more disconcerting than the fact that a note emanated from the highest quarters of the Planning Commission itself, questioning the very basis of the agricultural targets accepted without question all along. Curiously enough, the note was not put forward as an expression of second thoughts on the subject of agricultural development, after taking new and unexplored possibilities into account. The idea of attempting a 40 per cent increase in agricultural production arose only as an answer to the doubts raised about the country's capacity to undertake a Plan of the magnitude now proposed and to finance it. If indeed a 40 per cent increase in agriculture was deemed even at the outset as worth attempting, if not wholly as feasible, then there would have been no doubts at all about securing a rate of increase in national income of 25 per cent, or 5 per cent per annum. With a 40 per cent increase in agriculture, a 40 per cent increase in the national income also would become possible because the other sectors can more easily yield an equal rate of increase. Considering that this higher rate in agriculture is now regarded as feasible even with the present outlay, all the calculations made in the Second Plan about capital-output ratios would become meaningless.

The Mussooree Conference of Agricultural Ministers has naturally found it difficult to endorse these belated thoughts on our agriculture, though it was compelled to review the problem afresh with a view to exploring the scope for increasing targets. Similarly, if the 18 per cent increase in agricultural production is not regarded as sufficient to meet the dangers of inflationary financing, an increase of only 18 per cent in the production of factory-made consumer goods will hardly prove adequate. But this is all that the Plan now provides for, even though it has been observed that there was a 28 per cent increase in consumer goods during the First Plan period, when the size of deficit financing, as of total financing, was less than half of what is proposed for the next five years. The Government's cloth policy was hitherto bedevilled by the Ambar Charkha controversy and now that the hopes raised by the charkha have been put into perspective by the Khera Committee, a drastic revision of targets of factory production may be necessary. It may also be necessary to permit a larger investment in other consumer goods industries in the private sector than has been now proposed because of the emphasis on the manufacture of capital goods. At any rate, for an increase in the total money supply, which may be of the order of 35 to 40 per cent over the present level, the increase of all consumer goods including food and cloth cannot be less than 25 per cent, especially when it is generally admitted that there must be some scope for living standards to rise with the incomes accruing as a result of development.

When the Plan took shape and was finalised, it was possible to erase the unseemly question-marks put across certain assumptions and allocations, only through two devices. One was to tell the Ministries and State Governments, which demanded more funds for their schemes, that more will be found if the allocated sums were spent in the first three years. This was as good an answer as any in the circumstances, but the doubt remains as to how such excessive expenditure can be incurred at all, if the phasing of the programmes is based on the original allotments. The scheme of annual plans was another device to meet the difficulties involved in undertaking the implementation of a Plan much larger than what the 'visible' resources indicated as feasible. But these devices can hardly provide convincing answers to the discrepancies in the overall relationships between production and deficit financing, taxation and resources for the private sector and transport facilities and the targets.

The Plan will thus virtually continue to be in the melting pot. The new cement prices will, for example, involve a revision of the estimates of projects. The major irrigation and power schemes will go on as before; the heavy industrial projects in the public sector and the railway development programme will also be executed as rapidly as the Government machinery can move and foreign assistance becomes available. These are the firm parts of the Plan because they have priority. The result would be that part of the expenditure on Social Services may be curtailed for want of funds, particularly because the State Governments will not be in a position to meet by themselves more than a third of the outlays they have proposed for expenditure in the States' sector.

Among the less certain aspects, which will figure large in future discussions will be the adequacy of transport facilities, not only for the new needs of the projects in the public sector but also for the expanding economy, in which a larger agricultural production as now envisaged and manufactures in the private sector can be easily moved. Regional balance is another vague idea thrown out in the Plan; it has to be worked out in concrete terms if adequate emphasis has to be laid on the development of all areas. Till now, the climate has never been propitious for a fair approach to the role of the private sector in development; the practical compromises with the existing stand—as expressed in the new Industrial Policy Resolution—which have to be made in the next few years may mitigate the effects of the strict and doctrinaire approach involved in the assertion of the primacy of the public sector relatively and absolutely.

THE RECENT SPATE OF RESIGNATIONS

By S. NARAYANASWAMY

'Tis all a Chequer-board of Nights and Days
Where Destiny with Men for Pieces plays:
Hither and thither moves, and mates and slays,
And one by one back in the Closet lays.

Omar Khayyam.

NOBODY likes to don the dismal mantle of Hamlet and go round dispensing copious doses of pessimism. This is a task which is just as well avoided in a country which often mistakes pessimism for realism and in the process takes the urge for adventure in all fields out of the few that possess it though it is perfectly true that there are other means by which such urges are being presently exterminated in India. It is therefore with a melancholy awareness of the dangers of adding to the considerable output of pessimism in the country that I approach the theme of the intended and announced relinquishment of key offices by men who have played a part in India's affairs.

We have just worked through three months of the sixty-month calendar of the Second Plan. In the shaping of this Plan, Mr. Chintaman Deshmukh has played a significant part. The most complex of assignments under this Plan is the securing of targetted resources. Financial circles in India and abroad—I refer only to quarters regarded as decidedly friendly to India's economic aspirations — have been expressing their mild misgivings about the probabilities of revenue surpluses obtainable by fresh taxation at the Centre and the States. Mr. Deshmukh has throughout the last long session of Parliament been at great pains to explain the why and wherefore of the financing aspect of this Plan with a clarity and an elaboration of detail that has rarely been excelled. We were under the impression that Mr. Deshmukh would be at the financial helm of India during the difficult period ahead. This, alas, is not to be. On the comparatively narrow issue of a linguistic group grievance he has decided to quit his Finance Ministership.

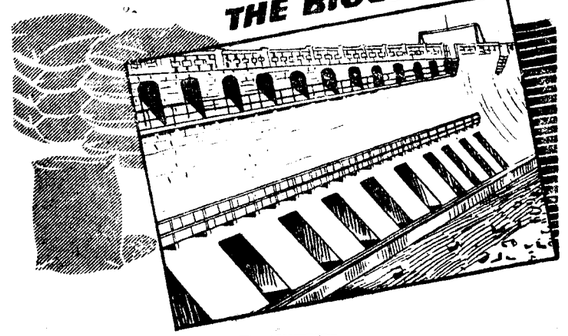
There has been a great deal of back-stair gloss on the Bombay issue being only the last of the provocations for Mr. Deshmukh. Recent whispering campaigns have maintained that Mr. Deshmukh has not been in agreement with the Prime Minister on several important matters, that he has found the P.M. resistance mercurial changes on financial policy matters, no doubt under pressure of that great octopus, the Congress Parliamentary Party. There is of course little doubt that Mr. Deshmukh has had a hard time elucidating to and convincing that "easy, difficult and hard-to-please" body—the Lok Sabha Congressites—quite a few of whom are highly opinionated and fancy themselves charged with diverse sacred missions, of whose earthshaking importance they are firmly persuaded. It must have been a wearing process. An infant democracy in swaddling clothes must be expected to be a little naughty and difficult, but Mr. Deshmukh is reported to have displayed great tact and forbearance as part manager of this nursery. It is therefore all the more sad that he should be leaving.

There have been numerous comments on the Deshmukh resignation—but the most remarkable have been those that appeared in India's financial press. For some years—since Mr Deshmukh took over the Finance portfolio—one section has maintained that Mr. Deshmukh was a good banker but is not so good a Finance Minister. His recent taxation measures, his none-too-complete implementation of the Taxation Commission Report, his *obiter dicta* about business and industry—all these do not exactly accord with his intrepid, frankly expressed and forcible views on doctrinaire approaches to economic problems contained in his Reserve Bank Chairman's speeches. It is agreed that Mr. Deshmukh has a right to change his views—as every one has. Have economic developments in India over the last 7 or 8 years been such as to compel Mr. Deshmukh to act like the trick-rider in the circus, who discards his clothes one by one as he rides standing on a fast trotting horse? The financial press has been intrigued by Mr. Deshmukh's recent attitude—by his unsuccessful efforts to please the fire-eating extremist crowd in Parliament and perhaps more understandably by his more recent animadversions to the private sector—in the course of the Company Law Bill. If the financial press has been in parts vitriolic, it views the future with ill-concealed anxiety — for Mr. Deshmukh's knowledge and experience and his great lucidity of mind have been great assets if his intrepidity and economic vision have not been all that we might have desired, Mr. Deshmukh's resignation is, all told, a deplorable development in the present phase of our developmental activity—and more specifically as we embark on uncharted financial seas, with the Kaldor Report and the rest on our hands. His successor has to be a man of great political prestige and some financial acumen. More than anything else, he must be endowed with a capacity for steam-rolling without seeming to do so, over extreme points of view.

* * *

We have then the resignation of Dr. John Matthai from the Chairmanship of the State Bank of India. The speech at the Bombay Rotary Luncheon which preceded this resignation was regarded as a meteorological forecast of his intentions. It was in keeping with his innate refinement and high sense of responsibility that he should have declared his pre-occupation with Bombay University affairs as the reason for quitting the State Bank. Credit institutions, irrespective of their stature and their longevity, are delicate plants to be carefully nurtured and protected against the gales and high winds of half-informed or uninformed discussion. It is said women and banks do not bear talking too much about—and this sound principle has compelled Dr. Matthai to hang his hat on the convenient peg of Bombay University Jubilee. There is not much doubt that he has been sorely annoyed by the amount of gratuitous "advice" he has been inundated with recently. He expected non-intervention in internal affairs. Obviously he did not get it. It is a great pity that the premier bank of India—the prima donna of India's credit structure—should have lost the services of Dr. Matthai who brought to his assignment, vast and varied experience as one time director of Tatas, Chairman of the Tariff Commission, and later Finance Minister and Chairman of the Taxation Enquiry Commission. He stepped down a gentleman every time, with undiminished idealism and zeal, from the most trying offices in India and this is more than we can say of most in a country which has been adding to its large collection of frustrated tall poppies. His resignation, as that of his Managing Director Mr. Handoo, must bring home vividly and disconcertingly to our elected representatives in Parliament as to the party bosses, the peril of making credit institutions the football of frivolous political debating. The need for reticence in some matters need not be lost on even our politicians. One can only hope they will spare us the unseemly spectacle of a puerile debate on whether the Managing Director of the State Bank is not receiving too high a salary—when what he is receiving today confers on the bank a tax-saving of two and a half lakhs of rupees over that of his European predecessor—and whether a thousand rupees a month one way or the other will change the destinies of the Bank. It would be worth the legislator's while to harness his capacity for vigilance, in seeing to it that the tax-payer's money is not squandered in the manner outlined in the Public Accounts and Estimates Committee Reports and in the reports of the Auditor-General. We often hear about these cycles of squandermania four or five years after they have occurred. Prompter post-mortem reports may still help restrain financial irresponsibility. Let us not therefore sacrifice the very small supply of Deshmukhs and Matthais in India—by the exercise of unbridled curiosity or uninformed intervention. India's manpower is large—but we are very very short of men of the right calibre. Let us not in our effort to contribute to the national weal, become unaware of the precious human material we are jettisoning.

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CITY LIGHTS

By N. S. RAMASWAMI

IT has been said that every man born is either a Platonist or an Aristotelian. A more valid division of humanity will perhaps be that it pertains to either Mylapore or Triplicane. These are not mere geographical divisions, but two ways of life. It adds to the piquancy of living in Madras City that these two concepts should be diametrically opposed to each other.

Triplicane lies to the north of Mylapore, for the intervening area of Royapettah is an impostor worthy of neither of the two philosophies in the midst of which it impertinently ekes out an existence. This very contiguity has promoted a tempest of inimical passion between the true Mylaporean and the genuine denizen of Triplicane. But, being above all polite persons, they express their incompatibility by means of mutual sneers, innuendoes and sarcasm. Never has there occurred any physical combat between them, though this extreme resort may help them in relieving their feelings.

The Mylaporean has faults, but in his slightly self-righteous manner he thanks God that his ways are not those of the detestable Triplicanite. There is a widespread feeling in the stately homes of Mylapore that the hated neighbour is a charlatan and a pretender to omniscience while his ignorance is all too obvious. Triplicane is the true home of pretended cleverness, non-existent smartness and alleged ingenuity.

The characteristic Triplicanite would have been a worthy individual and an ornament to society but that nature or the spirit of the times appears to have supervened in his development to higher forms of life and living. He would fain be knowledgeable, he is merely a scholiast; he would like to be considered competent and ingenious, but most likely he descends to be a trickster. Many forms of activity suffer a seachange in that locality.

Such, it is often argued in the boudoirs of Mylapore, is the gravamen of the charge against the Triplicanite. It is difficult to say whether this is justified. What is undoubted is that there has long subsisted an irreconcilable enmity between the two areas. This will scarcely cause any surprise; for, nothing can be more galling or irritating to pontificating intellectualism than irreverent scepticism. The dreadful truth—Mylapore can never forgive it—is that the pretensions of Mylapore are rejected in Triplicane, which would set up a tradition and an authority of its own.

Intellectualism sits enthroned in Mylapore, but it is apt to be self-righteous. It is convinced that the moon shines more brightly in its area than elsewhere in the world, a conceit for which Plutarch's Athenian has been laughed at. It has decided to its own satisfaction, if not that of many others, that it represents the quintessence of culture and learning. It is scarcely aware of the existence of such barbarian lands as Nungambakkam or Kodambakkam; it has a nodding acquaintance with the other resorts of the bourgeoisie, Mambaiam and Adyar. But it is certain that it has not so much as heard of such unregenerate Ethiopias as Georgetown or Muthialpet. It is firmly convinced that the centre of the world runs through Luz Church Road.

More Penguin books are sold and read in Mylapore than in any other area. But it may be doubted whether it is deeply acquainted with the Everyman series. Its tabernacle is the Ranade Library, where every form of intellectual excitement is efficiently catered for. The most startling, the most unlikely theory of the origin of the Australian bushmen, the newest concept of chromosomes, are propounded there to the delight of the vast multitudes who throng the hall to the very door and are deeply satisfied that they have manifested a form of superiority to the philistine Triplicanite.

It is thus that the unregenerate vessel of wrath in the neighbouring area would interpret the highest aspirations, the noblest sentiments of Mylapore. It can, therefore, cause little wonder that neither should take kindly to the other. They are agreed that the intellectual leadership of Madras City belongs to them, but they are agreed in nothing else.

This is an inveterate quarrel in high places and only fools will rush in to adjudicate where angels may fear to tread. It may, in fact, be doubted whether any such adjudication will not be the means of reducing such gaiety as has survived in Madras City. The hostility causes little harm, but it produces much good. It lends vivacity to life. Blood may boil in the Mylaporean or the Triplicanite at any development in the persistent battle, but the onlooker may permit himself to be entertained at the bloodless combat. There comes the Mylaporean, steeped in thought, his brows almost, if not quite, crowned with the olive leaves of intellectual primacy, for he treads his way through the traffic, his mind immersed in the profundities of a Penguin Special. He has no ears or eyes for the mundane world; he is deeply discussing with the author the latter's new principles of the origin of the alphabet. But he is not so abstracted that he will not eye with disdain the oncoming impertinent Triplicanite who makes no secret of his contempt of these intellectual processes. If the latter does not quite cock a snook at the reverend student, it is not because of lack of desire. The learned scholar breathes fire and slaughter as he stalks away while the ragamuffin (I speak figuratively) pours on him a wealth of ridicule by signs. It is such encounters that lend piquancy to the streets of Madras, and it will be an evil day when the lion sits down with the lamb. Fortunately, neither Triplicane nor Mylapore can ever come to an agreement which of them is the lion and which the lamb.

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LAW'S DELAYS

By V. P. RAMAN

OVER 700 years ago, King John of England solemnly promised his subjects in the *Magna Carta:*

> "To no one will we deny justice, to no one will be delay justice."

Nearly 300 years ago, the poet Otway lamented:

> "Justice is lame as well as blind amongst us."

Last century, Gladstone thundered:

> "Justice delayed, is justice denied."

Today the Law Commission of India devotes a whole section of its questionnaire to "Delays", and invites helpful comment from the legal profession and distinguished members of the lay public.

It seems we are yet to reconcile ourselves to the inevitable. No administration is prepared to admit its incapacity to abolish an evil that is inherent in the very concept of justice as it is commonly understood. The purpose of this article is merely to point out that the remedy lies not in any amount of reform of procedure or practice but in changing our fundamental notions of justice, which *ex hypothesi,* we are not prepared to do. We are not prepared to define justice as a viewpoint that is patently correct; we continually talk of justice as an impartial *ascertainment* of rights, with consequent remedies to be secured. *Audi alteram partem* (Hear the other side) is a maxim of natural justice, the actual or suspected violation of which renders whole proceedings liable to be quashed in writ petitions by the High Court. My point is that as long as we insist on both sides being heard, and on both sides having an equal opportunity to utilise the resources of law each in its own favour, justice will always be a languid affair.

I may illustrate with an example: Take the simple case of a man owing money to another. The lender wants his money back; the borrower is elusive. The lender comes to court. His idea of justice is naturally an immediate decree in his favour, if not its immediate execution as well. Any delay in this, and the lender readily joins the chorus that inveighs against the slowness of justice. Now view the same case from the aspect of the debtor; his interest is equal and opposite to that of the lender. The maximum delay in the case being heard or decided, the maximum delay thereafter in the execution of the decree—these constitute the debtor's notion of justice (to him). The same case may be modified, if the debtor has a really good defence; say, the lender had actually lent only half the amount disclosed on the promissory note. Then, while the lender's idea of justice is a summary decree for the entire amount claimed, the borrower's notion is a decree for half the amount, after a full and complete enquiry into the case, with all incidental delays. After the decree, at the time of execution, the lender may still find his attempt to get his money thwarted by proceedings in the executing court, which 'without going behind the decree' still can keep going round and round it for long enough to exhaust the plaintiff. We thus see delay in justice sought to be avoided and prevented by the one party, but equally sought to be fostered and connived at by the other. If the law was such that the lender was able to go to court, get an order straight in his favour, and take the bailiff the same afternoon to the debtor and attach a few articles—well, that would certainly be lightning quick justice. But would we call that justice?

Then there is the question of the right to appeal to a higher court. Our concept of justice, and one on which we pride ourselves, is that every litigant should have the right to appeal to a higher tribunal, so that errors of the trial court may be corrected and 'justice' done ultimately. If any statute bars an appeal, or denies access to the courts over a final order of a duly constituted authority, the high courts have got to face the issue squarely in scores of writ petitions—whether such a clause would not amount to a denial of justice itself. A way out is found by invoking doctrines of jurisdiction. Finality can be given even to wrong orders, but never to orders passed without jurisdiction. A pretty legal phrase, no doubt, but from the standpoint of delay it comes to the same thing—the matter is not done with once and for all, but is kept perennially alive in court after court. Suppose we were to provide in our laws that in specified classes of cases, there would be just one court to hear the dispute, and no sort of appeal provided. That would undoubtedly gladden the hearts of those who want speedier justice. But would we call that justice?

Perhaps it might be said the remedy is in the hands of the lawyers, who should not, once they are convinced about the opponent's case, use their ingenuity to protract matters, or take the matters up in appeal to higher courts. But this takes us on to nice questions of professional ethics: whether an advocate can abdicate his functions as a pleader and be judge for a while to weigh proprieties. The almost universal answer has been No. In spite of all the platitudes that a lawyer is an officer of court, he continues to be very much a hired labourer, giving of his best to the one by whom he is retained. It is true that much of the delay in the rendering of justice can be obviated if the legal profession as a whole resolves to help, without considerations of individual loyalties to the litigants. But this is not practical politics, and will not work.

So our idea of justice being what it is, delay is inherent in it, and cannot be avoided, unless we change our notions about hearing the other side, or giving a right of appeal. The very safeguards provided to prevent miscarriage of justice act as millstones round the neck of justice, making its progress sluggish. Can we discard these safeguards as mere ballast—and let the course of justice be swift but uncertain in direction? No. Justice accelerated is justice let loose.

SWARAJYA

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REVIEW

A JOURNALIST LOOKS BACK

IN *The Street of Ink* Sri K. Iswara Dutt recounts his struggles and achievements in journalism and describes the men whom he came across, with all the matters and memories connected with them.

After initial struggles in Sri Prakasam's SWARAJYA and a brief spell at "the golden threshold" of *The Hindu*, he crosses the Vindhyas in search of fresh fields and pastures new. Though his youthful ambition to serve under Chintamani whom he at first idolised was fulfilled, he did not stay long with him and had to leave him after a clash on a point of conscience. He seems to have found his element only in the *Twentieth Century*, a serious, high-class periodical, modelled after *The Round Table* and *The Contemporary Review*, which he started with Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru's help and conducted successfully for over a decade until he preferred to neglect it for an easy and interesting publicity career under Sir Mirza Ismail, first at Jaipur and then at Hyderabad, where his brief sojourn was not an unmixed blessing to him. After bitter experience in that "troubled State", he migrates to Delhi (or converges on the capital, as he chooses to put it), which has ceased to be distant since. His four or five years' service on *The Hindustan Times* was quite useful to the paper's literary section, though it was not all smooth-sailing for him. He did not anticipate that his greatest expectation was to bring him the bitterest disappointment when he was asked to edit the *Leader* (in the editorial chair of his former chief, Chintamani), which he had to leave in circumstances, on which he dwells at length in this book. Back in the capital, he is in what he describes as "literary retirement" in which he can look back on his professional career without tears or malice, while waiting for something to turn up. The best place he is fitted for by taste, temperament and training is that of the editor of a literary periodical, or that of the literary editor of a big daily for either of which there seems to be little scope in this country just now.

The Street of Ink: by K. Iswara Dutt, Triveni Publishers, Masulipatam, (Andhra State), pp. 264, Price Rs. 7/.

While any man has the right to choose his personal idols or political affiliations as he does his brand of cigarettes or coffee, the author's unlimited faith in the political wisdom of the titled liberals strikes one as misplaced, if genuine. That is why probably, as Sardar Panikkar remarks in his foreword, the political picture that emerges from the book is neither complete nor satisfying, as it is peopled more with the faint shadows of yesteryear than the real leaders of the day. While, early in his career, he realised that the Andhra University office was not the Andhra University itself—despite his admiration for C. R. Reddy—he had not, obviously, been able to achieve a similar discrimination in the case of the stalwarts of the liberal school of politics before whom he burns a lot of incense. One is impressed by the author's adaptability to changing circumstances and adjustment to varying conditions of life. Otherwise, he could not very well serve masters as different as Prakasam, the Maharaja of Pithapuram and the Nizam of Hyderabad.

The changing pattern of the Press is well depicted by the author who rightly feels that while we have now bigger and better papers in point of production, we have smaller editors and the soul is rather still and stifled. While the old giants like Kristodas Pal, G. Subramania Aiyer, Motilal Ghose, Chintamani, K. Natarajan and Horniman are not to be seen, we still have brilliant editors with a personality of their own. The crusaders might have passed but the craftsmen, worthy of their hire, are still to be seen, though they are comparatively few and far between. The fine pen-portraits that he gives of the 'Gentlemen of the Press' are among the most delightful portions of the book.

Talking of the Journatist as Scholar, he instinctively turns to Sri N. Raghunatha Aiyar than whom, "there is none more erudite in our ranks, none who so liberally smells of the classics or carries with him the weight of encyclopaedias. In bringing to *The Hindu* the flavour of *The Times* and the fervour of the *Manchester Guardian*, nobody has, within the last twenty years, played a more decisive role." Of the mercurial Pothan Joseph, to whom journalism is "more a profession than a mission and more an art than a vocation," he has this to say: "He has brought to it all his superb gifts as a writer and a *raconteur*—and like the inimitable G.K.C., a laughter-shaken pen, the jingle of a jester's bells and the music of a singing heart. Add to them, a joyous spirit and a generous mind, and we have Joseph at his best." He regards Frank Moraes ("Ariel" of the *Times of India*) as the "alluring" type, who "can even be elusive." "He has a lively pen and writes with an ease and elegance that should be anybody's envy . . If his wing sometimes beat ineffectually, they always flap beautifully . . ." Of the sea-green incorruptible M. Chalapathi Rau (of whom he writes much and often) he speaks with just admiration. "At a time when there were too many assaults on editorial integrity and independence, he has stood up like a man who has since his schooldays mused on the fate of Danton at the guillotine. He is many things rolled into one (writer of prose and verse, satirist, columnist, leader writer), and particularly two things: he is both a craftsman and a crusader. . . . His best is yet to be . . . . and what he has so far revealed of himself is less than what he has concealed."

Whether all the facts brought together in this well-written book are already known to the older journalists or not, it is certain that younger members of the profession, not to speak of the general reader, would find them very useful. Especially now, when reporting tends to be a form of glorified stenography and subediting is becoming indistinguishable from mere capitalising or summarising and speed is all that counts, leaving no incentive for the penpushing artisan to grow into an artist, if he has the spark in him, aspirants to original writing and authorship would derive encouragement as well as enjoyment from this very readable story full of reminiscences and reflections. The personal angle adopted and the human touch that is brought to bear on it serve to enhance its general appeal.

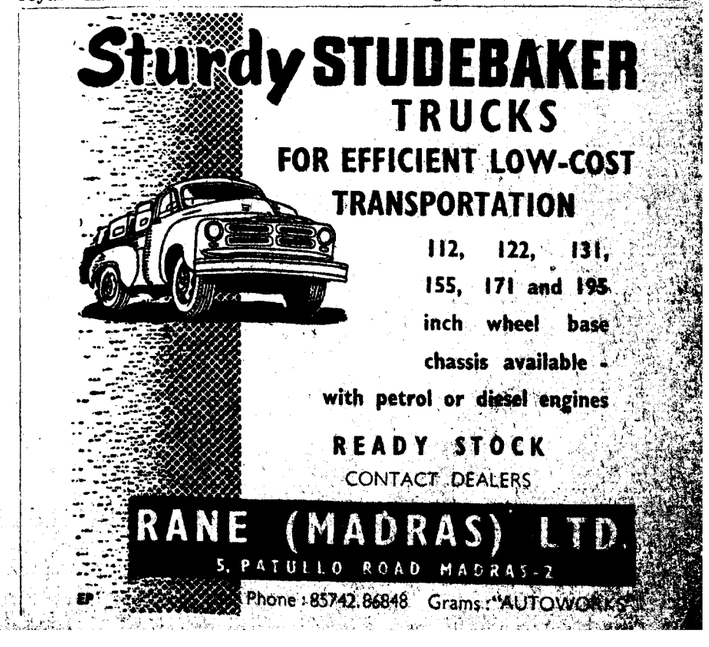
D. ANJANEYULU

CHIKKA-UDAYA

By Dr. N. VENKATARAMANAYYA

THE life and activities of Chikka Vodeya, one of the founders of the Vijayanagara administrative system, are very little known even to the small band of scholars who devote their time to the study of our past history. He was a contemporary of Vidyaranya and Sayana, and toiled hard with them to place the newly established kingdom of Vijayanagara on stable foundations. He was an erudite scholar in Sanskrit, Telugu and Persian; but he did not take interest in scholarly pursuits. He devoted his time to the study of economic conditions and endeavoured to promote the agricultural prosperity of the country. He dug tanks and canals, some of which survive until today, to ensure the supply of water to the thirsty fields; he reorganised the village government and infused fresh life into rural population. The Raya in appreciation of his services raised him to the position of Chikka Vodeya, that is, deputy king, and entrusted to him the civil administration of the kingdom.

Chikka Vodeya was the son of humble Brahman parents of the village of Nandavaram in the Kurnool district. His original name was Anantarasu. As his father died when he was a boy of tender years, the onerous task of rearing and educating him fell upon his helpless mother. She obtained work in the wealthy families in the village and its neighbourhood and earned enough to keep herself and her young son from starvation. Anantarasu was a precocious lad; he learnt the Vedas, studied Sanskrit and Telugu classics under the local pandits, and acquired a knowledge of Parsi from the Moulvi in charge of the mospue of his village. When he was a boy of twelve years, one of the junior ministers whom King Harihara deputed had to tour the kingdom, came during the course of his peregrinations to Nandavaram, and described to the elite of the village how Harihara and his younger brother Bukka were gathering, at the instance of the great sage Vidyaranya, scholars from all parts of South India to investigate the Vedas and explain the character of the ancient Hindu Dharma which had become obscured after the advent of the Muslims. On hearing the discourse of the minister, Anantarasu resolved to go to Vijayanagar to seek service under the sage Vidyaranya. Accordingly he left his village for good and wended his way to the capital. When he arrived in the city, he discovered that Vidyaranya was on a visit to Benares. He however resolved to stay in the capital until Vidyaranya's return and sought shelter in one of the numerous choultries where he could obtain free boarding and lodging. One evening he lay down upon the pial in the front veranda of the Baichappa Choultry facing the Tungabhadra and fell asleep. He was awakened soon by the *talaris*, who began to roll him over on the hard granite floor. He was asked roughly whether he could read and understand the Persian language. On his giving the answer in the affirmative, they dragged him along with them to the palace and pushed him into a big hall where in the centre a personage of royal mien was seated on a couch. As soon as Anantarasu was pushed into the room, King Harihara, for it was he, gave him a folded sheet of paper and commanded him to read aloud its contents and explain their meaning. Anantarasu obeyed the royal command. It was a firman from Firuzshah Tughluq, the Sultan of Delhi, announcing his accession to the imperial throne and calling on the princes and nobles of the empire to hasten to the capital to pay him homage. When he was apprised of the contents of the firman Harihara bade Anantarasu go and himself retired to the apartments of the chief queen where he wished to spend the night. A few days later the chief minister who was on a visit to the provinces returned; and the King informed him of the arrival of the firman from Delhi and ordered that a suitable reply should be sent to the Sultan without delay. The firman, however, could not be found and the King could not remember where he had placed it. As the matter did not brook any delay Anantarasu was again summoned to the court and was asked whether he could give them the substance of the firman which he had read a few days earlier. Anantarasu replied that he could give the very wording of it and recitated the



entire text without leaving out a single syllable. That night the King went again to the apartment of the chief queen and as he lay on his back upon the couch, he noticed a folded paper stuck in the frame of the mosquito curtain. Then he remembered how on his former visit he had thrust the Sultan's firman into the frame of the mosquito curtain intending to take it with him the next day. Next morning, it was found on examination that the firman was identical word for word with the text dictated by Anantarasu. That made Anantarasu's fortune.

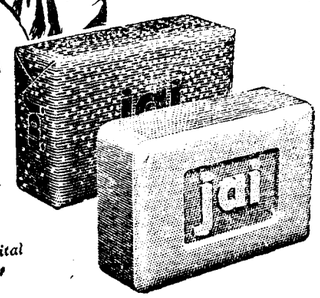
The King and the chief minister were so impressed with the intelligence and memory of Anantarasu that they immediately took him into service. He rapidly rose to power and held several offices under the Crown until he became the Prime Minister of Vijayanagara. Of the many works which he executed, the fort of Penugonda, the huge tanks of Porumamilla in the Cuddapah district and Bukkasamudram and Anantasagaram in the Anantapur district, still survive as outstanding monuments of glory.



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Letters to the Editor

DESPERATE RUSH FOR SEATS IN SCHOOLS

Educating one's children has become very difficult even at the secondary school stage. There is a terrific rush on all schools, and in schools which have a good reputation the demand for seats has outrun the available supply by 10 to 1. Headmasters and headmistresses are frantically trying to do their best and take in as many as they can but their efforts are consistently thwarted by the inconsistent orders they receive from time to time from the Government. While some school authorities are trying to increase their strength they receive orders from the Government cutting their existing strength under some rule or other. The local municipal school authorities who have been trying to get their accommodation increased for the last two years find that a portion even of the already insufficient accommodation has been diverted for the benefit of some other institution. People wait for hours at the school gates trying all sorts of recommendations to get their children admitted. The authorities seem to have done little or nothing in this matter except to pass some stupid regulations making the position worse

No civilized country can tolerate this state of affairs. While everybody today blames the school authorities, and the Government, nobody seems to raise his little finger to alleviate the situation once the admission time is over. I have not heard of a single conference convened so far to discuss the situation which is very grave and deserves to be fought on a 'war footing'. Isn't it time that parents everywhere got together to discuss the situation and suggest a constuctive approach to this serious problem? We have overcome the food famine and the cloth famine since our independence. But now there is a countrywide famine for education. It has reached such a magnitude here that 1,500 students are thrown out on the streets and given transfer certificates without any reason being assigned!

R. V. RAGHAVA RAO

Vijayawada

HINDI AND ENGLISH

Speaking on Hindi Prachar in Hyderabad Dr. Rajendra Prasad is reported to have said:

> "No self-respecting Indian would vote for the retention of English in its present position, now that India was a free country. The Constituent Assembly, therefore, chose Hindi unanimously as India's State language. . . . So long as they depended on a foreign language for governmental or other work on all-India level, their freedom could not be said to be complete."

Anything coming from the President of India has high authority and should be capable of almost universal respect. It is, therefore, somewhat unfortunate that he should have questioned the self-respect of Indians who preferred English to Hindi. Sri C. Rajagopalachari once claimed that English was one of the languages "given us by our Goddess Saraswati" and pleaded that we should not give up English because it was a universal language, the language of modern science, modern politics and modern scholarship in all branches of life. Many an Indian with high modern education shares the same view, without loss of self-respect.

The view that English is "foreign" and Hindi is "Indian" may be questioned. "Foreign" has relevance to nationality. The British national is a "foreigner" in India. But the English language, like any other language or item of knowledge and technology, has no British or other nationality, even as it had no race, religion or sex. Granting that English is "foreign", is it necessary to eschew it when we are greedily welcoming much "foreign" science and technology, and sending Indians to foreign countries and inviting foreigners to India for the purpose?

If the Constituent Assembly adopted Hindi as the State language unanimously, it may not be overlooked that it was preceded by bitter controversy. Unanimity in the circumstances does not make the decision either wise or sacrosanct. No such controversy preceded the unanimous adoption of the Fundamental Rights. Nevertheless, Fundamental Rights have been amended almost every year, and every time to make them less fundamental than before! The Constitution is meant for the people, and not the people for the Constitution. English should be retained as the national as well as the international language, as its merits warrant it.

P. KODANDA RAO

Bangalore.

Publisher's Note

THE reception given by the public to the inaugural issue of SWARAJYA exceeded all my expectations. As all the copies printed were quickly sold, requests for specimens could not be met. Those concerned, kindly excuse failure in this regard.

Sri C. Rajagopalachari contributed greatly to the large demand with his gracious blessing which by accident got publicised in advance in the daily press. The opinion of the great is a yardstick with which the public measure the worth of a new venture, but they do not give it to be thanked for it. I refrain from overt thanks, reserving its expression to faithful implementation of the principles of disinterested freedom of discussion enunciated by him.

It is found that bank charges eat into the subscription amounts, a fact not taken into account at first by oversight. Will subscribers kindly add 12 annas to their subscriptions when they are paid by cheques drawn on banks outside Madras City.

May I appeal to every subscriber or purchaser, if he likes this journal, to enlist another?

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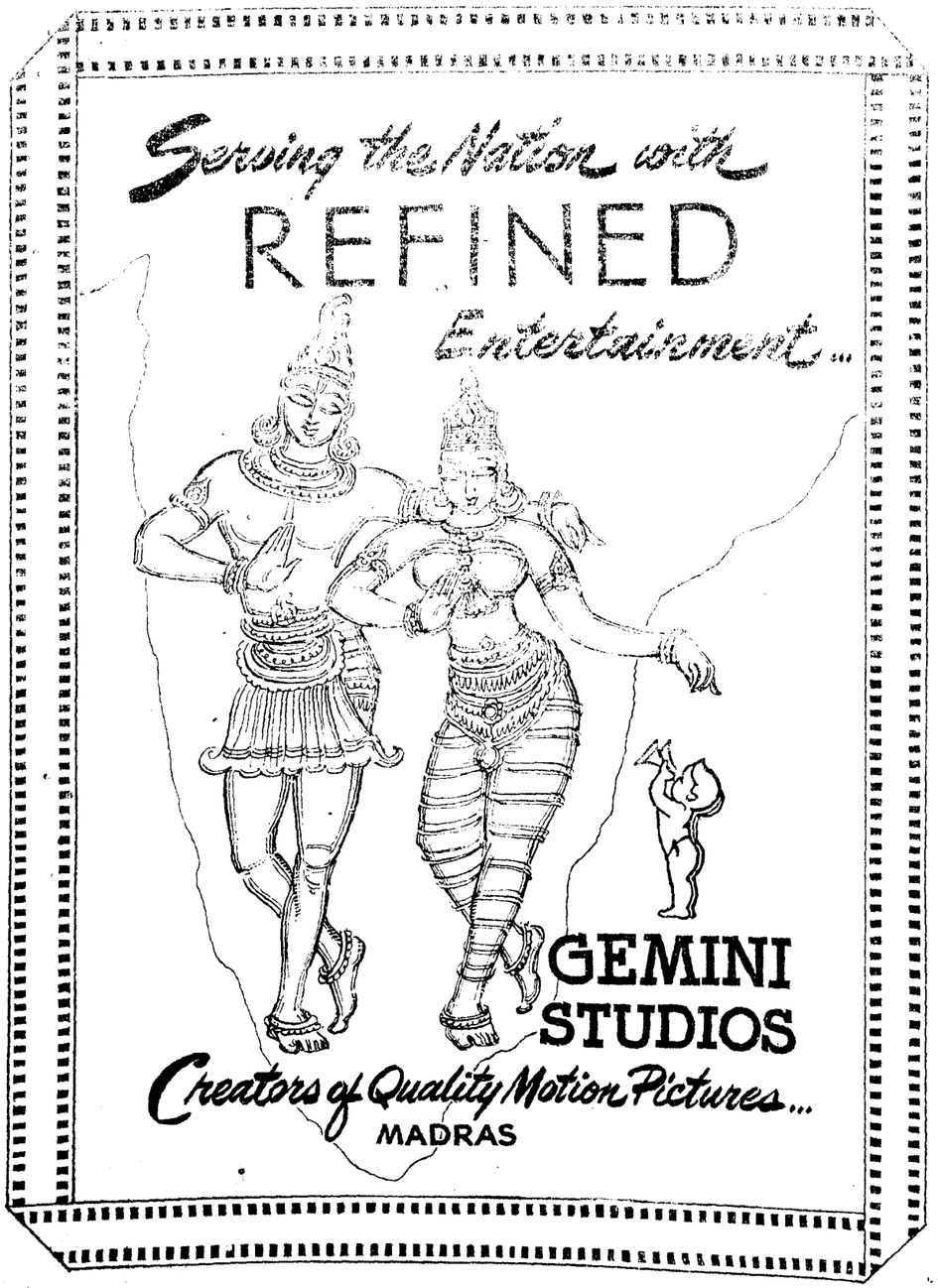
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Editor: Khasa Subba Rau

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THE SCOURGE OF THE SECOND-BEST

THE railway disaster near Hyderabad does not seem to be wholly due to unforeseeable accident. Negligence seems to have contributed its own share to the disaster. It is clear from the reports that have been published that, barely a month ago, at the very spot where the tragedy has now occurred, repair operations had been conducted by the railway authorities. There have been lately far too many bridges and buildings built under official auspices that have given way far too frequently and far too quickly after their construction, defeating the anticipations of the experts concerned as to their durability. The expense ratio of these structures have also been conspicuously on the extravagant side. Sri Kumaraswami Raja is not ordinarily given to violent public condemnation of official management. But the goings on at the Damodar Valley Corporation have extorted even from a man of his habitually mild disposition a denunciatory outburst of such vigour that even the confirmed opponents of the Government, unalterably dedicated to the besmirching of its fair name, might have felt thrilled by it. It is clear that the accumulated force of a continuous series of disillusioning experiences have broken the restraints of party loyalty in Sri Raja's case, but for one observer like him breaking out into an outburst shattering the inhibitions of customary discipline, there must be innumerable others in various stages of revolt and repulsion that have not yet summoned the courage or the disinterestedness for proclaiming the unpleasant truth within their comprehension.

This situation calls for urgent action, especially because the inadequacies coming to light in engineering works are by no means of an exceptional kind but represent a universal malady of the time that has spread its noxious influence into every branch of human effort such as medicine, education, administration and legislation. The Prime Minister has called attention just now to the need of planned education if the prospects of the Second Five-year Plan and of other Plans to succeed it are to be rendered auspicious and propitious. He should integrate the complaints that have emerged from observers like Sri Kumaraswami Raja and the experiences reflcted in them with the known verities of official policy under Congress rule and evolve safeguards likely to yield better results in future.

We have no lack of training institutions. But the quality of the personnel turned out by them has not come to much because of wrong principles of recruitment. Everywhere, under cover of encouraging the backward to some extent, but more largely due to fanatical communalism and a chronic perversity of outlook that has become settled in the habits of the men in authority, second and third-rate favourites are being preferred to their more meritorious rivals in the filling of positions for discharge of important responsibilities in the State. The result of all this is that we have legislators without social conscience, doctors who kill more patients than they heal, administrators without a sense of justice, engineers without skill and bridges and buildings that collapse more consistently than they last in serviceability. In the various sorts of havocs overtaking people through the pampering of inefficients, all are struck equally and there is no special protection for the benefit of sections whose members have been placed in charge.

Disasters cannot be countered with expenditure, nor is social good achieved with administrative machinery manned with defective governing personnel. In nine years of independence we have with enormous fussiness multiplied our institutions, and in the process piled tax on tax, but the net results have brought neither joy nor happiness to the people of the liberated country. The scourge of the dominance of the second-best has destroyed the content of freedom for us, leaving in the hands of its fashioners only loud instruments for propaganda that get louder at election time.

Price Page Schedule

The price page schedule, which the Government have taken the power to fix on newspapers under the Bill that has now been passed by Parliament, is based on wrong psychological calculations. The Press Commission conceived this schedule as a means of improving the economic chances of the smaller paper. They thought evidently that if the size of the big papers is restricted, their volume of advertisements too would be diminished correspondingly, and the advertisements they would forego in this manner would be passed on to the smaller papers.

In arriving at this supposition the Press Commission would seem

to have drawn on the experience of the war years: At that time there was plenty of money going round. Industrialists were in a state of buoyant optimism. They took delight in distributing largesse among newspapers, big and small in a spirit of undiscriminating lavishness. That phase passed, and with the advent of the Socialist pattern under Gongress rule, the industrialists have lost their old effusiveness and become extremely selective in their investments on publicity campaigns.

The price page schedule may hurt bigger papers by forcing them to lose circulations by having to sell at higher prices. They may thus be compelled to forego a part of their advertisement income. But there is no guarantee that their losses would be redistributed in accordance with the equities favoured by Dr. Keskar, and his inspirers, the Press Commission, so as to leaven out the disparities between high and low in the newspaper world. It is certain that the operation of the price page schedule will curtail the prosperity of the more prosperous newspapers. But it is by no means certain that it will bring any extra measure of affluence to papers poised on precarious economies.

It does not seem to be a worthy endeavour in this way to bring down to lower economic levels the well-to-do elements of the Press. After all, the richest newspapers in the country are not so rich that the Government need embark on mopping tactics to bring them down in the economic scale. The circulation of the most successful of Indian newspapers barely touches 100,000 copies. They are far behind the gigantic progress achieved by their European and American counterparts whose circulation figures belong to the category of millions. Barely 4 million readers buy newspapers in India out of a potential strength of 40 millions capable of being converted into the newspaper reading habit. Turning their backs on this vast potential market, the clamorous apostles of the price page schedule have their jealous eyes fixed on the limited success of a very small number of newspaper undertakings—enviously they seek to grab a share out of it ignoring the vaster and richer openings available to them and to all out

(Continued on page 3)

PHYSICIAN, HEAL THYSELF

By C. RAJAGOPALACHARI

"PANAMA Canal is America's property," says Mr. Dulles and does not mind the contradiction between that and his attitude over Egypt's Suez. Nor does he mind what the State of Panama has to say about it. The way in which Panama was set 'free' from the Colombian Republic of which it was a department and how America obtained all sovereign rights over the canal area from the newly set-up Panama Government and the lightning sequence of these events are known to students of modern history. But America claims Panama for herself and contends also that it should not be treated as furnishing any parallel for the Suez business. All this is power logic which we dull people in Asia find it hard to understand or follow. From the arguments naively advanced on behalf of the Western Powers over Suez, it is only a short step forward to claim all the oil wells of the Middle East with ancillary political control!

The propaganda against Nasser and the output of Suez literature from the Western bureaus of information continues. By the sheer weight of the written word they seek to overwhelm Egypt. "Gather together at once, all ye who are interested in world-trade, save yourselves form ruin by ousting Nasser!" cry the Western powers.

But what has Nasser done? He has not stopped the least little bit of the navigation through Suez. On the other hand the old company backed by the moral authority of both U.K. and French Governments are seeking to organize or at least threaten a dislocation of the canal, thereby hoping to prove that the Government of Egypt cannot be trusted to manage it. We have had an experience of this sort of thing. All the I.C.S. men withdrew when India claimed the right to administer our affairs. "We cannot be in India after Britain withdraws" they declared, and in addition claimed and obtained heavy 'compensation'. Many of them have taken the money and are still employed on higher salaries than before in commercial firms functioning in the same India where they said they could not stay.

But the most funny part of this affair of Suez is that people who break the law in a far more deadly and terrible way arraign Egypt for the alleged breach of morality involved in the nationalisation of an important high-dividend-yielding business. The Powers who continue to spread radio-active poison damaging the health of the world in spite of universal protest because they must do it to further their own wretched plans of 'security' through possession of improved means of mass destruction—it is these lawless powers that raise this noise over Egypt's claiming what is her own territory and a canal business which she is desirous of managing herself instead of letting a European managing director to boss the show in Egyptian territory.

We feel that Goa should not be governed by Portugal when all India is free. Can we not understand Egypt's desire to free Suez from the foreign rule that is going on there under her very nose? If Atlantica is at war—cold or hot—with Russia, must the guided missiles carrying radio-active poison-shells fly over the heads of those who are not in the quarrel? Must we depend on the accurate marksmanship of mad people and the precision of their diabolic weapons and feel safe? Must we allow the seed of man to be damaged because America is afraid of Russia? Must we all wait because 'much' damage has not as yet been found beyond doubt to be done? We are told that the observed contamination of milk and vegetables all over the world is not serious Must the burden of quantitative proof rest on innocent peace-loving people? It is astonishing how dense our sensibilities have grown as the powerful nations of the world persist in wrong-doing. We continue to use moderate language when all international law is before our eyes being slaughtered on the altar of Western fear. It is time we cast off this illusion of inevitability respecting the nuclear crime indulged in by the Powers, be they of the West or East. It is time we tell the wrong-doers that they come to court with clean hands to arraign others.



Sotto Voce

Scribbler's Circus

OUR Socialist Sircar has, as icing for the cake, an Education Minister who is the pink of aristocratic perfection. He has made Arts and Letters his special care. The swift dark tides of "People's Democracy" may have swept princes and patrons into oblivion. But the forlorn tribe of scribblers and daubers in India has found in him a Father Christmas. National Awards and divers Akadamis, books for the Bairns as well as books for the Brainless, translations to be produced by turning a handle—no Christmas tree was more prolific or unpredictable with its burden of toys.

* * *

But the Maulana never forgets his Socialism. He is firmly convinced as any of his colleagues that what this country is suffering from is not anaemia but a too plentiful supply of tumultuous blood. Socialism is the grand art of applying leeches all round. He is convinced that nationalisation of industries and "socialisation" of agriculture will not by themselves suffice to set up the Divine City of Equality. With a bureaucratised education and a disciplined Press we shall have artists, writers and other temperamental folk organised as an obedient circus.

* * *

The Copyright Bill now before a Joint Select Committee of Parliament deals with territory which, like Caesar's Gaul, falls into three parts. They are authorship, radio and the cinema. The radio, you will not need to be told, is the "favourite wife" and the Bill sees to it that it thrives, if necessary, at the expense of the others. For these hilly uplands of the mind, as for the Press, there will be a separate Proconsul with his legions, to cherish and chastise. A Registrar of Copyrights and a Copyright Board will add to the volume of employment.

* * *

You will be theoretically free as hitherto not to take out a certificate of registration. But if you don't, you may find your book being pirated under your very nose. The new law is a positive invitation to all and sundry to do so, and the courts can give you no remedy. Registration will merely make it easier for those who wish to despoil the author to get at him. While in Britain they are considering extension of the term of copyright from 50 to 60 years from the death of the author, the Maulana has decided that the maximum term here shall be 25 years.

* * *

His Deputy engagingly explained to Parliament that these and other similar changes were "in the interests of the wider society to which they all belonged". Even in Britain they have found that authors cannot climb to such heights of altruism. A Penguin edition of 50,000 copies, with a nett royalty of £500 may just help to keep his head above water the author of a novel which in its first publication achieved "a success of esteem." An "edition" of any Indian publication, other than prescribed school texts, rarely exceeds a thousand copies, which with luck may sell in twenty years, bringing the author, who is usually his own publisher, a tidy sum of a hundred rupees. He almost never has a second run of even such luck as this, and almost never goes into a second edition.

* * *

"But hold your soul in patience: the State monopoly of publishing, which is surely coming, will make every accepted author a best seller". Ay, there's the rub. Unless he is prepared to grind out stuff that will be politically unobjectionable and lend itself to mass production and mass consumption, he might more profitably turn tinker or tailor. Even a journeyman of letters who must produce pot-boilers because he is capable of no better may choose to give the State machine a wide berth, because the dyed in the wool writer is a born individualist. He will then find to his mortification that he can be compelled to license publication of any work in such conditions and on such terms as the Copyright Authority may deem proper. "The life-blood of a master-spirit" is to be put on a par with a patented shoe-horn.

* * *

Genius which will not fit into the official strait-jacket will of course continue to enjoy the freedom to starve in a garret. The Bill modestly pats itself on the back for a provision which would have enabled Milton to re-buy *Paradise Lost* from his publisher by repaying the original sale price of £10 with interest—how considerate we are to the capitalist-publisher!—after seven years and before ten years from the date of publication. But suppose *Paradise Lost* had become a best-seller twentyfive years after Milton died. The sharks of the publishing world would have battened on it while his daughters (ingrates though they were) starved. To come back to the present, the Bill will render stern Socialist justice to the journalist. A.I.R. and the pulp magazine could buy the needy hack, body and soul, for somewhat less than the proverbial mess of pottage.

VIGHNESWARA

(Continued from page 2)

of readership resources as yet untapped.

It is not denied that the dice are loaded very heavily now against journalistic ventures of moderate means. Particularly in the case of the periodical Press, the prevailing attitudes are not merely illiberal, but positively hostile. Authority frowns on weekly papers, marking them out invidiously for many forms of indefensible discrimination. Advertisements of even news value are, as a matter of course, withheld from weeklies by official framers of policy. Railway managements contribute their own dilatoriness to paralyse the business of the weeklies. Within our own experience we have found railway parcels taking a week's time to reach even short distances. Expeditious dispatch of mails is a prerogative reserved only for the rich customer. With so much of disparity in treatment as between the wealthy and the non-wealthy woven in daily practice into the texture of governmental agencies on whose services the Press depends, the

(Continued on page 4)

SIDELIGHTS

SRI T. T. KRISHNAMACHARI fought for the principle of integrated command in commerce and industry. It seemed to be at one time a matter of life or death to him. For he fought for the principle with resignation of his high office. Eventually he won. The office he had spurned came back to him with laurels, on conditions of his own insistence, assuring unity of command such as he had demanded. T. T. K. established immense credit as a successful Industries Minister not merely because he knew the ropes, or worked with energy, or revealed system, thoroughness and method leaving no scope for arrears and the hopeless procrastination of decisions that is so sickening to the spirit of applicants for redress at official hands; he assured for himself enough power to be able to deal efficiently with the subjects in his charge by the elimination of competitive partnership or overlapping of authority on the part of his colleagues in Cabinet.

Now he has reached the very summit of ambition for an Indian economist. There is no further height to soar to, as the post of Prime Minister belongs unalterably to Pandit Nehru without near prospect of a vacancy. It may be taken for granted that as Finance Minister, T. T. K. will carry into his new office the habits of energetic and self-dependent precision and of quick decision and no dilatoriness that made his regime as Industries Minister so unique and memorable. But the Industries Ministry is impoverished not only by his departure from it but also by the dismembered condition in which he has consented to leave it at departure, nullifying in effect the great principle for which he had fought so valiantly hitherto. T. T. K. who would not consent to be Industries Minister unless all related portfolios were assigned to him, has now no objection to his successor being subjected without quarter to the full weight of the disabilities against which he had rebelled with such tenacity and determination. The system of integrated control of industrial policies, of which he was the uncompromising apostle when it brought more power to his elbow is now destroyed by him, and the impression left by it is not happy. It is as if what is good for one Minister is not good for his successor, and freedom of operation within a portfolio of inter-related subjects is something that is not to be cherished for its own sake, but to be conceded or withdrawn to suit the whim of the dominant section in the Cabinet. The Prime Minister has not shown himself a respector of impersonal standards in the rearrangement of portfolios announced in the present Cabinet re-shuffle.

Particularly odd is the combination of the Steel portfolio with Finance, now initiated. There is no parallel for this sort of merger of responsibilities anywhere in the democratic world. India might have taken credit for breaking new ground not found previously in any chapter of precedents, but for the patent incongruity of it. The Finance Minister exercises the supervisory functions of a sort of financial tribunal over the spending departments of the Government. It is the essence of the integrity of his special responsibilities that he should stand out detached from every departmental claimant for the allocation of funds. If he himself is placed in charge of a spending department, to that extent the rcle of budgetary supervision of the Finance Minister is nullified. This is an unhealthy innovation. Cabinet government involves a choice of alternatives in the assumption of responsibilities. Functions of a particular trype cannot be combined with others that are incompatible. Ministers have to make their choice between one type of functions and another when common jurisdiction over both is apt to disturb any network of checks and balances sanctified by constitutional usage.

* * *

Sri N. Raghunatha Aiyar expounded in the Gokhale Hall on Sunday some of the distinctive characteristes of Hindu religion. To the believing Hindu, he said, *dharma* was all-important. *Dharma* was at times difficult of ascertainment but the Vedas contained guidance for all time to seekers in difficulties. The Sastras had the Common object of elucidating the teachings of the Vedas. They were not mere rules for mechanical application on set occasions or in emergencies. They were revelations of a way of life—a way of life as significant in rich human value under modern conditions as ever before. The importance of Sanskrit to Hindu culture thus lay in the fact that it is the key to the understanding of the Hindu way of life. Pandits dedicated to the life-long study of the Vedas were therefore very precious assets to the community; and they could provide a stable foundation for life very different from the rudderless existence of many so-called educated people. The Vedas, he said, could well provide the inspiration to cope with any modern crisis or situation. The occasion for the talk was a festival in celebration of Sri Krishna's birthday at which honours were awarded to distinguished pandits. Sri Kowtha Suryanarayana Rao was the moving spirit of the celebration. Sir S. Varadachari presided and Sri T. M. Krishnaswami Aiyar sang devotional songs.

SAKA

(Continued from page 3)

present concern professed in Dr. Keskar's Bill for the welfare of the backward in the race, sounds not only unconvincing but singularly propagandist and hypocritical.

There is no substitute for popular appeal for the building up of newspaper power and prosperity. The architects of the price page schedule have failed to grasp this irrefutable fact. They have mistaken envious impeding of others' progress under the impetus of heart-burning as a propelling force for constructive achievement itself. They have wrapped progress underneath an illusion and hugged the illusion as a symbol of benevolence.

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RUSSIA, THE WEST, AND DISARMAMENT

By C. RAJAGOPALACHARI

IN connection with nuclear weapons, some time ago I pleaded for an appreciation of an ancient tactic against evil—that one must do the right thing without waiting for the "other fellow".

My letter to the *New York Times* fell on sceptical ears as far as government was concerned. Private men and women in America, a very large number, I believe, were in agreement but they felt it was not their job but their government's.

In this world, the unexpected often happens. The a-moral government of the USSR has accepted the principle of unilateral action. It has successfully seized the initiative. It has announced and proceeded with unilateral action in many important matters and now publicly presses for the adoption of that principle by all nations concerned in world disarmament.

This attitude has met with cold and cynical reaction instead of encouragement and imitation or co-operation. Instead of welcoming this great and helpful line of action, the Western nations actually plead against it and protest that what is wanted is agreement and simultaneous multilateral action.

To those who cling to the ancient faith that right ever wins and not might, this is a sad and grievous disappointment.

Some of us thought that the West being professedly Christian would be the first to understand.

But the ways of Providence are mysterious and it may be that this is God's way to humble the proud. An a-moral government has proved to be the better Christian! I do not say that Russia has accepted the full moral doctrine of unilateral action. But she has, I believe, seen the expediency of it.

She has realised the necessity of it for getting out of the present fatal entanglement.

To realise the practical necessity of a step and to have realised it so clearly as to begin to act on that basis in spite of the risks, is the first step to a more complete acceptance of the moral doctrine.

It is wrong to indulge in belittling what Russia has done and is doing, when we are not prepared to do even so much.

Mankind was blessed with a brain constituted for co-operation and peaceful progress. Is it not a pity that after so many millenia, men are full of fear of one another? And in this we are worse than our fellow-beings that are not blessed with our brains and have no speech, the beasts of the forest and the birds and reptiles.

With all our tremendous advantages we have not learnt the way of peace and look out for caves in which to hide against human enemies and are engaged in manufacturing poisons and making monstrous contrivances to kill one another that we and our properties may be safe.

Yet we all know for certain, not even the armament-industrialists would deny it, that men and women of all nations fervently believe in and desire peace and mutual trust and heartily hate the opposite.

The saddest and strangest paradox of human civilization is this contradiction between what we all desire and what notwithstanding that desire we do. And it is a tremendously expensive contradiction, and a most perilous one.

Fear is eating into the vitals of all the proud nations. The humble have no means to make armaments of "deterrence" and cannot afford to indulge in what fear dictates.

There is what I may call a law of abstinence, by which if we do not feed an emotion, the emotion dies of starvation.

The poorer nations of the world have therefore learnt to be less afraid and are comparatively happier than the prosperous and great.

The human family is, however, one and the progress of invention has brought about a total unity of human disaster. Madness at any point in the world will involve the whole of it in utter disaster. The peril is imminent.

I respectfully appeal to my friends in the peace groups throughout the world to give a concrete shape to the pacifist movement, concentrating on the most dangerous aspects of the present cold war, rather than contenting themselves with preaching the doctrine of not bearing arms and losing themselves in a vague effort to prevent all armed conflicts.

War has been prevented as Bertrand Russell expected. But the prevention is worse than the disease! The most urgent problem is the particular evil of nuclear armaments.

I would appeal to all friends of peace to concentrate on this and carry on a vigorous campaign for the furtherance of the way of unilateral action which is the only way in this as in other things.

Can all the nations who are not in any particular war of aggression or defence rest completely assured about the marksmanship of nuclear combatants and assume that the guided missiles will not err but will always reach only the intended targets?

Human experience has demonstrated that despite every caution errors happen and can produce unintended and irreparable harm to those who have nothing to do with the particular war.

All international morality seems to have come to an end. The powers are engaged in a programme of continually poisoning the air and the waters of the world, disregarding the rights of nations against whom no war has been declared.

In the name of preparations for security against possible aggression wholesale and reckless aggression is practised against the whole world, disregarding the protests of those who are not parties in the cold war and who suffer irreparable damage by this programme.

The highest scientific authority backs their objection but it is not heeded and unconvincing explanations are occasionally given as dope.

There is no use harping on aerial inspection and taking no action meanwhile. The hour has struck for seizing the offer made by Russia.

When earnest men and women pray, the needed courage will arrive. What moral initiative has been lost to Russia cannot now be recovered, but we can save further loss by the courage not to be ashamed and to do all we can even now.

—*Peace News*, London.

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

By M. KRISHNAN

EARLY in August I developed quite a flair for listening to the wrong kind of programmes, news broadcasts, wishy-washy talks of such a grey neutrality that one could neither like nor dislike them, Hindi lessons in Telugu, Hindi lessons in Tamil. Somehow, I missed the programmes I had so carefully selected in advance. I could find the time to listen to the radio only for an hour or two in the afternoon, by which time I felt so tired that I usually fell aleep. Keep awake for the best part of the night, spend the morning and forenoon in wandering around and waiting fretfully for unpunctual people whom, unfortunately, you have to meet, come home to a half-hearted meal, draw up your easy-chair to the radio and switch on to a dulcet Hindi lesson—there is a perfect cure for insomnia.

Only during the last two nights of the month did I hear anything that really appealed to me. There was a recital of Tamil folk-songs from Tiruchi on August 31, presented with simplicity and charm. The fuss that A.I.R. sometimes makes in presenting traditional music rather takes away from one's enjoyment of the songs, there is too much prefatory explanation. However, in its broadcasts of folk-songs A.I.R. is usually brief in comment, and I have greatly enjoyed many of them. This recital from Tiruchi was especially enjoyable. I liked the rich, easy voice of the man who sang them, and the feminine voices as well, the enunciation was clear and natural and free from musical flourishes. The words are important in a folk-song but they should never be stressed and put into tonal italics, it is part of the tradition that the key words (and let us not forget that the entire point of a stanza may lie in half a line) should be sung in the same easy accents as the rest of the song. Folk music does not believe in divulging its surprises too blatantly, and that is partly why one can listen to it by the hour.

In the countryside recitals of folk-songs and other entertainments start somewhen around midnight and go on till dawn; apparently there is nothing that people who do manual labour all day love more than sitting up all night at a 'bylatta' or 'therukkoothu'. Countryside entertainments are spaciously planned and longer broadcasts featuring folk-songs, ballads and possibly excerpts from dramas would be welcome.

* * *

Immediately after a highly artificial and unconvincing pseudo-documentary on August 30, wherein an official of the Archaeological Survey, a man and a woman tourist talking stilted Tamil and filled with an uncritical reverence for the past, and the Light of Asia conspired to expound the cultural and aesthetic history of Bharhut and Kausambi —after all that pompous inefficacy it was delightfully refreshing to hear Mr. K. Madurai Mudaliar's talk on Mamallapuram. Even otherwise, even without the flat background of the Bharhut-and-Kausambi feature against which it showed up in literal relief, this talk must have been most pleasantly invigorating. And to think that I almost missed it!

In fact, had I read the newspaper programme-list with care and noticed that this talk was one of a series titled 'Marainda Managarkal' (Vanished Cities), had I known that it was another topographical talk, I would have missed it completely. I saw only the caption of the talk, 'Kadal Mallai', and somehow it never occurred to me that the 'a's in the 'kadal' were brief and the 'd' hard and indicative of the sea; I read the word 'kaadal', which, as you know, is a very different thing!

Mr. Madurai Mudaliar spoke Tamil with zest and fluency, and he was no less spirited in his facts and literary allusions. No scholard I, I was not able to follow him closely in his rapid parade of dates and dynasties, but I quite agree with all that he said about the superb rock-temples of Mamallapuram (wrongly and popularly called Mahabalipuram). His enthusiasm for his subject was almost infective. I admired his talk for all this, but there was one other thing for which also I admired it.

Years ago I did a series of Tamil talks for A.I.R., and in those days I often wished I could introduce a line or two of quoted poetry into my talks and then, while broadcasting, suddenly burst into song when I reached those lines. In fact, I went to the extent of including some far-fetched bits of verse in my script on many occasions, but my courage failed me when I was actually before the mike, I didn't have the guts to seize my only opportunity to broadcast music (I use the term 'music' figuratively)—the invariable and close presence of a large muscular Programme Assistant, who looked as if he could deal swiftly and efficiently with the situation, discouraged me. Mr. Mudaliar had no such qualms. Twice in the course of his talk he quoted poetry, and on both occasions he sang the lines with unrestrained gusto. Perhaps he had a different Programme Assistant.

* * *

The radio-play, 'Savikottu', (Bunch of Keys) broadcast from Madras on August 28, puzzled me considerably. I listened carefully and took notes as the plot thickened, till I had filled two pages whereafter the play ended rather suddenly, leaving me with my notes. What was its point? It seemed to have one, it led all the way carefully up to some point, but no sharp, tangible point was disclosed. If it was a surrealist play, I can only say that much as I admire surrealism I think it is unfair to be realist right till the last minute and then develop a fine contempt for crude, horribly-logical Reason.

One other broadcast also baffled me this month. Not the broadcast actually, but the broadcast—I hope my meaning is not too obscure, it is not that I, too, have suddenly turned surrealist — I mean, why did Madras relay Tiruchi's 'Natakamedalppadalgal' (Stage Songs) on the night of August 24? I thought a programme had to be distinguished in some manner, or at least conform to some standard, before it could be relayed.

———

O Moon
With lilies laden—
What's the spirit you hide?
It's a maiden.

ANONYMOUS

SATYAGRAHA, NEW STYLE

By AMRITA RANGASWAMI

It is a dull, somnolent afternoon on a cold winter's day. The rich smell of cake lies heavy in the air. Flies beat their futile wings against the deceptively thin wire mesh of tall windows looking into a large dining room. There is a big table in the centre of the room and boys of different ages are sitting round it. They appear well-fed and healthy and have a greedy look about them. All of them sport white caps that give an air of mock seriousness alien to childish faces.

In a corner of the room where there is a picture of Lord Shiva on the wall, sits a very old man. Despite his age he has a fierce appearance accentuated by bushy overhanging white eyebrows with rolling black beads of eyes beneath them. A fine chiselled nose and a flowing beard give him quite a martial air which is not in keeping with the *japamal* he holds in his hands, moving the beads ceaselessly as he mutters within himself the thousand names of the One.

A tall boy with a sulky, spoilt look on his handsome face, now rises and shouts at the others: "I bet you fellows a rupee that I get my share of the cake first".

The other boys look at him half unbelievingly, half wonderingly.

"But how can you say that, Venkat?" asks the boy sitting opposite. He is a good boy, this Vallabh, inclined by more than a trifle to obesity, and teased for it by his brothers.

"You have got to wait for your share like the rest of us", scowls the dark boy sitting next to Venkat.

"Now, Kandan, don't be jealous", laughs Venkat and turns toward the rest.

"I have got a brand new idea, boys, and just watch out, if mother does not fall for it".

"What is it?" breathes Kandan.

"First, all of you must promise that you will try my method only after I do", says Venkat.

"Yes, yes, we promise", chorus the boys.

"I am going to try Sat—Satyagraha", he brings out triumphantly.

"Oh, I have heard of that", cuts in Kandan. "But it won't work, not with mother".

"But what is Satyagraha?" Vallabh asks with a baffled air. Venkat replies gleefully, "I won't tell you, just wait and see".

"I heard grandpa tell a visitor the other day that mother had tried it when she was young", Kandan remarks.

"Let us ask Grandpa", the boys cry and they go to him and beg, "Grandpa, please tell us about Satyagraha".

"Go away now", the old man says brusquely, "I am busy".

"Grandpa is the only person in the world who is busy sitting still", complains short, stocky Raghoba. And the boys all of them crowd round their grandfather, pleading, cajoling, persuading. "Well, sit down", says the old man, "and mind, I tolerate no interruptions".

* * *

Not very long ago, the old man begins, while his mind transcends time and lives once more the agony and the thrill of life in those days, when your mother was very young—the burden of her care sat heavy on my brows—for she was beautiful—beautiful as the lily that blooms in all its fragrant glory in the hush of night, with the radiance and the fleet grace of moonbeams that dart about in the lake, and I, her father, who had never known a moment of fear, was afraid, for they say in our country that such beauty brings misfortune.

Men from all parts of the world wanted to marry her and make her loveliness their proud possession. But she showed no interest in them except the necessary kindness of hospitality.

One very bad day a man came, a tall, fair, strong man with the expressionless eyes of a devil. He would not listen to her Noes and he shut her up in her own house and fain would not let her out! She begged him, entreated him to leave her and go away to his own land, for now her heart was given to Swatantar, who waited beyond the locked gates. I and all those who were devoted to her and would have given our lives for her were thrown into dungeons, where we lived, tortured by hope and despair.

He scolded, he threatened, he brandished strange weapons and robbed the house—of its art treasures of great renown, its priceless ornaments, exquisite carvings and fabulous gems and all the gold and silver that lay in the vaults beneath the floors. But this did not daunt her.

He tempted her with toys—engines that puffed and dragged carriages about; cars that ran breathless miles in seeming minutes. But she was no child to be deluded thus. He brought her dresses from his country, lovely smooth silks and velvets, rich furs that warmed you when the snows came down from the Himalayas. These she disdainfully burnt.

He gave her books that appealed to her intellect and taught her his language, which she learnt in a trice. She used this to mock at him every hour of the day, argue with him, to abuse him, to reason with him and tried in vain—to convince him.

He promised her all the luxuries and comforts that would have delighted the heart of any other girl but she remained obdurate. She grew thin, she would not eat. (The technique of this is, boys, to continue it till your opponent gives in).

At last he realised that her indomitable spirit could never be enchained, she would never be his. Thus, spending those weary years in prison, it seemed incredible that he would leave. But troubled by invaders in his own land he grew desperate and finally departed.

And through the open gates came Swatantar for whom she had waited so patiently and so long.

This was Satyagraha, this weapon fashioned by her thinking, as powerful as any made in arsenals and infinitely greater—for it harms no man!

The old man finishes his story and looks round at the intent faces of his young listeners. "And the day has come upon my daughter", he says with great deliberation, "when her own children want to use it against her—for what? A piece of cake! Shame upon you, boys, shame! All the other boys shift uneasily but Venkat puts out his tongue.

With a ear-splitting yell he has jumped on the table and, standing on his head, waits for his mother to appear. He has not long to wait for she comes into the room bearing in her hands a large dish

with a huge cake of monstrous proportions on it. Looking at it, the old man thinks that it must satisfy even the animal appetites of her sons.

The mother still retains some of the beauty for which she was famed and she has that ineffable light in her eyes that age can never dim. One can see at a glance that she is endowed with a great intellect but that which one cannot see is that she is a woman swayed and swayed easily by her emotions.

"Mother", Venkat cries, "I want my share of the cake first".

"You shall have it presently, Venkat", she answers. "Now get down from that table".

"No", shouts Venkat, "I want it now".

The other children gather round anxiously as Venkat's voice reaches a crescendo. The mother puts her hands to her ears. Venkat immediately squats down and starts striking his head on the table. A startled look of pain crosses her face as he continues his self-inflicted torture. Tears spring into her eyes and she says, in a choked voice, "Venkat, please". But her son refuses to hear and does not cease.

"The technique of Satyagraha, boys, is to continue it till your opponent gives in".

The mother cuts out a large piece and holds it out to him — her obstinate son. Venkat jumps down, grasps it and runs out of the room. The brothers, who had been hushed at this violent display of emotion, now start shouting. "Give me, give me!" they cry, pushing each other and her in the process.

"Give me that piece of icing on Unni's plate", Kandan demands. "You give me this small measly piece, mother", sobs Raghoba, "and that fatty so much".

"Hush, Raghoba", his mother comforts him. "If you want a little more, ask Somnath beside you". "But I don't want to share", Raghoba rages, "I want a bigger share all to myself!" The mother uncertainly looks round at all her children.

At the bottom of the table the twins Mohanlal and Kishanlal are seated. "Now you two boys eat with big brother Ranjit", she requests. But she has reckoned without big brother.

Ranjit brings down his fist upon Mohanlal's hand and the boy screams with pain. "Ranjit", the mother remonstrates, "that is a very big piece there—enough for the three of you". He does not reply. "Eat now", she coaxes.

Kishanlal, on the other side of Ranjit, now leans forward. Ranjit turns round, glares at him so fiercely that he shrinks back.

"Mother", Kishanlal calls quietly, "I shall eat alone. Please give me my share". A satisfied smile hovers on Ranjit's lips. "Divide", he demands emphatically. "Oh, Ranjit", his mother exclaims. "How can you do this?" She puts her hand caressingly on his head. But Ranjit does not soften. He deliberately takes out his Kirpan. Mohanlal picks up a stick. "Put that down", roars the grandfather from his corner.

"Boy", the mother whispers in Ranjit's ears, "be quiet. I shall divide it". Ranjit touches her hand, in a clumsy gesture of gratefulness.

At this moment an uproar breaks out in another corner. Raghoba is throwing plates and glasses, which are crashing, breaking. Kandan has jumped up and pulls at Unni's plate for the coveted icing. The clamour increases.

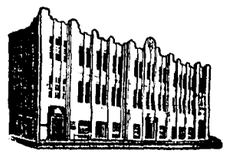
Pandemonium breaks loose as all the boys are now grabbing, yelling, hitting. The room grows dark with hatred and malice, with many tongues wrangling. The tumult swells and the very walls reverberate with it. A plate hits the mother on her forehead and blood trickles down into her eyes. A red haze seems to settle over the room and in fear the tumult quietens. The mother staggers and moves, and sees the haze take form, at once ghostly and menacing, moving amidst her children, knocking their heads together, twisting their hands, trampling on their feet. She swoons.

When the mother opens her eyes again, she sees a scene of wildest confusion. Bits of broken glass and plates lie scattered. Chairs have been overturned. And in one place there is an ominous stain of blood.

"Father", she cries, "what did I do that my sons behave like this?"

"Fool, why did you bake that cake?"

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JAPAN AND INDIA

By V. K. NARASIMHAN

VISITING Japan in the spring of this year one saw little evidence of the ravages of war or the bitterness of defeat. The country is a bee-hive of activity. New buildings are coming up everywhere. New factories with the latest equipment, much of it manufactured in Japan itself, are turning out every variety of product from rayon cloth to machinery for various purposes, from ships to sealing wax.

The first thing which strikes the visitor about post-war Japan, thus, is her stupendous economic recovery. This has been doubtless facilitated by American aid. You find in some of their textile mills the latest American machinery. Among the legacies of the MacArthur occupation is the present Constitution of Japan, which has a unique clause by which the nation renounced war and the weapons of war. The most warlike nation of pre-war days is today the least warlike and least equipped for war. The saving on defence forces has certainly helped Japan to concentrate on reconstruction and development.

Despite her economic recovery, which makes Japan once again the most advanced industrial nation in Asia, she is yet to make her influence felt in international councils. There is considerable frustration in the country over the fact that it has not yet been admitted into the United Nations. The negotiation of a peace treaty with Russia has been dragging on for years and the latest attempt by Mr. Shigemitsu, the Japanese Foreign Minister, to finalise an agreement by direct negotiations at Moscow, has failed. Japan would like to get back some of the islands which have been taken from her by the Soviet. To a country that has lost its entire colonial empire — Formosa, Manchuria, Korea, etc.—these islands are of no small value. The Soviet Union holds them partly for their strategic importance and partly as a bargaining counter.

Until the treaty with Russia is concluded, Japan may not be free to pursue an independent foreign policy. She is already bound to the U.S. by an alliance under the terms of which the United States has bases in Japan. The American alliance is in fact one of the principal issues dividing the Conservative Liberal-Democrats, who constitute the Government, and the Socialists, who form the Opposition in the Japanese Parliament. With this is related the question of the revision of the Constitution which the Conservatives desire so that the Government may be released from the obligation to remain unarmed, imposed by the Constitution. The Socialists are stoutly opposed to this because they fear that once the country is set on the path of re-armament, there may be a revival of the old imperialism, which landed the people in a disastrous war. They are in a minority in both the Houses of the Japanese Diet, but their strength is sufficiently large to deny to the Government the two-thirds majority which is required for amending the Constitution. The Conservatives have just suffered another set-back in the elections to the Japanese Upper House—the House of Councillors—in which the Socialists gained 13 seats, while the Liberal-Democrats, who form the Government, lost one seat and the moderate group called the Ryokufukai, who have been holding the balance between the two, lost 12 seats.

The electoral fortunes of political parties in Japan may seem to be of little concern to us in India, but in reality we can no more afford to be indifferent to developments in Japan than the Japanese can be to what is happening in India. India, by virtue of her size and the strategic position she holds in the Asian continent, and Japan, by virtue of her industrial development and the extraordinary qualities of the Japanese people for organisation and disciplined action, have to play an intelligent and active part in the shaping of policies in this part of the world.

There is much that is common between India and Japan. Both are eastern nations and in their ways of life and outlook towards basic institutions like the family and religion, they have a common attitude. Both are in a way new to the type of full-fledged democracy which they have had since the war. Both have to contend against the formidable problem of ensuring a rising standard of living to their growing millions. Neither can think of colonies or emigration as a way out of the problem of over-population. Both have an interest in the stability and development of the Asian countries, which are sources of vital supplies as well as valuable outlets for their products.

There is greater need for close understanding between India and Japan than has hitherto been recognised in New Delhi, or Tokyo. In India our interest in Japan has so far been confined to trade matters or such things as the Japanese way of rice cultivation and the way she has organised her cottage industries. These are certainly important, and there is much that can be usefully learnt by us, though there is little in common between what the Japanese regard as cottage industries and the general Indian conception of them as a perpetuation of antiquated hand-operated contrivances. But we need to understand each other in a wider context. Japan has to adjust herself to a new post-war Asian scene in which China, which had been over-run by Japan for over

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a decade, is now under Communist sway and is a growing industrial and military power. Other Asian countries, which had been victims of Japanese aggression in one way or another, have either achieved their freedom or are on the way to do so. Western imperialism, against which Japan could pose as the champion of Asian prestige, is well on the way out. Any revival of Japanese expansionist ambitions, of which luckily there is at present no sign, will have to reckon not with Western colonial powers but with the resistance of nations which have tasted freedom and are determined to preserve it.

It is this changed post-war complexion of the Asian scene that calls for closer understanding and intelligent co-operation between India and Japan in the economic and political fields. They are the two countries which today are in a position actively to assist in the development of other Asian countries like Burma, Indonesia and Thailand.

During my recent visit to Japan I found a keen interest in the Japanese Press in Indian problems and attitudes. This is an interest which can be sustained and developed by more frequent personal contacts and exchange of goodwill missions and of students and teachers. We in India have hitherto taken a rather remote and casual interest in Japan.

Today New Delhi is one of the vital centres of international policy-making. We have to develop all the contacts we can with as many like-minded countries as possible. An Indian travelling East is struck wherever he goes by the remarkable influence of Indian culture over the centuries through Buddhism and other forces. Evidence of that influence in a country as far away as Japan may be seen not only in the Buddhist temples there, of which there are as many as 74,000 all over the country, but also in the Museum in Tokyo where there are a number of Hindu idols on show. One of them was labelled "The Thousand-armed Kannan", suggesting that it was an idol representing the Viswarupa of Sri Krishna. It is a remarkable bronze piece and it would be worth studying how and when it got into Japan. A Malayalam friend who travelled with me was struck by the very close similarity between the architecture and layout of the Imperial Palace at Kyoto and that of the Palace of the Travancore Maharaja at Trivandrum. These evidences of very early links between Japan and India need to be studied and new links established on the basis of the new situation in which the two countries find themselves today.

It is significant that one at least of the main Japanese parties—the Left Wing Socialist Party—is in whole-hearted accord with India's policy of Pancha Sheela and is advocating an identical policy for Japan. This party has been urging that Japan should normalise her relations with the Soviet Union and Red China on the basis of the Five Principles to which they have already committed themselves in their declarations jointly with India and Burma. The Liberal-Democrats also desire the restoration of normal economic and political relations with the Soviet and China, without this being represented in any way as a break with the West. The Japanese dilemma is understandable. She depends today on the American alliance not only for defence, but also for covering the gap in her balance of payments. Fuller trade with China and Russia will be in her economic interest and will also reduce the exchange problem. But this does not seem possible till the Russian peace treaty is signed and the U. S. relaxes its opposition to the export of strategic goods to the Communist countries. Japan has thus, together with India, a vital interest in the lessening of East-West tension.

Despite her enormous industrial development Japan has a serious population problem. With a population of nearly 90 million—or roughly one-fourth of India's and half of America's population—she has an area one-eighth of India's and one-twentieth of that of the United States. While, thanks to her fishing industry she has been able to feed her people fairly adequately, it is estimated that by 1970 when her population would have reached 100 million, she would have to import foodstuffs on a large scale. Japan is also dependent on imports for many of her raw materials as well as oil. A co-ordinated development of the resources of the different Asian countries would perhaps enable Japan to integrate her industrial development with the economic development of the Asian countries. The scope and possibilities of such co-ordination should be fully explored as much in the interests of the Asian countries as of Japan. The Japanese genius for organisation and their capacity for sacrifice are great virtues. But under misguided leadership and because of the pressure of internal economic forces, these same qualities may become a menace to other countries as was proved by the last war.

A. I. R. Broadcast, Madras.

THE MIRROR

At seventeen she was the genius of beauty personified. "And is there a youth worthy of her?" asked her relations and friends; "worthy of her beauty, and the sensibility and modesty that go with it? Her parents were dead and among the many valuable possessions she had inherited from them, she valued most a mirror of her mother's which reflected back her loveliness a hundred-fold enhanced. A clumsy hand once dropped it, and when she saw the criss-cross cracks in it, the tears came into her eyes, not common tears, they remarked, "but a general oblation to the unexplainable coming and going of woe in the world."—*From a Fabulist's Notebook.*

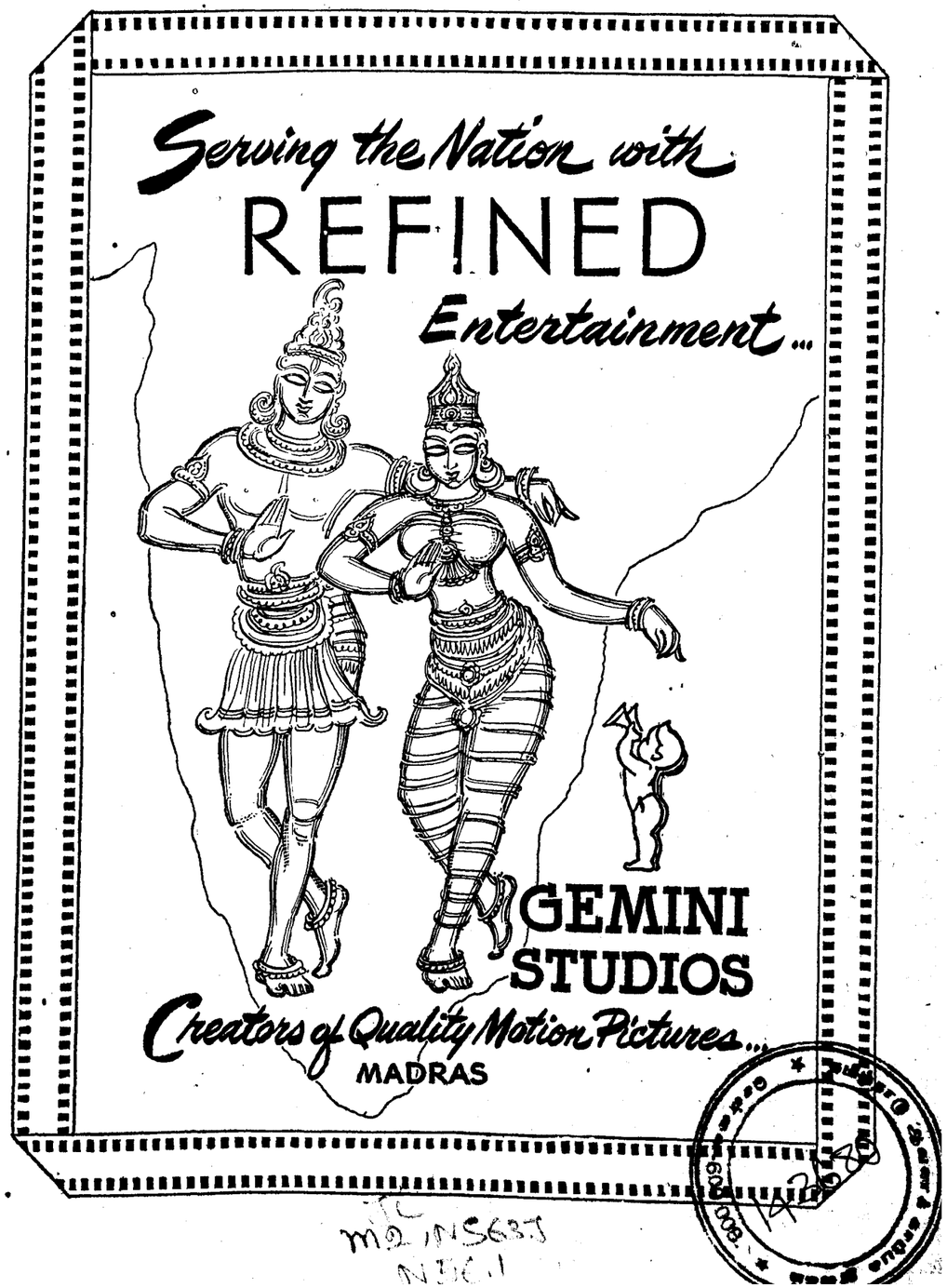
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GLISSADE INTO HELL

BOOK REVIEW

MR. MILTON B. SINGER, Professor of Social Sciences, University of Chicago, whose acquaintance I made during January 1955 while he was in Madras, sent me sometime ago a gift of two gramophone records of the Welsh poet Dylan Thomas. Issued in the Caedmon Series of Literary Records (Caedmon Publishers, 468 Fourth Avenue, New York 16, N.Y.), they contain fourteen items—one of prose, a short story, and the rest poetry—a veritable two-hour aural and mental feast in which no cloying surfeit reigns. Earlier I had had occasion to review for a weekly journal three works of the poet: *The Doctor and the Devils, Under Milk Wood,* and *Quite Early One Morning* (the two latter published after his death), and in my notice of the third I had quoted the words of Aneirin Talfan Davies, of the B.B.C. Wales Service, editor of the volume: "To hear Dylan Thomas read poetry or deliver one of his talks was an unforgettable experience. His voice, remarkable in variety and range, was at its most impressive when the opportunity arose to display its still more remarkable resonance." Which I continued by observing: To one such as the present writer who has not heard his (Thomas's) voice to pass through the exciting experience, even a cursory reading of the talks collected in *Quite Early One Morning* is sufficient to convince him of the poet's eloquent tongue, his originality . . . Truly has he been described the Bard of Broadcasting . . . Now that I have heard it and there was thunder and fluting in the room where the records played, I shall use the cliche in its absolute sense by altering my initial adjective "exciting" to "unforgettable".

And it is of Dylan Thomas's Poetry Reading tour across America which he visited four times in between February 1950 and November 1953, of how he electrified his packed audiences in the continent's leading colleges, universities, clubs and literary societies by the bardic grandeur of his rendering, dying during the last of these visits and at the zenith of his triumphs by the protracted alcoholic "insult" to his brain that *Dylan Thomas in America* comes as a record—an unvarnished record and hence terrifying. "Bundled like an immigrant in a shapeless rough woollen parka, his hair as tangled as a nest from which the bird has flown, his eyes wide, scared, as if they sought the whole dreadful truth of America at once, he came into the zero cold of a frosty bright morning at Idlewild Airport," begins John Malcolm Brinnin, poetically and dramatically—for he is a poet in his own right—who constituted himself as the organiser of Thomas's poetry readings, and then in a moment "that was the culmination of knowing Dylan Thomas only through his poetry," he developed "as the person to whom, for the duration of his American tour, he (Thomas) had "entrusted his physical and financial well-being." Between the time the seeds of Mr. Brinnin's admiration of and devotion to Thomas took root and grew—a trying time for him, too trying that he once wished to be free of it all—and the nightmare hour of the poet's death in St. Vincent's Hospital, New York, his integrity as biographer is such that he fills up his chronicle, by both calendar and clock, with the minutest details of the progress of the poet as a rake: a bloating catalogue of his boozes and hangovers, of his retchings and vomittings, of his smutty jokes to respectable dons, of his easy ways with girls, of his lecherous beds, of his rapid disintegration, of his excruciating agonies of body and mind as delirium tremens set in, and of his ultimate rest in dissolution. Yet there is no rancour in this depiction; one sees Mr. Brinnin spreading out helpless hands in impotent pity at the spectacle of a genius rushing to his doom, and he appears so pathetic in his helplessness. But what was the whole dreadful truth of America which Thomas sought and which Mr. Brinnin implies rather vaguely? Dylan Thomas was badly in need of money, big money, to be correct, which England failed to provide him; America poured thousands of her dollars into his pocket, but they burnt holes in it and turned to ashes quicker than they came. And this dissolute being was called an *angel* by a woman who had not seen him for a space of ten years, and shocked at his appearance, obviously; poetically too, Thomas was no longer an angel beating his luminous wings in the bule; he knew in his heart's deep core that the Muse had all but deserted him; and dreading at the realization, at the prospect of his lyrical voice being choked to stillness by the sands of barrenness he didn't wish to woo death feebly, plaintively, like a disappointed lover, but wanted to destroy himself with all the speed and frenzy he could whip himself to. Hence the drinking-bouts, the death-trap which the easy dollar opened for him. "While he perhaps did not know the way toward his creative salvation," writes Mr. Brinnin, "he did know ways in which creative exercise could be postponed or superseded. It was sadly apparent that Dylan's energies were directed not towards fighting through to freedom but toward escape from drudgery and the inadmissible thought of failure." An observation like that makes Mr. Brinnin very vulnerable; he has given the opportunity for Hostility to clench its fists against him. And it is a regrettable vulnerability for he is utterly devoid of any spite or meanness.

Dylan Thomas in America appears with a statement from Caitlin Thomas, wife of the poet, which bespeaks that if she were the final authority to decide about its publication, she would not have permitted it. "I am not quarrelling with Brinnin's presentation of Dylan," she says. "It is impossible to hit back at a man who does not know that he is hitting you, and who is far too cautious of the laws of libel to say plainly what can only be read between the lines. I want only to make clear that an intensive handful of months, at divided intervals, over a comparatively short number of years do not, however accurately recorded and with whatever honest intentions, do justice to the circumference of the subject." Possessed by the seraph or demon of honesty though he is Mr. Brinnin could have been discreet enough to withhold certain facts which are calculated to wound the closest kin of the dead. The years are too near to make a legend of the poet. There is the instance of D. H. Lawrence before, whose life which was a savage pilgrimage was rummaged with the instruments of every known Freudian complex for a more savage post mortem dissection by his detractors. But Mr. Brinnin definitely is not in the category of detractors though his honesty liberates him often into unwitting cruelty. Some of the episodes he describes are repellent indeed; these, however, do not obtrude on the consistent beauty of his writing—his B.B.C. broadcast on Dylan Thomas's influence and impact on American poetry which is fitted perfectly into the text of the biography is a gem of restrained yet passionate emotion: criticism lifted to the luminous creative level—and he is moving without being mawkish.

It was said of Dante that he only visited hell and of Baudelaire that he came from there. "I have seen the gates of hell," cried Dylan Thomas shortly before he died. The despair of his cry is too deep for tears; the words can well be the epigraph to *Dylan Thomas in America.*

MANJERI S. ISVARAN

Dylan Thomas in America, by John Malcolm Brinnin, J. M. Dent & Sons Ltd., London, 18s. net.

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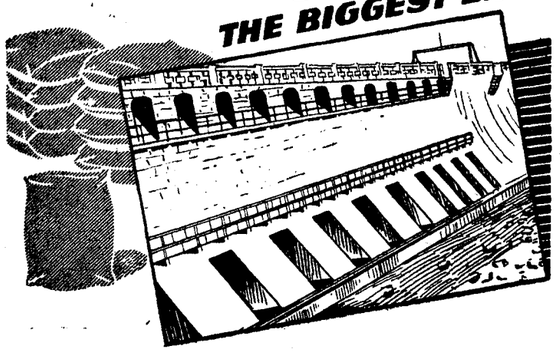
K. MAHADEVAN,
82-A, Royapettah High Road, Mylapore,
MADRAS-4.

KEEPSAKE

I kept the pearl,
lambent in every delicate whorl—
your gift to me,
like a star in the sky of memory.
But down away
the winding stair of waters gathered gray,
through sund'ring days,
I've let it glide to keep its kindred ways.

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THE DETECTIVE

By N. S. RAMASWAMI

"A FINE piece of classical detection"; it is thus that a new exploit by Inspector Roderick Alleyn is recommended to the gentle reader. This is a sentence which must give one to pause, for it indicates that the literature of the detective has come to its fine flower. It cannot be long before battle is joined between adherents of classicism and romanticism. Imagination bodies forth an ornament of Scotland Yard laying a malefactor by the heels the while he ruminates in leafy lanes and murmurs snatches of poetry to himself.

The attraction of detective fiction even to sensitive and cultured minds has been astonishing. It is in its essence difficult to conceive of a more repulsive source of pleasure. There can be little satisfaction in the contemplation of a corpse, and if the principle of retribution is satisfied no other emotion is gratified while the murderer is being brought to justice. It is most unlikely that the detective, dandled and glorified as he has been almost into a national hero, will make an appeal in any except the present age, which is filled with the stench of blood and slaughter.

The detective commenced his career as an eccentric. It was as if he was aware that, as he diffidently made his appearance, he needed adventitious attractions to recommend himself to a suspicious public. M. Auguste Dupin, whom Edgar Allan Poe called into being, spent most of his days in a dark room as he pondered the problem presented to his ingenuity. There has been no insufficiency of imitators. Mycroft Holmes brought to bear his mighty intellect, exceeding in acuteness, one has been assured, even that of his more famous brother, on problems while he lay seated comfortably on a club sofa. The eccentricities of Mr. J. G. Reeder are well known to those who still adhere to the voluminous Edgar Wallace. Max Carrados, as imagined by Ernest Bramah, was actually blind.

This tradition of eccentricity has persisted even when it is obsolete and perhaps when it is actually intrusive. The detective of fiction has no longer any need to apologise for his existence, for he has long carried public imagination by storm. To the extent that modern writers still feel the necessity to interlard what should be an unfolding of cause and effect with a succession of eccentric traits their art is vitiated.

For, there can be little doubt that detective fiction has become an art. It had an auspicious inauguration, for in the hands of Poe it reached its highest sublimation as an exercise in intellect and observation. Poe's stories have perhaps been too intellectual to make any general appeal. But with Conan Doyle it reached the zenith alike of achievement and popularity. This view may be contested in some quarters, for it has become the fashion on the part of some to attempt to laugh at the lodger in Baker Street. Sherlock Holmes was undoubtedly much under the influence of his eccentricities, but his genius did not consist in them. Based as he was on a friend of Conan Doyle, there are all the elements of an acute logician in him. It is not difficult to believe that he would have honoured any seat of learning. Considered in a severe abstract sense, it was perhaps regrettable that emphasis should have been laid on his habit of preserving his tobacco in his slippers or shooting a "patriotic V.C." with his revolver on the walls of the uncomplaining Mrs. Hudson's house, for these traits have tended to obscure his positive genius for logical deduction. But, it may well be believed that the eccentricities were almost thrust on the author if he was to make his stories acceptable to the casual reader, whose attention must first be captured if he is to be persuaded into persisting with his tales. The bizarre element in Sherlock Holmes is a concession to popular credulity and lack of comprehension. It is regrettable that later authors who do not require this sort of aid should nevertheless have persisted in employing it.

There are indications that the detective of fiction is on his last legs. In the first place, his potentialities have been more than fully exploited and there is a sense of tiredness and hollowness about some modern works. All possibilities of dealing death have been utilised. The potentialities of the most obscure South American poison have been completely canvassed.

Many authors have been reduced to repeating earlier contrivances. In the second place, there are signs that what has been called the "space voyager" is speedily replacing the merely terrestrial detective as a source of attraction. Space travel presents far more interesting possibilities than the perpetration of a murder, for violent death has become a commonplace to an extent that it was not when Sherlock Holmes wandered the streets of London while the country was still basking in Victorian security.

For, whatever frantic vaticination may be uttered to the contrary, there can be little doubt that detective fiction could not have been popular in any but a diseased age. Knights of chivalry have been ridiculed, but, despite Don Quixote, there was an element of nobility and magnanimity about them. Their successors in public fancy, the detectives, dispense a fractitious and frenetic excitement. The reader is expected, and expected confidently, to obtain mental nourishment in the vision of a corpse. Refinement consists in the fabrication of as outlandish and bizarre a mode of demise as lies in the skill of the author. Many novels from the United States appear to derive satisfaction in the number of murdered persons it presents; the more the merrier. Nor is the pursuit of the murderer any ethical proceeding. As one follows the author breathless from page to page while he misleads evidence or accumulates clues, one cannot help taking note of the old adage, "Judge not lest ye be judged". For, most of the persons murdered in detective fiction eminently deserve that fate.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

AUDITOR-GENERAL'S REAL ROLE

Sir,—Dr. Appleby is an expert in Administration; naturally he is enthusiastic about streamlining its path. But, like most experts, he has failed to see the other side and strike a balance. In particular, he has failed to recognize certain fundamental constitutional factors governing the functions and duties of audit in a parliamentary democracy.

There are three organs of government, viz., the Executive (the Administration), the Judiciary and the Legislature. Each has its assigned field and, ordinarily, it should not overstep its limits. The Executive has been vested with initiative in all important matters and is responsible for the proper working of the government. Nevertheless, it has to work under the ultimate control of the Legislature and, where it is a question of the interpretation of the Constitution or the laws, it has to bow to the rulings of the Judiciary.

The Executive's function is solely to carry out the plans (social, economic and other) approved by the Legislature and to spend the funds provided by it wisely and within the framework of the laws and the rules. But the Executive cannot *also* claim to be the judge of its own actions. This it should leave to its master, the Legislature.

It is entirely the prerogative of the Legislature to judge the Executive and its actions. The methods which the Legislature will adopt and the instruments which it will forge for a proper probe of the Executive's performances are matters entirely for it to decide; it will be extremely inappropriate for the Executive even to suggest how the Legislature should perform its supervisory and controlling functions and what its accredited agencies (e.g. the Public Accounts Committee and the Comptroller and Auditor-General) should or should not do in respect of matters entrusted to them by their principal, the Legislature.

In England and America, the Comptroller and Auditor-General has been constituted as the active hand of Parliament or the Congress, as the case may be. His duties as laid down by the Legislature are anything but "pedestrian". Under an enactment of the Congress in America, the Comptroller-General (as he is called in that country) has been enjoined to "investigate all matters relating to the receipt, disbursement and application of public funds" and to submit to Congress at the beginning of each regular session a comprehensive report in writing of the work of the General Accounting Office covering all matters investigated by him. He is also enjoined to make recommendations "looking to greater economy or efficiency in public expenditures". He should "make such investigations and reports as shall be ordered by either House of Congress", or by any financial Committees thereof, and "should report to Congress every expenditure or contract in violation of law". Finally, "he should submit to Congress reports upon the adequacy and effectiveness of the Administration's examination of accounts and claims in the respective departments and establishments and upon the adequacy and effectiveness of departmental inspections of the offices of accounts of fiscal officers." The Comptroller and Auditor-General's powers in England under the Exchequer and Audit Departments Acts, 1866 and 1921 are substantially the same.

The practice in the two premier democratic countries as set forth above entirely discountenances the novel idea propounded by Dr. Appleby that the Comptroller and Auditor-General's ambit of work should be severely restricted to a routine check of the accounts. In those countries, the Comptroller and Auditor-General is treated as the active limb of the Legislature and his examination and reports are expected to be as thoroughgoing and comprehensive as he can possibly make them. In other words, his field of operation is co-extensive with the field of financial control of the Legislature itself. In a parliamentary democracy the Comptroller and Auditor-General can scarcely be a mere figurehead without reducing the Parliament's control of the country's finances to a nullity.

Madras. V. K. SUBRAMANYAM

POLITICAL FASTS

Sir,—Pandit Nehru had also gone on a hunger strike sometime in the winter of 1947-48 when he was irked by Sardar Patel not letting him have his way. But it was a fast undertaken in private. Sri Morarji Desai's fast is the first that a front-rank Congressman in office has publicly udertaken so far. It disproves the argument that now that the British are gone there is no justification for launching on political fasts. Sri Morarji's is not only a political fast, it is a fast against the people, and not against the Government.

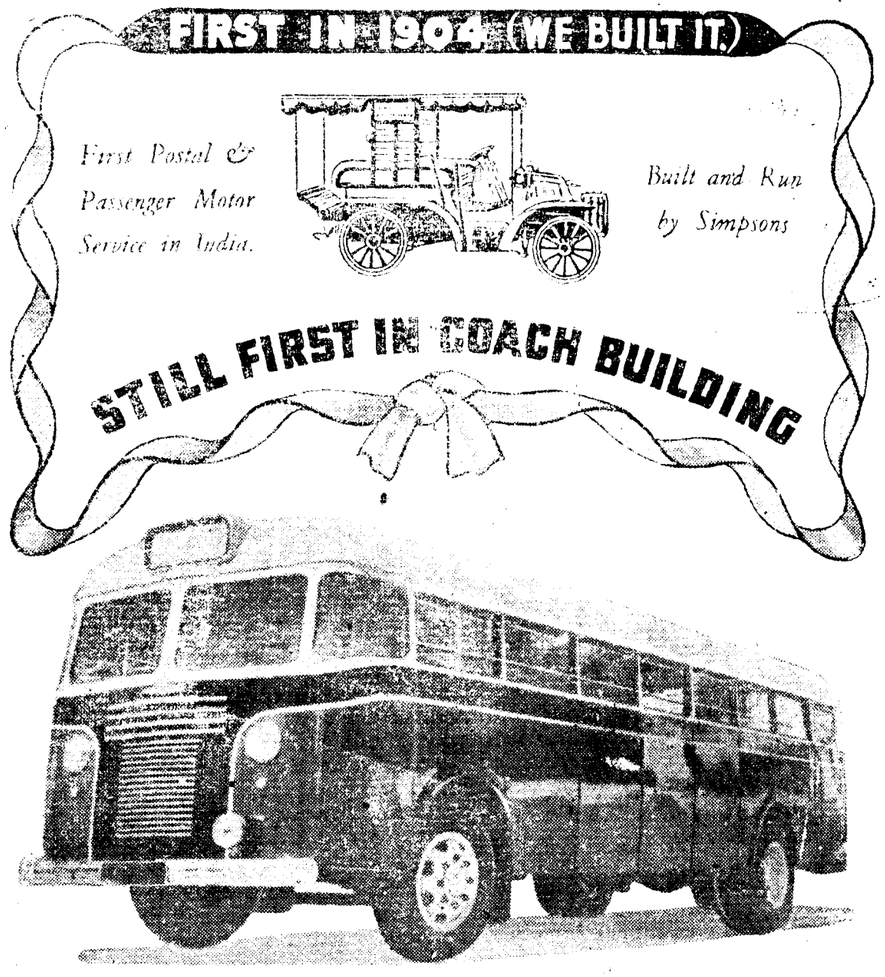
Whatever the wrongs or rights of the case, I must say that fasts do succeed in focussing public attention as nothing else does. It is the Indian equivalent of a British letter to the editor, an expression of deep feeling. In the Indian social climate nothing persuades so much as suffering—or a show thereof. Lord Irwin used to say that he could easily defeat Gandhiji's fasting tactics by himself going on fast, and so evoking equal public sympathy for himself. His only fear was that the British Press would misunderstand him as having gone mad—and demand his recall. I think he was right.

New Delhi K. R. MALKANI

WHY THIS DISCRIMINATION?

Sir,—Shri Morarji Desai fasted to make the people of Ahmedabad hear him. This has been applauded, acclaimed and glorified as a great penance not only by the big men of the Congress but also by the entire Press of India, whereas the poor and unfortunate Indraprasad Bachhil of the Ahmedabad Hindu Mahasabha who was fasting before Parliament House for arresting the attention of the authorities to the decision regarding a bilingual State for Bombay has been put under arrest and charged under Section 309 I.P.C. (attempt to commit suicide). Why this discrimination? India's Constitution lays down that all citizens shall be given *Equality Before the Law*. In practice, our rulers discriminate between the big men and small men and thereby negate the letter and spirit of the Constitution. If, strictly speaking, fasting has to be prevented under the Penal Code, Shri Morarji also should have been dealt with according to law whatever may be his position and status.

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SWARAJYA

Editor: Khasa Subba Rau

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THE EUROPEAN CONSPIRACY

OUR comments on Suez last week became outdated in the interval between printing and publication, and it is an entirely different situation that confronts the world today.

The users of the Suez canal are the shipping companies and not the Governments of the countries to which the companies belong But the distinction between private enterprise and the State has been completely obliterated in the technique adopted by the three powers—(Britain, France and the United States)—which have initiated the Canal Users Association to browbeat Egypt. It has one advantage—the contrivance of desired results with distributed evasiveness of responsibility, nobody coming forward frankly as the authors. Thus, non-Egyptian foreign pilots have left Suez, with neither their old employers, the Suez Canal Company, nor the Governments of Britain and France admitting their responsibility for the directive that led to the pilots' quitting.

One other distinction has also been obliterated — that between war and peace. This was pointed out by Sri C. Rajagopalachari in his unsparing condemnation of the Western powers' strategy in his speech at Gokhale Hall on Monday. Annotating Sir Anthony Eden's statement on Suez in which he referred to his friends and *allies*, C.R. said that the word allies meant partners in war, and by using it the British Prime Minister unconsciously revealed his latent war mentality all the time he professed his supreme anxiety for the preservation of peace.

This sort of double-dealing, talking of peace while planning for war, has become the distinctive trait of the Anglo-French partnership over Suez and it is in the light of it alone that the Egyptian situation, as it has now developed, can be properly understood. The Canal Users Association speak of making the canal safe for free international traffic, but every one of their acts is planned to destroy every possibility of their alleged desire being fulfilled. They do not want President Nasser to carry on as before, smoothly and efficiently. They want him to break down so that his regime may be ended and another more subservient may take his place in Egypt. Every recent act of Britain and France has been planned to bring about the overthrow of Nasser from power in Egypt.

The massing of troops, naval squadrons and air forces in the proximity of Suez is evidently intended to frighten the world into putting pressure on Egypt for preventing war and saving peace. It is an exploitation of the terror of nuclear war. India does not want war, and so we find the Prime Minister gravely perturbed and thinking of calling Parliament and Sri Krishna Menon hectically at work on peace-making. Russia does not want war, and so the Soviet leaders are not so free now with provocative challenges as they used to be. The United States is also averse to war, but it finds itself doomed, as it were, to live up to Dulles' craftsmanship of brinkmanship. U.S. policy is therefore devoted to the taking of risks to the point of reaching the very brink of war with the hope that at the very point of collapse down the precipice they would have skill enough to make a hair-breadt escape into safety.

Britain, having lost its empir is confronted with the econom consequences of second-ratenes and the United States, havin

CHARACTER DEVELOPMENT IN THE YOUNG

The problem of the develo ment of good character amo the young is our biggest proble Next to religion at home and school the story books of nineteenth century were of fi rate importance in the develo ment of nobility, generosity, truth fulness and the spirit of sacrifi among boys and girls. The re placement of the novels of Sir Walter Scott, Robert Louis Steven son, Rider Haggard, and all the other noble story books of the century by present day fiction not a thing over which we ma be happy. Realistic literature h its value—very great value, bu for the purpose of the emotiona education of the young, realism of no use. The young should nourished on stories of nobil and sacrifice, courage and gene sity and all those qualities th make the ideal hero and hero although these do not occur daily life but are only in t imagination of the author. The is time enough later on to read a digest the interesting reflectio of unfortunate reality,—Life as is. That has its own uses, but does not make character or develo the emotions of boys and girls i the desired direction. We mu give to the young the be romantic fiction. We all kno that such literature is greatl enjoyed by boys and girls unles we warp their tastes by feedin them on the wrong sort o literature.

C. RAJAGOPALACHARI

been responsible in a large measure for the diplomatic pressures that brought about the change in Britain's world status, is reluctant to abandon the role of Britain's friendly patron. But there is an essential incongruity between the American tradition of enlarging the area of freedom in the world and the present American role of bolstering up the Anglo-French bid for a desperate recovery of something of their lost imperial glories. What is being witnessed in Egypt now is the old colonial are trying to rekindle itself out of the ashes. President Nasser is a symbol of Asian dignity, dominated for centuries by European might, seeking to assert itself against a conspiracy to Western powers for recapture of their half-lost imperial positions. On the practical issues involved in the administration of the Suez canal, there is little difference between Egypt and the antagonists of Egypt. If these alone mattered, the dispute could be settled on rational and common-sense lines very quickly. But the dispute has become the stimulus for re-awakening European colonial aspirations. Asia would be lost to America if American moral force is lent to the European conspiracy against Egypt, since Egypt now is a symbol of the Asian struggle for sovereignty and emancipation from white supremacy.

CRITICS

Critics are like horseflies which prevent the horse from ploughing," said Chekhov. "For over twenty years I have read criticisms of my stories, and I do not remember a single remark of any value or one word of valuable advice. Only once Skabichevsky wrote something which made an impression on me. He said I would die in a ditch drunk."

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COMMUNITY DEVELOPMENT PROGRAMMES

MR. S. K. DEY, the Community Projects Administrator has in an Introduction to a report by Mr. M. L. Wilson, Ford Foundation Consultant on Community Development Programmes, asked for a careful and attentive study of Mr. Wilson's report as coming from one who had been connected with the Extension Movement in the States for 50 years.

Mr. Wilson says quite frankly: "The time available for field observations has been limited, nor has it been possible to examine the documentary materials, reports and writings that have accumulated since the project has been under way." It is remarkable that during 2 months Mr. Wilson should have visited nine State Development Offices, 19 blocks and 17 training centres. He has also made observations in 35 villages and has had talks with 40 village level workers! All this is very interesting indeed!

The object of this short article is to examine how far the recommendations of Mr. Wilson are of value to Indian workers.

Mr. Wilson says that he has had talks with Development Officers and has found different species of them. Mr. Wilson evidently became aware of a sort of difference between "administered" government programme and a "real" people's programme. He says that in his trip he found many people in all kinds of positions whom he could not classify one way or the other. Mr. Wilson points out a few defects in the way the administration works:

> "There is sometimes a tendency to look upon the village level worker as a chore boy who runs errands and does all sorts of things at the village level. I clearly saw in many instances how technical specialists or extension officers regarded the village level worker as someone with considerably lower qualifications, looked down upon the village level workers and issued orders to them because of the village level workers' low salary classification and educational experience."

Mr. Wilson has done wisely in suggesting that:

(1) The village level worker is an educator;

(2) he must have a programme and a plan for his works based on the needs of the village people, otherwise his accomplishments will not be very great; and

(3) he must be regarded as a member of the block team who has as definite responsibilities to the village to which he has been assigned, as the block development officer and other block staff.

A mild rebuke, but very well worth noting by the administering angels in the Community development programmes. *To avoid a bureaucratic outlook and to learn to be of the village is the vital issue.* The development or block officer must be a missionary—not a snob. It is very interesting to find in Mr. Wilson's note the following:

> "Much high grade training, both in service and pre-service, will be required if the block development officer is to have enough administrative knowledge, and the insight into human relationships, educational methods and spiritual and cultural values to equip him for leadership and development work. Many of the block officers are not measuring up, largely because of their lack of understanding of those things which are over and above routine administrative procedures."

Mr. Wilson is also critical of the equipment of the block officers. He says:

> "They did not measure up in their understanding and appreciation of human psychology, in their understanding of the learning processes and cultural changes, or in their skill of developing a programme based on this understanding. Neither did they, in many cases have the team spirit or co-workers' attitude in their relationships with the village level worker."

Every social worker in this country genuinely interested in the work would say the same thing. There are many square pegs in round holes. Teaching requires, says Mr. Wilson, not only skill and knowledge, but also those intangible qualities which inspire the mind and stimulate growth in the student.

(Continued on page 13)



Sotto Voce

Let Him Rest in Peace

OUR Bengali brethren have an engaging habit of ignoring the Reaper with the Sickle. Like the little girl of Wordsworth's *We are Seven* they may concede the literal truth that someone greatly loved or worshipped has long been under the churchyard mould or been given to the consuming element at Manicktola Ghat. But, for the high festival of hearts the vanished body is still a living presence. They refuse to acknowledge that death could interrupt the progress of a Rabindranath or, for that matter, of any local worthy who had kindled the hero-worshipping instinct in at least one loyal breast

* * *

I like the fine democratic fervour which makes them extend the practice of commemorating the Jayanti rather than the Shraddha day, traditionally reserved for saints and siddhas, to cover everyone who has crossed over. I admire the stoicism behind another Bengali custom of which I have heard, though to the staider South there is something morbid, if not positively macabre, about it. I am told that young married couples go to the burning ghat to take the ash there as a matter of ritual observance. If that is true the high purpose apparently is that on the threshold of a new life linked in happiness they should familiarise themselves with the notion that life and death are near allied.

* * *

For a people who are supposed to be abnormally preoccupied with the after life, we Indians are as a rule excessively squeamish in the presence of physical mortality. But the Bengali seems to have got over this primitive fear by the strength of his innate romanticism. Anyone who has lived for a week on the Benares ghats can testify that enforced familiarity with funeral scenes may, by bludgeoning the nervous sensibility, induce a superficial callousness. But Henleyan attitudinising is foreign to us. The great mystics looked with calm regard through the gateway of death to the larger life beyond. Dhruva, says Suka, stepped on the head of Death to become the Pole Star. The Bengalis seem to display something of the same exaltation, emotional though it be in essence.

* * *

But I must confess to feeling rather nonplussed in the presence of what often goes with this state —a paralysing piety. I might instance the preoccupation with the Netaji Subhash Bose 'case' which bedevils Bengali politics. It is more than eleven years since that brilliant and restless mind was stilled in a tragic air crash. That, at any rate, is what the world outside Bengal has believed on evidence as satisfactory as could be hoped for in the circumstances. But a large section of opinion in Bengal, including the surviving Bose brothers, has resolutely refused to accept this conclusion.

* * *

The holding of an elaborate Government enquiry *in situ*, presided over by one of Netaji's close collaborators in the I.N.A., is apparently not to be the end of the matter. A brother who served on the committee has already repudiated its findings. That, of course, is the trouble with fixed ideas—they are proof against proofs and against reason. There were many thousands of Britishers who went on firmly believing, long after Kitchener was drowned, that he had gone underground somewhere in Europe and was bound to turn up some day. Likewise, there are many good people in India who are convinced that Nana Saheb is still alive and practising austerities in the Himalayas and will stage a comeback at his own chosen moment.

* * *

With every wish to respect the sentiments of the family, I cannot see what interest anybody could have in keeping Mr. Subhash Bose's existence a secret, if he is still in the land of the living. Live wire that he was, it is difficult to imagine him burying himself in some remote desert or monastery in Central Asia instead of coming back to his country to claim his rightful place. No doubt a strain of mysticism had been noticed in him. At one time he was much given to yogic practices and other spiritual disciplines. Supposing he has chosen the contemplative life against the promptings of his own dynamic nature, should we be justified in thrusting our unwelcome attentions on him?

* * *

He has left a wife and child in Europe and a large and loyal following. A man with strong political ambitions would not allow the grass to grow under his feet. The enthusiasm of the rank and file must be constantly stoked. Nor is it in the least likely that any foreign Power is keeping him in the strictest seclusion, hoping to use him against his country at the opportune moment. The very thought is an offence to the memory of a patriot. It would be even more fantastic to suggest that the Nehru Government could have any interest in falsely certifying him dead. Is it not time that Netaji's well-meaning friends ceased troubling that brave spirit?

VIGHNESWARA

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SIDELIGHTS : :

THE case against B.C.G. was set forth with admirable clarity by Sri C. Rajagopalachari at a public meeting last Saturday under the auspices of the Lakshmipuram Young Men's Association. The hall was packed to overflowing, but a remarkable feature of the gathering was the almost complete absence in it of doctors whom the subject concerned intimately and of representatives of the Government whose health policy was the topic of discussion on the occasion. In view of the public importance of the subject dealt with, and also to make up for the gaps in the published reports, I give below the substance of C.R's speech. This summary is from memory and not in the words of the speaker:

There are certain diseases which, if they attack a person once, do not attack him again. By the very fact of having suffered from the disease, once, the human system gains immunity from it ever afterwards. Vaccination is based on this theory of the immunisation that disease confers on people against a repetition of itself. If you are vaccinated against small-pox, it means that the infection of the disease germs of small-pox is artificially manufactured and introduced into you so that you may be immunised against small-pox and be made safe against any attack of it at any time thereafter.

In the case of small-pox it is true that to be once attacked is to be saved from further liability to attack. But there are other diseases that are not like small-pox in this respect. For instance, one may suffer from fever any number of times. To have survived an attack of fever once does not mean any certainty of escape from dying of it in a second or subsequent attack.

In the case of tuberculosis, scientists have differed as to whether it is a disease like small-pox which immunised people against the risk of further attack by it or mortality from it, or a disease like fever which carries with it no such immunity. After experimenting on cattle for many years two scientists, Calmette and Goerin, gave the world in 1924 the vaccine that has come to be called B.C.G.—B meaning Bacilli and C.G. representing the initial letters of their own names. The classic authority on tuberculosis is Dr. McDougall. His book on tuberculosis has become the text on the subject for medical men. In this book he has set out the objections to B.C.G. vaccination, quoting another very high authority, Dr. Myers, Dr. Dougall stated in his book:

The immunity given by B.C.G. is not dependable.
It is not harmless.
It has failed to immunise adequately animals.
It cannot be regarded in the same category as vaccination against small-pox.
There is no reason even for hinting of such security from the use of B.C.G.

But the Government in India and also the State Government in Madras cited the authority of Dr. Caroll Palmer for embarking on a campaign of mass B.C.G. vaccination. Dr. Palmer is the head of the T.B. research team of the World Health Organisation, at Copenhagen. Even to be mentioned in the *Lancet*, the world-reputed medical journal, stamps a scientist as very important, but Dr. Palmer was not merely mentioned in the *Lancet* but also highly commended. Our Government cannot therefore be blamed for depending on such an eminent authority.

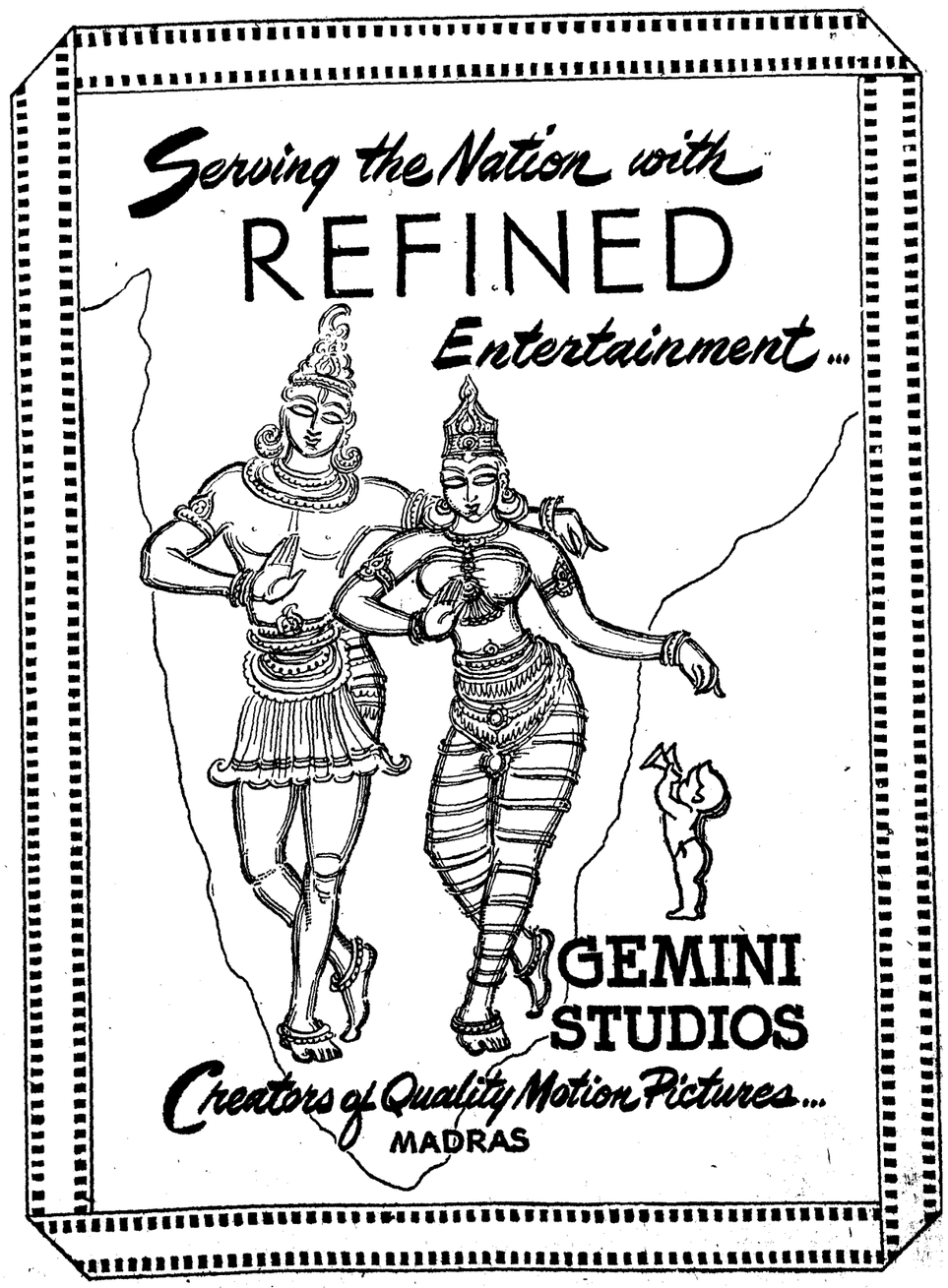
But Dr. Palmer has now changed his opinion. Being a scientist, he has taken into account the knowledge that has come to him through later investigations, and proclaimed the result, though it was contrary to his original assumptions, without caring for considerations of false prestige. Dr. Palmer's opinin is reinforced by that of Dr. Wallgren, a scientist of great distinction, primarily responsible for the inauguration of the B.C.G. mass vaccination programme in Sweden. Dr Palmer and Dr. Wallgren do not now mince matters. They are very definite that further B.C.G vacciniation in Sweden should stop. The rationale of their present conviction, diametrically contradicting their earlier propaganda, is given below:

Unlike small-pox, tuberculosis is not a disease from which many people are wholly free. Millions have it in extremely mild, harmless forms. It is like having a cobra in the house—a source of potential danger that may result in death, but till that happens, not inconsistent with the possibility of prolonged living. A very large number of people react positively when tested for tubercular infection, and B.C.G. is not given to them. The B.C.G. vaccine is given only to those who react negatively when tested for tuberculosis.

Dr. Palmer and Dr. Wallgren have found that the scourge of tuberculosis is comparatively more devastating with the positives, but B.C.G. leaves the positives wholly untouched. This is like organising a birth control campaign with contraceptives among the unmarried girls, paying no attention to the married. It is really to the married people that something has to be done if births are to be prevented, but B.C.G. does not touch the positives, the married who have really to be dealt with, and confines its attention to the negatives, just like giving contraceptives to unmarried girls.

(Continued on page 15)

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MY SUMMER STAY IN JAPAN

By ANNAPURNA KASTURI

Kumari Annapurna Kasturi took her M.A. (Hons.) degree from the Presidency College, Madras. She won the Elphinstone Prize for the best essay in English composition. Later she studied in the Woodrow Wilson School of Foreign Affairs, University of Virginia, and obtained the M.A. degree of that university. She is widely travelled, having visited Great Britian, U.S.A., France, Italy, Egypt, Burmah and Japan. She is a grand-daughter of Dr. S. Radhakrishnan, Vice-President of India.

SINCE 1949 International Work Camp programmes and seminars have been annual events in Japan. Participants from all over the world are welcomed into the Japanese capital by the Religious Society of Freinds, more commonly known as the 'Friends' or 'Quakers' who are the sponsoring agents of these programmes. The Quaker ideal is to increase goodwill and understanding so that all men individually or as members of a society can live in the spirit of peace and friendship. Through these work camps the 'Friends' stimulate among the participants a deep fellowship, in the spirit of which they enjoy working for people less fortunate than themselves and thus make a personal concrete contribution to the advancement of their follow men. The ideal of the seminar is to encourage free and frank discussions so that various groups are intellectually brought together in good fellowship and understanding.

This summer it was my good fortune to have been selected by the 'Friends' as the Indian participant in these programmes. And so on the 10th of July 1956 I found myself aboard a chartered plane along with some fifteen other delegates from South-East Asian countries on my way to the land of the cherry blossoms.

Our first three days in Japan were spent in an orientation camp in Kukuryo, a suburb of Tokyo, where Japanese guides, along with other foreigners long domiciled in Japan, tried to acquaint us with some of the customs, traditions and manners of the Japanese people. This orientation included a variety of things like eating with chopsticks, rituals of the tea ceremony (Chanoyu), how to don the kimono, where to go with shoes, where to change into slippers, where to go bare-footed, and initiation into the intricacies involved in taking a Japanese public (community) bath (to which I must say I never did get myself accustomed, not even to the idea of it!)

Our work camp project was to be held from July 17 to 31, at Omi Gakuen, an institution for mentally handicapped boys and girls between three and eighteen years of age. Omi Gakuen is near Kyoto, in the Shiga prefecture, right in the heart of the beautiful and picturesque rural Japan. This institution was selected as the venue of our physical activities, for it needed a lot of voluntary help and social service.

Our work at Omi was mainly three-fold: (1) to level a valley and widen the playground space by pulling down a hill; (2) to connect all the various streams running down from this hill into one big stream and build a dam across the waters so that the children may have a little pond for bathing and swimming; and (3) to build a mountain road with wooden steps so that children living upon the hill would find it an easy climb from the valley. The thirty students, Japanese and foreigners, working together for over seven hours a day were expected to complete these projects within a fortnight, and I must say that we did manage to get it all finished.

Work during the first two or three days was tiring and painful, specially to the foreigners, and the committee in charge of the first aid and medical kit was kept busy attending to the numerous cuts and bruises of the campers. Besides this field work, we also had to do our own cooking, washing, and cleaning, and the last included a daily cleaning of the camp-house, the kitchen, and the old-fashioned Japanese toilet very similar to the ones we have in our villages.

But life at Omi was not all strenuous manual labour. In the evenings the international group took part in folk dancing, discussions, and numerous get-togethers with the nearby villagers, members of the 4—H (Heart, Head, Health, and Hand) club, women's organisations, etc. On the night of July 24, the campers had occasion to take part in the O-Bon festivities, and they participated in these O-Bon dances guided by the staff and children of Omi Gakuen. In old days, dances were held in order to receive the ghosts who were believed to return to this world and to their families once a year. And this was the origin of the Bon-Odori dances of today.

A work camp programme, however, is never complete without the seminar which supplements the former, and the 'Friends' feel that the seminar, along with manual work, produces better results in bringing about closer international co-operation and understanding. Our seminar was scheduled to be held at the International Christian University in Tokyo from August 8 to 22, with about 19 foreigners representing twelve countries and 24 students from the various universities in Japan. The theme of the seminar was "The Place of Youth in World Peace", and it was an appropriate choice for "at no other time in history have people pinned greater hopes than at present to the sanity and goodsense of mankind", and in these hopes they have inevitably turned to the co-operation and sincere work of the younger generation.

The seminar was made up of the following: (1) lectures by eminent authorities dealing with various aspects of the central theme, His Excellency B. R. Sen, Indian Ambassador to Japan, Jean Lequille of the Institute Francois-Japanese, Dean Hidaka of the International Christian University, and R. B. Watson of the British Foreign Service, being some of the speakers; (2) informal group discussions between the seminar participants on all political, economic, social and cultural problems; and (3) student forums where formal discussions and debates on various crucial and current problems were conducted.

I found the seminar intellectually a stimulating and enriching experience. Not only did the exchange of ideas and opinions on all problems discussed, bring us mentally closer but also the clash of opinions and disagreements in the open discussions resulted in

cementing our ties of friendship and mutual understanding.

Religion was no problem, no barrier at all to our co-operation. Hindus, Muslims, Jews, Roman Catholics, Protestants of various denominations, Buddhists, Shintos, and Confucionists were representing the major religions. There was no compulsory or set service we had to attend. Instead, a period of fifteen or twenty minutes every morning was set apart for silent worship and contemplation giving each camper a chance to evaluate the programme and the benefit it can bring to himself and to the other members.

Jews and Gentiles, Muslims and Hindus, the Hong Kong Chinese and Americans from Taiwan had their own disagreements and heated arguments but yet at the end of the seven-week programme we all found it equally difficult and sorrowful to bid goodbye to our newly made friends. Youth from different places and different environments found themselves suddenly thrown in amidst strangers who obviously did not have anything in common with them, yet at the end, when it was time to part, all of us realised that human nature is fundamentally and basically the same irrespective of place and environment. So this great experiment on international living ultimately resulted only in good fellowship, tolerance, and understanding.

In between the work camp and the seminar the foreign students were taken on an eight-day sightseeing trip to the important and well known cultural and industrial centres of Nippon. Our first stop was, of course, at Tokyo, the nation's capital and the third largest city in the world. Next we visited Kyoto, the city of temples, shrines and beautiful girls, and we really could not walk a block without seeing one or the other. Right around Kyoto are a few prominent cities which are a 'must' to all tourists, cities as famed as Nara for its gigantic indoor statue of Buddha, Osaka, the industrial capital of Japan, and Kobe, the international port city. But our time was limited and all that we could do here was to pass by these cities determined to come back to them more at more leisure some time in the future. Cormorant fishing (Ukai) on the Nagara River in Gifu was a spectacle I will remember for a long time to come. Dressed in the old traditional costumes the three boatmen with the help of the tamed birds—the cormorants—catch the aya, a trout-like fish. The master of each boat handles as many as twelve birds at a time and leads them with reins made of cypress bark. The birds dive under water and catch the fish (which they cannot swallow because they have iron rings around their necks). They are then pulled back to the boat and emptied of their catch. This fishing, done only during particular months of the year, and always after sunset with bright fires burning in the boats, was very impressive and colourful. Kamakura is also a noted sightseeing spot, for besides its huge outdoor image of the Buddha it is a seaside resort which attracts thousands of people to its beach, specially from the warm and humid capital, Tokyo.

There is a Japanese saying that "you should not say 'wonderful' until you have seen Nikko". And really Nikko was wonderful in its richness of beauty, art and culture. Even today its many temples and shrines are among the best maintained in Japan. From Nikko we went on by the tram car and the cable car up to Lake Chuzenji, a hill station, and spent the day seeing the natural beauty of the countryside around the lake, and the beautiful Kegon waterfalls and the Yumota spa.

This trip also included a climb up to the peak of the 12,385 feet high Mount Fuji to see the once active crater. There are ten stations in all from the foot to the peak but the bus runs only as far as the fifth station, more than half-way up the mountain, and from the fifth station onwards we were expected to go on foot. This climb-up, however, was not at all enjoyed by the ladies, who felt that this task of conquering peaks and climbing mountains should be left only to Tenzings and Herzhogs and to such adventurous men. But urged and pushed up by the more enterprising boys, the girls made it as far as the eighth station but refused to go farther. Eight days were really not sufficient to see Japan but we were glad that we at least had a glimpse of her variety of natural beauty, art, industry, and culture.

I would like to end this account of my summer in Japan with one or two comments on the country and the people. Firstly, I found it hard to believe that I was in an Asian country. I found Japan more like America and the western countries, for she is far superior, technologically and industrially, to any Asian country. This is a noteworthy point, for she started her work of reconstruction and economic recovery from scratch after the 1945 peace, but in a short period of eleven years she has more than regained her pre-war productive efficiency. Her railway transport is one of the best and the most efficient I have ever seen, and the trains are always on time, never a minute ahead or behind schedule. The network of suburban and local trains in and around Tokyo operates most efficiently, with a train running every two or three minutes. Every village and town in Nippon is electrified, and cinerama and television already made their advent a long time ago. Everything that is available in the U.S.A. or England, from automobiles, cameras and radios to household gadgets like washing machines and mixmasters, are produced in Japan at less than half their American prices without detriment to quality. Education is compulsory and free to all boys and girls up to the primary and junior high schools. Japan also realises that though she is geographically a part of Asia, yet from certain points of view she feels herself far removed from her Asian neighbours and very close to the West.

The second important thing I experienced there was the fact that after her defeat in the war, and the tragic episodes of Hiroshima and Nagasaki the Japanese people have become less war-like and less military-minded. All the Japanese youth, men and women, with whom I came in contact without any exception, were enthused with a genuine and sincere desire for peace and are against the rearmament of Japan, though it must be admitted that there are still a few conservatives of the older generation who are military-minded and imperialistic.

It will not be wrong to say that the rapid progress Japan has made in the post-war period in the economic sphere is mainly due to the following reasons: (1) the Japanese are a hard working and ingenious people; (2) Japan did not have to spend money on her defence or on rearming herself (this was taken care of by the American occupation armies); and

(3) the money she would have otherwise to spend on armies and defence was better expended on constructive and productive economic projects - securing better standards of living for her people, a rapid 'reconstruction of her war-devastated economy, and a still more rapid industrialisation of the country.

It will not therefore be wrong to argue that a great part of this rapid progress was due to the American occupation of Japan. But the occupation, however, has not been an unmixed blessing. It has created newer problems of religion and race. Buddhism is losing its grip on the people, especially on the youth of the country which has been disillusioned since the war. The influence of Christianity is increasingly felt, yet it does not seem to give the spiritually troubled youth any great satisfaction. The problem of adoption of illegitimate children, questions dealing with inter-racial marriages and pointing a way of honourable living to the prostitutes whose numbers have greatly increased since the war—to these and many other social problems Japan has yet to find adequate answers.

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CATTLE BREEDING

IN India, since Vedic times, 'Gosamrakshana' has been recognised as an important adjunct to community welfare. But it is a paradox that today our country has the poorest quality of cattle in the world. The reasons are not far to seek. Here 'Gosamrakshana' manifests itself in pinjarapoles, salvage societies, Gosalas, and toned milk factories! None of these has any direct bearing on cattle-development.

Cattle-development clearly means rearing up of standard cows and bulls with sizable milk yield and dependable working capacity. In a primarily industrial country like Great Britain, the cattle industry has been built up on very successful lines. There are scores of prosperous, privately owned dairy farms there, each one of which specialises in distinctive breeds of cattle such as Shorthorns, Guernseys, Holsteins, etc. The breed characteristics are so carefully and perfectly controlled that each cow in a herd gives practically a predetermined quality and quantity of milk. A pedigree cow gives as much as 10,000 pounds in 300 lactation days, which roughly works out to 8 Madras measures per day! It is no wonder that they have enough to spare for export in the form of milk powder to India!

How is it that such a striking success as this is achieved in a country whose economy is more industrial than agricultural, whereas a predominantly agricultural country like India lags so far behind? Every dairy farm in England owns from 50 to 500 acres of land according to the strength of the herd that has to be maintained. The cows and calves are reared up just as children are bred by parents of means. Nay, even greater care and attention is bestowed on bringing up heifers, milkers and sires. Most of the food of the cattle is home-grown. Just as we grow paddy and wheat for our consumption, special nutritious fodders like berseem, lucerne and other legumes and perennial grasses are grown extensively and exclusively for the cattle. Expanses for pasture are developed with meticulous care so that the cows can have succulent fodder all round the year. They give personal attention liberally to the needs of the mother cow. Milk is merely an incidental sequence. It is a bye-product of the cattle industry.

Ambitious men in Madras State have tried to run cattle-breeding societies under the aegis of the Co-operative department. Most of them have utterly failed for the simple reason that lands for pasturage and fodder were not made available to them. The artificial insemination centres may collect seed material from high pedigree sires from Australia and insert them into thousands of cows in our State. All the ill-fated scrub-bulls may be castrated. These alone will not improve the cattle wealth unless vast areas of land are earmarked for the cattle and the allotted lands scientifically and methodically cultivated for fodder grass. Land for grazing and fodder are the *sine qua non* of cattle development.

Crores of rupees are going to be spent on artificial insemination centres all over the country under the second Five-Year Plan. The man in the street is given the impression that these huge sums of money will gradually upgrade the cattle population of our State to the status of the seed material propagated. It is not so easy as all that. If you carefully follow the processes involved it will be seen that artificial insemination centres are a substantial waste. The results obtained will be quite incommensurate with the huge sums of money spent. It is wiser to start with contiguous although small herds of already upgraded cows and practise stock-breeding with care and with facilities of grazing and fodder fields. For covering these herds a few pedigree bulls will do.

Happily, cattle-breeding is the only industry where there is appreciation and not depreciation. Consider the cow as a milk-making machine. She not only produces milk and maintains herself but begets more milk-making machines. The cows too, according to Malthus, increase in geometric progression. A start with 50 milkers and careful breeding will develop into 200 in about 10 years' time. The cattle industry is not only conducive to the health of the people but it makes a mighty contribution to agriculture. Pattagars of Palayamkottah who raise the famous Kangeyam draught cattle are successful cattle-breeders. Andhras in Ongole are masters in cattle-breeding.

The co-operative department are doing commendable service in working milk societies which serve as selling organization for the milk produced in the urban and rural areas. While helping the owners of cows and buffaloes to dispose off the milk they do not play a role in 'breeding'. In a way the milk supply unions are detrimental to stock-raising; for, while trying to sell milk at profit the calves which are potential stock are apt to be neglected.

No amount of grandiose planning by the Government spread over a number of years and involving huge sums of money will bear fruit in any field unless every citizen contributes his initiative, imagination and enterprise and works in tune with the plans to make them practical. It is especially so with regard to cattle development. Bridges and roads, dams and power houses can be built even without the co-operation of the public. But in rearing up heifers and cows on such a large scale as will improve our cattle wealth in quality, quickly, steady and careful work must be put in by individuals and institutions fired with unlimited zeal for Go-Vriddhi. Government must give unstinted support by way of land, finance and foundation stock, to organizations devoted to cattle-breeding.

M. S. VENKATARAMAN

THE DOG IT WAS THAT DIED

By VISWAMITRA

PALAMARAM Chooztha Nalloor Ananta Narayana Mahadevan, or 'Map', as he was known amongst his good friends, sneezed, shivered, felt his upper eyelids dropping down like heavy doors, and a sharp pain shooting across his forehead like an express train at full speed, and a dull ache in his cheek bones, and promptly got into bed.

"Jasmine", he shouted, "Jasmine, come here. I am hot as hell, damn it, my head is splitting. Come and sit by me and press my forehead".

Jasmine was his wife. Her parents had named her 'Mallika', but Map did not like the name. It sounded like the name of the heroine in a Tamil short story, written by the niece of the proprietor, and so given the first prize in the short-story competition. Mallika was a medieval name. Jasmine was nicer to say, and pleasanter to hear. It somehow combined the flavour of South India and Japan. Probably it was some other flower in Japan, but that did not matter. One cannot argue about associations and affinities. Besides, his English friends could not say Mallika. It was much too difficult for them. The English women went a step further. She was 'Jas, darling', to them. Not for her husband, though. She remained Jasmine to him.

The trouble with Map was that he had no stomach worth mentioning. Not a man's stomach, any way. They had been to a midnight picnic which had included sea-bathing. Their European friends had insisted on their bringing Indian dishes with them. the sandwiches and the bubbly. Sorry, I should not use slang. I mean the fiz. Jasmine had risen to the occasion, and had prepared delicious 'Dosais', with potatoes and onions concealed inside their brown and crisp covering. Harry from the bank, had taken her aside, and had told her that he had never eaten anything like it, and dash it all, he had lived in "Indiaer" for twenty-five years and he knew what he was talkin' about. Jasmine was pleased as punch. She resolved to tip that boy from the hotel who had come and assisted her, another eight annas.

But Map had gone and gorged himself sick with ham and chicken sandwiches. Why, she had eaten more of them than he, and between Harry and herself they had emptied nearly two bottles of the bubbly. Here she was, none the worse for it, except for a stray hiccough, and a tendency to belch, which, of course, she had learnt to stifle long ago. Harry had complimented her on her capacity. It was funny, him sitting by her side, dripping with sea water, like a Great Dane. "By Gad", he had said, "Jasmine darling, you drink like a trooper", and she had pulled his nose and had retorted promptly, "Less of the darling, and more of the champagne, if you don't mind". Oh, it had been such a glorious outing.

"Jasmine, Jasmine", the voice rang through the house, "Where are you? Please come here".

She rose from the lounge chair, put the morning paper aside, and sipped the last remnants of her tea. "Bother", she murmered to herself, "I don't get a moment in this house which I can call my own. It is Jasmine this and Jasmine that all the time".

Actually, she was very fond of Map, and it thrilled her that he wanted her all the time. Her grievances were but an aspect of her contentment. She loved to complain. All the English women complained. It gave her a languid feeling of pleasure to complain. It looked so elegant. "It is all very well for the men to ring up from the office and say that they are bringing two friends for dinner, but do they know that it spoils my afternoon? My butler Adimoolam is not a bad fellow, but you know what servants are these days. I have to check every item in the purchase. Otherwise, they are capable of stealing from a blind beggar. And I have to order the menu every day. It is such a bore. They are such clay-headed fools. The same soup, the same fish, the same meat. God, it is monotonous. I don't know how I carry on, one of these days I shall take to my bed, and never get up". She was, nevertheless, fit as a fiddle, and had got up that particular morning, fresh as the floral counterpart of her name.

She entered the bed room. He was moaning. She had a nice sense of humour. All her English friends had remarked about it. She went up to him and sat on the bed. Silly ass, making a fuss about nothing.

"Dying, darling?" she asked him.

"Yes", he replied, "So that you may live happily ever after".

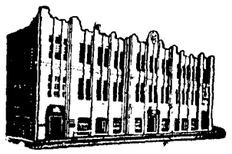
She pouted and stroked his head.

Golly, but he had fever.

"My poor boy", she said, her voice suddenly warm with love and sympathy. You are boiling like sympathy. You are boiling like a kettle. I shall send for the doctor. Such a pity, I had asked Adimoolam to make sausages and mash for breakfast".

She went out and sent the car for the doctor. She came back and started to arrange the sick room.

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according to his wishes. There was one thing about Map, he was a meticulous fellow. He saw himself as he thought others saw him. If he went to office, he dressed as one should dress for the office: a neat lounge suit, a shirt with an attached collar which enabled him to loosen the neck-tie when no one was about, and push it back in a second when he had visitors, a silk hankie which peeped out of the breast pocket of his coat, and another one, for use, tucked away in the pocket of his trousers, brown shoes which had thick manly soles and were not too new though polished to mirror standard, thin interwoven socks of a mild cream shade. When he went out on camp, he chose a typical out-door ensemble—khaki half pants, white shirt, an old wrist watch held in place by a khaki strap which was washed every day, thick brogues, and a short stick which he carried in his hand. No hat, however. Hats did not suit Indians, worse luck. It somehow emphasised their 'niggerness'. But he had nice hair, and when the wind blew it became ruffled and looked artistic, and if it was a still day, he ruffled it himself and achieved the same effect. He kept his pipe in his mouth all the time, whether he was smoking or not. It improved his accent. The only time he took it out was to emphasise a point by holding it in his left hand. He was quite a character in the office. He called his peon "Hey George", though his name was Muthusamy. He cracked jokes with the clerks, who laughed respectfully. He swore at their stupidity, but only in a good humoured way, more to hear himself swear than to chastise them. He winked at the superintendent who was reputed to be a gay dog. He drove his Ford at a terrific speed, and turned corners on three wheels, and laughed when the ladies in the back seat screamed. Map, they said, was crazy, he had missed his profession, he should have joined a circus. He took the tribute with a suitable mixture of boredom and self-confidence.

So when he became sick, he saw to it that he did it properly, and not anyhow. He had the cot removed to one end of the room. He rested the head near the wall. He sent for the typewriter stool from the office room and had it covered with an embroidered piece

of white cloth. He asked Jasmine to bring the thermos, the hot water bag, the water jug with a tumbler to match, and had the jug covered with a lace net with blue beads worked into its edges. He had these sick room appurtenances nicely arranged on the stool. He placed a dining chair on the other side of the cot, not too near the cot, because Harry and the other boys would be calling in the evening, and they were dreadfully afraid of catching the infection, but at a discreet distance. He also had the low circular table from the drawing room brought and placed near his head, just so that he could reach out. On this table he placed the eau-de-cologne bottle, the smelling salts, two or three picture magazines, light reading such as a sick man could glance through without any strain. He saw to it that hot water, towels and soap were placed in the bath room, in case the doctor wanted to wash his hands after examining him. He turned on the ceiling fan at a slow speed, so that there may be a current of air in the room, but no blast. He drew the curtain of one of the windows in full, but kept the other window open, thus making the room dim, but not dark. He had the sheet changed, and he himself put on a new pair of pyjamas. He asked Jasmine to give him a hand towel to keep by his side. A coloured towel which showed. He piled up a few more pillows for his head, and then lay back and enjoyed the misery of 'flu. He closed his eyes, and Jasmine, after sprinkling talcum on her hands, gently pressed his temples and the forehead, just above his eye-brows and between the eyes.

The doctor came and said that there was a case of influenza in almost every house in town. There was a wave of it. The news cheered him up considerably. It absolved him of responsibility for his illness. He was the victim of the wave. The doctor advised a low diet, and sent him a mixture. He had the bottle arranged alongside of the eau-de-cologne, and added an ounce glass and a thermometer to the collection.

"Jasmine, my pet", he said, "my shoulders are aching".

"All right, Map", she replied, "turn over". He turned over, and she pressed his shoulders, and asked him to go to sleep.

Map belonged to Malabar. So did Jasmine. His father had been a banker, and had died when he was in college. His marriage with Jasmine had been a boy and girl affair. It had taken place during the summer holidays, the year he had matriculated, but had not joined college. He had been in his fifteenth year then. His father had been wondering whether to send him to Madras for higher studies, or whether it would not, on the whole, be better to keep him in Palghat itself, where there was a first grade college, when the problem was solved by his marriage. It was his mother who had hastened the happy event. Mallika's father was her cousin. In a sense, she was his rightful bride. Her father was a well to do landlord who lived in Palghat proper. He will be in *loco parentis* to the boy, his mother had urged, and had added by way of emphasis that auspicious things should on no account be delayed.

Jasmine had been about ten years of age then. She had enjoyed the new clothes, and the fun, and the importance that every one had accorded to her all of a sudden. But her friends had been robbed of all pleasure. They could not confront the boy and the girl unexpectedly and watch what they did. They could not tie the pig tail of the girl with the tuft of the boy, or one end of his dhoti with the hem of her saree. They derived no enjoyment when Map lifted Jasmine's chin and smeared sandal paste on her neck. The trouble was that the bride and the bridegroom had known each other from childhood, and had played together, and quarrelled with each other, and Map had always been a hero to Mallika. There had therefore been no question of her being shy in his presence. But the elders had derived a full measure of enjoyment. It had been a four day marriage, which meant eight square meals, and eight tiffins of the same geometrical pattern. The bridegroom's party had been suffocated with hospitality, till grains of rice had climbed the roof of the mouth and had come out through the nostrils, and they had gone about saying with unconcealed pride that half of them had been ill for days afterwards. On the evening of the fourth day there had been a procession in a decorated palanquin, and Mahadevan and Mallika had sat facing each other in it. She had been dressed up, and loaded with jewels, and had looked like one of the dolls tied to the front of the palanquin as a decoration. She had gone to sleep half way through the perambulation, and no one had disturbed her. Map himself had worn diamond ear rings, and a velvet cap, and a pair of gold bangles, and a lace bordered dhoti intended for one three times his size.

The recollection of that absurd ceremony was an endless source of amusement to both of them in after life. No one, not even themselves, knew for a certainty when they had become man and wife in the proper sense of the term. It had undoubtedly been long before the formal ceremony. The ceremony was only an occasion to feed the brahmins. He lived in the hostel attached to the college, but spent a great deal of time in his father-in-law's house. Mallika must have been about thirteen years of age when she lost her virginity on some playful afternoon or other. She was a simple girl of the village. She knew how to read and write in Malayalam, and her English was confined to the text book which contained lessons like 'The dog sat on the mat'. As a matter of fact, she did not care about studies. Map found the stolen



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moments with her a pleasant sort of diversion. It also gave him a status amongst his college mates. They talked, but he knew.

Then Map went to England to study for the bar, the civil service, a university degree, and anything else that he could bag. He did not manage anything, however. But he did not altogether waste his time in London. He learnt to dress well, and patronised the best tailors. No 'Let Burton tailor you' for him. His suits were made by Pope and Bradely, and his shirts were made by Morgan and Ball. He also knew several of the lesser known, but very exclusive shops in Burlington Arcade. He took care not to be seen too frequently in places like the Indian Students' Union in Gower Street, which was noisy and full of ill-dressed countrymen of his, but, as far as possible, went about in the company of English boys and girls. He dined in certain select restaurants, like Simpsons, in the Strand, and Paglionis in Soho, and never in the Corner House. He picked up a line of talk which was the envy of the other students from India. He referred to a six-pence as a 'tanner', and said 'That's right'. instead of 'Yes', and used phrases like 'Before you could say knife'. and 'You could have knocked me down with a feather', with perfect ease. More than anything else, he danced divinely, and was a frequent visitor at the Astoria, and the Hammersmith Palais, where the uniformed commissionaires treated him with the respect due to a liberal handed habitue. He moved gracefully across the floor with tall English girls, with his arms around them, and the utter proximity was a source of envy and admiration to his Indian friends. How on earth did he manage to get such partners? The girls said he danced like Jack Buchanan. He could dance the Yale-Blues and the Charleston, which even the English boys could not do. He could hum 'She has got eyes of blue', and 'Climb upon my knee, sonny boy', and when he danced he hummed the tunes gently, and the girls came in closer the better to hear him.

No wonder he was appalled when he returned to India. He found, waiting for him, a wife who knew nothing. Literally nothing, damn it. A slip of a girl, 'a half portion' as he characterised her in typical Londonese, who refused to sit in his presence, talked to him in whispers (not that there was any damn thing she sould talk about), and scarcely met him except in a furtive way, climbing the stairs like a cat, after every one had gone to bed, and the lights had been put out, and he had himself finished one instalment of his sleep, and had exhausted his entire range of invective against the stupidity of Indian life in general, and of his 'girl' (he had not become used to the word 'wife') in particular. The fool showed an indifference towards things that an English girl would have jumped at.

As luck would have it, he secured, through the influence of a relation of his father-in-law, who was high up in Government, the job of an assistant in an English firm. The concern had branches in several districts, and had the sole importing rights for a variety of English goods. The company was headed by wise and far-seeing Englishmen, who would have given 'benami' shares and made Satan the Vice-President of the company, if it became necessary to open a branch in the nether regions. They sensed the changing atmosphere in India long before the non-co-operators themselves did, and promptly decided to take Indians into the concern, and display their readiness to break down their exclusiveness. They selected sons and relations of

High Court Judges, senior civil servants and, leading men of law, young men of passable attainments who dressed well and carried a tin of Gold Flake cigarettes in their left hand, and came to office in their fathers' cars. They employed them in jobs like labour welfare, salesmen, and general assistants, which were showy but innocuous, and required contacts with the Government at lower levels. Of course, these boys did not draw the same salaries as the English assistants, but then, the English boys had to wear dinner jackets every day, and in other ways keep up the prestige of the white man, and as one leading statesman of the country said, with a fairness characteristic of the great men of India (are we not of the same race of sepoys who drank the gruel and gave the rice to the British soldiers during the seige of Arcot?) that a native snake gourd creeper and an exotic croton were not entitled to the same consideration. (To be continued)

COMMUNITY DEVELOPMENT PROGRAMMES IN INDIA

(Continued from page 2)

In the matter of the assessment of co-operation and rural credit Mr. Wilson's comment is interesting. He says:

> "The crux of the matter is that a co-operative depends upon the understanding of the members, and their stage of growth and development in economic democracy, and in democratic participation. Co-operative action is a kind of democracy in which there is responsibility as well as benefits. The co-operative does not succeed without capable and competent management".

Mr. Wilson is somewhat dissatisfied with the progress made in these directions in the blocks he had seen, and in his view, the block extension officers did not have their feet on the ground, although they could talk very well about the theory and spiritual values and the elements that are required for success. The assessment is much the same in regard to health and sanitation so far as the work of the block extension officials is concerned.

Mr. Dey, the Administrator of the Community Projects, is a dedicated soul putting all his missionary zeal in the work, but success can come only slowly. The really important thing is to realise that we want men of the right calibre at all levels—not mere Government servants looking for a monthly salary. We want men and women who will not disdain life with the villager all the year round to show that they are part and parcel of the village people for common work. That way alone lies real advancement—not in statistics. Statistics and sanity may not always go together.

Mr. Wilson writes with approval about the establishment of a national centre or institute for higher studies and training in the field of community development. But even here, over-centralisation at Delhi would defeat the purpose. Such institutes must be located in different zones or regions and the work must be correlated with the needs and practices of the people of the area. The continuous needs for training, improvement, and higher standards in the extension workers themselves has been emphasised by the American Consultant, and the Government of India and the governments of the States should find it possible to find permanent investment of finance in these projects as a long time measure and plan the future well and clearly with a view to rousing the enthusiasm of the villagefolk.

The survey by Mr. Wilson is worth notice by all students interested in social welfare work in India at all levels.

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B.C.G. IN ACTION
A SAD CASE

Sending the letter of a distressed parent with sad experience of B.C.G. vaccination in the case of his two children, Sri C. Rajagopalachari writes:

This letter was written, it appears, nearly a month ago but posted only on 15th of September. I feel I should share with the public this sad letter. There can be no clearer proof of the criminality of this B.G.C. inoculation.

*

House No. 9, Block "L" Sri Ganganagar (Rajasthan).

My dear Rajaji:

Is there any antidote to B.C.G.? I thought I was very wise in taking my little son and daughter all the way from this remote place to Delhi to get them (B.C.G.) vaccinated. To my utter dismay and shame I have been watching a slow metamorphosis in these two children. They were fine and lovely and smart and cheerful—quite fit, quite healthy.

The son is now a thin and lean creature. All the bones of the chest are visible. In between there is no flesh. The arms are joined to the body as if by a mere tendon. He keeps on lying down. On hearing my footsteps he gets up with an effort . . . and pretends to be active and cheerful. This is because I snub him sometimes. My heart breaks when I do it. I feel ashamed. Yet I do it. He used to sing wonderfully. He has prizes and certificates from the school. Now he does not do it. He feels breathless and weak.

At times, most humbly and apologetically he says "I myself wonder what is wrong within me". This goes as a shot into my heart. He hates to be told that he is weak and that he should take any medicine. He used to sing with such deep pathos. Now he refuses to sing. He is motherless. I am not dramatizing or seeking sympathy. I have killed him, I must live in perpetual agony for my own sins. What I ask for is if the Government has started thinking yet on the lines of providing an antidote to B.C.G. It is no use persisting in faulty experimentation. We the masses are dumb driven cattle. Give us any vaccination, any injection. Give it gratis, we have it thankfully. The daughter equally weak, has hard lumps formed on the

(Continued on page 15)

CHALLENGE TO FREEDOM

BOOK REVIEW

PROF. COMMAGER, a non-conformist liberal thinker of the new world, has in this book analysed, with a lucidity and honesty that have an old world charm about them, the intellectual malaise that besets the U.S. where the most vociferous protagonists of freedom have nearly succeeded in putting it in the strait jacket wherever they possibly could. Nor is this onslaught confined to Senators and Congressional committees. It often comes from the most unexpected quarters, namely, colleges, universities and academies which happen to control the dissemination of knowledge and the spread of culture.

The examples that the author cites to show that there is no offence that cannot be committed by some of the sanctimonious apostles of liberty are many and convincing. A much-decorated Negro captain was very nearly cashiered for the reason that he was a regular reader of the *Daily Worker* and that his father fought against segregation! Another, a first lieutenant, was dropped from the Air Force because his sister was known to have had Communist sympathies. And when a Russian-born girl gave a talk to American high school students on the Soviet school system, her innocuous remarks created a furore.

The wonderful theory of guilt by association is being worked with cynical thoroughness, and more often than not the soidistant custodians of freedom and morality overshoot the mark. All the works written or edited by Mark Van Doren, poet and literary critic, were one fine morning suddenly removed by official order from the shelves of the Jersey City junior college for the reason that he was found associating with a set of people not quite approved of by the authorities of the college.

The author, who is a good student of history and has his intellectual moorings deeply laid in the authentic American tradition, has no love for those who trim biology to suit the philosophy of 'Das Capital', re-write history to fit in with the message of the October Revolution and remake music and art to harmonise with the newest melodies and the changing colour-scheme of the Kremlin. But he believes that the survival of America's soul depends on the acceptance of freedom as a pragmatic necessity rather than as a legal and constitutional right or even as a natural privilege.

The doubt is natural whether in the present hyper-sensitive set-up of loyalties and tensions, the Founding Fathers would emerge unscathed out of the loyalty tests and whether Washington, Jefferson or Lincoln would get even pass marks in patriotism under a stern examiner like McCarthy. Commager's America—the America that swears by the Bill of Rights and the Declaration of Independence—is born in revolt, has flourished on dissent and become great by experimentation. To him, freedom is not a luxury to be enjoyed in security and prosperity but the very condition on which the last two are to be built up. Loyalty is an ideal, tradition and principle and not the mechanical flag-salute of the conformist. He outlines the ideal, but how it is to be realised in the midst of the grim realities of political chauvinism, it is for others to ponder over.

D. ANJANEYULU

Freedom, Loyalty, Dissent: by Henry Steele Commager, Oxford University Press, New York.

HOW MADRAS FOUGHT THE CYCLONE. Published by The Director of Information and Publicity, Government of Madras.

A GRAPHIC account of the terrible November, 1955 cyclone that swept over the districts of Tanjore, Madurai, Tiruchirappalli, and Ramanathapuram districts of Southern India, detailing the destruction of residential houses and other buildings, loss of human life and heads of cattle, damage to crops and the various irrigation sources, this pamphlet rises above the level of a mere official report by its fine human touch. Apart from the relief to the sufferers provided by the Government which sprang into quick action, the help rendered by private individuals and agencies was considerable: King saud of Arabia contributed Rs. 50,000; the Indian business community in Malaya and Singapore made a donation of Rs. 3 lakhs to the relief fund. "I have always felt that man is tested most in his adversity. If he stands up to that, he survives for a greater tomorrow," said Chief Minister Sri Kamaraj Nadar. Simple, well-worn words, which will never grow stale, whatever the forms of Government and the quality of those that contest for leadership.

NECROPOLIS

LIKE to a bald skull
the full moon is;
and spectral stars
across the sky
sullenly fly;
swells a lull
as though all breath
in leaden death
it would soon cease,
and in darkling mood
drawing the hood
of the primal serpent
to still
the tiniest jars
until
Creation's good
utterly spent
the world's a charnel-house
where ghouls carouse.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE MAHATMA'S FASTS

Sir,—Sri Malkani (SWARAJYA, September 8) seems to hold, with Lord Irwin, that the fasts of Mahatma Gandhi in his struggle for freedom were meant to evoke public sympathy for himself. The Mahatma's fasts were neither 'political' nor 'tactical' but purely religious. He himself wisely remarks: "My religion teaches me that whenever there is distress which one cannot remove, one must fast and pray. It is both penance and a prayer."

R. VARADARAJAN

Srirangam

NEW TEST FOR HIGH SCHOOL TEACHERS

Sir,—It is ordered by the D.P.I., Andhra that B.A.'s or B.Sc.'s with a degree in teaching should undergo a short training course to handle forms VI and VII of the higher secondary school. With a view to enabling teachers of only proved ability to undergo the training course, it is proposed to conduct a preliminary test whereat the candidates have to score 45 per cent. But it is anomalous that 1st and 2nd class degree holders, who are men of proved ability having scored 50 per cent and over at the university degree examination, should now be required to take an examination to score 45 per cent. No university is holding any entrance examinatton for admission into M.A. or M.Sc. courses, for 1st and 2nd class graduates, as it is nothing short of condemning the university degree. Hence it will be bare justice to select 1st and 2nd class graduates for the short training course, without compelling them to appear for the preliminary test, as they have been already regarded as men of proved ability and merit by the university.

A TEACHER

COURTESY AT CONCERTS

Sir,—It often happens that at concerts even by renowned musicians some members in the audience engage themselves in conversation loud enough to disturb their neighbours who are intent on listening to the music. It is not realised as well as it should be that such conduct is a discourtesy to the musicians and a deprivation to the listeners. Pin-drop silence is, of course, the ideal.

It seems desirable that Indian musicians, particularly the South Indian male vocalists, should practise in front of large mirrors to enable them to control their bodily movements and facial expressions to harmonise gracefully with the charm and joy of their music. As it is, some of them seem somewhat selfishly to quote:

But, my face, I do not mind it,
For I am behind it;
Those in front get the jar!

P. KODANDA RAO

Bangalore

LOUD SPEAKER NUISANCE

Sir,—There is urgent need for legislation to ban loud speakers except in a few public places and for public meetings and public functions. It appears that the law governing noise as it stands at present is neither sufficient nor effective. The loud speaker generally makes noise for 48 hours during marriage and such occasions; and by the time a legal process may reach the author of the nuisance, there will be no noise in existence but only a lingering echo within the head and ears of the victims. The most uncomfortable aspect of the matter is that persons using loud speakers belong to respectable classes to whom social behaviour is known. They do not intend to cause nuisance to any one or the community. Hence there is an urgent need for legislation.

K. CHENGALVAROYA AYYA

Chingleput

HOLDING SOCIETY UP TO RANSOM

Sir,—"Students could be helpful in fostering restraint on consumption," said Mr. S. N. Mishra, Union Deputy Minister for Planning. So this is the tall talk about increasing production! They plan to reduce consumption and then announce that there is surplus. This is virtually trying to hold society up to ransom.

After nationalising insurance, the first thing that has happened is a protest from the employees and a threat of a strike. The Civil Defence Department has been paying 8,000 people, without work for eight months and more and when they are about to be retrenched, a strike is threatened. In the D.V.C. where the full complement of staff is no longer needed, labour trouble cropped up when the surplus labour was sought to be retrenched. In the first half of 1956 more labour days were lost and the major loss was in State-run industries. Is this how we are to take care of our limited resources?

A significant aspect of over-notionalisation is missed in the enthusiasm for slogans. By taking everything into Government hands a monopoly is being created. This monopoly can hold society to ransom, because no other competitive force can operate under monopoly conditions.

NAMBS

(Continued from page 4)

Science is the pursuit of truth. When truth is by-passed in the name of science, we get quackery. After the way in which original protagonists of B.C.G. like Dr. Palmer and Dr. Wallgren have unequivocally denounced it as useless and not always even harmless, the tenacity with which the Government here are still sticking to it cannot but be characterised as quackery of the most reprehensible kind. They say now that if B.C.G. is not efficacious against tuberculosis, it has salutary immunising properties against leprosy! This is like a bogus police officer, apprehended for false impersonation, turning round and saying that though not a police officer, he is a sales tax officer! It is not merely quackery but wickedness and fraud.

SAKA

(Continued from page 13)

neck and other parts of the body.

At times I feel they should be given treatment for T.B. A voice within shouts: Let them die in peace now. There is a long life ahead. One has to go a long way yet. To go all that distance with the help of medicines—half dead half alive is no use at all.

I wish you would let me send a photograph of these children to you and also my son to you.

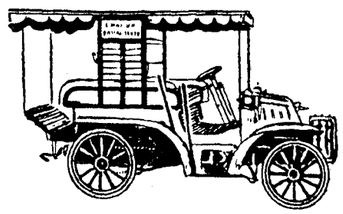
I have stopped looking at him.

Yours, etc.

CHAMANLAL

Regd. No. M 6779 SWARAJYA September 22, 1956

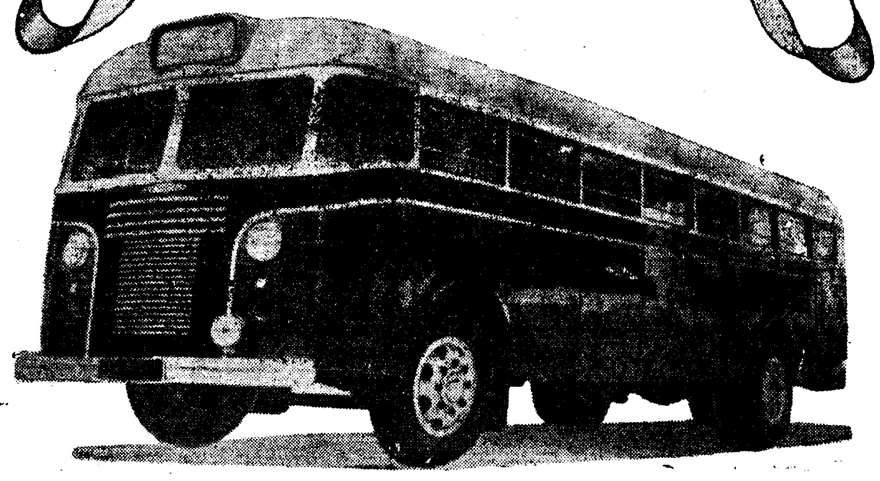
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ANTI-CONGRESS JOINT FRONTS

THE need for an Opposition in parliamentary democracy may be readily conceded, but the pre-election electoral alliances that are now being attempted have about them very little of the essential spirit of democracy. The constitutional value of an Opposition party in the democratic set-up arises from the fact that there has to be an alternative to the ruling party to take up and run the Government in the event of its defeat at the polls. We have at present no such alternative. None of the so-called Opposition parties is able to replace the Congress singly as the ruling party in the unlikely event of a Congress defeat at the elections. Nor are they capable of forming an enduring coalition. There is greater incompatibility and mutual antipathy between the Opposition parties themselves than between any of them and the Congress. The nearest approach to a coalition that the Opposition parties ever achieved in the country was not in national politics, but in South India. It occurred in the wake of the Communist upsurge in Andhra when the Congress and the non-Congress elements in the legislature of the old Madras State were almost evenly divided and Sri Prakasam headed a coalition of the non-Congress elements including the Communists in a desperate bid for seizure of leadership. When the attempt failed, it not only broke up the coalition, but set in motion revulsions and disillusionments from which the Congress it was that gained far more than any of its antagonists.

Historically the Congress is the parent body that provided the initial inspiration for public life in India. But the tempo of Congress activity as also the pattern of it disappointed very soon the impatient idealists within the Congress itself and it suffered its first great secession when dissentients from its ranks formed the Communist Party. This was in the pre-Independence era. After independence, the power politics that the Congress organisation developed, caused a second revolt, and the various streams of revolt coming together constituted the Praja Socialist Party. But the rebels were haunted by the glamour of their achievements before the rebellion began. The leaders of the revolution-to-be were fascinated by the status which they lost when they left the Congress, and at crucial moments they deserted their followers in the new parties of the Opposition which they had formed and went back to the old. Symptomatic of this roundabout turn was the acceptance by Sri Prakasam of the Chief Ministership when the Andhra State was formed, as a gift from the Congress Prime Minister, virtually in the style of a penitent gathered back to the Congress fold. This desertion destroyed the Praja Socialist Party in South India. When, after a short interlude devoted to the keeping up of appearances, Sri Tenneti Viswanatham accepted a Government post, his example became the inspiration among the left-overs in the Praja Socialist Party of the South for imitative overtures for Congress favour. From among recent Praja Socialists there are many applicants now for Congress tickets in the coming elections.

Meanwhile, the Communists also have lost heart. Their traditional role of subversive revolution received a knock on the head when Moscow and Delhi embraced each other in a friendly relationship. The present debunking of Stalin that is going on in Russia has deprived Indian Communists of a political deity they had been parading for years all over the country with all the gusto and appurtenances of fervid worship. Even their economic programme was stolen from them when at Avadi the Congress embarked on its mission of evolving a Socialist pattern of society. The net effect of politics at home and events abroad has been to empty the Communist movement of its significance, and newspaper reports now reveal a trend on the part of the rank and file of the Communist Party to seek entry into the Congress in large numbers.

Circumstances have thus conspired to strengthen the Congress, and the strength has come in large measure from reinforcements provided by leaders of the Opposition who had dedicated themselves earlier to the task of pulling down the Congress. The units of the Opposition have proved themselves totally unfit to fulfil their constitutional role. Reluctant to admit their incompetency, they have made a speciality of indulging in wild accusations of dictatorship and suppression of civil liberties against the Prime Minister. As a matter of fact there is no executive encroachment on civil liberties in India from the Central Government. The Press is as free as in any country. We have all the freedoms constitutionally implied in democratic government. They are not, however, taken full advantage of, for the reason that

the level of public life at present falls far short of democratic standards. It is the chain reaction of adult suffrage on an unprepared electorate in a set-up far too advanced for it, that is responsible for the many prevalent illusions of dictatorship and the tragic realities of corruption, communalism waste and misery rampant in the very heart of the Five-Year Plans with all their sensational outlay on nation-building. There is no doubt that the Congress leaders have lost the old momentum of social purpose and degenerated into self-seekers exploiting mass weakness, especially communalism, for advancing their personal and sectional interests. But the leaders of the Opposition have already sunk, even without the excuse of the corrupting influence of power, to a level in every respect lower than the Congress level, and they have failed totally to impress people with the faith that if given the chance they are capable of providing a more efficient government than the present. The dread inspired in people's minds by the would-be supplanters of the Congress is greater than all the disappointments of Congress rule, and this is the greatest contributory factor to Congress victory at the polls. We must look to the higher type of leadership within the Congress itself for a more satisfactory selection of candidates to man the legislatures, the repositories of sovereign power, for rectifying present administrative defects rather than to the architects of the unprincipled alliances and joint fronts that are being forged now, on election-eve, with an eye solely on the improvement of election fortunes.

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MUST NUCLEAR PREPARATIONS GO ON?

By C. RAJAGOPALACHARI

WRITING on the subject of "Security" in a high-class journal issued from Harward, Mr. James Burnham poses the question, "Is war worse than Communism?" He asks: "What is at issue? No sane person will wish or choose all-out nuclear war for its own sake. What then is in dispute? The issue is, whether war in the nuclear age is worst of all, worse than *anything*? Specifically, the issue is whether war is worse than Communism."

He proceeds to analyse the position and contends that the consequences of acceptance of this doctrine that war is worse than anything and therefore worse than Communism, would mean surrender and the acceptance of defeat.

This appears to be a fallacious simplification of the issue of nuclear weapons. The confusion arises over the use of the abstract word, Communism. No one can possibly believe that war can be a means of demolishing Communism or any other "ism". No one seriously suggests that armed forces can hold philosophies or ways of life. The dilemma properly stated would be "Nuclear war or submission to force and aggression by a Communist State."

It is not Communism that we level our guns against. It is a Communist State and its armed forces that in the hypothetical case we have to resist. Armed forces resist not Communism but aggression, plain and simple.

No one will deny that war is preferable as an alternative to grave dishonour of any kind, if there be no other way of opposing it. But, other means are certainly preferable to war. Any grave dishonour threatened presents the same problem as aggression by Communists,—for example to refer to a topical issue, aggression by U.K. and France against Egypt. It must be admitted that war is *not* worse than grave dishonour and grave injustice of any kind, be it threatened by Communists or by any others. But, should we not find other ways of meeting aggression or dishonour rather than assume that nuclear war is the only alternative to defeat and submission to injustice and dishonour?

Again the issue is whether the mere apprehension of aggression at a future time justifies the preparation for nuclear war and all that it implies. Indeed, it implies a great deal that trespasses on the natural rights of other peoples who are not in the quarrel.

These considerations vitiate the logic of Mr. Burnham's logic. And therefore, the quantitative nature of the destruction involved in the use of nuclear weapons becomes very relevant, and is not, as Mr. Burnham argues, irrelevant. The evidence of eminent men of science—whose eminence is of the Nobel-prize proved type and not merely of the vague and general variety—must be accepted if the human race does not desire the annihilation of civilization. Satire or any other literary device cannot throw doubt on their evidence which has been publicly given without a dissentient voice in clear and unvarnished terms.

Maybe democracy and pacifism have not valid arguments to meet Mr. Burnham's case for secrecy or national security. But the nations that are not involved in the hot or cold war have certainly a claim to urge that has not so far been attempted to be met, against injury done and lasting injury threatened by the would-be belligerents. If nation A must fight or prepare to fight nation B with diabolical weapons, is nation A justified in poisoning people C or people D and their future generations on the ground that it is inevitable in A's attack or defence against B? If I cannot conduct my quarrel without causing damage to my peaceful neighbours, I must abstain from causing that damage. No one is allowed to commit even a small nuisance to others by erecting a factory of great importance to his own financial interests. International damage is not less than what is prohibited by domestic law, but immensely greater, and the prohibition must in that proportion be of greater validity.



Sotto Voce

Ganga—Kaveri Mating

THE soul of that great patriot and ardent idealist, Mr. S. Srinivasa Iyengar, must rejoice that his dream of joining the Ganga and the Kaveri in fruitful union is officially certified by our engineering experts as within the bounds of possibility. Not quite that perhaps; the Central Power and Waterways Commission do not mention the Kaveri at all in their plans. That riles me as a good Tanjorean; but I am somewhat mollified by the mention of the Narmada as the crucial link in the arterial network through which the blood stream of Indian commerce will circulate. I have long cherished a private notion that the Narmada was the mother river of our race.

* * *

On second thoughts I am not so sure that I should love the Kaveri half as much as I do if it were a Mississippi or even a Brahmaputra on which ocean-going steamers might ride solid and formidable like fate. My riverine idyll has a place only for the humble coracle from which all suggestion of commerce is excluded. The rivers of my infancy were at their widest and wildest spanned by a stout cord slung on tree-tops on either bank. The coracle with its weight of human cargo, as happy and carefree as if they were on a picnic, danced across the ripping surface urged by the boatman's long pole, but kept in order by the guide rope slithering with a homely rasping on the cord overhead.

* * *

It was the shallowness and unnavigability of the Ganga at Benares that paradoxically enough endeared her to me when I first set eyes upon her half a century after the Kaveri had registered her unforgettable personality upon my dawning consciousness. Of course there was the ocular evidence of ghats precariously hanging in mid-air to remind you that the Ganga had her angry destructive moods. So has the Kaveri, once in a while. But these chastised with the wrath of loving mothers, not of Nature red in tooth and claw. I like rivers to be small and comely, and the ocean, their lord and master—*Samudrah Saritaam potih*, as Valmiki loves to roll it on his tongue—to be big and burly.

* * *

But, sentiment apart, I have long deplored the selfish and short-sighted policy that made the old Government of India, out of deference to the holders of railway stock in London, systematically destroy the small ports and the canal systems that used to carry so large a part of the country's trade almost from the beginning of recorded history. I hated the predatory railway when it came to us in my early youth, belching foul smoke in our green countryside, sending our cattle careering in mad panic. And the prejudice was strengthened by my grand-mother's tale of the havoc it had caused in the family fortunes by engineering the downfall of Tirumullaivasal. Between that little port and Ceylon her father's country craft had plied busily and profitably before the steel-clad monsters came.

* * *

While it is necessary to develop inland waterways, it is far more easy to make early and full use of our long sea-coast with its innumerable creeks and inlets. The C.W.P.C's is undoubtedly a grandiose vision. But to realise it in full would mean the expenditure of billions of money we can ill spare from more urgent needs. It would be more immediately advantageous to refurbish the old disused ports. Similarly the old Orissa canal can be revived, the Buckingham canal widened and deepened and links like the Vedaranyam canal can be extended in such a manner as to open the interior to these ports

* * *

A combined and co-ordinated system of canal, railway, road and coastal transport is what the country needs. From almost every centre of production there should be one outlet into the system, putting it into touch with every potential market, however remote. Only thus could we hope to cut down over-all expenses, and keep working costs at a minimum. In the matter of waterways and irrigation our ancestors knew rather more than most other ancient peoples. They could have linked the Ganga with the Jamna at places far above Prayag. They could have yoked the Tapti and the Narmada. But they believed in modestly conforming to the major lines of destiny set for us by Nature.

* * *

The excavations at Arikamedu have shown that goods from Rome and lands farther beyond were brought to the West Coast in our bottoms. They were imported for the use of Bengal and places further east. But, instead of rounding the coast, our traffickers preferred to carry the merchandise by road from Calicut to Arikamedu where they established a depot. The roads, if there were any, must have been pretty primitive. And there was always the fear of brigands. If they still preferred to cart the goods across the peninsula instead of going by sea, be sure there was strong seasense in it.

VIGHNESWARA

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SIDELIGHTS : :

THE enterprise of the British Information Service in Madras which is directed by a live wire journalist has unearthed from Sir Anthony Eden's famous House of Commons speech on Suez a little passage of great significance that had somehow escaped the attention of the Press both in India and in England. In this passage the British Prime Minister referred to the Owen Falls and claimed that in their manner of administering it the British Government has been setting for seven years "an example of international cooperation over the control of a national physical asset," from which Egypt might well profit now. Sir Anthony said:

> "We are charged by Nasser and others with Western imperialism, but as regards the Owen Falls, does the House know that ... we stipulated that the Electricity Board there should regulate the discharges to be passed from the dam on the instructions of the Egyptian resident engineer? That is still going on.
>
> "The dam is on British territory. It is owned by a British colonial government. Egypt is a user, and she is not sovereign over the dam. And yet, by peaceful agreement, Britain submits to Egyptian user control of a project vital to Egypt. There is no suggestion that it is in any way derogatory to British sovereignty that Egypt has this special position. It seems to me that the parallel with Western requirements in respect of the Suez Canal is very, very close indeed".

* * *

It is odd that Sir Anthony Eden should cite the precedent of the Owen Falls as proof of the invalidity of the charge of imperialism levelled against Britain by Nasser and others. His reference to it only shows how deep-rooted the British imperialist attitude has become. It seems to have gone so much into their blood that they do not notice anything abnormal in it. The analogy between Suez and Owen Falls would have been appropriate if the location of the Falls had lain within the boundaries of the United Kingdom just as the Suez Canal lies within the soil of Egypt. It is the essence of British imperialism that the British Prime Minister should characterise as British territory a plot of land hundreds of miles away across the sea in a Middle Eastern country and expect his valuation to be accepted as normal by the rest of the world. One unforgotten lesson that was dinned into us as students of logic came from the present Vice President of India, who was then a brilliant educationist. He was never tired of repeating "History is not validity". The years have made no difference to the validity of this elementary logic lesson and it deserves to be emblazoned now as an aid to sanity for the benefit of statesmen in the halls of the House of Commons, the U.N.O. and other meeting places of international conferences.

* * *

Among Western critics who have given years of study and first-hand investigation to the problems of the Middle East, Charles Malik is perhaps the most authoritative and authentically unprejudiced. In the current issue of Foreign Affairs he expounds what he calls the grand Western Debacle in the Middle East. One year ago, he says, to be pro-Western was "not a source of embarrassment or shame; today it is". Two of the important reasons for this are, according to him, (1) the recent dominating presence of the West in the Near East and the appearance of Communism by contrast as a liberator from that domination; and (2) "the identification in some instances of the West with crumbling and despotic economic, social and political systems". The urgency of sensible adjustment to the rising tempo of the spirit of freedom not only in the Middle East but throughout Africa and Asia where Western domination is still extant, has got to be understood new by the Western powers if the world is to be made safe for peace, but their leading statesmen like Sir Anthony Eden and Mr. Dulles do not seem to have understood it yet. The test of understanding is to realise that no nation has any proprietorial right over possessions and people outside its own territory. All varieties of extra-territorial control are abnormalities and should disappear in the same way in which British rule in India has disappeared.

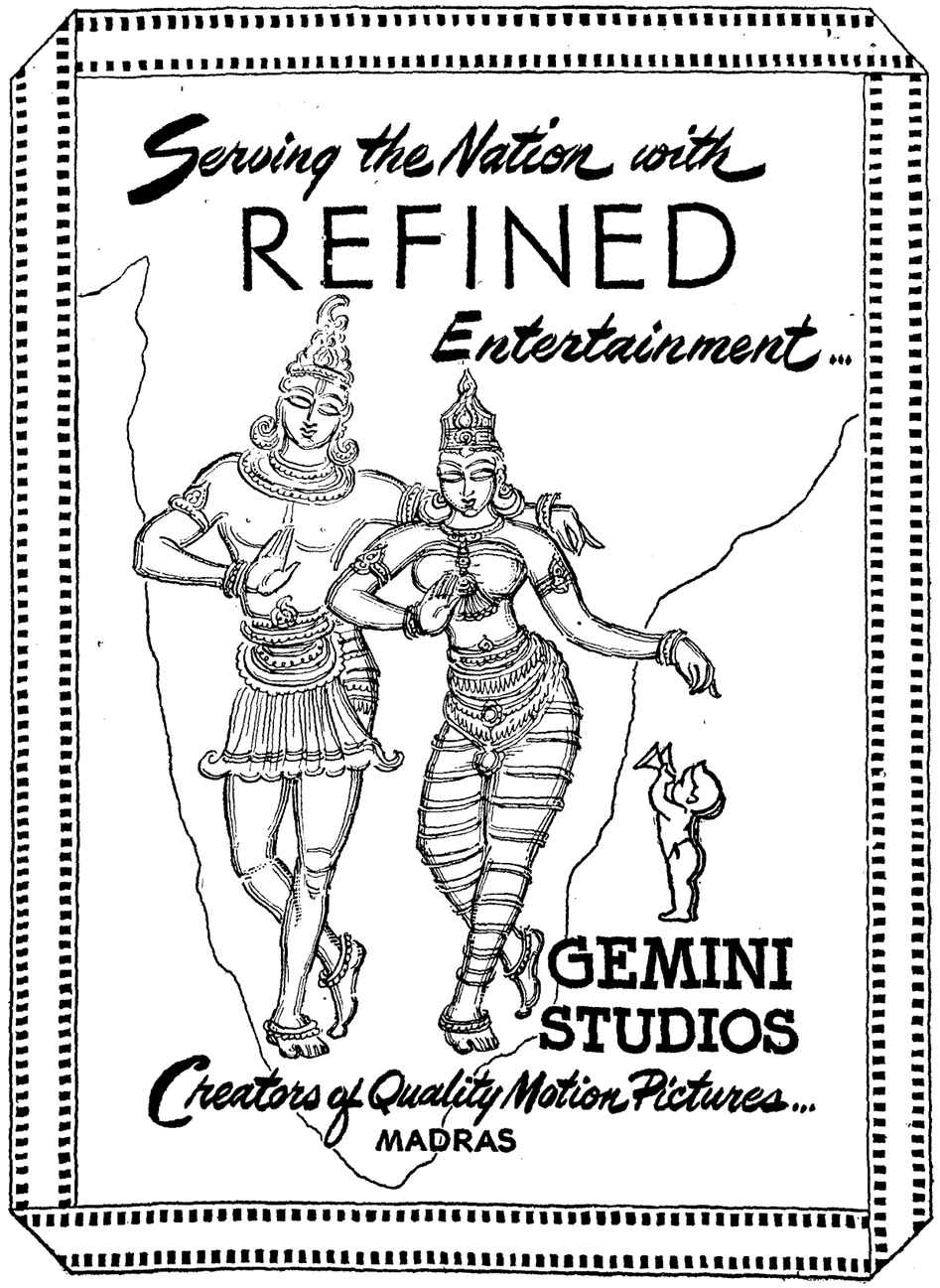
* * *

A fortnight ago Mr. Paul Sherbert left India. He came here five years ago. The ordinary term of Americans in overseas State service is two years, but Mr. Sherbert elected to prolong his stay beyond the normal. He was a lover of India, and in India he loved South India, and in South India he loved Madras best. Blessed with fair affluence, he was under no economic compulsion to work for a living, and had he so chosen, there were plenty of opportunities open to him for lucrative occupation in his own country. But the zest of adventure for advancing international friendship possessed him, and he embarked on his work in India in the spirit of a missionary. He made innumerable friends with the greatest ease. With the immensity of the influence he exerted on all that came in contact with him—and these belonged to all conditions and classes—he had achieved by the time he left the importance of a great institution. The void created by his exit will be felt for long by many loving hearts.

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ASSIGNMENT : UTOPIA

By GEORGE YAMADA

THAT the book discussed below was published in 1946 has not diminished its significance ten years later. On the contrary, its import has increased. And that it has not gained more attention may indicate that liberals have missed the meaning of this study for our times.

Utopia means *nowhere* in Greek. According to Arthur E. Morgan, *Nowhere was Somewhere*, which is the title of his fascinating analysis of the parallels between Thomas More and Incaic Peru (University of North Carolina Press. $ 1.00). Morgan convinces the skeptic that Thomas More modelled *Utopia* after Peru.

Morgan approves the belittled Utopian. His broad definition of Utopia embraces social schemes advancing optimum possibilities for a good society. "Utopians are as essential to human society as plans are essential for building bridges," says Morgan. "The trouble with human society has been not too much attention to Utopias, but too little." Speaking from an immense social perspective, Morgan maintains that "Where Utopias have been held in highest and most discriminating regard, there society has been at its best." Utopians deserve appreciation and honour, not a sneer.

Utopia was published in 1516, composed twelve years before Pizarro destroyed Peru. Thomas More divided his classic into two works, the first a criticism of English society and government, written last, and the second "a substantially accurate description of a remarkable economic and social order which was in existence when More wrote his book." Upon close analysis, Morgan is startled by the similarities between the production-distribution system of pre-conquest Peru and Thomas More's description of the Utopian economic order. "More's description of the life and social system of Utopia corresponds in the main so closely with ancient Peru, both in major features and in small incidental details, that accidental coincidence seems to be out of the question," he says. Morgan adopts the premise that More had direct sources of information about the Incas before their downfall. Why are there no extant records chronicling the more than twenty Atlantic expeditions between 1436 and 1500 sponsored by the Crown of Portugal? The tiny maritime nation attempted to hold her own by a policy of secrecy, the consequence of intense rivalry for overseas trade routes during the fifteenth century.

Shortly after 1514, Thomas More was sent by Henry VIII on a diplomatic mission to Antwerp where he visited Peter Giles. More begins his *Utopia* by stating that, while he was in Antwerp, Giles introduced him to the hero of his *Utopia*, Raphael Hythloday—"Wise in trifling matters." An educated traveller, not a common seaman, Hythloday on the "fourth" of the reputed voyages with Amerigo Vespucci to the east coast of South America in 1503, left the ship "at the farthest place at which they touched," and with five comrades and an escort of natives travelled overland to Utopia.

There are broad similarities between Hythloday's trip across country to Utopia and the voyage of Dias de Solis from the east coast of Brasil in 1515 to the land of the Incas. That Peru was first visited overland from the Atlantic, not from the Pacific, is a fact utilized by Thomas More in his description of Utopia. Trade between natives of the east coast of South America and the Incas was well established. Chickens from Europe had reached Peru from the east coast of South America long before Pizarro's arrival; concomitantly, precious metals from Peru had reached the Atlantic coast. In alluding to the archives of a "Fugger trading firm" in Germany recording a voyage taken along the coast of Brasil which returned to Europe in 1514, in time to give More specific information for his *Utopia*, Morgan says that "There are definite records of at least three expeditions to the land of the Incas, made by Europeans from the South Atlantic coast, before Pizarro reached it from the Pacific." Morgan avers that "one of the Inca people visited a fleet which returned to Europe two years before More wrote *Utopia*."

While Europe was immersed in the Dark Ages, a great empire more extensive than any state on the European continent provided a "more universal economic security than any other nation of their day or since." This Incaic super community which enforced equality and security between the years 1100 and 1550, was uninfluenced by the stream of European or Asian cultures. Although lacking a written language, the wheel, axle, arch, horses or cattle, and money or private property, the Incan kingdom had perfect provisions against poverty; famine and mendicancy were unknown. The Incaic system of store houses, compared to the New Deal's Surplus Commodity Corporation, were stocked to survive a siege of several years' drouth. Comparing descriptions in More's Utopia with the fundamental economic organization of Peru, both based on agriculture, Morgan cites numerous common social and cultural traits, among them the absence of a rich or poor class, the honour given to manual labour—Utopia had a six-hour day—hereditary occupations, colonization methods and enormous public works undertaken without financial profit. The Incan road, postal and *quipu* records systems surpassed any of its time in Europe.

The life renewal principle shared by the great Indian culture of the American continents was nowhere more aptly applied than in the land conservation policies of the Incas. The systematic effort to renew and increase all life-giving forces resulted in a careful stewardship of the natural resources, such that once barren mountains blossomed incredibly due to patient terracing, fertilization and irrigation. Water conservation was correlated to judicious land management. The life-giving element was routed from one terrace to another in a manner that none was wasted.

A stern but just popular dictatorship, residence and marriage were closely regulated. Prescott states that no better government could have been divised for the people; the laws were "few and exceedingly severe." More describes the laws of his Utopia in the same terms: "They have but few laws and such is their constitution that they need not many." Means is likewise liberal in his appraisal: "The world has never seen a code of laws more exquisitely nor more sublimely just." Was such consumate security worth its consumate regimentation? asks Morgan. More, explicitly, did not approve of many of the features described in his classic. Why would he "cumber his account with unromantic matter-of-fact descriptions of an economic system which was a figment of his own brain, only to reject important elements of that system?" Morgan questions.

Rather than the canny invention of a ruler, Peru resulted from the slowly evolved folkways of democratically organized tribal communities which a centralised military power consolidated—the Incas had universal military training—and destroyed. Based on smaller communities, military power did not create the social values but consolidated and regimented them, writes Morgan. Lacking democratic techniques and individual-mass initiative, the Incas could not adapt themselves to new situations. This fault was a large factor in their destructtion, Morgan asserts.

While investigating the life of Edward Bellamy, which resulted in a definitive biography,* Morgan was challenged by many allusions to Peru in the notes of the author of that equally celebrated utopia, *Looking Backward*, which "crystallized and gave form to liberal thinking in America." The New Deal, Morgan claims, received a lively impulse from the tradition of Bellamy. Among the earliest architects of the New Deal was Adolph Berle, one of the longest lasting of the "Brain Trust." Because his father was a disciple of Edward Bellamy, Berle was intimate with Bellamian theories. Harrington's *Oceana*, which profoundly modified the government of the United States, was another popular utopia of its day. Although the federal constitution is not considered utopian due to its feasibility and acceptance, its cardinal principle, the separation of powers, was patterned after *Oceana*. Harrington, Morgan writes, was deeply impressed by the Italian City States. Morgan is rhetorical when he asks, "Do Fourth of July orators recognize the sources of this fabulous document?"

Morgan manifests his erudition in a fascinating chapter probing "the Sources of Utopia." As a skeptical scientist, he is at his best in analyzing "Why Utopias Fail." However, the wisest chapter in his superb work remains one titled "Beyond Utopia," in which he discusses the foibles of utopias.

(Continued on Page 11)

*Arthur E. Morgan: *Edward Bellamy*, Columbia University Press. 1944, $ 5.00.

SHANKAR'S WEEKLY

International Children's Competition

SHANKAR'S WEEKLY invites children the world over to take part in the International Children's Competition 1956, the rules of which are given below :

1. Children of all countries up to the age of 16, *i.e.* those born after December 31, 1940, can take part in the competition.

2. Drawings and articles entered for the competition should be ORIGINAL and UNAIDED work executed during the year 1956.

3. A competitor cannot submit more than four entries.

4. For the Drawing competition, paintings and pictures in colour and in any media, except pencil, will be accepted. Pictures should be of a size not smaller than 8" x 10".

Pictures and drawings can deal with any subject the competitor likes.

Special prizes will be awarded for the best picture on each of the following subjects : (*a*) self-portrait, (*b*) mother, father or teacher, (*c*) scene the competitor likes best in school or home, (*d*) marriage scenes, birthday parties, dances, festivals and other social functions the competitor has witnessed.

All articles must be in English written in the competitor's own hand on one side of the paper only. Articles can be on any subject in which the competitor is interested.

Special prizes will be awarded for the best article on each of the following subjects : (*a*) self, (*b*) mother, father or teacher, (*c*) what the competitor likes best in school or home, (*d*) imaginary journey to any place in India or any foreign country.

5. Each entry should state the following particulars :

Full name of the competitor in block letters,

Full postal address,

Date of birth (specifying date, month and year),

Whether the competitor is a boy or girl.

(Entries without these particulars will be rejected.)

6. Entries by more than one competitor can be sent in the same envelope provided the details required are distinctly entered on each entry.

7. Entries should be addressed to Shankar's Weekly, Children's Competition, Odeon Building, P. O. Box No. 218, New Delhi, India, and should reach the office not later than November 30, 1956.

8. The award of prizes will be decided by the Editor, Shankar's Weekly, with the help of a board of judges. The Editor's decision will be final.

9. No child will be entitled to more than two prizes.

10. The prizes will be announced in Shankar's Weekly Children's Art Number 1957.

11. The copyright of the published contributions will rest with Shankar's Weekly Children's Art Number.

THE DOG IT WAS THAT DIED

By VISWAMITRA

(Continued from last week's issue)

MAP came to Madras and brought Mallika with him. That was the first time she boarded a train. He took up a flat in Nungambakkam, and settled down to live. The civilising of Mallika was the most important task that he took on hand. He began by first changing her name to Jasmine. He knew the value of the inevitability of gradualness. He took her out to restaurants and initiated her in the use of the fork and the knife. He engaged an English teacher for her. He purchased lip stick and powder for her. (Later she changed the shade of both on the advice of her English friends). He positively refused to permit her to stay in the back yard of the house during her monthlies. He then introduced her to an omlette. He told her it was just the same as a 'Dosai'. It was, for a fact. She liked it. He gave her half a glass of sherry to drink one evening. He assured her it was just grape juice, did not the doctor prescribe Wincarnis. it was exactly the same thing. She sipped it. She had never taken Wincarnis in her life, but this thing gave a racy feeling on the tongue and down the throat. Then it became the normal practice in the evenings for him to take his whisky and for Jasmine to keep company with sherry.' But she was so infernally slow. The first time one of his English colleagues came to tea, she sat through the evening without uttering a word, "like a bally statue or something". The utmost she could do was a nod or a shake of the head.

"Jasmine, my dear", he said, after the party was over, "this won't do, won't do at all."

Did she, with her woman's instinct, albeit she was a child who knew nothing of right or wrong, detect a shade of annoyance in his tone? She looked up at him pleadingly. Like a pet dog looking at its master. "Please tell me what I should do. You must teach me. How else will I learn?"

He approved of her willingness, but when would she stop addressing him in the honorofic plural? So he told her that she should call him 'Map' like every one else did. At first she combined the honorific plural with the 'Map', but gradually she got used to 'Map' by itself.

It was the eating part of it that was a strain. She sat with him at the dining table, but she filled herself up (in the kitchen) after he left. She found it strange and tiring to sit on a chair, as in a cinema, and eat off a table using knives and spears. The 'rasam' and the rice did not mix. The peas kept falling off. The last potato in the plate refused to get into the spoon. She chased it round and round, and finally, when Map was not looking, gave it a shove with her little finger. The drum sticks required fingers to hold them, they were so long. Three-fourths of the mango got wasted when eaten with a tea spoon. She spilt the dhall on the napkin. She despaired of eating a single lady's finger, it slipped through the knife, the fork, the spoon. The pappadams were placed on the side, and she had to use her left hand to break them into bits and swallow them or transfer them to the main plate like Map. In either case her fingers became oily, and she wiped them surreptitiously on the part of the table cloth which hung down on her side.

In the early days Adimoolam, the "Boy", made only one meat dish for the master. The rest of the food was cooked by the Brahmin Pattar. One day, the boy had made fried fish for the master. Map gave one to Jasmine. She ate it. It tasted like plantain 'Bajji'. It did not smell either. She had always thought that fish smelt. She expressed her surprise to him. "That's the spirit, old girl", he said. "Fish is the banana of the sea".

Jasmine realised in a dim way that Map was pleased because she had eaten the fish. Why, it was the simplest thing in the world. She asked Adimoolam to make it again the next day, not for lunch, but for dinner. She had a secret plan for surprising Map. Truth to tell, he was surprised. She produced the fried fish with pride, and he beckoned to her with his forefinger, and when she went up to him he kissed

the tip of her nose. She ascended the seventh heaven and did not come down. Gradually, it became the house practice for one dish of either meat or fish to be prepared for both of them every day. It supplemented the 'grass', as Map put it. Then the grass withered and the fish multiplied. One day, as a measure of economy, Jasmine sent away the 'Pattar' cook.

Map was now able to invite his English friends to dinner. Needless to say, he gave a "quaint Indian flavour" to the party by adding a native dish to the menu, and Jasmine, recollecting her previous life, as it were, prepared that dish. His English friends invited them back, and Jasmine enjoyed the refinement and the luxury of the life of the English. The men were infinitely polite. They stood up when she came into the room, and also every time she rose from her chair. This was exactly the reverse of what she had been taught at home. The English ladies complimented her on her looks. Jasmine was not beautiful, but she was a vivacious little thing, with a zest for life which would have lain dormant but for the encouragement of Map. She had round eyes, and they assumed an expression of innocence, thankfulness, enjoyment and wonder, while sipping the sherry. In fact there was an engaging simplicity about the way she swallowed the drink. She was a good listener, and laughter came to her naturally, a shrill outburst which she held back by holding her left palm over her mouth. It was an unconscious combination of good manners and appreciation. The English ladies admired her sarees, and expressed their delight at her mincing and hesitant speech. They also expressed their amazement at the quantity of gold on her person. She returned home and thought about it, and decided to discard her heavy jewellery, all except a thin gold chain around her neck.

On the days that they stayed at home in the evenings, they sat out on the terrace, and he took his 'chota peg', and she took her sherry, though she helped him out with the whisky occasionally. Very occasionally, because, though she liked a cold beer on a warm forenoon, and of course, the sherry, whisky tasted raw, in spite of the kick it gave. They had

learnt to converse with' each other in English now, and Map was proud of her. She did not smoke as a rule, but she could sit down and work her way through a tin of Three Fives, just for the fun of it. Map himself preferred his pipe, though he did carry a natty silver cigarette case on his person.

She looked demure and quiet, and the red ochre mark on her forehead, and the flowers in her hair, and her old style saree, gave no indication that she was, to quote Map himself, 'a damn good sport'. One evening,, an old and orthodox gentleman, who was an accountant in Map's office, came to pay him a visit. Map could afford to defy convention. He was having his evening drink when the gentleman turned up, but he called him in. Like all orthodox men he was both abstemious and intemperate. He was also aware that every time he took a drink he sinned. So when Map offered him whisky, he was terribly embarassed about drinking it in the presence of Jasmine. What would she think of him? So he turned to her and apologised.

"I don't drink as a rule", he said to her, as his glass was being filled generously, "but I don't like to be a spoil-sport, and so indulge in a glass once in a way. I hope you don't mind".

"Not in the least" she assured him, "I like a glass myself".

She suited her action to the words, and asked Adimoolam to pour her out a drink. She turned to him with her glass upheld in her hand and said "Best of luck", and the old gentleman who had, by now, become submerged in confusion, muttered something like "Oh yes, certainly, certainly". and took a long pull at his drink, which he needed very badly. Nice little girl, he said to himself. Has started drinking at an early age. What was the Brahmin community coming to? It was very sad. He took another pull and drowned his sorrow.

"Do you mind if I smoke" he asked her, as Adimoolam handed him a silver box containing cigarettes.

"Have one of mine" she said, and passed a small silver case, which she took out from her hand bag. He was reduced to speechlessness for the rest of the evening.

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MADRAS *Chief Commercial Superintendent.*

But Jasmine was no fool. She acquired wisdom at an incredible pace She knew, for instance, that in the society in which they lived, a certain amount of camouflage was indispensable for happiness and peace. Family friends, relations from the village, and other old-fashioned folk turned up at unexpected hours. So she had a 'Puja' room in the house, the walls of which were adorned with pictures of Lakshmi and Saraswati, both excellent reprints of the Ravi Varma originals, prepared by Lever Brothers as an advertisement for Sunlight Soap. She purchased a silver Ganapathy, and an engraved picture of the Goddess Durga, and placed them on a wooden platform. Every morning, before she went for her breakfast of bacon and eggs, she made it a point to worship in this room, and also keep a silver lamp burning before the goddess. She sprinkled flowers at the feet of the deities artistically, fanwise, so as to make a lovely pattern. She was never seen without her 'Kumkum' on her forehead, even when she went out to dine at Bosottos or at the Connemara. When her father came to stay with her, Adimoolam got a holiday. She did the cooking herself, and Map lunched at the club. But her father came to Madras rarely, and then stayed only for a day or two. He returned to the village full of praise for his daughter.

Map was a great humorist. He had jokes for all occasions. He knew nice ones which the ladies liked, and naughty ones which he related to Jasmine in private, and several limericks which began with "There was a young man of Bombay", etc. Jasmine was his best audience. She started the laughter at the right time, not too early, which would have betrayed that she had heard it before, nor too late, which would have spoilt the humour of the narration. She commenced with wide eyed attention and then bubbled with merriment when the time was ripe. This was of immense help to Map in putting it across.

"Jasmine," said Map to himself, nodding obliquely in imitation of one of his early London friends, and unconsciously falling into the same language, "Jasmine is a bit of orl right". He taught her how to dance. He praised her sense of rhythm. He taught her at home, and she wriggled in his arms, and shook herself with abandon, but he soon steadied her, and instructed her that she should stand still, and then move her legs alone, and sail with her partner like a ship in calm weather. It was difficult for her to understand why one should exercise so much restraint, especially when the music crashed like mad, but she obeyed him as best she could. It was more satisfying to sway to the music, but he said that was continental, and not English. The "Boys" said that she was a natural dancer. Such a little thing, no heavier than a feather, it was like dancing with a brown bird of the tropics.

* * *

Jasmine stroked Map's head. He was half asleep. He opened his eyes and blinked at her.

"Map, darling", she said, "we are due at Harry's for lunch. I have to make my excuses. I shall ring him up".

"No, my pet", he groaned, "you go. Tell him I am not well".

For a minute she thought of the cold beer, and the salmon that Harry always managed to get from Scotland. But no, she said to herself, she will stay with darling Map. She passed her hand over his forehead. It was hot and moist. She wiped his forehead and his neck with the hem of her saree. She shook her head in a gesture of decision. She would stay at home and be content with cold chicken. She told him so. He beamed, and put out his hand and clasped hers. "Jasmine, old girl", he exclaimed, "you are a girl in a million", and closed his eyes and extinguished himself in sleep.

But the fever did not abate. His throat felt raw. His eyes burned. He was restless. His skin dried up. His back ached like blazes. His temperature rose during the night. The doctor asked Jasmine to put a compress on his chest. The next day he brought another doctor for a second opinion. Map's breath was laboured. The new doctor examined Map carefully, and then both the doctors went out to the verandah and spoke to each other in whispers. Jasmine, who was a stranger to pain, either in herself or in others, and who had till then lived like the birds of the air, and the animals in the forest, was puzzled. What exactly was happening? Suddenly an overpowering sense of loneliness dragged her down. There was no one to help her, no one to advise her what to do. She clenched her hands and crushed the hem of her saree. The food did not taste so good. She felt thirsty and drank a great deal of water. Map tossed in his bed. He could not sleep. Jasmine became a helpless little girl. She sat down and wept. Mother, mother, she cried, I don't know what to do, I am all alone. On the fourth day she became frightened. She wept in his presence, something that she had not done in her life at any time previously. The fact of the matter was that he was even more frightened than she was. Surely, he was not going to kick the bucket. No, no, he was worrying himself unnecessarily. But God in heaven, it hurt, and it burnt, and he could not even sit up, he felt giddy. He was too ill to think clearly, let alone console Jasmine. Poor little Jasmine, crying because she loved him. "Come, Jasmine", he said in a weak voice, "never say die". He could not have chosen a more unfortunate phrase. She set up a howl which could have been heard in the servants' quarters, she buried her head in the sheets, her shoulders heaved with her sobbing, and any one, entering the room at the moment, would have thought that the form on the bed was her dead husband, over whom the bereft woman was mourning.

She sent a telegram to his mother the same day. It was carefully worded. "Mahadevan ill" it read. "Desires your presence". But any telegram was sufficient to create consternation in the village, and his mother, after making several vows to the temples in and around the village, arrived by the next train. She came and sat by her son's bedside, and did not show so much as by a sign that she was in any way perturbed. She told Jasmine to go, bathe, and cook, she would look after him. She patted her daughter-in-law and cheered her. She smiled at her son, and drew the chair nearer the bed, and sat down on it, and took out her rosary and began to recite the name of the Lord. She did not ask for anything, she just recited His name. Jasmine, with commendable foresight, had downgraded Adimoolam to the status of a house servant, and had employed a temporary brahmin cook. There was no need to offend aunt,

she was going to stay for a few days only.

Her aunt's arrival was a source of immense relief to Jasmine. The day after her arrival, she sent for the priest, and asked him to perform a "Mrityunjaya homa", a proceeding guaranteed to succeed where medicine was powerless. It was an imposing performance, with four priests seated around the sacred fire, and feeding the peepul twigs into it, to the recital of the sacred chant which drove death from pillar to post and almost made him beg forgiveness for having inadvertently rushed in. Map's fever came down. His temperature touched normal on the tenth day. His mother did not have the slightest doubt that it was the power of the sacred incantation that had rescued her son from an untimely end, and she told him so a hundred times. Map wondered if she was right, after all. The facts stared him in the face. The medicines did fail. The priests did succeed. He shuddered at the thought that he might have died. Our ancients knew a thing or two. He was not sure if the souls of the dead chickens and sheep that he had consumed did not cry for revenge. His imagination became more and more vivid. He woke up at night from a dream in which several sheep, with great big horns, butted against the walls of his stomach, and tried to tear their way out. He screamed and sat up. He was wet with perspiration, and his heart pounded like a hammer.

"My son", said his mother, "God has been merciful. He has spared you. I do not know what sins you committed in your past births for which this suffering has been meted out to you. But so far as I know you have done nothing wrong in this life. Continue to lead a good life. Recite God's name a thousand times a day, after finishing your evening ablutions."

Evening ablutions indeed! He had committed enough sins in this life to last through a hundred low-down births. He had had enough of gadding about. It was time he turned over a new leaf. To Hell with Harry and the rest of them. One did not want to be hanged for a sheep, in a manner of speaking.

His mother left for her village a week after his recovery. "Malika", she told her daughter-in-law; "it is the strength of your 'thali' that has saved him. You are like Savitri. God bless you".

The day after his mother's departure, Map suggested to Jasmine that perhaps they might keep on the brahmin cook, he did not feel like reverting to his old diet quite so soon. His idea was to move in the matter tactfully, and then, in the course of a week or ten days, bring her round to dismissing Adimoolam.

"Map, my poor darling", said Jasmine, "you have been more ill than I thought. You have your coffee and idlies or dosai. I want my usual food. I have got so used to it, you don't know how I have suffered all these days, stuffing myself with rice like a brahmin who eats at the annual ceremonies of dead parents, and twice every day. I am going to have my breakfast. Adimoolam, Adimoolam", she shouted, "please bring my bacon and eggs, and ask the ayyar to bring coffee for master".

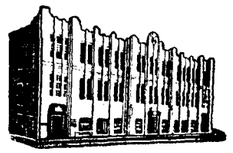
(*Continued from page 7*)

Here his intense ethical and social vision are acutest.

Udopians are not exceptional individuals. They merely modify existing utopias. "Significant utopias are largely pictures of societies that have existed." The function of the Utopian is to "discover and create better patterns," presenting them so effectively they will win acceptance. For the thinking citizen of a dynamic republic, Morgan writes: "A knowledge of the history and characteristics of utopias is essential to anyone who would take part in the refashioning of political, social and economic institutions."

Patently, the stature of a person is betrayed in the dimension of his work. The writing of Arthur Morgan always reflects profound but practical social idealism and intense moral courage. A distinguished engineer, social philosopher and educator, Dr. Morgan was first chairman of Tennessee Valley Authority and former President of Antioch College. He has served as technical adviser to Asian and African governments and is now president of Community Service Inc., Yellow Springs, Ohio. "A utopia has not failed so long as it is a productive part of the fabric of men's thoughts" —this appropriately sums up his thesis.

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Multi-Lingual States : What Acton Said

THE unfortunate attempt is being made in Ceylon that the language of the majority be made by law the language of the entire State. An equally unfortunate attempt was made in India, and still holds the field in spite of warning from the highest authorities, that the land should be so cut up that a single language group can hold each parcel, and that such parcels should have all the paraphernalia of autonomous government—legislators, ministers, taxation powers, patronage, etc. The multi-lingual multi-nationality State is the ideal of political theory today. There is a return in political thought after the experience of the last two world wars and the peace-treaties that followed, to the principles outlined by Lord Acton: "If we take the establishment of liberty for the realization of duties to be the end of civil liberty, we must conclude that those States are substantially the most perfect which include various distinct nationalities without oppressing them. Those in which no mixture of races has occurred are imperfect, and those in which its effects have disappeared are decrepit. A State which is incompetent to satisfy different races condemns itself; a State which labours to neutralize, to absorb or expel them, destroys its own vitality; a State which does not include them is destitute of the chief basis of self-government."

These are strong words. Very much before Lord Acton, King Stephen of Hungary had said: "A State with but one language and one way of life is both weak and decrepit."

Lord Acton referred to nationalities and races. Much greater would be the same conclusion against fissiparous demands on the basis of dialectal differences as between Tamil and Kannada or between Tamil and Malayalam, where there is no difference of race or nationality or even really of language as distinguished from dialect.

And in this connection it must be remembered there should be no notion that democratic rule by majority is a rule for the exclusive good of that majority. The good of all the groups within the State must be the continuous aim of majority rule, whoever be in power.

C. RAJAGOPALACHARI

Narayan's Temptation

AMERICANS are often accused by Indian friends of phobia toward Communism. This week I was told, reproachfully, of a Travancore girl who has come home from an upper New York State college bemused at the intensity of anti-Marxian sentiment there.

Yet Americans in India, in turn, often are bewildered by a logic which decries the malign aspects of Communism, yet believes somehow that these are not crucial, but the edge of the matter; or if crucial, to be overlooked.

A recent example of this, of course, is Jayaprakash Narayan's advice to the PSP to co-operate with the Communists by abstention from contests in splintered districts. His letter is pricked with disapprovals of Communist ways: "their usual disloyalty to the pledged word". . . (in China) "anyone can be arrested, jailed or shot without due process of law". . . "I am not sure if their (CPI) attitude to democracy and their subservience to Russia have changed".

But what makes the mysterious East, pardon the expression, mysterious to one observer is that Narayan still would agree to Communist rule in an Indian State. "It would be a good lesson for the electorate . . . it would enable it to find out what the Communists would do under democratic conditions".

The Sarvodaya leader, who aims at a non-party society, thus encourages a party which believes in the obliteration of all except one party. For the sake of opposition, any opposition, he would promote a party which makes opposition impossible.

When President Franklin D. Roosevelt was re-elected for a third term, James Farley, a top-ranking Democratic politico, cheerfully predicted the demise of the Republican party. He declared, and doubtless believed, that an opposition snowed under by votes as the Republicans were, had ceased to function as a critical voice and power.

But in political retirement, James Farley lives to see Republicans in national office, stronger than ever before; as his counterparts in the Republican party will live to see Democrats restored. Opposition is in the nature of free man. Now or later he finds ways to make his opposition known.

But tolerance of opposition is not in the nature of Communist man, once in office. No competing party functions anywhere in the Communist world. Even the English dons who ventured last month on a magazine critical of post-Stalinism have been rebuked now, so soon.

The Narayan episode is India's interior business, and will be handled in India's way, not another's. But to one observer it dramatises, as episodes in America and elsewhere have done, the temptation of liberal man to reconcile desirable ends with means which he basically distrusts, and indeed, cannot control.

JOHN E. FRAZER

AUTHORS AND THEIR PUBLIC

Authors have always proved themselves insusceptible to direction but adaptable to the circumstances of their world. It can be safely assumed that authors will brace themselves to address the lively, well-informed, intelligent, critical, responsive, growing and productive public that awaits them.—*New and Then*, London.

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PRICE RISE MUDDLE

By C. T. KURIEN

THIS article is meant for the ordinary man who wishes to understand why he has to pay four or six annas more for a measure of rice than he was paying, say in September, 1955.

Till some twenty years ago there was very little "market" for agricultural products, in the sense that most of the farm products were consumed by the farmers themselves and thus over 80 per cent of our people were self-providing and self-sufficient with regard to food. Farm surpluses if any, were seldom sold. They used to be paid out as wages for labourers and used in barter. Even people living and working in towns were in the habit of bringing rice and other farm products from their own village farms. There was some market, however, but the supply in these markets came from outside, mainly from Burma, and those who bought these provisions were big concerns like estates.

The situation was completely altered during the war. Foreign supplies were entirely cut down and prices of agricultural products soared up. Farmers now realised the advantage of selling farm products for cash and a number of peasants and farmers, particularly rich farmers, made enormous profits. The Government interfered to control prices and when stocks refused to come out, they also resorted to compulsory purchase of grain. It was during the war period that the great majority of our peasants became sellers of farm products. This resulted in two things, the creation of a "domestic grain market" and what followed from it, the price-consciousness of the farmer. During the short period of the war, our rural areas passed from a self-contained subsistence economy to a price-conscious market economy.

The control price fixed by the Government was very low compared to the (black) market price, but in terms of cost of production this was high enough for the farmers. Price controls also prevented a number of middle men from coming openly into the market.

The withdrawal of price control enabled a good deal of hoarded grains to come out, and contrary to the fears expressed, the price of grain did not register a very high increase.

The supply of agricultural products is now price-conscious. Farmers will supply more to the market if prices go up.

At the same time there are the consumers of agricultural products, the earning middle class, who spend more than 75 per cent of their income for such commodities, and yet whose demand for them is not particularly price-conscious. The total quantity of farm products they would buy is more or less constant, irrespective of price changes, within reasonable limits, of course. This group includes people like ministers, teachers, doctors, civil servants, and urban industrial workers, whose number is gradually increasing. These people are extremely sensitive about the price of industrial products or manufactured goods, like cloth, footwear, and other commodities conveniently though not accurately termed "luxuries".

Broadly speaking, this is the cross section of the economic division of society since the war. And this holds good even today.

Now we may go on to examine why there was a fall in the price of agricultural goods last year. The first reason of course was the rapid increase in agricultural production itself. This was brought about by Nature's bounty and man-made improvements. Abundant monsoon and favourable climate took away scarcity and famine and led to an increased output of farm products. Along with this, there were other features like improvement in agricultural technique, use of manure and fertilizers and introduction of simple machinery. The year 1954-'55 saw a record output in many of our farm products.

While the producers were thus unconsciously bringing about a fall in the price of their products, the consumers and the Government were aggravating the situation. The money-incomes of the wage-earning class went up during the war period; but this did not mean any increase in real income for them because of the

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all-round increase in the cost of living. But a return to normal conditions did make an improvement in their real income situation. And the falling price of food products made them much better off than before. Hence they were now in a position to utilise more of their income on industrial goods.

At the same time the Government were pumping money into the community by their construction schemes under the First Five-Year Plan, and a substantial amount of this came through deficit financing. The increased public investment undertaken by the Government put money into the hands of the people without an adequate supply of consumers' goods. (The First Five-Year Plan, it will be recalled was a "construction plan" and over 70 per cent of its outlay was for non-productive purposes.) This and new taxes imposed on industrial products made their prices go up.

The increased purchasing power of the consumers which they wanted to spend on industrial goods combined with the increased output of food reduced the bargaining power of the producers of farm commodities. The terms of trade also turned against them —they had to give more units of their commodity in return for industrial goods—and thus we had the "slump" last year.

In course of time this situation led the farmers to cut down the supply of grains. Some of them took to more profitable "cash crops", some of them actually reduced their total production. But in the Press and in Parliament it was pointed out that there has been no "considerable" reduction in the total output of agricultural products, particularly grains. This is true. But it must be remembered that even today, in spite of the price-consciousness of agricultural production, a high percentage of farm production is for domestic consumption and so the reduction in output is seen in the reduction of marketable surplus. Thus though total production may not have fallen much, the quantity available for sale in the market has diminished appreciably leading to an increase in price. This rise in price has encouraged hoarding and speculation by a number of middlemen who, probably, piled up stock during the "slump" last year.

This is the situation now. An economist must not aspire to be a prophet, but the analysis of the situation will not be complete without indicating what this may lead to in the future, if not properly guarded against.

The rise in the price of the food products has already started telling on the consumption pattern of the wage-earning class. With the already high price of consumers' goods the general cost of living is going up again. Thus the middle class people are pressed from both sides.

Industrial production is largely controlled and so great price-fluctuations are not likely there. And their production is not very responsive to changes in price. But now their demand is likely to go up because of the increased income of the agricultural classes and the reluctance of the middle class to give up such articles. This may, if not successfully prevented, lead to an increase in the price of industrial goods, resulting in a greater disparity between industrial and agricultural prices. A "scissors crisis" of this type will be graver than either a general slump or a general price increase. It will also make the position of the agricultural class—who form 70 per cent of the population—extremely unenviable.

Now it is best to leave the situation to resolve itself. Not that this is the ideal solution, but under the circumstances this is the wisest thing to do. The proposals put forward by the Government, however well-intentioned they are, have only precipitated the crisis further. For example, the scheme to start "fair price" shops. The idea behind it is that the Government will be able to force the agriculturist to fall in line with the low price set by the Government. But this has not happened. On the other hand this attempt to peg down prices may lead a number of sellers, particularly the speculative sellers, to restrict the supply further, especially since the harvest is still far off. And the Government have publicly admitted that they do not have reserve stock to meet all the demand. If, however, the Government are not to interfere at this last stage—and it is very important to remember that this is the last stage of a phenomenon which started last year—it may give an incentive for the agricultural producers to send more to the market (if prices are high they may even reduce domestic consumption and send the surplus thus created to the market) and this in turn will gradually result in a fall in the price.

When the rise in prices was first noticed the Government spokesmen tried to wage a "psychological war" against it by saying that the Government had enough stock with them to counteract the tendency. But the recent admission that imports are necessary has betrayed the real position. The helplessness of the Government has given rise to further speculation and hoarding and an artificial scarcity over and above the real deficiency in supply.

Imports under the circumstances may ease the situation; but only if the imported grain is made available in the market *without further delay*. If there is going to be a time lag, there is bound to be an acute rise in price during that period.

In finding a long-term effective answer to the central issue the Government will have to keep in mind the question of providing a market for agricultural commodities when they are produced in plenty, and the equally important question of producing more industrial goods at cheaper prices.

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SOME SUPERSTITIOUS GREAT

By SUBHASH J. RELE

BLIND faith rather than sound reason sometimes governs brilliant minds too. The mental vistas of even eminent personalities are oftentimes clouded by superstitious fears.

Many of the world's historical characters have been superstitious. When Pompey was afraid that the Romans would elect Cato as praetor he shouted to the Assembly that he had heard thunder and got the whole election postponed; for the Romans would never transact business after it had thundered. Alexander surrounded himself with fortune-tellers and often took counsel with them. Even so great a man as Caesar and so enlightened a man as Cicero left their fate to augurs and omens. Sometimes the omens were right and sometimes they were wrong, but whether right or wrong they were equally meaningless. Cicero lost his life by trusting to the wisdom of the crows. Fleeing from Antony and Caesar Augustus, he took to the sea and might have escaped. But some crows chanced to circle round his vessel, and this circumstance he considered inauspicious, returned to the shore and was killed. It is said of Czar Nicholas II that he always carried a diamond ring in his pocket to avert accidents and misfortunes. Alexander II invariably used to carry the same ring on his person. On the occasion when he was assassinated by an anarchist, he had left the ring in his palace.

Plutarch believed in superstitions that a modern man in this age would laugh at. Parnell too was superstitious, for he was in a blue funk when a lady presented him with a green smoking cap— he associated the green colour with ill-luck. The horse-shoe superstition appears to have been in vogue during the last five centuries among writers, teachers, physicians and intellectuals generally. In the 18th century, Dr. Robert James, an English physician, found a horse-shoe at Westminster Bridge, and ascribed his success to that omen and consequently he adopted the horse-shpe as a family crest. The Duke of Wellington also had complete faith in this superstition. On the eve of the battle of Waterloo the Duke picked up a horse-shoe, which after the battle was over, he kept with him for five years. Lord Nelson nailed a horse-shoe to the masthead of his ship.

The superstitious fears of certain great men may sound rather odd. But even so great a genius as Sir Walter Scott was afflicted by them. He would not visit Melrose Abbey at night because of the superstitious dread of ghosts. Napoleon, a man of affairs and sagacity, had an unusual dread of black cats. It is related of Napoleon that on one occasion when he was compaigning in Italy he accidentally broke a mirror which hung over Josephine's portrait. Instantly he conceived the superstitious notion that she had died and he couldn't rest until he returned home and saw for himself that she was well and alive.

The dread of the number 13 is found in almost all parts of the world. Lord Randolph Churchill attributed several adverse events of his life to the fact that he was born on the 13th of a month. King Edward VIII was also very superstitious about thirteen at dinner. Somerset Maugham who says he does not believe in superstition is known to keep the sign of the Evil Eye on the bindings of his books, on his letter heads and even on the entrance to his house. This is rather intriguing but the fear of the Evil Eye was also shared by the celebrated singer Enrico Caruso, who never ventured on a trip without consulting an astrologer.

Taken as a whole artistes are probably the most superstitious of all. Theatrical convention is packed with things that must never be done because they are unlucky. In almost every country in the world, whistling in the dressing rooms amounts to a crime and its ill-effects can be warded off only if the whistler goes out of the room, turns round three times and comes back. This may sound fantastic, but many artistes implicitly believe in it and in the power of charms and omens. Sarah Bernhardt wore a lucky mugget necklace given her by some Californian goldminer. Tallulah Bankhead, considered to be one of the greatest of American stage actresses, carries a rabbit's foot, the Lord's prayer written on a pinhead, a mustard seed and four lucky medals in her handbag wherever she goes. Errol Flynn would never part with a thin gold chain given him by a dying missionary.

Even sportsmen are not immune from superstitions. Len Hutton, the English cricketer, attributes a great deal of his consistent good luck to a five-shilling piece given him by a friend of his grandfather. He would never part with it. On one occasion when he broke his arm at a gymnasium he discovered later that he did not have his lucky coin with him at the time of the accident. Joe Walcott is also superstitious. He would never go into the ring without a rabbit's foot.

Why did these famous men pin their faith on charms and the like? Were they a sort of prophylactic to one's soul?



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4-56

UNHEALTHY PRECEDENT

IN his recent speeches Pandit Nehru has been sounding the warning that "the division of the country on the basis of language would be as harmful to India as the division of her people on the basis of religion, caste or creed". The division of the country on the basis of language has already been effected except in Bombay, and it is the Government headed by Pandit Nehru that has been responsible for such a division. What is the propriety in a Prime Minister issuing a warning as though it applies to others for something for which he and his party are responsible more than anybody else? It is true that Pandit Nehru has not been a silent or passive participant in the Congress policy of reorganising the States on a linguistic basis. He has raised his voice against it vigorously and repeatedly. Whatever personal satisfaction he might derive from the ventilation of his individual viewpoint on this matter, it has to be realised that the responsibility of the head of the Government for any policy which he expressly knows to be harmful to the country is not absolved by his merely saying that it is harmful. On the other hand, he is under a definite obligation to resist the imposition of such a policy. Pandit Nehru's failure to honour this obligation is responsible for a good deal of confusion and it has impaired the prospects of efficient working for democracy in India.

The basic attribute of democracy is impermanence of the ruling authority—there is always competition between parties for the privilege of ruling the country. The parties in a democratic set-up are not haphazardly formed. They are built round certain rallying principles. The leaders of the respective parties stand by those principles and it is as exemplars of the principles that they seek the support of the electorate for their parties. When a particular leader is unable to carry through the legislature a principle for which he stands pledged, he challenges the party if resistance comes from the party, or else he seeks the verdict of the people. If the popular verdict backs him, all opponents have to yield to him and he continues as ruler. Otherwise, he resigns and the chance of governing passes to the victorious party.

There are of course many minor matters in respect of which it is not advisable for the leader to resort to the method of challenge. Compromise comes in here, and here without any loss of dignity the leader can adjust himself to the wishes of the majority in his own party. But on essential points constituting, as it were, the constructive core of his distinctive individuality as a leader, compromise would mean abandonment of leadership and surrender to the voice of the rabble. We have Pandit Nehru's own testimony to indicate that the reorganisation of States is not a minor issue of no particular significance on which compromises can be made by a party leader without any loss of dignity. For he has left people in no doubt that linguistic reorganisation and national harm go together.

For the sake of averting this result Pandit Nehru should have split the Congress, if necessary, instead of quietly accepting as he has done without any faith in it the principle of unilingual division. Secessions for the sake of loyal adherence to pledged principles constitute the ordained evolution of democracy. Expedient abandonment of principles for keeping together without break-up the existing machinery of government is the essence of the personality cult. We feel that by making himself responsible for implementing a policy of linguistic division over the major part of the country, the Prime Minister has let in an unhealthy precedent adverse to the progressive evolution of democracy. The warning which he addresses to others should have been addressed to himself to prevent the harm which he is sure the policy already enforced will result in.

JOURNEY OF THE SOUL

I am beginning to understand what it is that gives moral, as well as aesthetic, beauty to a great painting or a great poem, however debased its subject may be. A great artist perceives beneath all concealments that innocency of life which is the only background capable of exhibiting the truth of pain, of joy, of each human experience. In the criminal he perceives one who was formerly guiltless; in the harlot maidenhood; in age youth. Portraying the flesh, he discovers the origin and journey of the soul.

—*Charles Morgan.*

MISCELLANY

By N. S. R.

MORE than ten years ago there could be bought at a certain bookstall in Mount Road some slender volumes of poetry at the easy equivalent of two annas each. The copies were, as could be expected, far from immaculate. Nevertheless, in retrospect, the price demanded fills one with astonishment. But, as I found, it was not the cheapness of cost alone that made the purchase notable.

* * *

I remember to have bought about fifteen copies of various poets, ancient, including Skelton, and modern, including Siegfried Sassoon. Of them all none more immediately captured attention than a particularly tattered book, a religious anthology, edited by Edward Thompson. The title-page is lacking, and the name of the editor, a fact of considerable importance in an anthology, has been rescued from oblivion only by accident. On the whole, it makes but an inconsequential impresion on the book shelf. Nevertheless, it is one of the most valuable and rewarding of volumes.

* * *

There are some pleasant surprises. One had associated T. E. Brown with the poem, pretty enough as a conceit, but not a great intellectual force, which declares that God is in a garden. But here in this anthology he presents himself as the author of a moving and haunting poem, its technical excellence far higher than one had considered it possible he would have achieved.

* * *

Further, there is Whittier with a piece which combines religious thought with almost epigrammatic phrasing, a union which is as rare as it is, in this particular poem, moving.

"Through Him the first fond prayers are said
Our lips of childhood frame, frame,
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with His Name".

The selection is obviously an extract from a longer poem. But it is not often that such delicacy of feeling or literary insight is shown in compiling anthologies. Yet, this masterpiece was bought for two annas, while more pretentious books which belie their handsome exterior are not to be purchased for less than ten rupees.

* * *

There is a piece in Thompson's anthology which causes more than ordinary interest. The poem, "Dominus Illuminatio Mea", has been ascribed to R. D. Blackmore, more generally known as the author of "Lorna Doone" and seldom, if at all,, as a poet. But it also appears in the "Oxford Book of English Verse", edited by no less a person than Sir Arthur Quiller Couch, and there it has been credited to "Anonymous". Thompson has an explanatory note in his anthology in which he states that Blackmore dreamt the poem and wrote it down as soon as he had awakened. This interesting fact appears to have missed Quiller Couch's notice.

* * *

I have lately been reading a novel by phillips Oppenheim not so much in anticipation of the authentic detective "thrill" as to attempt to evaluate the literary methods which succeeded in pleasantly terrifying millions of readers twenty to thirty years ago. The art of detective fiction has progressed greatly. In fact, it is a question whether it has not already begun to decline. It will be extremely difficult for any one brought up on the ingenuities of Agatha Christie or the literary graces of Dorothy Sayers to find anything to appreciate in the old popular authors. But I had never believed it possible that even Oppenheim would be so puerile and inane. It is likely that this particular book was not one of his best, but even so the most elementary convention of a good modern detective novel is lacking. The criminal is identified long before the book ends, a disclosure which is fatal. The only interest lies in the annihilation of the murderer, a process in which not many readers will be induced to take any interest. The truth appears to be that nothing "dates" so completely as the detective novel of yesterday, even though it might have been written by an experienced and capable author.

There are, however, some points of interest about Mr. James Huitt, the rascally bank manager, whose exploits are recounted. In the first place, he is a man of superhuman orderliness of habit. He is precise and accurate in everything he lays his hand to. In the second, he was once scorer at the cricket ground in Sydney. Nothing can be more melancholy than that the holder of such an honoured position, who must have recorded the runs of Trumper, Hill, Bardsley, Hobbs, Rhodes, and possibly even Maclaren, should have descended to being a murderer.

* * *

The hero, a peculiar individual whose name I forget, even though it was only a few days ago that I followed his career with no particular interest, has to his credit an achievement which places him apart from other cricketers, dead, living, and unborn. At a practice net one evening he bowls two, and only two, balls; the first one of astonishing, even breath-taking, pace, and the second a fearsome googly of gigantic proportions, even though Oppenheim talks ignorantly of "swerve". That a player should at the same time be able to bowl fast and slow balls of such commanding excellence is incredible, but not unexpected in the light of the other achievements of this hero.

* * *

The Speaker of the Andhra Assembly has declared the expression, "bandicoot", to be unparliamentary. His reasons have not been published in the daily Press. But one cannot help believing that he has been unkind to that noctural creature. As a metaphor indicating length of tenure in any walk of life, it has become part of what may be called "Indian" English. It does not appear to possess any unfavourable qualities. As far as my knowledge goes, it has even been applied in an affectionate context. But it has fallen interesting to note whether its on evil days now, and it will be future assimilation will be hampered by the pronouncement. The animal appears to be a worthy one, though not exactly without a tendency to indiscriminate destruction.



Sotto Voce

Universal Aunt Sally

THE Prime Minister has discovered in the Communalist Press the current Enemy Number One. The proximate inspiration seems to have come from the traditional sword arm of India, the Punjab. Hardly a month ago the Government of that State put on its statute book a piece of legislation which made the punitive laws of the bad old British regime seem by contrast the very soul of comprehension and compassion. Not only was pre-censorship, threat of which in the days of the war had brought the embattled Editors into action, rammed down the throat of the Press. Compulsory publication of contradictions, clarifications and official camouflage of every description, attained legal apotheosis at a bound.

* * *

The immediate provocation for Mr. Nehru to think aloud in terms of a new law was the extraordinary agitation trumped up against a twenty-year old American book on the founders of world religions. It contained a life-sketch of the Prophet of Islam. This, like the other studies in the book, was written in the bright, breezy style which the popular Press on both sides of the Atlantic affects. It was not unsympathetic in its general intention. But its attempt at achieving the human touch had been characteristically crude and vulgar.

* * *

The book had dropped dead from the Press so far as the Islamic world was concerned. But when a few months ago the Bharati Vidya Bhavan of Bombay re-issued it in its series of publications devoted to international culture an up-country Urdu paper, in what was supposed to be a review, dished up the juicy bits with rampaging headlines that made the chronically light-headed sections of the faithful turn berserk. A country-wide agitation, complete with slogan-shouting, head-breaking and mud-slinging, followed. The demand was for the incontinent annihilation of the offending firm.

That Mr. Munshi, the patron of the Bhavan, abjectly apologised, though openly insulted, that the book was promptly withdrawn and duly proscribed by the Government of India, that Mr. Nehru has been denouncing its vulgarity and offensiveness all the way from Delhi to Saudi Arabia and back has made no difference to the grievance-mongering. But when Muslim demonstrations provoked counter-demonstrations by the majority community Mr. Nehru was moved to action. For the Hindu Mahasabha and the Jana Sangh are his particular *bete noir*. He issued a *fatwa* in public to the Home Minister to forge new fetters for the Communalist Press.

* * *

Not many months ago the Government were patting themselves on the back for their "liberality" in allowing the Press (Objectionable Matters) Act to lapse. Such magnanimity is not particularly difficult for those who are comfortably assured that they can always take the powers they want and a little more. It is this that makes the Government cultivate the spendthrift's attitude towards their law-making powers. In the I.P.C. the Government have a formidable armoury of weapons to put down hate-campaigns of every kind. They have been told by the Press Commission and the Press Laws Enquiry Committee that Sections 153-A, 295 and 505 could be legitimately used, not only against offending newspapers but also against individual mischief-makers.

* * *

That perhaps is just the reason why Congress Governments have been chary of using these powers. On occasions they have withheld the necessary sanction to private persons who wanted to invoke them. There are more rabid communalists in the Congress to the square inch than in almost any other party. Time was when the Press bosses both of the 'working' and of the gilded variety as well as the politicians denounced sensationalism and vulgarity but averted their chaste eyes from the virulent witch-hunts which political climbers were sedulously promoting. The S.I.J.F. now safely dead though the undertakers decorously pretend that it is moulting its feathers, was the only organisation that demanded that all hate-mongers and not merely communalists, should be laid by the heels, whether they were private persons or journalistic rags. It contended that for this the I.P.C. provisions were ample.

* * *

The Press Commission admitted, "We have come across many examples from Madras which are calculated to defame one community and to bring it down in public estimation". But E.V.R. and Co. go on with impunity claiming the Madras Cabinet as their spiritual kin. And Mr. Nehru was inclined to be dispassionately historical in explaining—to know all is to explain all!—the anti-Rama campaign as a hang-over from old ancestral feuds. His indignation has now come to the boil presumably because the religion defamed is one which has international affiliations. But why ask for new powers when there are so many old ones? Those who dutifully echo Mr. Nehru's sentiments regarding communal hate-mongering cannot, however, bear the idea of clipping the wings of other venomous sectaries peddling assorted Isms. Does violence cease to be violence when it is preached in the sacred interests of Socialism or Communism? And must the Press be the universal Aunt Sally under Congress Raj?

VIGHNESWARA

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SIDELIGHTS : :

ON behalf of the Congress High Command, statements are frequently made that they have no intention of interfering in the leadership election for Andhra Pradesh. Yet scarcely a day passes when it is not announced in the newspapers that Sri Ramakrishna Rao or Gopala Reddi or Sanjiva Reddi has been called to Delhi for consultations. The enormous amount of travelling for the sake of consultations that has been going on in recent years is apparently an offshoot of the Five-Year Plans which have familiarised the authorities with expenditure scales running into hundreds of crores. They have become crore-minded and mere thousands have become a flea bite. Expensive air journeys over long distances for purposes that could have been fulfilled as efficiently through the post or the telegraph or the telephone have become the order of the day. Mr. Dulles can go round the world any number of times because the American economy is rich enough to sustain such expenditure with ease. Very few Americans are under an economic compulsion to save a journey when the mood for travel comes to them. But in India, for the vast majority of people the scarcity of money is terrific, and travelling except for the most compulsive of reasons, is a luxury they can ill afford. The hectic globe-trotting of our Ministers and diplomats does not therefore harmonise with Indian conditions in the way in which Mr. Dulles's does with American. Excessive saving on the part of the rich produces the unhappy impression of parsimony, whereas excessive spending on the part of the poor is resented as profligate irresponsibility. Contact with other nations in international affairs in the wake of the duties and opportunities of political freedom seems to have whipped up the Indian style of political and diplomatic behaviour to the level of the most expensive countries. As we have not the resources to sustain competition with the representatives of Western powers for exhibiting status through spending, we have become reckless at home and shabby genteel abroad, and our grandiose projects costing crores are being undermined by lack of proportion and imitative extravagance.

By travelling third class the Mahatma established his kinship with Daridra Narayan. The Congress High Command have travelled far from that rigid Gandhian conception of public duty and economic responsibility. They have abundance of power but they do not command now the respect and confidence that people gave to them in their days of adversity. Often they make public declarations which are violated by them in practice no sooner than they are made. Nobody therefore takes seriously nowadays their oft-repeated protestations on non-intervention in the Andhra Pradesh leadership election. There is nothing wrong in intervening in a good cause. The character and competence of the Chief Minister of a State are a matter of grave public and even national importance. What is the special merit in publicising an attitude of indifference or neutrality over such an important matter? This is a case where timely intervention is a moral duty since it might save millions of people from bad government.

To all appearances there are now only two competitors for the Andhra Pradesh Chief Ministership, Sri Gopala Reddi and Sri Sanjeeva Reddi. None of them has made any public announcement of his intention to contest. But canvassing for legislators' votes has been going on briskly. Sri Ranga who was once all primed for the contest, has since withdrawn. He seems to have decided, on a calculation of chances, that there is no probability of victory for him. He has therefore adroitly turned immediate prospect of failure into potential advancement on a future day by making a deal with Gopala Reddi. The two conditions of this deal are that Sri Ranga's followers will now support Sri Gopala Reddi and Sri Gopala Reddi's followers will support Sri Ranga at the next election. The political relationship between a leader and a follower is a personal, non-transferable one. It has to be continuously sustained by interchanges of loyalty. A transferred loyalty may not be recoverable at will. At one time Professor Ranga was a formidable political figure in Andhra next only to Sri Prakasam in power and range of influence. He would have been the automatic choice for Chief Minister today if he had not played his cards badly at every seeming reverse in the uncertain shifts of election fortunes. But of all his blunders, the present one seems to be the worst. It is apparently based on the assumption that the future of democracy can be tied up in accordance with desired results by present contracts between expectant leaders. Nothing could be a grosser illusion.

The relative merits of the two rivals for leadership in Andhra Pradesh cannot be properly assessed except in the light of their respective backgrounds. None of them measures up to the pitch of their ambitions. But Sri Gopala Reddi has a more devastating burden of proved deficiencies to his discredit. He has a fair measure of competence for second-grade lieutenancy but he lacks the strength of character essential for direction of public affairs in the top level of leadership. There is need in the public interest for some check on abuse of power by him due to the limitations of his stature. His virtues and restraints are those of nervousness. His reign is a paradise for bad strong men capable of exerting influence on him by taking advantage of his weaknesses and vacillation and a veritable hell for the victims of such men. He has had a longer innings as Minister or Chief Minister than any other Andhra politician. But in its record it has been totally undistinguished and never rose above the routine level. When Sri Prakasam was Chief Minister of Andhra, he went to the extreme of keeping the Governor at a distance. Sri Gopala Reddi has been guilty of the worse constitutional offence of placing the whole administration at the disposal of the Governor. Andhra with Sri Gopala Reddi as Chief Minister is the only State in India where the Governor has been enabled to break through all the constitutional limitations of his office and conduct himself virtually as though he were a Super-Chief Minister.

Of the two candidates for leadership, Sri Sanjiva Reddi has a superior comprehension of the dignity and freedom of the Minister's status *vis a vis* the Governor. There have been occasions when he descended to low levels of vindictiveness, but he has also

(Continued on page 14)



THE AIMS OF EDUCATION

By FREDERICK MAYER

University of Redlands, California

THE dilemma of the twentieth century is that we have more institutions than ever devoted to educational purposes, yet real interest in education has not kept pace with the technological changes of our time.

Often the emphasis in education has been purely quantitative, instead of qualitative. The stress has frequently been upon buildings rather than teachers, upon equipment rather than motivation, upon training rather than genuine growth, upon vocationalism rather than the liberal arts, upon specific knowledge rather than general education.

Education has been defined in various ways. Plato thought that "a good education consists in giving to the body and to the soul all the beauty and all the perfection of which they are capable." Herbert Spencer believed that "education has for its object the formation of character." Horace Mann felt that "education alone can conduct us to that enjoyment which is, at once, best in quality and infinite in quantity."

One of the most famous contemporary views of education is that of Dewey who regards education as a reconstruction of experience which gives meaning to our existence and which aids us in the direction of subsequent experience.

The difference between education and indoctrination is that while indoctrination depends upon the closed mind and preconceived viewpoints, education is open-minded and accepts no absolutes. Indoctrination appeals mainly to our emotional biases, while education appeals primarily to our rational capacities. Indoctrination gives us only partial knowledge, while education seeks complete knowledge. Indoctrination is intensely subjective, whereas education tends to be an objective process.

Dogmatism is the keynote of indoctrination, while tolerance is the watchword of education. The conclusions of indoctrinaion lead to rigidity and compulsion; the conclusions of education are subject to scientific verification and thus are tentative.

Education, as Dewey often pointed out, is not the preparation for life, but represents the continuous changes and processes of life. To identify education with book knowledge is a rather narrow view, for education often arises in the matrix of practical activity. Education implies not merely discipline of thinking, but also a passion for creativity.

The newspaper, as we all know, has had a significant impact upon education. Perhaps less through the editorial page than through the comic section, which has become a universal medium of entertainment.

The radio, like the press, is not only an agency of entertainment, but also transmits information and education. The radio has done much to popularise music. Furthermore, discussion groups give an opportunity to various political parties to voice their views. News commentators illuminate the trends of current events.

The library is another agency of culture and educational diffusion. It preserves the books and manuscripts of the past and is a store-house for the valuable documents of the present. The free public library is one of the bastions of the democratic way of life; here rich and poor, young and old meet on the basis of equality—all engaged in the search for knowledge and truth.

It would be impossible to omit the contribution of the motion picture and television to education. Great motion pictures give a dramatic view of man's life and they present important moral implications. Television promises to be an even greater force than the cinema in shaping popular education. It is possible in the future that a television set may become part of the regular classroom equipment, and that television will greatly aid the teaching process.

We all know the educational effects of travel. Through travelling we come into direct contact with foreign nations and through it we often overcome prejudice and bias, and develop a cosmopolitan and broadminded philosophy of life. Formal education tends to be abstract and theoretical, while travelling gives us a sense of immediacy and directness.

We often learn more through play than in our regular classroom. We realise today that education fails if it does not prepare us for a creative use of leisure time.

Technology exerts an important influence upon education. Technology creates new inventions which improve the teaching process and which aid in the art of communication. Often technology becomes an idol of the educator who believes in mechanical solutions, instead of stressing the importance of inspired and inspiring teaching.

Education is incomplete without the enjoyment of the arts and humanities. A knowledge of the great works of art of the past may illuminate our appreciation of the present. The alarming trend in education, as Whitman pointed out, is the reign of vulgarity.

Too often education is concerned merely with the imitation of the past; too often education stresses discipline for the sake of discipline; too often the individuality of the student is overlooked; too often the educational process is so boring and anaemic that it kills our creative drives. Creativity demands not only insight, but concentration and dedication. The teacher can aid creativity by stimulating students, by uncovering hidden talents, and by respecting the originality and individuality of his students. The goal of the teacher should be to lead the student from passivity to activity, and from imitation to creativity.

Understanding and application of science are significant, for science, perhaps more than any other field, has contributed to the advancement of civilisation. At the same time, the new scientific weapons have created immense dangers for the survival of man. Science thus offers no magic solutions and no magic utopias for modern man.

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A clear distinction should be made between the scientific method and technology. The scientific method is open-minded, tentative, tolerant and abhors absolute conclusions. It can be used in the natural as well as in the social sciences. Technology, on the other hand, represents the application of science, and from a moral viewpoint, may have either constructive or destructive effects. For example, an airplane may be used for transportation or it may be used for purposes of mass destruction.

The task of education is to give us a balanced view of science, to see both its possibilities and limitations.

Vocational efficiency has become a primary concern of modern education. For we are interested not only in the enjoyment of life, but also how we can best make a living. Unfortunately, we often choose the wrong profession; the result is that we feel frustrated and we may develop a severe neurosis.

Vocational efficiency should not be equated with economic success; otherwise we are dominated by the idol of materialism. Often the most important profession, like teaching, is certainly not the most remunerative. We should develop a respect for all, as much for the mechanic as for the banker, as much for the poet as for the scientist.

Effective education implies a better adjustment to family life. Through education we can improve our appreciation of the home and we can become more considerate of others. We learn the destructive ways of conflict and the importance of mutual sharing and understanding. Confucius pointed out that the educated man should be an example, not merely in his thinking, but also in his conduct.

Education is the most adequate preparation for citizenship. Citizenship implies more than the fulfilment of elementary political duties, it implies the need for tolerance and social justice and the development of a genuine social conscience. Effective citizenship demands not only a verbal allegiance to democracy, it requires also the daily application of democratic principles in the home, class-room, business and political affairs.

Without physical and mental health all the other objectives are superficial and visionary. While good health, to some extent, depends upon our heredity, modern science has made immense strides, and through correct habits, emphasizing the interdependence of the mind and body, we can achieve not only a long life, but also a happy life.

Education can become the tool of maturity. It should be, as Spinoza said, a reflection upon life rather than upon death, and should indicate our possibilities—both physical and mental—rather than our limitations.

The achievement of peace is one of the fundamental objectives of education. Any system of education which contributes to mistrust among nations and which glorifies chauvinism and military force is to be condemned. Technically the educational system of Germany before 1914 was proficient. The German youths had an excellent classical background, and a comprehensive knowledge of science, but their minds were poisoned by myths about the superiority and infallibility of the German fatherland.

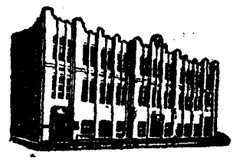
Education aims at a perpetual renaissance of man. It indicates that man is the measure of the universe, that knowledge is an infinite process and that enlightenment must radiate and must not be confined to the few. As educators it is our task to create not only original minds in art, literature, music, philosophy, religion, and science, but also to develop an interested audience which can appreciate creativity.

Education thus looks to the future; it indicates that man has not finished his task, rather that he has only begun. Education is not the prelude to despair and cynicism, but the eternal overture to hope and expectancy.

WHY?

It is strange, it knocks me down
a bit, my dear,
why when you talk in a mincing
tone
the canary tilts an amazed beak;
why when you whiffle your synthetic scents
the flowers wilt in frank disgust;
why when you protest your valid
faith
the dog walks off with an amused
grin.
It is strange, it knocks me down
a bit, my dear. DHANUS

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CATS HAVE MADE HISTORY

By SUBHASH J. RELE

CATS are extraordinarily dexterous in looking after themselves. They have the ability to keep themselves healthy and happy, clean inside and out; and at the same time they preserve a graceful poise that is enviable.

Cats can claim among their admirers some of the greatest characters in history. Sir Compton Mackenzie kept a dozen Siamese cats. Samuel Butler used to adopt stray cats. He once wrote: "No, I will not have a Persian cat. It is undertaking too much responsibility. I must have a cat whom I find homeless, wandering about, and to whom, therefore, I am under no obligation." George Bernard Shaw confessed that he could never pass a cat without stroking him. Henry James wrote with a cat on his shoulder. Charles Dickens was another cat-lover. He owned a deaf cat who set beside him when he wrote. One of the most unlikely of all cat-lovers was that dictatorial man Samuel Johnson. With his Hodge sitting on his shouders he and Boswell (who detested cats) would go down to the market-place where at the fish stalls Johnson would feed Hodge with oysters. Poincare surrounded himself with Siamese cats. "The cat", he noted with doleful candour, "is witty, he has nerve, he knows how to do precisely the right thing at the right moment. With an astonishing promptitude he chooses instantly between two solutions of a problem, not merely that which is the better from his point of view and in conformity with his interests, but also that which is elegant and gracious". Poincare was often discovered at work, his right hand busy with his pen and his favourite Siamese asleep on his left arm, refusing to allow his pet to be disturbed by interruptions.

Sir Walter Scott who confessed to an early dislike of cats grew fond of them in his later years and loved his Hinse. "Cats are a mysterious kind of folk," he wrote. "There is more passing in their minds than we are aware of". Theophile Gautier found them as indispensable as breathing air. His house was full of them and he seldom wrote without one in his lap. He wrote rhapsodically of his three kittens, thus: "Enjolaras was solemn, pretentious, aldermanic from his cradle, even theatrical at times in his vast assumption of dignity Gavroche was a born Bohemian, enamoured of low company and of the careless comedies of life. Their sister Epionine—the best loved of the three—was a delicate, fastidious creature, with an exquisite sense of propriety, and of the refinements of social intercourse".

Emila Zola and Mirabeau loved cats. Anatole France was also a cat lover and created a memorable personality in Hamilar. George Borrow, Edgar Allan Poe, Walter Pater, all loved cats. To Thomas Hardy there was nothing that gave a greater sense of comfort than the purring of his cat. He had a blue Persian with deep orange eyes, called Cobby, who was greatly distressed when Hardy died.

Cats have also acted as a prophylactic to the souls of politicians. Even Sir Winston Churchill is passionately fond of cats. But for his cat Nelson, the conduct of the war might have been less efficient. In 1943 when he was recovering from a bout of influenza, an important visitor came to his room and found a large black cat resting on his feet. "This cat", said Sir Winston, "does more for the war effort than you do. He acts as a hot-water bottle and saves fuel and power". The animal was addressed as "my dear" and always travelled in his master's car. Lord Fingall never minced words while praising cats. In Kileen Castle, Ireland, special suites were reserved for more than fifty of his pets. They all knew and loved him and when he called to them, they came leaping and scurrying and rubbed themselves against his legs.

The chief companions of Jeremy Bentham were his cats. He had one cat, at first called Langbourne, named later as Sir John Langbourne and finally the Reverend Sir John Langbourne D.D. Only a true cat-lover could so elevate his cat in the social scale.

Antonio Sacchini, the Italian composer of over forty operas who lived in London from 1772 to 1882, liked to have his two favourite cats sitting on his shoulders when composing music. Dr. Liston used to introduce his guests to his cat at formal dinner parties. Muhammed, it is said, had such an affection for his cat Muezza, that he would cut off the hem of his robe rather than disturb her when she was asleep on it. Cardinal Wolsey kept a cat of whom he was extremely fond, who sat by his side when he was delivering judgement as Lord Chancellor of England. Pope Leo the Twelth is said to have been a great lover of cats, especially kittens. Dr. Alekhine, the world's chess champion, was often accompanied by his Siamese cat when he played in international chess tournaments. Florence Nightingale would never travel without her cats, of which she had about sixty. They were named after prominent men of the day, such as Disraeli, Gladstone and Bismark. The epistolary Lord Chesterfield bequeathed pensions to his cats.

The most famous of the world's cat was Mike, who assisted in keeping the main gate of the British Museum from February 1909 to January 1929 when he died in an honoured old age. The visitors from far-off lands often asked to see the Museum's celebrated cat. Mike provided excellent copy for the London newspapers, and paragraphs about him frequently appeared in them. The "Star" wrote about Mike. "In its day, no cat has lived so public a life as Mike, the big tabby that keeps watch and ward at the gate of the British Museum. Day and night, summer and winter, for eighteen years, Mike has been there with the gatekeeper, the policeman, and the tall-liveried attendant whose scarlet collar and gold-banded silk-hat declare his rank as king's messenger—relic of the origin of the Museum and of times when the Guards stood sentry over the great Bloomsbury treasure-house".

There is one cat who has been honoured by mention in the official London Gazette. A lady imported a Siamese cat, who in accordance with the regulations was placed in quarantine. The cat then proceeded to embarrass the officials by giving birth to a kitten. The British Animal Diseases Act provides for the detention of imported cats, and, the authorities were faced with the puzzling situation of a kitten who had not been imported within the meaning of the Act. The only way to detain the kitten legally was to publish an order in the Gazette. Notice was thereby given in pursuance of Section 49 (3) of the Act that the Minister of Agriculture had made an order on 30th May, 1930 "detaining in quarantine one kitten born on the 28th May, 1930, to a Siamese cat, the property of Mrs. E. Lloyd Jones".

A cat named Mourka became a legendary character for playing an epoch-making part in war. In the winter of 1942 during the battle of Stalingrad, a group of soldiers wished to send messages to their comrades about enemy gun emplacements. No human could survive the barrage that swept no-man's land. But a cat has nine lives. So important despatches were tied to Mourka who ran the fiery gauntlet and saved many lives. She made front page news in the country and was made a citizen of Stalingrad.

DELHI LETTER

By C. P. RAMACHANDRAN

THE people who count in New Delhi (Old Delhi does *not* count) are still quarrelling over the relative importance of Mr. Nehru's successful tour of Saudi Arabia and the Delhi State Government's pitiless parthian shot of banning "guest nights" in Delhi clubs in pursuance of their prohibition policy. Those who think the Prime Minister's visit should come first maintain that the Riyadh communique is a sure pointer of growing Asian consciousness. Moreover, they say, the tour, coming at a time when anti-Indian elements were stepping up their propaganda mainly for Middle East consumption, has curbed communal elements at home and abroad. These are potent arguments, but they are countered by apparently more effective ones for we often hear the words "fundamental rights", and "freedom of the individual" spoken with excellent accent and gesture.

It may be that I am exaggerating the silliness of a certain class very much in the picture in Delhi, for I have never been able to look at a white-coated, bow-tied Indian and his rouged and lipsticked mate haw-hawing to each other without a certain amount of distaste. But I see that I have an ally in Mr. K. Santhanam, Chairman of the Finance Commission. Addressing the Rotary Club the other day, he warned against the growth of a more rigid and exclusive class system in India than at present. This class, to my mind, is composed of the members of the bureaucratic elite, defence service officers of a certain vintage, ministerial nephews and nieces, secretarial wives and daughters, and the progeny of building contractors who hang on grimly at the fringe. You can spot the crowd in any dance hall any day of the week except Tuesdays and Fridays which are "dry" days and consequently not cheerful days. It is more than probable that in the coming years this crowd from the urban upper middle class will become more rootless and a potential danger to the health of Indian society.

Not that Indian society, judged by the capital's, is by any means healthy now. The corruption in public life is matched by corruption in individual life. Political parties, with the general elections in the offing, unhesitatingly decide to ally with other parties whose aims are completely different, even antagonistic. The Akali Dal's decision to merge with the Congress Party is one such instance. Mr. Jaiprakash Narain's sudden love for the Communist Party is another. It was only six months ago that Mr. Narain was thundering against the totalitarian practices of Communist parties. The real reason for the attempt to come to an electoral agreement between the P.S.P. and the C.P.I. is the ambition of petty leaders from Kerala and Bengal. Many of these ex-M.L.As and ex-M.Ps have no chance of getting back to the legislatures if they depend on their own party. So the need for adjustment or understanding or whatever it is.

The quality of public life will naturally affect the ordinary citizen. The arrest of a clerk in the External Affairs Ministry for stealing political documents created a sensation and different political parties made the most of it. Predictably enough, the communal parties blamed Pakistan, the Communist Party blamed the United States, the Congress Party blamed everybody else but nobody has yet blamed the organisational mix-up in the Secretariat which allows a clerk to handle top secret documents. It is said that the clerk in question has been seen for some time to go about in fashionable cars and in the company of fashionable people. If that was so, how did the C.I.D. which wastes time tagging after Acharya Kripalani, fail to notice it?

I wonder whether in extenuation of the clerk, the opposition parties will raise the economic question. The clerk is poorly paid, and so he fell a victim to temptation. Increase his salary and there will be no more of such cases. On second thoughts I am sure they won't, for that will bring more odium than plaudits. The Government, moreover, will plead financial stringency and perhaps they are right. But surely something can be done to stop excessive spending on governmental luxuries like delegations. At the moment, there is an M.Ps delegation in China. There is an Army delegation there too. Rajkumari Amrit Kaur has gone to Australia on an extensive tour. A cultural delegation is in Russia where they have probably met two or three other delegations. Then there are the daily journeys to Britain and the U.S.A. by top Government officials and Ministers which are hardly reported in the daily newspapers for they are accepted as quite ordinary events. It would be profitable for someone to go into the number of official and unofficial delegations that have gone abroad in the last ten years and the amount of money spent by them.

Winter comes and Society is getting ready for the UNESCO meet and the numerous parties that will be held to celebrate something or the other. In the art and cultural world, there are lively indications. The better halves of Delhi's big business have already cornered the art market what time their worse halves were cornering the cloth and jute trade. The monopolists of the art world smack their lips with anticipation at the coming months.

This is only an Announcement and not a Prospectus

No subscriptions are invited on the basis of this announcement. Intending subscribers are requested to write to any one or more of the Agencies referred to hereunder, under para 30, for copies of the Prospectus to which are attached forms of application. A formal Prospectus has been filed with the Registrar of Companies, Vijayawada, Andhra State.

Consent of the Central Government has been obtained to this issue by an order of which a complete copy is open for inspection at the Registered Office of the Company. It must be distinctly understood that in giving their consent to this issue the Government of India do not take any responsibility for the financial soundness of any scheme or for the correctness of any of the statements made or opinions expressed with regard to these.

A Licence (No. L/12-21/55) has been obtained from the Central Government for the establishment of this new Industrial Undertaking of which a copy is open to public inspection at the Head Office of the Company. It must be distinctly understood that in granting the Licence the Government of India do not take any responsibility for the financial soundness of this Undertaking or for the correctness of any of the statements made or opinions expressed in regard to it.

The subscription list will open at 10-30 a.m. on Thursday, the eleventh day of October 1956, and will be closed on Thursday, the twenty-fifth day of October 1956, unless closed by the Directors earlier, but not before Thursday, the eighteenth day of October 1956.

PANYAM CEMENTS & MINERAL INDUSTRIES LIMITED

(INCORPORATED UNDER THE INDIAN COMPANIES ACT VII OF 1913).

SHARE CAPITAL

	Rs.
AUTHORISED CAPITAL	1,00,00,000
Divided into 25,000 six per cent tax free Cumulative Preference Shares of Rs. 100/- each (Non-redeemable)	25,00,000
75,000 Ordinary Shares of Rs. 100/- each	75,00,000
	1,00,00,000

PRESENT ISSUE

7,000 Six per cent Cumulative Tax free Preference Shares of Rs. 100/- each	7,00,000
38,000 Ordinary Shares of Rs. 100/- each	38,00,000
	45,00,000

SUBSCRIBED & ALLOTTED CAPITAL (upto 15-9-1956).

2,454 6% Tax Free Cumulative 'A' Preference Shares of Rs. 100/- each	2,45,400
653 6% Tax Free Cumulative 'B' Preference Shares of Rs. 100/- each	65,300
1,399 Ordinary Shares of Rs. 100/- each	31,39,900
	34,50,600

PAID-UP CAPITAL

A Preference Shares	2,45,400
B Preference Shares	61,450
Ordinary Shares	30,20,250
	33,27,100

Out of this issue of Rs. 45 lakhs, the Directors of the Company and their friends have subscribed for 3,107 Preference Shares and 31,399 Ordinary Shares of the Company. *The balance of 3,893 Preference and 6,601 Ordinary Shares only are now being offered for public subscription.*

PAYABLE AS FOLLOWS

(a) On application Rs. 50/- per share.
(b) On allotment (before 30-11-'56) Rs. 25/- per share.
(c) On or before the 2nd day of January, 1957 the balance of Rs. 25/- per share.

RIGHTS OF PREFERENCE SHARES

The Preference Shares confer on the holders thereof the right to be paid out of any profits that may at any time be determined to be distributed among members, a fixed cumulative dividend at the rate of six per cent per annum, free of any deductions for income-tax in India on the Capital for the time being paid-up thereon, in priority to the Ordinary Shares; the first such dividend becomes payable for the accounting year or a portion thereof proportionately, immediately following the commencement of production at the rated capacity: and in a winding up, to payment of the Capital and any arrears of the Cumulative Dividend set out above, whether earned, declared or not, upto the commencement of the winding up, in preference to the Ordinary Shares, but to no further rights. In calculating any fixed percentage on the Capital paid-up on any Shares for the purpose of this Article, such percentage shall be calculated upto and as on the date of the close of the year of account of the Company next prior to the date of declaration of dividend or bonus at general meeting and in respect of interim dividends, as on and upto the date of the declaration of such interim dividends by the Directors.

All Preference Shares allotted before 1st April, 1956 will be designated 'A' Preference Shares and all Preference Shares allotted on or after 1st April, 1956 will be designated 'B' Preference Shares. The 'A' Preference Shares will carry voting rights like the Ordinary Shares, namely one vote per share while 'B' Preference Shares will have the voting rights set out in Section 87 of the Companies Act, 1956. Except for this difference in voting rights, all the Preference Shares rank *pari passu* and carry identical rights and privileges as to dividend, Capital or otherwise. Subject to the rights of persons entitled to Shares with special rights as to dividends, all dividends, shall be paid according to the amount paid up on the Shares. No amount paid on a Share in advance of calls, shall, while carrying interest, be treated as paid on the Share for the purpose of calculating the dividends or bonus payable thereon.

DIRECTORS

(1) SRI THANDRA SITLA SUNDARAM, *Chairman.*
Businessman,
"EVERJOY", Bazlullah Road, Madras-17.

Managing Partner: The Motor & General Trading Company, 159, Mount Road, Madras-2.

Director: M/s. Gannon Dunkerley & Co., (Madras) Private Ltd., Madras-17.

(2) SRI MACHANI SOMAPPA, *Managing Director of Managing Agents.*
Industrialist,
Yemmiganur P.O., Via Adoni.

Director: Central Board of State Bank of India, Bombay.

Director: Andhra State Industrial Finance Corporation, Vijayawada.

Senior Partner: Managing Agents of the Rayalaseema Mills Ltd., Adoni —the first Cotton Spinning Mill in Rayalaseema.

Chairman: Board of Directors, The Andhra Co-operative Spinning Mills Ltd., Guntakal.

Member: All-India Handloom Board and All-India Handloom Fabrics Marketing Co-operative Society Ltd., Bombay.

(3) SRI BUGGANA POTTA REDDY SESHA REDDY, M.L.A., *Director.*
Legislator,
Station Road, Betamcherla P.O., Kurnool District.

Managing Partner: South Indian Mining Co., Betamcherla.

President: Kurnool District Wholesale Co-operative Stores, Kurnool.

(4) SRI MIDATHALA NARAYANAPPA, *Director.*
Merchant and Land-holder,
Guntakal P.O., Anantapur District.

Mine Owner, Partner: M/s. M. Hampaiah Sons, Guntakal.

Director: The Rayalaseema Mills Ltd., Adoni.

(5) SRI BULUSU PAPAYYA SASTRY, *Director.*
Land-holder, Danavaipeta, Rajahmundry.

Director: M/s. Gannon Dunkerly & Co. (Madras) Private Ltd., Madras-17.

(6) SRI HOTA VENKATA SURYA SIVARAMA SASTRY, B.A., B.L., *Director.*
Advocate and Land-holder, Hukumpeta, Polavaram Taluk.

Proprietor: Gangole Estate.

Director: M/s. Gannon Dunkerley & Co. (Madras) Private Ltd., Madras-17.

(7) SRI KASETTY SREENIVASULU, *Director.*
Businessman, 333, Chickpet, Bangalore-2.

Partner: Seethalakshmi Hall, Bangalore-2.

(8) SRI H. RAMALINGA REDDI, B.A., LL.B., M.L.A., *Director.*
Advocate and Land-holder, Adoni.

(9) SRI INDERCHAND GULABCHAND, *Director.*
Yarn Merchant & Banker, Adoni.

Director: The Rayalaseema Mills, Ltd., Adoni.

Managing Agents

PANYAM INDUSTRIAL AGENCIES (PRIVATE) LTD.
Betamcherla P.O.
Kurnool District.
Andhra State.

Bankers

THE STATE BANK OF INDIA, Kurnool.

THE BANK OF BARODA LTD., Madras.

THE CANARA INDUSTRIAL & BANKING SYNDICATE LTD., Nandyal.

THE CENTRAL BANK OF INDIA LTD., Kurnool.

Registered Office
2, A—Angalla Bazaar
BETAMCHERLA P.O.
Kurnool District.

Brokers

M/s. CHITRA & CO., Share & Stock Brokers,
Bombay Mutual Buildings (Annexe),
Linga Chetty Street, Madras-1.

Legal Adviser

Shri R. NARASIMHACHARIAR, B.A., B.L.,
Advocate,
"Sarnath",
4, Dr. Rangachari Road,
Mylapore, Madras-4.

Auditors

M/s. BRAHMAYYA & COMPANY,
Chartered Accountants,
Sugar Company Buildings,
Bangalore-2.

OBJECTS

(1) The Company has been formed principally with the object of engaging in the manufacture of Portland Cement and other types of Cement and Asbestos and for generally carrying of the several objects set out in the Memorandum of Association of the Company.

PROSPECTS

(2) In spite of the steady expansion of the Cement Industry, there is acute shortage of Cement all over India and the demand which is growing has presently outstripped the capacity of the existing Units. Expansion programmes outlined both by the Central Government and at State levels under the Second Five-Year Plan in the matter of large public works, Hydel and irrigation projects, Laying out of highways, Bridges and large public buildings have begun to make considerably augmented demand on the available supply of Cement in India. Apart from this, there is a sharp increase in the demand for Cement from the Private Sector and by the house building Industry. Government have therefore very rightly fixed a target of 16 million tons by way of production of cement in the Second Five-Year Plan. The actual production of the country in 1955 was of the order of 4.4 million tons.

(3) Conditions for the establishment of new Cement Units are indeed favourable in view of the practically assured off-take of the major portion of the output by the Public Sector for some years to come. The Factory will be situated in an area where pentup consumer demand for Cement is high and this ensures prompt off-take of the output of the Factory, apart from the Public Sector demand. The Factory will be located at Bugganapalli in the Panyam Reserve Forest area of Kurnool District, near Bugganapalli Railway Station. The promoters selected this site for locating the Factory by reason of the proximate availability of limestone in and around Bugganapalli area. The Geological Survey of India have adverted in a recent report to the considerable reserves of limestone in this area which should ensure a steady feed of raw material to the Factory for several decades. Apart from this, good building materials like granite and kankur which can easily be converted into lime will also facilitate construction of the Factory in this area. The present location of the Factory is expected to result in considerable economies to the Company in the transport of raw material. The Sponsors applied to the Government of India for a licence to establish a Factory, and Licence No. L/12/21/55, dated 21st April, 1955 was accordingly granted to them by the Ministry of Commerce and Industry, Government of India, for establishing a Cement Factory of an installed capacity of 62,700 tons per annum, to be located in the Panyam Reserve Forest Area.

THE PRICE FACTOR

(4) The Tariff Commission recommended that the older Manufacturing Units, *i.e.*, Cement Factories which have been established before the substantial increase in Plant and Machinery costs occurred, should be assured of a return of 8% on block in the F.O.R. destination price fixed for that Company's products. In respect of other Units, *i.e.*, to say, Newer Units, the Tariff Commission recommended a return of 10% on block by reason of the increased depreciation to be provided for and initial costs incurred. In view of this differential in return conceded by the Central Government, the Higher Costs Units have been allowed Rs. 5 to Rs. 12 per ton more than what has been allowed to Older Manufacturing Units. It is expected that this Company will receive the benefit of the Higher Costs Units' tariff of price. The recent announcement by the Central Government in regard to State Trading in Cement effective from 1st July, 1956, does not alter the position in regard to the fixation of F.O.R. Ex-Works price payable to producers.

PLANS AND PROSPECTS

(5) It is the intention of the Sponsors to double the capacity of this Unit after the first Unit has gone into production. Besides this, they have also plans to establish a Lithopone Manufacturing Unit. The annual demand for Lithopones is about 4/5,000 tons by the Paint and Rubber Industries in our country. Bugganapalli is eminently suitable for establishing a Lithopone Manufacturing Unit. There is no such Unit in India at present. It is also proposed to install later on, an Iron Ore Sintering Unit for the manufacture of Pig Iron and for utilisation of scrap.

(6) The Sponsors have taken into account all relevant factors in making an estimate of the working of the Company and in doing so have made adequote provision for contingencies. The costs of manufacturing has been examined and account has been taken of the proximity of raw materials, which obviates haulage by rail or other transport. It is expected that after allowing a margin for selling price, depreciation and other overheads, it should be possible to secure a sufficient margin of profit to permit of payment of a reasonable dividend on the Ordinary Shares, after meeting interest on borrowings and dividend on Preference Shares.

MACHINERY

(7) The Company has programmed to install the latest Plant and Machinery which will ensure a substantial saving in recurring costs. Orders for the Main Mechanical Equipment have been placed with M/s. Gutehoffnungshutte, Dusseldorf (West Germany), for the Heavy Motors with Siemens and Algemeine Electricitats Gesellschaft (A.E.G.) for the Geared Motors, and Transformers and Low Powered Motors with Cromptons and for H.T. and L.T. Control Gear with Brush.

(8) A Contract was entered into on 23rd October, 1955 with Gutehoffnungshutte of West Germany for the supply of Machinery. The Company has also entered into contract dated 23rd October, 1955 with them for their erecting the plant and machinery. The shipments of Machinery are scheduled to be made between September/December, 1956.

FACTORY

(9) The Company has purchased lands as factory site situated in Bugganapalli Village of total area 104 acres 13 cents under sale deeds executed mostly in July 1955. The plans for the erection of the Factory and the import of the machinery have progressed satisfactorily and the Directors hope to be able to establish the Factory as a growing concern without delay.

PREVIOUS ALLOTMENTS

(10) The Company was incorporated on 23rd June, 1955. As one of the conditions of Issue stipulated by the Controller of Capital Issues was, that a minimum amount of 15% of the Capital sanctioned viz., Rs. 6,75,000 shall be subscribed privately by the Company's Promoters, Directors, friends and their Associates, before any Shares are offered to the Public by a Prospectus, and with a view to expedite the arrangements for import of machinery and establishment of the Factory, steps have been taken to obtain certificate of commencement as early as possible. The Articles fixed a minimum subscription of Rs. 5,00,000 and the Directors allotted on 12th October, 1955, Shares of the face value of Rs. 10,20,800 consisting of 1,054 Preference Shares and 9,154 Ordinary Shares and obtained Certificate of Commencement on 20th October, 1955. Since then, further 2,053 Preference and 22,345 Ordinary Shares have been allotted. No Debentures have been issued or agreed to be issued; nor any Shares other than in cash or any Shares at any premium. The Company has not so far done any productive business.

MINIMUM SUBSCRIPTION

(11) The capitalisation of the Project is expected to be about Rs. 85 lakhs; to cover value of Land, Quarries, Cost of building constructions (structural and civil) for the Factory, Godowns, Stores, Office Buildings, Canteen, Residences for Officers and other Factory Personnel, Waterworks and Pipe-lines, value of Main Equipment (Mechanical and Electrical) inclusive of deferred payments (of Rs. 5.5 lakhs), Ancillary and Workshop Equipment (C.I.F. upto Factory Site) and Erection at Site, etc., all to cost approximately Rs. 72.5 lakhs; Preliminary Expenses (Share collection) Rs. 50,000/-; commission and/or Brokerage inclusive of the expenses of this issue under Prospectus Rs. 50,000/-; Preliminary Expenses under construction and Consultation Expenses Rs. 3 lakhs and working capital exclusive of margin on collaterals Rs. 3.50 lakhs and any other unforeseen expenses at Rs. 5 lakhs. The balance of Rs. 40 lakhs, besides the Share Capital derived out of the present issue (allotted and to be allotted), will be met by Loans from Public Investment and Financing Corporations, applications for which have already been made.

(12) The minimum subscription upon which the Directors will proceed to allot shares in respect of the present offer of 10,494 shares, will be shares of the face value of Rs. 5 lakhs of either description, as with the Share Capital already covered (as per para 10 above) and the Loan Capital to be raised (as per para 11 above), the total proceeds will be, in the opinion of Directors, sufficient to bring the Project to the stage of production, as the deferred instalments of 25% value of Main Mechanical Equipment (approximately Rs. 5.5 lakhs), can, if it becomes necessary, be met out of profits after commencement of production, as such instalments become payable 16 and 28 months after the date of last shipment.

MANAGEMENT

(13) Messrs. Panyam Industrial Agencies (Private) Ltd., are appointed Managing Agents of the Company, for a period of 10 years initially, on the basis of an Agreement executed on 2nd December, 1955, with the approval of the Central Government. The remuneration of the Managing Agents is fixed at 10% of the Annual Net Profits of the Company as defined by Section 349 of the Companies Act, 1956. In the event of premature termination of their contract of service, the Managing Agents shall be entitled to compensation in an amount five times of the average (which under Section 366 of the Act, which has an overriding effect on the contrary provisions in the Agreement is limited to three times) remuneration earned by them (whether drawn or waived or not) in the immediately preceding three years, provided that no compensation shall be payable if the Managing Agents have been dismissed from Office for conviction for any non-bailable offence or have been guilty of gross misdemeanour in relation to the affairs of the Company and provided also that the Managing Agents shall not be entitled to any compensation if they have worked for less than two years. The subscribed capital of Managing Agents' Company is Rs. 3,76,000.

GENERAL MANAGER

(14) The Directors have secured the services of Mr. A. V. Subbaramayya, M.A., as General Manager of the Company, to be in charge of the Factory and production. An agreement has been entered into with him dated 2nd of December, 1955, appointing him as the General Manager for a period of five years in the first instance.

DIRECTORS' QUALIFICATION & REMUNERATION

(15) The number of Directors shall be not less than three and not more than fifteen inclusive of ex-officio Directors nominated by the Managing Agents and Special Directors of Loaning Corporations. The qualification of every Director other than ex-officio and Special Directors was fixed by the Articles as the holding in his own right, shares of any class in the Company, of the face value of Rs. 10,000/-; but by Section 270 of the Companies Act, 1956, the maximum share qualification is fixed at Rs. 5,000. The Directors including the ex-officio and Special Directors will be paid sitting fees of not more than Rs. 100 for every meeting of the Directors or of any Committee of Directors attended by him and reasonable travelling and other expenses as may be fixed by the Directors from time to time. No amount has been paid or any benefit or preferential right given or intended to be given or paid within the last two preceding years to any promoter or officer.

VOTING RIGHTS

(16) The Articles provide that on a show of hands every member is entitled to have a vote and every member present in person shall have one vote and that on a poll every member shall have one vote per Share of either description. In respect of Preference Shares allotted after 1st April, 1956 the holders of said Shares will have the restricted voting rights provided for under Section 87 of the Companies Act. In order to distinguish between Shares allotted prior to 1st April, 1956 and after 1st April, 1956, the former have been designated as 'A' Preference Shares and the latter as 'B' Preference Shares. But, except as to aforesaid voting rights they rank *pari passu* and have equal rights.

VARIATION OF RIGHTS

(17) The rights attached to any class of Shares (unless otherwise provided by the term of the issue of that class), may, subject to the provisions of Section 107 of the Act, be varied with the consent in writing, of the holders of three-fourths of the issued Shares of that class or with the sanction of a resolution passed at a separate General Meeting of the holders of the Shares of that class by the votes of the holders of not less than three-fourths of the Shares of that class. To every such separate General Meeting, the provisions of these Articles relating to General Meetings shall *mutatis mutandis* apply, but so that the necessary quorum shall be two persons at least holding or representing by proxy, one-third of the issued Shares of that class.

RESTRICTION ON TRANSFER OF SHARES

(18) The Directors may decline to register any transfer of shares, whether fully paid up or not, and whether the transferee is a member of the Company or not, and may also decline to register any shares on which the Company has a lien, but subject to Section 111 of the Companies Act, 1956.

BROKERAGE PAID

(19) In respect of allotments made till now, a sum of Rs. 12,500 being 2½% Commission on Shares of the face value of Rs. 5 lakhs procured by Messrs. Chitra & Co., Madras have been paid to them on 10th November 1955.

(20) No Promoter or Officer of the Company has any interest direct or indirect in the business of any of the Brokers and/or Underwriters or Sub-Underwriters in accordance with the terms of agreements contained in letters from the said parties and the Company's acceptance thereof.

(21) Brokerage at the rate of two per cent of the face value of the shares will be paid to the Issuing Brokers, M/s. Chitra & Co., Brokers, Madras, and at one per cent to Bankers in respect of applications bearing their Rubber Stamps on shares actually allotted. No arrangements for underwriting this issue have been made.

PRELIMINARY EXPENSES

(22) The estimated amount declared as likely to be incurred in the statement in lieu of Prospectus filed on 27th September 1955 was Rs. 50,000 exclusive of Commission and/or Brokerage on shares. A sum of Rs. 9,191-8-9 has already been spent up to 15—9—'56 under this head of account.

(23) The expenses of the issue, other than brokerage and/or underwriting Commission, are estimated to amount to Rs. 50,000 inclusive of preliminary expenses already incurred, and will be paid and borne by the Company.

PURCHASE OF PROPERTIES

(24) As already stated, the Company has purchased for the Factory site various pieces of land in Bugganapalli Village, Dhone Taluk, and the sale deeds have been obtained for the same. The lands purchased are freehold lands.

AUDITORS' REPORT

(25) Though the Company obtained the Certificate of Commencement on 20th October 1955 and had proceeded to enter into various contracts and obtained sale deeds for the purchase of lands and machinery etc., it has not been carrying on any business and no accounts have been made up in respect of any year. The Certificate of the Company's Auditor is set out below.

AUDITORS' CERTIFICATE

We hereby certify that the Company having been incorporated on 23rd June 1955 and having obtained Certificate of Commencement of business on 20th October, 1955, has not made up their accounts for any period and no dividends have been declared.

BRAHMAYYA & CO.,
Chartered Accountants.

BANGALORE,
20th August, 1956.

AGREEMENTS

(26) (*a*) Managing Agency Agreement, dated 2nd December, 1955 between the Company and Messrs. Panyam Industrial Agencies (Private) Ltd., appointing the latter as Managing Agents of the Company for a period of ten years from that date.

(*b*) Contract for the supply of Main Mechanical Equipment entered into on 23rd October, 1955 with Messrs. Gutehoffnungshutte, West Germany.

(*c*) Erection Contract with M/s. Gutehoffnungshutte, West Germany, dated 23rd October, 1955.

(*d*) Service contract, dated 2nd December, 1955 with Sri A. V. Subbaramayya, appointing him as General Manager of the Company.

The documents mentioned hereunder may be inspected at the Registered Office of the Company at Betamcherla during business hours from 2-30 p.m. to 5 p.m. upto the closure of the subscription list.

INTEREST OF DIRECTORS

(27) Sri T. S. Sundaram and Shri M. Somappa (who is also the Promoter) are interested as Shareholders and as Director and Managing Director respectively and Sri M. Narayanappa as holder of 5 Shares of Rs. 100 each of Panyam Industrial Agencies (Private) Ltd., the Managing Agents of the Company.

(28) Sri B. Papayya Sastry, Sri T. S. Sundaram and Sri H. V. S. Sivarama Sastry are interested as Directors of Messrs. Associated Industrial and Engineering Corporation Ltd., a Public Limited Company, which is a Shareholder of Panyam Industrial Agencies (Private) Ltd., the Managing Agents of the Company. As such, they are interested in the remuneration payable to the Managing Agents.

None of the Directors or Promoters are interested as vendors of the properties purchased.

INSPECTION OF DOCUMENTS

(29) All the documents, copies of which have been delivered to the Registrar, may be inspected at the Registered Office of the Company at Betamcherla, during usual business hours on any business day for the period from the 11th October 1956 to the date of closure of subscription list.

GENERAL

(30) Application for Preference and Ordinary Shares should be made in the respective forms accompanying this Prospectus and delivered before the close of the subscription list to:

1. Brokers as above.
2. *Bankers:*
   (*a*) The State Bank of India at their Local Head Offices at Bombay-1, Calcutta-1, Madras-1, or any of its branches in Madras Circle (covering the State of Madras, Andhra Mysore and Travancore-Cochin) or its Branch Offices at Cuttack, Delhi, Hubli Hyderabad (Dn.), Nagpur New Delhi, Poona.
   (*b*) The Bank of Baroda Ltd. Bombay 1 or its Branch Offices in Bangalore, Bombay Calcutta, Coimbatore, Delhi Hyderabad, Madras, New Delhi and Guntur.
   (*c*) The Central Bank of India Ltd., at Bombay, Madras, Calcutta, Coimbatore, Hyderabad and Vijayawada or Branch at Kurnool.
   (*d*) The Canara Industrial & Banking Syndicate Ltd., at Adoni, Bellary, Kurnool, Madras and Nandyal Branches.
3. Company's Registered Office at Betamcherla — P.O., Kurnool Dt.

(31) Further copies of the Prospectus and application forms will be available at (i) the Registered Office of the Company, (ii) at the said offices of the Banks as above, and (iii) from the Brokers for the issue named above. Where no allotment is made, the deposit will be returned in full less the Money Order charges (if any); and where a partial allotment is made, the unutilised balance (less the Money Order charges), after adjusting instalment of Rs. 25 per share, will be returned. The Directors reserve the right to refuse any application wholly or in part without assigning any reasons. Failure to pay any amount due on the shares allotted when due, will render previous payments liable to forfeiture. The shares when issued, will be subject to the Memorandum and Articles of Association of the Company, a copy of which may be inspected at the Registered Office of the Company during Office hours. The Share Certificates will be issued within three months of the date of allotment. Allotment will not be made in the name of Partnership Firms.

Dated this the 16th day of September, 1956.

(Sd.) T. S. SUNDARAM
(„) M. SOMAPPA
(„) M. NARAYANAPPA
(„) INDERCHAND GULABCHAND
(„) H. RAMALINGA REDDY
(„) B. PAPAYYA SASTRI
(„) H. V. S. SIVARAMA SASTRY
(„) K. SREENIVASALU
(„) B. P. SESHA REDDY.

MADRAS,
16th September, 1956.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

ANOMALY

Sir,—The Union Home Minister was reported to have said that "the work of the Supreme Court had increased considerably during the last few years and there were heavy arrears. To cope with the work the strength of the Court had to be increased".

The Home Minister could have resorted to an easy solution to this problem. The unnecessarily long summer vacation of about four months in a year besides other short vacations and public holidays may be discontinued and the Court may work for the whole year like all other branches of Government. This may apply to all the High Courts as well, where too the tendency is to increase the strength. This will surely solve the problem of increasing arrears of work. When so much is said about "hard work" to move India towards a Welfare State this unusually long vacation is surely an anomaly.

SIRIUS

Madras

WOMEN'S UNIVERSITY FOR MADRAS STATE

Sir,—I have advocated that there should be only one composite university in any place instead of two or more universities for different branches of study, like engineering, Tamil, etc. The one exception I would like to make is about starting a separate women's university for the whole of the Madras State. The venue may be Coimbatore or Madras or any other central place in this State after the reorganisation.

For the past nearly six years there has been functioning in Bombay such a separate university for women—one at Ahmedabad and one at Baroda. Our proposed university may as well be a teaching university. But we could specialise in studies most suited to the genius of women like medicine, teaching, art, music, etc.

C. V. NARAHARI RAO

Coimbatore

INSURANCE AND NATIONALISATION

Sir,—Postal life insurance has all along been under the management of the Government. Bonuses are declared once in every quinquennium and certificates issued to policyholders. The certificates due for the quinquennium ended March 1952 have not yet been issued to policyholders, although another quinquennium is about to be completed in March 1957. There cannot be a more glaring instance of unconscionable delay in the functioning of governmental machinery. It is hoped the policyholders under the nationalised scheme would fare better.

A P. L. I. POLICYHOLDER

RAJAJI AND LORD ACTON

Sir,—In SWARAJYA of September 29 Rajaji has quoted Lord Acton approvingly. One wonders how any one could connect the views of Lord Acton which were expressed by him in an altogether different environment which was less complex with the heat that is being generated over the issue of States' re-organisation in our country to-day. When one looks at Rajaji's statements in recent times (after his retirement from office) one can see a kind of vague idealism pervading them. C.R. in office was more practical and his views then were products of the highly skilful mind of a seasoned and astute politician. That is why the world is chary of accepting his pronouncements to-day.

A STUDENT OF POLITICS

Madras

TRANSFERRED HONOUR

Sir,—I felt very sad indeed when I read that this year the President's award was presented by the Prime Minister of India to the Director of Publicity of the Government of West Bengal for the best picture of 1955, and that the director of the picture—its real creator—was conspicuous by his absence. Here it may be mentioned that the picture—'Pather Panchali'—was *not produced* by the West Bengal Government. It was started and two-thirds completed by two individuals, the director and the cinematographer of the picture. When they came to a dead end in finance Dr. B. C. Roy was magnanimous enough to come to their aid. Then of course the entire rights and profits got vested in the West Bengal Government. This is a great picture produced by individual effort and initiative; this must not be forgotten in the melee of the news.

NAMBS

TEMPLE ADMINISTRATION

Sir,—In Srirangam temple to which pilgrims come in thousands daily from all parts of India, discrimination is being shown, with priority to influential later arrivals, thereby exciting the already waiting crowd, waiting for hours together at times. Most of the Government officials come, it seems, to exhibit their power and influence in getting special preference.

While in Tirupathi, crowds are ably regulated through the queue system at the sanctum sanctorum, it is a matter of great regret that the temple authorities at Srirangam and other places do not treat visitors with courtesy and dignity.

Srirangam N. S. RAJAGOPALAN

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IN DARKEST AFRICA

BOOK REVIEW

TREVOR HUDDLESTON stayed twelve years in South Africa before he was recalled to England by the Community of the Resurrection to which he belongs. From 1943 to 1949 he was Priest-in-Charge of the Community's Mission in Sophiatown (black 'suburb' of Johannesburg), and in 1949 he was appointed Provincial of the Community in South Africa and Superintendent of St. Peter's School. During these twelve years, Huddleston tried to minister to his African community as a Christian priest should, and found even at the beginning that "it is a mockery of God to tell people to be honest and pure and good if you are making these things impossible by consenting to the evil of bad housing" (*bad housing* here to stand for a sub-human level of material existence). Naturally he came up against apartheid, the practice and theory of which is the ubiquitous malignancy which makes a Christian life for the African in South Africa impossible, and therefore came up against those forces, temporal and religious, which affirm it without shame and carry it out without mercy. But it was only two or three years before he left South Africa that Huddleston discovered that the only way to fight apartheid effectively was to arouse the Christian conscience throughout the world. Till then he had believed, like the bishops of his own church, that Synod resolutions which condemned apartheid or which urged advance in opening up opportunity for Africans, and which were passed by the votes of the European lay folk too, would, over the years, prevail and break down barriers between the white and the black man. But nine years of stagnation forced him to doubt the wisdom of such an optimism and led to the parting of the ways between Huddleston and his church on the strategy of fighting apartheid. He found that voting at Synods by lay folk or the clergy had little meaning; neither personal attitudes nor the attitude of the Government were affected, still less changed, by it. Synods could condemn apartheid till doomsday without touching it in the slightest. From then on till he was recalled, Huddleston brushed aside the official policy of his own church, and strained every nerve to bring white South Africa before the bar of world opinion. Little wonder that his presence in South Africa was embarrassing to the big-wigs of his own church; and, as for the South African Government, they would have gladly quartered him and strung him up around Johannesburg as a warning to disloyal troublemakers. A Minister in Malan's cabinet said of him publicly: In the middle ages people like Huddleston would have been burnt at the stake.

This book is thus a product of Huddleston's later resolve in South Africa—the resolve to expose the hell on earth that is apartheid to the gaze of the world, and by moral judgement and other compulsion, if necessary, to force the South African whites to give up apartheid.

Naught For Your Comfort is powerful; it cannot but be so, for it has "come red-hot out of the crucible which is South Africa today", and it has also come red-hot, and with a touch of the supernatural dread that prophetic words carry, out of its author's abundant yet stainless wrath. The prophetic warning is not entirely new, it has begun to present itself urgently to men of goodwill and vision in the East and the West, but its power, if not for ruin, at least for evil, is obscured by the struggle "to contain Communism". Its brief statement is in Alan Paton's *Cry the Beloved Country*, in Msimagu's chilling utterance: "I have one great fear in my heart, that when, they are turned to loving we shall be turned to hating".

What is the western duty in South Africa, nay, in Africa, in Asia? Huddleston has a clear answer:

> "It seems to me that as a Christian.....my manward task is always and everywhere the same: to recognise in my brother more than my brother: more even than the personality and the manhood that are his: my task is to recognise Christ himself".

It is perhaps good to define clearly the duty of the Christian West in Africa and in Asia. Its duty is to recognize the dignity of the Asian and the African, whether the Asian or the African is Christian or not. Huddleston's fear is that Africa may be lost to Christianity if the savage racial policies now being pursued there are continued for another decade; but I am not bothered whether Africa is lost to Christianity or not; our concern should be that apartheid does not divide the world into hostile racial camps. That might probably be worse than anything we have known in history, and will dig the grave of all hopes for a world government.

Huddleston does not directly indict racialism in its extensive aspect across South Africa; he restricts himself to note its effects on Sophiatown, an African location in Johannesburg. Every aspect of apartheid is given a separate chapter: the pass laws; the African location (Sophiatown is destroyed and its people shifted far away from Johannesburg because the whites felt that the Africans had been too long there and were acquiring a *feeling* of permanency), the increase in crime due to frustration; the denial of higher education, of jobs other than servile, of sport, of culture, of decency, of housing, of even sewage..... The book casts its shadow over the length and breadth of Africa. The continent is branded, as a criminal of old times was, wherever the white man practises domination.

M. P. BHASKARAN

Naught For Your Comfort, by Trevor Huddleston. Collins, London. 12s 6d.

(*Continued from page 4*)

shown capacity for penitence, and the general trend of his administration has been progressive and not regressive. He has also given evidence of drive and resourcefulness, of grit and determination and of ability to get things done. In the present set-up, the legislators to whom belongs the prerogative of electing the Chief Minister, seem bent, barring a few honourable exceptions, on making a bargain of it; and the prospect of the better man winning seems remote. But there is no doubt that such of them as possess any sense of public interest will hesitate to give a second lease of power to one who has already had his chance as Chief Minister and proved to be as such a failure and a disappointment.

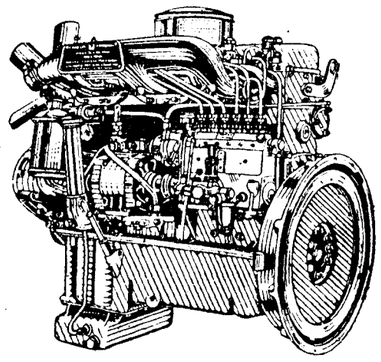
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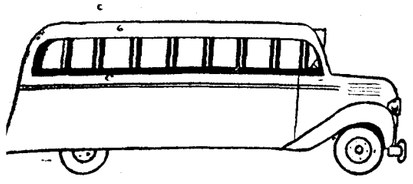
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SWARAJYA

Editor: Khasa Subba Rau

Vol. I. No. 15 SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1956 TWO ANNAS

OFFICE OF THE 31 OCT 1956 MADRAS

NEED FOR OPPOSITION

SRI RAJAGOPALACHARI said at Gandhigram the other day that "fear of good opposition is good for democracy", but "nowadays Congressmen had nothing to fear". It was not good for the Congressmen, he said, to be without wholesome fear of an opposition, but "it looked as though there was no party which could be of any effective opposition." C. R. explained at some length why in his opinion there was no party at present which could be of any effective opposition to the Congress. The only so-called opposition parties worth mentioning were the Communists, the P. S. P. and the Socialists. Of these the Communists reached the stage, at one time, of making the Congress dread that they might come to power. But that dread was of short-lived duration as the Communist Party "bungled all along the line and made a mess of itself." The Communists have therefore ceased to be a source of any anxiety to the Congress. As for the P. S. P. and the Socialists, these parties, C. R. said, had already broken up under personal rivalries and quarrels among their leaders and so they had become incapable of functioning as effective opposition parties. Pursuing further the line of thought as to wherefrom a wholesome opposition to the Congress could come in the conditions of today, C. R. arrived at the view that such opposition could come only from within the Congress. It is quite clear from the whole background of his thought that he was not expounding any plan for disruptive dichotomy within the political structure of the Congress as a party organisation. He was thinking rather of a possible source of inspiration for a new party outside the Congress organisation to serve as an effective opposition to the Congress in the legislatures, and to challenge the Congress hold on the people even to the extent of promoting the possibility of an alternative government.

Earlier in his speech C. R. had lamented the swift degeneracy that overtook the Congress after attainment of power. Adverting to his experience in the long period of 25 years "when thousands of men and women worked under Mahatma Gandhi for the freedom of India," C. R. said that "he could hardly remember a single case of gross evil conduct among the many hundreds of men and women with whom he worked closely in those days". "Things had now changed considerably." "It was now difficult," he said, "to find any real measure of integrity, straight-dealing or fair conduct on the part of those who were reaping the fruits of freedom. It had nearly come to this, that one had to look almost outside their ranks to find fairplay and unimpeachable integrity". If this be so, how can one look to the Congress itself to supply the leadership for an effective opposition party imbued with the qualifications that C. R. envisages for it, such as "greater integrity and character among its members". This seeming anomaly was not looked into by C. R. in his Gandhigram speech, but it is possible that he divided the Congress leaders into two categories, those reaping the fruits of freedom and those remaining outside the reach of the harvest. Apparently, he looks to the latter category to organise themselves politically to redeem the future from continuing Congress rule through the leaders already corrupted by power.

Sri Kamaraj Nadar has lost no time in condemning Sri Rajagopalachari's Gandhigram speech as "disruptive and harmful." "The suggestion that an opposition group should be formed inside the Congress itself", the Chief Minister said, "would end in the destruction of the great organisation". With lightning rapidity C. R. has denied that he made any such suggestion. From a careful study of his speech as reported in the papers, it would appear that his suggestion was not for an opposition group inside the Congress but for an opposition party outside the Congress to be formed by Congress leaders of still surviving integrity, uncontaminated by the corrupting potency of power. The actual contents of C. R's suggestion seems to have gone over the Chief Minister's head, but the alarm with which he has reacted to it cannot be said to be misplaced. For C.R's suggestion contains the only practicable scheme ever presented to the public for dislodging from power the present wielders of it in the name of the Congress. Some might cavil at C. R. by saying that it is mixed with lack of goodwill for his successors in office. In our view, the experience of the wise, at whatever stage it might ripen into constructive suggestions, is a national asset which it would be folly to discard for the reason that it did not manifest itself earlier. None is perhaps so well qualified to analyse the realities of Congress rule and prescribe antidotes for its ailments

as C. R. himself, having lived so close to it for such a long period. While the Chief Minister is intent on preserving from disintegration a party that has put him at the helm, C. R. is in the unique position of having no personal or party interest to serve and being influenced by no motive except the public weal.

There is no doubt that in many respects the Congress is not now what it set out to be when it made a bid for political power in the wake of freedom. It is steeped in corruption and communalism. It has no respect for talent and most of its administrative drives are for the entrenchment of the second-rate in authority, dissipating the talent which is the nation's most valuable asset. Its prosperity propaganda on paper has no relation to the condition of the people which continues to be outside the circle of the privileged as depressed as it ever was. To seek to substitute this degenerate caricature of a once glorious institution with something more worthy of its original objectives is a service which only a leader of the highest daring and intrepidity can attempt. This is what C. R. attempted at Gandhigram.

A STRANGE CONSEQUENCE

By C. RAJAGOPALACHARI

WHEN America began her research in the explosive and destructive potential of the atom and discovered a radioactive weapon of immense power, she thought she finally won her place in the sun and could feel high and secure in the midst of a vastly inferior crowd of nations. Alas, however, the Devil had wings and escaped into the enemies' camp. His work was in both places thereafter and the race began. In a few years the feeling of security was gone and was replaced by a terror the like of which no one had known before. It seemed this terror could never be escaped and the Powers were doomed for all time to live in an unbroken nightmare.

But philosphers, civil and military, came to the rescue, and assured the Powers that out of evil cometh good and these nuclear weapons that came to stay actually *prevented* war, and so they might offer thanks to the very Devil. They said, here was Evil frustrated in a strange way and where Jesus and Buddha failed, the A and H bombs did the trick of bringing Peace on earth.

Some sceptics croaked discontent and said that this unbroken Terror was no better than war, that the maintenance of a balance of nuclear power meant an ungodly wicked waste of the world's resources and that we could even so not rule out the catastrophe one day that will end civilization and doom man to begin from the cave again. These fears were expressed but had no visible effect on the proud Powers to whom an inferiority in armamental potentiality meant immediate danger. So the race is going on to the immense satisfaction of watching Satan. The atmosphere of the earth and the waters on which it floats is being continually poisoned for future generations, the race during Peace being not much less dangerous than war itself.

The psychological effects of the nuclear danger are unfolding themselves in strange and yet newer ways. It has begun to be realised now that war has *not* been banned by this Great Terror. The Powers are inventing *localised* distruction and designing ways to hurt one another in a graduated way. Not total destruction, but graduated retaliation shall be the target of our inventive talent, say the new scientists that have been hired by the Powers to help their armamental programme. Here, too, both sides are at work and the race has begun. Both sides are rapidly testing, trying and progressing in organizing 'graduated retaliation'. The Deil is laughing for he knows what it will be better than these military scientists.

There are some nations who are neutral, who hate war and all these preparations. They imagined they would just be peace-makers and help the war-mongers to maintain peace, even if they must keep this armament race going. But what do we see now?

The threat of war is used not only against one another as a deterrent against aggression, but it is used effectively against the peace-makers themselves—"Make peace, force acceptance of terms such as we impose, otherwise we are likely to burst and you will see civilization disappear!" This is what the nuclear powers, one or the other, tell the peace-makers. And so the latter are more terrified than the cold war participants themselves and are gradually getting lost in the fray.

We have arrived at a strange and unexpected development. The idea that nuclear weapons have ruled out war has proved wrong. A Power can wage *localised* war and win its unjust objective, for the rest of the world dare not intervene because that may lead to an all-destroying war with nuclear weapons. To illustrate, an attack on Egypt will not mean a big war, for the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R. do not want a nuclear war in any case and between the two evils would prefer to let Egypt be crushed. They would be disinclined to intervene. To give another illustration if only to avoid a charge of prejudice, let me state a hypothetical case. If India led physical force against Goa, once upon a time it was thought it might lead to world war and so force against Goa was ruled out. But now it seems that if—God forbid that it ever be done—India exercise her national right to end this Portuguese anomaly in India, by force, the probabilities are that no nuclear power will intervene for to them their own existence is dearer than Goa and her affairs. This was not the case before the 'atomic age'.

Strange are the ways that things take! The Atom no longer deters. It actually isolates the weak from possible external protection. The call of justice will no longer be heard and aggression will have a freer field. There can be no salvation for the world unless nuclear armaments are banned and to this end the whole world must unite and work.



Sotto Voce

Vanishing Glory

IT is decades since I have been to a festival. That might sound rather boastful, living as I do in a city where political *melas* are practically of every day occurrence. But I was not thinking of jamboorees in which the unwary passer-by is impressed as a helpless participant by the simple expedient of blocking the roads at least half an hour in advance of the coming of the Grand Panjandrums. I was thinking rather of the solemn and simple occasions which one goes out to see with the eyes of a child, shedding one's sophistications for the nonce like a stuffy garment.

* * *

When I heard that this might be the last Dasara at Mysore I decided it would be a good enough excuse for a badly needed holiday. But the small boy in me was unaccountably stirred. I remembered the gorgeous pageant at the birthday celebrations of the late Maharaja Sri Krishnaraja Wadiar which I saw some twenty years ago. The present Rajapramukh who rode with his saintly uncle in the state procession, was in his teens. His late Highness was so much the philosopher-king of the Platonic pattern that the comparison with Marcus Aurelius rose spontaneously to one's mind. And one wondered, remembering the impermanence of human felicity, whether the fate of the house of Mysore might not parallel the fate of the Antonines.

* * *

That was long before there were any signs that Princely Rule might be swept away by the democratic deluge. In a few days from now the last tenuous link with the old regime will disappear with the abolition of that short-lived Patel creation, the office of Rajapramukh. We have all but undone the work of the one undoubted statesman which the turmoil of forty years threw up. But Patel's heart would have rejoiced to see that the Princes in their decline had by and large given a better account of themselves than the parvenus who have displaced them. And the Rajapramukh of Mysore has shown himself among the tallest of his order. His august uncle might well have been proud of him.

* * *

It was a quiet and rather sad crowd that awaited his coming last Sunday on the three mile route from the Palace to the Banni Mantap. By all accounts it was unprecedented in numbers and there were at least as many non-Mysoreans as Mysoreans in it. People had come long distances at great inconvenience and considerable expense because they had heard that that might be their last chance of seeing an authentic link with a historic past. Everyone who had not been here before as well as many who had, would not for anything miss this final glimpse of a world that was passing. The Mysore *gadi*, in the enchanted Ten Nights dedicated to the auspicious Mother of the Universe, has been to most people in South India, veritably the throne of Vikramaditya.

* * *

Devout dedication to the spirit of Dharma and the service of the people in an unwearied struggle against the Powers of Evil is the *raison d'etre* of the Jaitra Yatra. The Maharaja seated on his golden howdah, dressed in robes stiff with gold lace, and attended by a solitary noble, showed during that long and tiring ride an effortless poise as he acknowledged the plaudits of the people. It was the secular product of generations of kingly discipline. The beautifully caparisoned elephants that headed the procession, like the magnificent tusker that bore the howdah, moved with a stately tread that distilled solemnity on the expectant air.

* * *

The ranks of the hereditary nobles seemed sadly thinned. The high and archaic carts to which elephants were harnessed and which rather incongruously carried rattan chairs were not even half full. The few dignitaries who looked out of them dressed in their old-world robes were unmistakably faded and rather touching in their self-consciousness. The Darbaris on foot were a sadly mixed lot. But there was something curiously impressive about the bullock-drawn carriages beautifully wrought in quaint shapes, covered with rich and strange devices and crowned with a 'kalasa' which, though totally empty, moved as if under the weight of times past recall.

* * *

We have been told that the Dasara festivities in the State might continue, "though modified in keeping with the spiri of the times". What part "the Palace" will play in them would, it seems, be for the Government of the new State to decide. I have a hunch that "the Palace" too have views in the matter. Democracy in its twentieth century Indian *avatar* lays even more emphasis on the circus than on bread for *hoi polloi*. The religious and ceremonial overtones of Dasara may be more than Congress secularism can stomach. But it seems to have no objection to politicians burning Ravana's effigy or squirting coloured water on each other. Perhaps it objects only to aristocracy and high seriousness.

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SIDELIGHTS : :

LORD ATTLEE described himself to Indian Pressman as a very small man. Francis Williams who knew him well and worked during the war as a member of his personal staff for more than two years in intimate daily contact, wrote of him eight years ago: "I have gradually come to the conclusion—somewhat, I confess, to my own surprise at first—that he is one of the most considerable and formidable figures in British political history." It is not that our distinguished visitor is given to studied self-deprecation in fashionable modesty. He is wholly devoid of a sense of his own importance personally. A feeling of wonder, as at the occurrence of something completely unexpected, over his own rise to power, name and fame, seems never to have left him to this day. Always he attributed to good fortune the success that came to him. This is exemplified as much in the title he gave to his autobiography—*As it happened* (1954)—as in the sentence with which he concluded it: "Having now exceeded the age of three score years and ten I would say that up to the present I have been a very happy and fortunate man in having lived so long in the greatest country in the world, in having a happy family life and in having been given the opportunity of serving in a state of life to which I had never expected to be called."

The life to which Attlee expected to be called, at least professionally, was that of a barrister. He came of a middle class conservative family in confortable circumstances with a social tradition of obligations along with privileges, and the tradition led him, when he was a law student at the Inner Temple, to devote some of his spare time daily to what he thought a good and charitable purpose. He came to spend his evenings in social work at Haileybury House, the working class settlement in Limehouse founded by the public school where he had studied. His work at Haileybury proved to be the turning point of his whole life and career.

There he saw the conditions under which the poor lived. What he saw kindled in him a warmth of affection (which soon became the major passion of his life) for the ordinary men and women in hard circumstances struggling against the bitterness of poverty. It filled him reluctantly with the deep conviction that the mere overflow of philanthropy from a life devoted to other ends was not enough. He ceased to be interested in personal success and income and he could not divide his life between making it and the vocation of social service for which he felt called. He became a Socialist, gave up his work at the Bar and went to live in the East End. Of his transformation in his way of living he wrote: "Anyone who has been brought up in a conventional home will know the difficult adjustment necessary for the member of the family who chooses another faith. He has to effect a revolution in all his conceptions. He has to part with class prejudices which he has taken in as naturally as the air he breathes." And he paid this price for the faith that came to him at the East End.

When the first world war came he joined up at once and was severely wounded. He came out of the army at the end of the war with the rank of Major. It is characteristic of him that he used his war service gratuity not for any personal purpose but to buy a house in Limehouse to serve as a centre for those who needed help. He stayed on at the East End till 1922 when he married and also became a Member of Parliament.

These were among the best years of his life. A memorable picture of how he lived then is given by one Griffith—Griff as he was called—a lad from the streets of Limehouse whom he had helped, and who later came to live with him and keep house for him. Here is Griff's ecstatic panegyric which I quote from Francis Williams's excellent short biography of Attlee in his book, *The Triple Challenge:*

"We hadn't much money but we did see life. He hadn't any job when he came out of the army, see, but I used to try to feed him up . . . Then he got his job back as a lecturer. 'Now we can begin to live', I'd say. But he never had no money. Give it all away. Hundreds and hundreds of it. And all the time committees and work. Then he gets made Mayor of Stepney and that's more work."

Attlee learned his economics and sociology and graduated for leadership in the squalid school of East End life. He brought gaiety, fun and colour to the lives of the people in the neighbourhood and learned from them tolerance, friendship and loyalty, understanding of unity in the midst of the diversities of men and women, and an indomitable fortitude in adversity. Thus he was groomed into competence for high responsibility, and it enabled him to cast off tinsel and never to accept propaganda as a substitute for duty.

There is probably no British statesman whose life and ways and achievements offer so many invaluable lessons as Lord Attlee's for aspiring Indian leaders who wish to justify themselves in positions of power. His character remained completely unaffected by the public positions that he held. The inspiration for his strength came from within himself. He never sought to measure it with assessments of the number of his supporters. He was therefore never in any need to make up for anticipated shortages of others' support with tactical deviations from duty. Sycophants had no access to him. For no consideration whatever would he tolerate the enthronement of the inefficient in high places, and he had a steely way of ruthless dealing with colleagues that fell short of the right standards. It is reported that once, when he was Prime Minister, a Minister whom he had dismissed asked, "Is there any special reason why you want me to go, Sir?" Prompt was the answer, "I don't think you measure up to a Minister's job".

A sense of duty so strong that he is capable of sacrificing anything to it, and a sense of justice so incorruptible that it works as a shield of protection for the rights of opponents, these are the outstanding traits of Earl Attlee's socialism and democracy, and they are exemplified for all time in the biggest feat in history that stands to the credit of British statesmanship, the liberation of India. Let us honour him not with garlands but with some assimilation of the spirit of rectitude immortalising his life and career.

SAKA



LUSTRAL BATH

Short Story By MANJERI S. ISVARAN

KOMARAVARAM SIVASANKARA SASTRI was a man of iron. At sixty he looked on the right side of fifty; wiry, erect in carriage, with his head cleanshaven once in fifteen days—a miniature Sahara with the wee little oasis of hair, still dank on top and adrift often without a knot—beetling eye-brows over deepset eyes, quite a rudder of a nose, creased jowls and thick-lipped mouth, bare-chested, the dhoti worn in the orthodox fashion and falling exactly three inches below the patella, he appeared formidable indeed, austerely distinct from his other personality (as many knew him)—immaculately dressed in white muslin turban, long coat, and the dhoti (tied in the orthodox fashion of course) flowing gracefully over the ankles, what time he held the post of Nazir in the Subordinate Judge's Court at Palghat, and then as Sheristadar in the Court of the District Judge at Calicut, in the palmy days of the British Empire. He had been a favourite of the District Judge, a certain MacGilligan, an Irishman from Killarney, who had begun his career as a Revenue Divisional Officer in the Indian Civil Service, and instead of ascending to the position of Collector and District Magistrate, found himself sidetracked to the judicial line to worry his head over the complex Hindu Law (and here it was that Sivasankara Sastri came to his confidential aid; it was even rumoured that the favourite wrote the learned judge's judgments), and listen to the inept arguments of third-rate lawyers which sent him sleeping at the crucial points of a case. This side-tracking to the judicial line, in a know-all's opinion, was due to Mr. MacGilligan's *Sinn Fein* sympathies which Whitehall wouldn't tolerate; and on the formation of the Irish Free State in 1921 with its own Parliament at Dublin and dominion status in *pax Britannica*, Mr. MacGilligan had gone into premature retirement and gone to his country, having been a member of the steel frame just for a period of fifteen years. Which event, unluckily for Sivasankara Sastri, had cut across his getting the title of Rao Bahadur—Mr. MacGilligan had sent in his strong recommendations to the Government of India—and his promotion as District Munsiff for which he was eminently qualified. Sastri continued in service for the last lap of a year after the Judge's departure, during which he gave of his best not to dealing with official papers but to a thorough study of astrology, and deferring until such time as he had achieved sufficient proficiency in the science, the examination of his master's horoscope. (Mr. MacGilligan had laughed hilariously when the Sastri had asked for particulars about the hour and date of his birth.)

The Sastri, as paterfamilias, was a stern disciplinarian but not without his tender moments which were but once in a blue moon. When his parents named him Sivasankaran they couldn't have had the vaguest idea that their child would develop into a passionate devotee of the Great Destroyer. The seriousness which had marked him in his infancy grew with his growth into boyhood; he spoke little, felt deeply, and in the prime of his life was reckoned as a model of a man, by both his friends and enemies (the jealous breed) for his virtues of candour and veracity. Profound affection in a world which had it only at the bottom of the scale, he found painful to demonstrate; it struck him as ironical, any such demonstration, and so he kept himself to himself—a stern disciplinarian, but known only to the very few in the inner domestic circle as a warm-hearted man, and these few could perhaps be totalled in the person of his wife. As the eldest son of his parents he had inherited along with a nice patrimony, a Siva linga and several other images of the gods and goddesses of the Hindu pantheon to which the family had been offering worship for generations.

After his retirement from service Sivasankara Sastri intensified his daily Siva *puja*. The linga was a thing of beauty, no bigger than a hen's egg; ruby red and mounted on a diminutive cup of gold, it looked as old as time, potent with the trinal mysteries of creation, preservation, and destruction. There was a split on its top, of a hair's breadth, so delicate as to be almost imperceptible, and it told the tale of the god's fight with Arjuna, when he and his consort Parvati in the guise of hunter and huntress came to disturb the archer-prince's penance, who, thus disturbed, aimed a blow on the insolent hunter's head and then to his great dismay found his adversary to be none other than Lord Siva and won from him the *Pasupada*—the aim of his penance. How an ancestor of the Sastri's came to possess the linga was a closely kept family secret; nevertheless it was bruited about that it was its worship that made for the continued prosperity of the house and the even tenor of its existence.

It was a sight for the gods to see Sivasankara Sastri at his *puja*; but as the gods are, except in the shape of idols and images, invisible to mortal eyes, the young men and women, boys and girls of the family, who saw it every matutinal hour must be said to have attained godliness by their concentrated devotion. The worship started and progressed through definite stages to its finale: the removal of the linga, a saligram with gold-filled fissure (born of the glaucous womb of the Gandak), and several ancillary deities from the *peetha* for their lustration with water, liquid sandal, essence of rose, honey, and milk, one after the other; decoration with flowers and sandalpaste; sixteen ways of adoration (on special occasions the Sastri did the entire sixty-four); the *archana* apostrophizing the lord by his hundred-and-eight names; the offering of *naivedya*; the kindling of camphor, the tinkling handbell rising to a crescendo and falling away; the final obeisances

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of circumambulation and prostration. "With every step of the *pradakshina* let any sins committed in this birth as in the previous perish . . ."

On a particular morning all was in readiness for the Sastri's *puja*. After his bath he was changing into his ceremonial silk cloth; the three parallel streaks of ashes, perfect as pencils, adorning his brow, breast, arms, forearms and pit of stomach seemed to transmute his frame to a touch-me-not sublimity; his lips moved silently in a hymnal chant. Five minutes more for eight and exactly at the stroke of the hour he would enter the *puja* room.

His wife was in the backyard scolding the servantmaid for her slipshod work; there was dirt in the vessels she had cleaned; dirt in the rooms she had swept; dirt in the clothes she had washed. And with all that she dared to demand an increase in her wages. She was a malingerer . . .

Sarada, engaged in cooking in the kitchen, heard her mother-in-law's voice, and its tone of rebuke travelling the whole gamut sent her limbs shivering. Was she too a malingerer, was the thrust deliberate? A young woman of twenty, pretty as a bird, she was the second daughter-in-law of the house, and so timid that she could never finish a sentence when anyone spoke loud or interrupted her in her speech. She was the mother of two children but maidenhood appeared to have made her its enduring sanctuary.

The rice was coming to a boil on the oven, soon it will be ready to strain. She took a grain at the tip of the ladle to test its temper. Just then Pattu, her eldest-born, not yet three, came from behind and tugged at her sari, asking in her baby-language: "Mother, where's my toy-cart? I want it. Mother, where's my Rani doll? I want it."

"I don't know where you've put them. Tell father," said Sarada. But the child would not leave her nor the end of her sari and began to whine: "I want my Rani doll that blinks its eyes," and she imitated the blinking vigorously. Sarada could not repress a smile at that and she said: "Mother is busy, darling; your doll may be in the other room, now go and find it yourself."

"Which room?" cried the child, but Sarada had turned to her work on hand and did not reply. At which the little one ran straight into the *puja* room adjoining the kitchen, her eyes fixed on the shelf on the wall there in search of her doll. And as she ran close about the trays of flowers, pots of water, and other materials for the *puja* assembled on the floor, she stubbed her toe at a small cruet containing milk for the purificatory washing of the linga, upsetting it. A shrill cry burst from her throat startling Sarada who was very near completing the straining of the rice; and tilting the vessel back to position on the hearthstone she had reached the spot of alarm at once. She saw the inverted cruet, the milk in a pool around it, and her heart jumped to her mouth. She was dazed. For a moment her warm body went chill as marble; then the very panic which had hardened her into inertness propelled her to instant action; her thoughts collided as she imagined the silent ire of her father-in-law, and the sharp insinuations of her mother-in-law; collided and cleared. The empty cruet lay like a sinister trap, a dark threat, a ferocious accusation out to destroy her; it should be filled again before the eyelid could wink, filled with cold, cold milk; but what there was of it in the larder at the moment was hot, later to be made into curds; oh dear! oh dear! what was she to do! Suddenly she heard her nine-month old baby in the cradle setting up a wail and she went all molten within her, and her bosom grew heavy and humid, and as in a dream and her eyes aglitter she bent down and picked up the cruet bringing it, its mouth open and eager as her baby's, to fill it at the fountain of her sweetness and blessedness . . .

The clock struck eight.

Sivasankara Sastri stepped nimbly into the *puja* room. One quick glance told him that everything was in its right place. And soon he was absorbed in his worship . . .

The whole of that day, after the *puja*, Sivasankara Sastri found himself charged with an indescribable spiritual ecstasy. He was not uncertain of its cause. For, as soon as the lustration of the linga with milk was over, he had descried a glow such as he had not seen before, spreading over it: a glow as if all the shining bodies of heaven had condensed themselves within a colossal drop of dew. It was a marvel of marvels. He confided it to his wife. She said that it betokened greater prosperity for their house. The Sastri agreed, chanting another hymn in praise of Siva, but ruminating whether the ethereal aura which had so mysteriously wrapped the family linga would reveal to him, the ardent student of astrology that he was, the secret of Mr. MacGilligan's horoscope, as to why he had gone into premature retirement from the Indian Civil Service which had its repercussion on his Rao Bahadurhood and District Munsiffdom. The hope was dubious, however. For had not Subrahmanya, Siva's son, prognosticated that his father would go a-begging with a skull for bowl? But a glow was a glow for all that.

That afternoon Sarada could not feed her child on her breast. For once she had to resort to cow's milk. It was the will of Lord Siva.

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MENACE OF STUDENT INDISCIPLINE

By S. NARAYANASWAMY

NO problem has in recent months disturbed the equanimity of the adult citizen of India more than the mounting spiral of indiscipline among our students. Yet, is it not astonishing that less should have been said and written publicly on this subject than on any other—having regard to the depth of feeling and widespread despondency that prevails on this subject? Is it not sad to contemplate that on matters of vital concern to the future of India, we should dissipate our ideas in futile backchat and club gossip and refuse to mobilise public opinion with a view to effective action?

The lack of realism which has characterised our latter day approach to vital problems has resulted in our treating this major spiritual threat as of not great consequence. About 20 years ago we were just as shy, perfunctory and evasive in dealing with our population problem and disposed of it complacently by saying there was enough food, living space and jobs for everybody in the world, because U.S. had surplus wheat, Siberia had vast unoccupied open spaces and Brazil had unexploited forests—until we found the stenographer with seven children in India could not make use of these statistician's surpluses to keep the wolf from his door and with quiet diligence had Family Planning incorporated into the Second Five Year Plan as among the things to be done. Obviously there is need to vary our traditional ostrich technique in dealing with this problem of student indiscipline—if we are not to later deal with it on a war emergency footing.

The latest performance by the students of the Guzarat University on the occasion of the Prime Minister's visit to Ahmedabad should be treated as the hoisting of the storm signal in this regard by all thinking persons. After all, this comes on top of a multiplicity of tantrums: students walking out of examination halls on the ground that question papers are tough, assaulting and humiliating of teachers by students; strikes on frivolous grounds—as though by striking school or college work the teacher loses; and filing writs over promotions and expulsions. The time has now arrived for public opinion among parents and elders to become more purpose ful and not merely to express itself in sporadic outbursts of moral indignation by irate parents in letters to the Press.

Flattery and fulsome praise bestowed on the student most frequently by politicians have a habit of going into young heads like a high potency beverage. A great deal of pure drivel that soothes the vanity of self-conscious youth has been pumped into student audiences by the popularity-prize seekers—who know all the time that they would not like their own sons and daughters to partake of the perfumed water they sprinkle on student assemblies to secure a transitory advantage. What is disconcerting today is that our politician should now throw the blame on teachers, headmasters, principals and parents—for a situation brought about by decades of political haranguing to students about their being the hope of the future and the asset of Bharata Varsha—and the rest of that balderdash.

The teacher is the one person that with silent fortitude has been facing a most trying situation. He has no prestige, because he is in the first instance paid slightly less than the senior peon in a Government office and the students know it. He has no powers. Efforts to maintain discipline bring him into conflict either with the headmaster and in a private school with a school committee member whose son may have come in for admonition by the poor teacher. Is it surprising that the teacher, being a human being, takes the line of least resistance, shouts his half-filled belly out of its calories and goes home with just energy enough to listen to his wife's stories about gaps in the home budget? We shall have to give top priority to the task of building our teachers into reasonably contented individuals, before we heap further coals on his head.

The time has now come for all public men, including Ministers, officials, and trade union leaders to do some re-thinking over this vital problem. Dr. Annie Besant in the days of the Home Rule movement, when for the first time popular enthusiasm carried students off their feet, conducted a steady campaign in her characteristic manner through *New India* against student participation in political affairs and exhorted students to stick to their studies.

But the Gandhian era in Indian politics swept away these objections—as the boycott of school and colleges was among the cardinal points of the triple boycott outlined—thirty-six years ago. Since then the barricade has never been re-erected. The politician has continued to sound his tocsin at the school and college gates. The temptation to use an organised body of incitable youth to fan the flame of popular agitation for any cause, has always got the better of a sense of public duty and a realisation of ultimate consequences. It is always a disagreeable assignment fastening blame here and there. Our job now is to do a few things with determination, unmindful of their unpopularity. I am aware it is poor strategy to tell politicians to do unpleasant things with the general elections round the corner—in early 1957. But the matter brooks of no delay—if the nation is not to be engulfed in a welter of indiscipline.

Public men, Ministers, officials, trade union leaders and all patriotic men that get a hearing must avail of and if necessary canvass opportunities for establishing contact with student bodies—only to tell them that their sole duty for the present is to devote themselves to their studies; that public life and agitational activities should

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come after they have finished with their colleges. That the politician does not himself favour student participation in our public affairs can go a great way, and the idea needs constant hammering. The fact that the remedy looks too obvious does not detract from its effectiveness.

The second thing to do is to concentrate our efforts in rehabilitating for the teacher his honoured place in our social set-up. He should cease to be the despised, woefully-paid person he is. A living wage for the teacher is the best way of ensuring proper attention to children and efficacy in the imparting of instruction. Presently teachers are walking out of the profession into clerical jobs because of the dreadfully meagre wages paid for teaching and unless we prevent this dismaying exodus we shall shortly have our boys and girls in the hands of those whose only qualification to teach is their complete lack of qualification for any other job—a melancholy situation indeed to contemplate.

The third thing we shall have to do is to insulate educational institutions from interference, political or doctrinal. The principals and headmasters should have sovereign powers to deal with internal matters in the best interests of student discipline. Screening of all persons coming to talk at students on anniversaries and college days, by the principals is necessary. A strict supervision and control over extra-curricular activities of students seems very essential if only to prevent outsiders who are brought in by student bodies to speak, utilizing the platform for rabid political or communal discourses and for formulating pet theories and airing political prejudices.

Those who address school and college students must solemnly resolve that criticism of methods of study and of those that administer schools and impart instruction must be scrupulously avoided on such occasions, as these have contributed in the past to cultivation of disrespect for institutions and of the men who run them beyond possibility of eradication. They must reserve their criticisms for the exclusive hearing of the management. Often on the excuse of being frank and forthright, persons with little competence to speak on educational affairs and with little constructive work to their credit, treat students to exasperating discourses on educational methods and policies, which leaves only a harvest of irreverence for schools and colleges on the listeners. Hence this need for being selective in the things that visiting lecturers say to students.

Disciplinary action against students proved to have misbehaved must have public support. False sympathy with boys who have defied authority puts a premium on indiscipline. Making heroes of boys whose sole claim to public attention is their defiance of discipline is the surest way of breeding a race of youthful megalomaniacs.

Let us stop this dangerous compaign of flattering. Let us tell them the truth that everything should be done in its time—and even State's reorganisation is not a job to be undertaken in college campuses and if adults are doing it badly, youths will have in their time plenty of opportunity of altering and improving the imperfect edifice erected by their elders.

Would adult conscience be aroused in the meantime into mobilising all the concern felt and expressed privately—for the purpose of effective action?



MISCELLANY

By N. S. R.

IN his new accession of zeal, Dr. B. R. Ambedkar has declared that he does not believe that the Buddha was an *avatar* of Lord Vishnu. The theology of this assertion is open to considerable doubt, but it is obvious that he frantically hopes his statement is correct. It may, however, be suspected that tradition and legend, which are the ruling factors in such discussions, are against him.

The *Puranas* explicitly describe the Buddha as the ninth *avatar*. The tradition has persisted as late as the *Gita Govinda* of Jayadeva, in which occurs the following apostrophe:

"O Kesava, in the form of the Buddha, victory to you, Hari, lord of the world".

It does not appear that Dr. Ambedkar's acrimonious assertion can be accepted as against these testimonies. His statement obviously proceeds from his aversion to Hinduism. But it is a different question whether even so learned a scholar is entitled to obscure truth.

In an even more significant particular Dr. Ambedkar appears at fault. For, after all, Buddhism is only an offshoot of Hinduism, and the learned convert cannot be said to have changed faith at all. The Buddha was born, died and lived a Hindu. He was a reformer and in no sense a renegade. As Dr. Radhakrishnan says, he "utilised the Hindu inheritance to correct some of its expressions".

In the sixth century B.C. there arose simulataneously in many parts of the world numerous great philosophers, Lao-tse and Confucius in China, the second Isaiah and Jeremiah in Judaea, the pre-Socratic thinkers in Greece, Zarathustra in Persia, and Mahavira and Buddha in our country. Clearly then there were great convulsions in human thinking. Of the intense mental activity in India in that century there has been preserved a vivid portrait.

Durant writes: "A large class of travelling Sophists spent the better part of every year in passing from locality to locality, seeking pupils or antagonists in philosophy. Some of them taught logic as the art of proving anything, and earned for themselves the titles of 'hair-splitters' and 'eel-wrigglers'. Large audiences gathered to hear such lectures and debates; great halls were built to accommodate them; and sometimes princes offered rewards for those who should emerge victorious from these intellectual jousts. It was an age of amazingly free thought, and of a thousand experiments in philosophy."

These were professional intellectual gladiators, but in at least two royal princes, one born in the Lichchavi tribe in Vaishali and the other in the tribe of the Sakyas in the Terai there arose two great prophets. The Buddha never had it in mind to found a religion, least of all one in opposition to Hinduism, his ancestral faith. He found something to criticise in the popular rituals. He did not accept the system of caste and he wsa opposed to some aspects of Vedic ceremonialism. But he definitely accepted the metaphysical and ethical bases of Hinduism. He would perhaps have been pained to find himself deified as a God, especially by the Mahayana school, but he would have been flabbergasted at attempts to erect his teachings, more ethical than definitely religious, as a rival to the faith in which he was born and died.

Hindus have always respected and venerated the Buddha. The fragrance of a gentle, tolerant and humorous personality has been preserved throughhout the ages. Though most of our countrymen are not aware of it, the *Jataka* tales are some of the finest pieces of literature, vivid and moving in their simplicity. Some of the writings regarding the Buddha himself are of extraordinary delicacy and beauty. Here is the Great Renunciation when, for the last time, he looked upon his wife and child, named 'Rahula' or 'the 'binder', as they lay sleeping. In the room, says the haunting passage, "a lamp of scented oil was burning. On the bed strewn with heaps of jessamine and other flowers, the mother of Rahula was sleeping, with her hand on her son's head. The Bodhisattva, standing with his foot on the threshold, looked and thought, 'If I move aside the Queen's hand and take my son, the Queen will awake and this will be an obstacle to my going'. And he descended from the palace".

Passages such as these have exerted great influence on the Hindu mind. Yet India remains mainly Hindu. It is not that the country has rejected Buddhism as assimilated it. This is another proof that the teachings of the Buddha are not to be regarded as an enemy of the principles of Hinduism, but rather as a variant. Hinduism has established deep roots in the national consciousness and it could not be long before a faith of reformation was assimilated.

WIT AND HUMOUR

Humorous persons, if their gift is genuine and not a mere shine upon the surface, are always agreeable companions and they sit through the evening best. They have pleasant mouths turned up at the corners . . . But the mouth of a merely witty man is hard and sour until the moment of its discharge.

—*Charles S. Brooks*

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THE PATTERN OF DEMOCRACY

By S. RAJAGOPALAN

INDIA, said her High Commissioner in London, speaking at Birmingham last week, is evolving a new pattern of democracy, an "eastern" type in tune with her ideals and aspirations. One would have thought that an abstract conception like democracy, like the abstract virtues, has no hemispherical frontiers. But apparently Mrs. Vijyalakshmi Pandit suggests or envisages a type of government, rooted in the democratic traditions of the West, but conditioned by the Gandhian way of life. It is, however, true to say that if by democracy is meant an administration in which each and all have a voice or have their legitimate interests or aspirations fulfilled, the idea is not foreign to our country. An immortal poet living amidst absolute monarchical conditions, has catalougued the basic essentials of democracy, perhaps far more accurately than many a modern theorist, when he proceeded to sing of the glory of the solar race.

India is definitely a democratic country in the comity of world nations. For one thing, so long as the present set-up exists, she is little likely to turn fascist or nazi, and less likely to walk into the Soviet parlour notwithstanding her close affinity to Russia and China abroad and her schemes for nationalisation of industries and expropriation of landed interests at home.

But writing on the eve of the vast changes in the redistribution of States undertaken hastily, it may be carrying optimism too far to suggest that the road for democracy has been well or truly laid. The Constitution, the perfect emblem of democratic life and individual freedom, has been scrapped out of its essentials. As Mr. Justice William Douglas has recently stated, confiscation has taken the place of compensation for the expropriation of private property. Millions of small landowners in Tamil Nad have recently been legislated against without a penny as compensation in sharp contrast to the Zamindars, whose proprietorship had been less substantial if not illusory. Even in the heyday of foreign rule and the ruthless war efforts, private property was not seized without compensation, which in fact was provided for in Article 299 of the Government of India Act 1935.

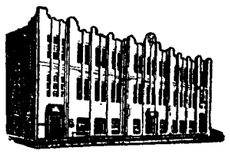
Socialism and the Socialistic State are attractive terms on paper but any scheme which injures an individual or his legitimate interests is not worth the paper on which it is written. It is certainly odd that a country governed by a written Constitution just as ours, should permit steps which will never be countenanced in England. Nor is the country poised for a really Socialistic set-up. One has only to advert to the too numerous adulations and flattery of the reigning rulers equalled only by the cold neglect after their exit.

There is a growing awareness of communal and lingual affiliations even amongst distinguished politicians and statesmen, with the honourable exception of the Prime Minister and a few of his colleagues. The slogan, "one language, one State", essentially tribal or primitive, has become an article of faith, even though it means the uprooting of thousands of people and the spending or wasting of crores' worth of capital assets as in Kurnool and Nagpur.

The result is all too apparent. War-devastated countries like Germany and Japan have risen to their former stature; but conditions for the middle classes in India, excepting the State employees, are worsening, what with the quadruple rise in the cost of housing, food, clothing and medical relief. The fruits of the Five Year Plans have a long time yet to ripen; and this is more so because the new States, which are either too big or too small, will have a tough job to clear themselves of the rivalries for power.

This is the pattern of the democracy just at present, which is tempered by the all round feeling: "Nehru is at the helm. All is right with the country". But what of the future?

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DELHI LETTER

By C. P. RAMACHANDRAN

SUBJECTS for conversation in drawing rooms are never lacking in Delhi but in the last week we have had quite a spate of them. First, it was the earthquake which while it rattled me seems to have by all reports left everybody else unruffled from Jose Maza, the President of the U.N. General Assembly who is out here on a visit, to the juniormost Parliamentary Secretary. The Observatory people were not rattled but they are a bit confused. They just have not made up their minds whether it was a major earthquake or a minor one, or whether its nature was tectonic or volcanic. Right now, however, Delhi's sightseers (which includes permanent residents as well as birds of passage) are arguing about where they will get their pleasure most — watching the Jumna rising from the bridge.

I went to the river this morning (October 14) only to find the road blocked by sleek pleasure cars whose flashy occupants had brought along lunch baskets so that they could watch the stream of people and cattle being evacuated to safer areas without feeling the pangs of hunger. The river is a swirling mass of brown menace, growling and nuzzling against the weak embankment constructed partly by the Government and partly by the Bharat Sevak Samaj. The army engineers and their men look quite smart and capable but they seem to be unable to think of anything other than plugging leaks in the bunds with hastily improvised sand-bags. But they are certainly a contrast to the slovenly crowd of civil officials who lay sprawling on charpoys when I went inside their tent. Camps have been opened by the Congress Party and the Bharat Sevak Samaj but not many people appear to be taking advantage of this proffered help. In any case, I have a feeling that the prominently displayed party flags and the fawning over newspapermen are indicative of the motive behind this showy generosity.

Are we shortly going to face a teddyboy problem in Delhi? I have no doubt we are. In a survey of the post-graduate students of Delhi University residing in Gwyer Hall, many interesting and dangerous portents can be discerned. Mr. Ashish Bose writing about the survey in *The Statesman* came to this conclusion: "The survey leaves one pondering about the future of the young generation, a generation given to extravagance, used to a carefree life of considerable comfort (in Gwyer Hall there are two rooms per student and not the other way about) and living in a world of blissful unreality where cigarettes, the Coffee House and films provide the spice of life. But is this generation prepared to face the struggle of life after this brief sojourn in the academic world?"

All they want is a good time, this pampered lot, and one can see them any day in Connaught Circus, ogling at the girls or if they are girls, ogling in return. The girls too have the weirdest ideas. Some of them can be seen dancing the latest American jazz right round the clock in the company of junior Defence Service officers or other types who acquired a certain slick terminology which consists of "h'yas" and "swells". For both these boys and girls, their form of patriotism is to get out of this country, preferably to the United States and U.K.

* * *

The newspaper world in the capital is quite shaken over the reported imminent closure of two leading newspapers. The *Indian Express* has already served notice on its employees and the job works department in the press has shut shop. Rumours are also afloat that the *Hindustan Standard* is contemplating closure. Labour troubles, say the bosses. Financial juggling, say the employees. The real fact of the matter is that there is no scope for five English daily newspapers in Delhi. The proprietors, most of whom have other business interests, thought in the early years after independence that if they had a paper in Delhi they could set up connections, political or official, which would help further their careers. Time has destroyed this illusion. The growth of trade unionism in the newspaper world too, has quite shaken them. It seems to me that while closures can be averted from time to time by patchwork solutions, eventually Delhi is going to have a lesser number of English dailies.

I am not however an uncritical supporter of the trade union movement among journalists. While this helps in giving them a feeling of solidarity in what is perhaps the most insecure of professions, there can be little doubt that it brings down the professional standards. It also encourages scheming and skullduggery; for, the man who takes an active part in trade union activity while he is only dabbling in journalism stands a good chance of worming into delegations and deputations. Some months ago, a delegation of newspapermen (which included, I am told, also an insurance man), left for Helsinki to attend an "international" conference where two-thirds of the world were unrepresented. Before the departure of this delegation there occurred one of those organisational crises. There was a good deal of jockeying and some were pushed out and others pushed in. This incident has created not only a lot of bad feeling, but for me and for some others, a positive dislike of all delegations and a lesser dislike of trade unions. Let us hope that the Indian Federation of Working Journalists which is meeting in Lucknow in November will find time to discuss this matter.

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THE PENGUIN EMPIRE

BOOK REVIEW

OF all imperial systems the British Empire has been the oldest and far-flung, and about a decade and a half ago Winston Churchill (then not knighted) made the pronouncement that he was not His Majesty's Prime Minister to preside over its liquidation. But events in world history, more powerful than personalities, brought about the winding up, and another empire in its place, not political, but an empire of books albeit originated by an Englishman, has come into being. Assured of its permanence now, its gradual expansion since its modest beginnings in 1935, is a romance of today, as enchanting as a fairy tale, and an exegisis on life in this technological age, instinct with material for rewarding sociological speculation. It is "publishing as against mere publication" — the achievement of Penguin Books, and Sir William Emrys Williams, one-time Secretary of the British Institute of Adult Education, and closely associated with the firm for twenty years, tells this achievement with taking felicity and frankness in *The Penguin Story*, issued to mark the twenty-first birthday of the firm.

The first batch of Penguins numbering ten titles appeared on July 30, 1935, and my memory of their purchase immediately on their arrival in one of the City's bookshops is still exciting. Subsequently I have bought hundreds of books, paperbacks both British and American, and hardbound, but the first ten Penguins and *No. 94* still hold a treasured place on my shelf. Most persons might have forgotten the historical ten: here they are: 1. *Ariel*, by Andre Maurois; 2. *A Farewell to Arms*, by Ernest Hemingway; 3. *Poet's Pub*, by Eric Linklater; 4. *Madame Claire*, by Susan Ertz; 5. *The Unpleasantness at the Bellona Club*, by Dorothy L. Sayers; 6. *The Murder on the Links*, by Agatha Christie; 7. *Twenty-five*, by Beverley Nichols; 8. *William*, by E. H. Young; 9. *Gone to Earth*, by Mary Webb; 10. *Carnival*, by Compton Mackenzie. No. 94 is not a bought volume but a gift one, *Saturday Night at the Greyhound*, by John Hampson, which won overnight fame when it was first published by Leonard and Virginia Woolf at the Hogarth Press during the Spring of 1931 (penguinised in June 1937), presented to me by the author when he visited Madras early in 1948 in connection with the study of juvenile delinquency on the invitation of the then provincial government. (Hampson died in December 1955. I had the privilege of his close friendship, and when presenting me the copy he told me about the colourful circumstances which had given birth to Penguins, and how delighted he had been with this edition made available to the common man.)

Let a more graphic pen then mine describe this England's national institution which has extended its sway over the globe. It may be regarded as the epitome of what Sir William Williams has narrated in about fifty pages of his book. Surveying the history of Paper Back publishing and the type of books produced by the different publishers in the field James Lackington has it thus: ". . . Picture a not very progressive English country bookseller in 1935. Trade is bad. His cloth-bound stock, from the 1s. 6d. of Nelson's Classics to his expensive new books, is not moving. A Mr. Allen Lane, a Director of John Lane The Bodley Head Ltd., comes to see him. He is always seeing publishers and their travellers, but when Mr. Lane puts down on his counter (he is the sort of bookseller who still had a counter) a paper-backed 'dummy'—white paper stitched together in a white and orange wrapper, in the centre of which is the title, *Poet's Pub*, and the author's name Eric Linklater, with above it in an asymmetrical white cloud, the facetious words: 'Penguin Books' —the bookseller explains that his customers do not buy paper books. They are educated people of some taste. They never have bought paper books. Quite apart from this, if he supplies *Poet's Pub* at sixpence, what will he do with his 3s. 6d. bound edition? As he asks this question he opens the copy before him: each page is blank. It is merely a salesman's dummy. Baffled, the bookseller looks at Mr. Lane, who deftly places before him a list of other titles . . ." In 1936 Mr. Allen Lane resigned from The Bodley Head which went into voluntary liquidation early the following year; "by an ironical turn of fortune Penguin Books which The Bodley Head had been unwilling to sponsor eighteen months before, proved to be the largest trade creditor." And Mr. Allen Lane who went into publishing thirty-four years ago as an apprentice aged seventeen, will, in all his triumphs, be the first to acknowledge his indebtedness to his brothers Richard and John—Richard in charge of finance and John of sales—while he himself controlled the editorial policy and general direction of the company which has been Private Limited and still is with a capital—one is amazed to know—of £100, equivalent to Rs. 1,300 in Indian money. On the outbreak of the Hitler War Richard and John volunteered for the R.N.V.R. and John was killed in North Africa in 1942. His place has not been filled and today Allen (now Sir Allen Lane, knighted in 1952—a well-deserved recognition for him from outside the book world) and Richard are

The Penguin Story, by Sir William Emrys Williams, C.B.E. Penguin Books Ltd., Hammondsworth, Middlesex, England. One Shilling.



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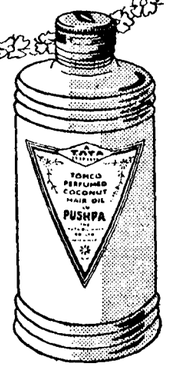
Starting with a price of 6d. and advancing to 9d. and 1s., a Penguin at present is 2s. 6d. A chart in *The Penguin Story* shows the items of expenditure in pence, thus: Retailer and wholesaler, 10.63; Author's royalty, 2.25; Cost of production—Paper, 3.75; Printing and Binding, 7.25; Overheads —Staff Pension Scheme, Wages, Salaries, Directors' Fees, Rent, Rates, Carriage, Publicity, 2.56; Taxation, 0.59; Net Profit, 0.58. Total, 30. To the imaginative writer this accounting is bound to be quite unattractive while it may astound the sympathiser of the writer to realise that a bookseller, retail and wholesale, obtains nearly five times as much out of a Penguin as the writer; but then money has to be "put back in the business to produce more Penguins." "Penguins," writes Sir William Williams, "have never published new novels and have no intention of doing so, a fact in itself which avoids a serious field of competition with other publishers. The royalties a novelist might fairly hope to get, on a novel first published in Penguins, are not good enough for a man who lives by his pen. A sale of say, 50,000 copies of a novel in a two-and-six Penguin edition would yield him about £500; a less-than-living wage to a respectable novelist. But to get that sum (or, rather to share it with his publisher) a few years after the first publication is another matter —and a very appealing one—to the novelist." Appealing maybe, to the novelist who is a success, the Penguin policy being only to reprint successes and not originals, and in original publication in science, history and archaeology, mathematics, music, etc., to commission professors and scholars in the field. And as for modern poets one can count on one's fingers' ends (including the thumb as a finger) those whom the Penguins have paid, and not made: Edith Sitwell, T. S. Eliot, Cecil Day Lewis, D. H. Lawrence, and the American Robert Frost.

Considered, however, from the viewpoint of spacious issues in the publishing world, the Penguin Story is a Success Story. Famous publishers like Heinemann, Hamish Hamilton, Faber, Chatto and Windus, and Michael Joseph have co-operated with Penguins in giving the right for the simultaneous publication of five and even ten titles by the same author: "a million Shaws, a million each of Wells." Similarly, Aldous Huxley, Agatha Christie, Evelyn Waugh, and many others. The Commemoration Edition of ten D. H. Lawrence books received this characteristic comment from David Garnett in *The Observer:* "D. H. Lawrence died twenty years ago, and the anniversary is being marked in the best possible way by Penguin Books, who have just issued ten volumes of his works... This is not the place to criticize these books; it is enough to thank Penguin Books for making them available to a post-war generation which does not know them." And a word about the device. "Open one of the early Penguins and you will see that the little bird on the title-page wears a speculative interrogative air ('Will they like me, I wonder?'). By 1937 the design had changed. The little Penguin now faces the other way and hops jubilantly on one foot ('Hurrah, I'm a success!')." The various excursions of the original venture have been into: Pelican, Penguin Specials, Penguin Illustrated Classics, the Penguin Shakespeare, King Penguins, Penguin Hansard, Penguin Guides, Penguin Music Scores, Penguin Reference Books, Ptarmigan Books, Puffin Cut-out Books, Baby Puffin Books, Porpoise Books, Puffin Picture Books, Puffin Story Books, comprising the widest possible field of knowledge for the adult, and instruction and entertainment to the young; a French Series, Editions Penguin and Pingouin, and West-African Penguins; and in periodical journalism, New Biology, Science News, Film Review, Music Magazine, New Writing, Penguin Parade, Russian Review, and Transatlantic. A resounding victory indeed (of which Sir William Emrys Williams plays with legitimate pride on his commemorative silver trumpet) for the youthful visionary Mr. Allen Lane was in 1935, who has combined austerity of design and production with inexpensiveness, and whom any Indian publisher worth his salt, on his own, State or private foundation aided, will do well to emulate.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

BOMBAY STATE INAUGURATION

Sir,—It is reported in the newspapers that the Bombay Government have decided to inaugurate the new Bombay State during the night of 31st October as they were advised that it would be inauspicious to do it on 1st November. The inauguration of a new State is on a par with the crowning of a new king and such a function should not be held during nights, according to the Sastras. The function may held between 9-30 and 11-15 a.m. either on 31st October or 1st November. The planetary positions foretell eternal success to the State, if inagurated during the hours suggested above.

Tenali P. VENKATESWARALU

RAJAJI AND B.C.G.

Sir,—Referring to Rajaji's campaign against mass vaccination of B.C.G. Sri Sanjeeva Reddy, Deputy Chief Minister of Andhra said a year ago in the State Assembly, "He (Rajaji) is not a doctor of medicines. He is only a doctor of laws." At the same time in Madras some members of the Congress party vigorously propagated the view that Rajaji had a political purpose behind his campaign.

Now the Government of India and the Madras Government are in a dilemma as Dr. Caroll Palmer, with whose authority they had turned deaf ears to Rajaji, has changed his opinion. According to his later investigation B.C.G. cannot be said to be harmless. This is what Rajaji said a year ago.

The words of the elder statesman of India should have been given due consideration, when they were backed by sound reasoning and especially when human lives were involved.

The editorial in SWARAJYA aptly entitled "Prophetic Judgment" is an eye-opener. The B.C.G. controversy is one of the instances to show that Rajaji possesses the gift of foretelling events.

N. R. SRINIVASAN

Mathurai

PROPHETIC JUDGMENTS

Sir,—We have by now become used to prophetic judgments from Rajaji. Very often he says something which is not heeded by the persons in power, but which later proves to be right.

Is there no way of using the judgments of a great mind? Perhaps an indirect approach, even before the subject becomes a topic, would achieve greater results.

Rajaji is a great statesman. But, is he a good diplomat? Does he want to be one, so that he may be of timely use to the nation?

R. RAJAGOPALAN

PRECEDENCE

Sir,—With reference to my letter published in SWARAJYA (Sept. 9) under the heading "Rank of Federal Chief Justice", the following information was furnished to me by the United States Information Service, Madras, regarding the rank of the Chief Justice in the U.S.A.—

First: The President
Second: The Vice-President
Third: The Chief Justice and retired Chief Justices.

Visakhapatnam N. D. PATNAIK

SUEZ CANAL DISPUTE

Sir,—Rajaji is stated to have remarked that the Anglo-French complaint to the U.N. regarding the Suez Canal issue did not have moral strength as the parties were guilty of aggression by their nuclear test explosions. It is difficult to appreciate this logic and the unqualified support for Colonel Nasser. We must remember that during the 68 years since the Suez Canal Convention was drawn up, no Egyptian leader has ever mentioned nationalisation of the canal. But when Britain and the U.S. withdrew their offer of aid in respect of the Aswan Dam (which aid, at any rate, they were not obliged to give) Colonel Nasser suddenly realised that the canal was all his own, and he appropriated it without even a formal intimation to the share-holders. In these circumstances, our lessons in decency and morality should be addressed to Colonel Nasser and not to the Western countries. In fact, Britain and France have shown commendable wisdom and statesmanship in taking the issue to the U.N. as the alternative would have been war. We must recognise that the codes of international conduct are the same for white nations as well as black nations.

Madras N. SIVARAMAN

KRISHNAN SHOULD VISIT HOSPET

Sir,—I think that M. Krishnan (SWARAJYA, October 6) should pay a visit to Hospet. Hospet is a town of (more or less) 35,000 people. One gets the impression that there are also 35,000 hotels with 35,000 radios, each with its loud speaker. From six (sometimes 5.30) in the morning till 10 or 10.30 at night we have music (sic) more or less continuously. It is the common practice here for a number of radios to be blaring out different tunes side by side. The resulting cacophony can be imagined. Add to all this the cinema van with ITS loud speaker and the various processions with their bands. I can only conclude that the majority of the people here are tone deaf. If not they would have risen long ago and smashed every public radio to bits. Music may be a help in manual work; but mental effort is only made possible by plugging the ears with cotton wool.

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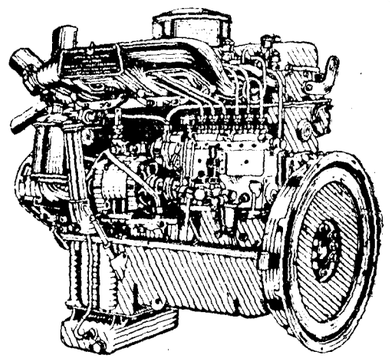
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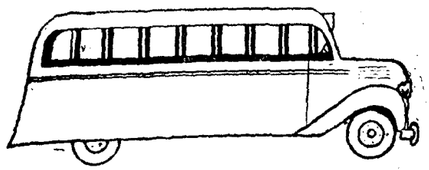
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SWARAJYA

Editor: Khasa Subba Rau

Vol. I. No. 26 SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1956 TWO ANNAS

FERMENT IN THE COMMUNIST WORLD

THE recent holidays of Russian and Jugoslav leaders in each other's countries have aroused all over the world a curiosity equalled only by the persistent omission of the leaders concerned to gratify it. In the absence of specific knowledge, people have begun to feed on speculation. Speculation is now rife on a developing rift between Moscow and Belgrade. The satellites have been drawn into the vortex of this rift in the process of this development. *There has been no lack of plausibility to sustain it all.* For President Tito's return from Moscow was followed, as if it were a signal for it, by an unprecedented succession of delegations to his capital from practically every East European satellite country. Missions representing Communist parties from Bulgaria, Italy, Hungary and Rumania converged one after another on Jugoslavia within less than a month. It is a justifiable presumption that these journeys were not undertaken for the benefit of the health of the members of the missions. What for were they undertaken?

For answer we should look back a little. The debunking of Stalin at the Soviet Party Congress at Moscow last February was swiftly interpreted as an indication of the Kremlin's willingness to relax its hold on the Communist parties in other countries. Some of the East European Communist regimes were not in a position to take advantage of this relaxation, the reason for it being that the support of Moscow visibly represented by the political police and the Red army, was itself the bulwark of their power and position. But Jugoslavia suffered under no such handicap. Jugoslavia had a record of defiant anti-Stalinism rewarded after Stalin's death by conciliatory approaches from Stalin's successors. President Tito, consummate strategist, took immediate advantage of the Russian peace parleys to improve the shining hour. It became his contention that the Russian doctrine of peaceful co-existence between the Eastern and Western blocs really led nowhere. He objected that the whole idea of power blocs is a threat to world peace and to the independence of the smaller powers. He wanted nothing less than the right to be neutral.

By this time the Russians felt that they had gone too far and the Kremlin began to wonder if it would be wise to proceed further with its policy of "destalinisation". But the mischief had been already done. Jugoslavia's lead had already galvanised Communist parties in other satellite countries, and forced even the regimes dependent on Moscow to seek liberalising expedients. In Hungary, Rajk and three others executed seven years ago as Titoist traitors were reinterred with all honour and ceremony. The Stalinist Rakosi was sacked. But it was in Poland that revolt against Moscow's rule has found its most intrepid expression. The ferment in the Communist world now is over the right of the Communist regimes to follow their own line of Socialist development rather than Soviet dictatation. Poland has, in defiance of the Kremlin, followed in the footsteps of Jugoslavia and asserted its right to be ruled by leaders of its own choice. But Poland's feat of daring is even more remarkable than Jugoslavia's in view of the greater risks involved on account of geographical contiguity.

It is worthy of note that none of the new rebels against Moscow's hegemony are tainted by capitalist ideology. They are all Socialists. If they are released from the Kremlin's stranglehold, it is likely that Communism will look more attractive as the terror that has been investing it will fade away.

Flood Control

THE frequency with which disaster through floods have been occurring all over the country should impress on the Government the need for comprehensive preventive measures. The present practice is to meet the disasters, as they occur, with energetic emergency operations. However energetically these operations might be planned and however efficiently they might be executed, they cannot make up to the sufferers for the toll of misery, death and devastation they have inevitably to endure. The right course is, not to meet distress with palliatives but prevent distress by well-conceived engineering works. Rivers in England are comparatively very small and flood havoc on the gigantic scale with which we are all familiar, is extremely rare if not unknown in England. This might be one reason why flood-prevention *projects* on a national scale were not attempted in India throughout the period of the British occupation.

Geographically, India seems marked out for an extensive network of waterways. Waterways, rather than roads, are indicated as the prime arterial media for trade and transport throughout

the country. All the flood water could be drawn into safe containment through channels and reservoirs. If the Five-Year Plans had paid proper attention to the natural geographical features of the country, they would have been built round a national system of waterways as their main pivot linking river with river, and studding the States with adequate reservoirs to draw away into themselves all the surplus waters which for lack of effective drainage, overflow the banks, ruining the neighbouring country and spreading death and devastation among its inhabitants. The annual toll paid in crores of relief work would be enough to provide the nucleus of a fund to serve as capital for this sort of necessary modification in the present structure of Governmental planning.

New Adventure

A PLAN sponsored by Belgium for a Western European Customs Union seems to have found favour with the British Government. As the plan comes into swing, tariffs will be reduced as between the countries that are members of the Union and free trade will come progressively into operation in the area covered by them. Essentially, the plan is a device to make up for the economic handicaps of smallness of size under which each of the members suffers. They seem to hope that the plan will give them the manipulated advantage of a large internal market, and enable them to reap from it the same sort of economic benefit that large countries who possess such an advantage naturally enjoy. In the case of large countries like the United States and Russia, it is true that their vast domestic markets give immense stability to their respective economies and contribute substantially to their power and riches. But it is not merely the large size that does this. An even more important factor is the sway of a single sovereign authority over the whole area comprised in the economy facilitating intelligent policies for the elimination of wastefulness and overlapping in productive activities. It is doubtful if such a facility is practicable in the case of a conglomeration of States each of them traditionally sensitive to the pristine sacredness of sovereign status. Overlapping cannot be avoided as between States nurtured in pride of self-sufficiency as a patriotic national trait worth assiduous cultivation. Europeans have not yet risen to a sense of common citizenship obliterating the memories of the wars and the struggles for power that decimated them over the centuries. Hence it is to be feared that the proposed Union will create more frictions than harmonies. One thing, however, it is bound to do. It will certainly cut across the ties that have grown up between the Commonwealth nations in the slow and gradual process of historical evolution. Britain, as a member of the Union, will be exchanging the established companionship of economic and political partners proved congenial by experience, for a problematic new adventure bristling with risky possibilities.

LANGUAGE AND JUSTICE

By C. RAJAGOPALACHARI

BE wise, southerners, learn Hindi which will complete your fitness for Indian citizenship and enable you effectively to enjoy it.

Be just, Hindustanis, that you may be true to Democracy and not merely exploit it by seeking to make what you possess the sole passport to full Indian citizenship and all its honours.

These are the two parts of my plea in regard to language. Wisdom and justice both are important, and they yield these twin lessons.

Nothing less than a thoroughgoing facility in the use of the national language will enable the people of the non-Hindi areas to take their full and proper share in the rights and privileges of national life. But until the time arrives when this can be said to have been achieved, it is not justice to forge a sanction against the non-Hindi people that consigns them to an inferior position or to give an undue and great advantage to a fortunately placed section of the people over all the others.

It must take time for the national language to become the one and only official language of the Centre. The Centre must be a just Centre and not be a lopsided centre and an agent for injustice.

The language that served all the people equally hitherto must continue as an alternative medium.

> It is not necessary to begin inflicting injustice in order to create an incentive for learning Hindi. The whole machinery of education is in the hands of Government and a policy can be enforced that will steadily and surely work towards the desired end without inflicting immediate injury or inequality during the intervening period.

Education should be the steady and just means of achievement and not the infliction of great injury on some sections and the conferring of undeserved advantage on another.

How long are we to wait is the question. Under no circumstance can impatience furnish a solution to great problems. Our ardour for the national language must find vent not in injustice but in policies and directions of education.

Let us remember also the important truth that school and college are but a small part of the machinery of language education, although they may be very much more in the external picture than the home and the family.

If we examine the conditions under which English has spread and is spreading, we shall see how greatly the home was responsible for the accelerated pace of English. Each generation proficient in the use of English trained the next generation in the use of it.

> The unbroken and subtle tuition of each generation is far more effective than what is obtained in schools.

Only two or three generations of Hindi education can achieve that spread of Hindi which English has attained now. And this is necessary before it can be claimed that it would be just to make Hindi the sole Central official language.

Let me add finally that this interval of time would be necessary also for the real shaping of Hindi into a suitable official medium for all the purposes for which English now serves so precisely and so well. It is wishful

(Continued on page 15)



Sotto Voce

Ambedkar - Yana

DR. AMBEDKAR has carried out a long-standing threat. He has become a Buddhist, but a Buddhist with a difference. He has told the world that he has no use for the Vajrayana or the Mahayana. His will be a kind of neo-Buddhism: Nav-yan, to give it the name he has coined for it, obeying the obscure impulse—so common in neophytes—to conform to accepted folkways, by clothing the neologism in Samskrit-Pali garb. Thus, by a superb stroke of irony, the iconoclast of caste stands unveiled at the very threshold of his "new life" as the founder of yet another Buddhistic schism.

* * *

One wonders what the oldest Bhikku living in India today, who conducted the Theravada (Hinayana) ritual which admitted Dr. Ambedkar and his three lakhs of followers to the new faith, thought of this declaration of independence. It was as if a Roman Catholic priest were to preside over the admission to Christianity of a pagan who declared that he had no use either for Catholicism or for Protestantism in all its ramifications, but was going to proclaim a New Dispensation. Perhaps latter-day Buddhists who see shining visions of an India re-won for the Enlightened One are not disposed to strain at doctrinal gnats. Or, does Buddhism regard heretics as rather better than unbelievers?

* * *

One should have thought that change of faith was primarily the private concern of the individual involved, though of course not without repercussions on society. It is supposed to be effected in the sanctuary of the heart. There should have been no need to invite all the world and his wife to witness the spectacle, staged with all the elements of a fun-fair, of three lakhs of people demonstratively "crossing the floor". But the student publicity, like the spot-lighting of the fact that a handful of people outside Dr. Ambedkar's following chose the same *mise en scene* for blazoning their conversion, may have been meant to suggest that Buddhism was making headway among all sections of the population.

* * *

It was undoubtedly piquant to find Dr. M. B. Niyogi, chief author of the Report on Christian missionaries' mass conversion activities, figuring prominently in this wholesale transfer of allegiance. The heart has its own reasons. And the thrill of a new revelation may need an urgent outlet in emotional expression through an overt act of "sharing" with the like-minded. One notes with interest, however, that Dr. Niyogi was rather unpleasantly jarred by Dr. Ambedkar's importing a tirade against Hinduism into his confession of faith. He mildly observed that "denunciation of Hinduism as was done today by Dr. Ambedkar had no place in the original Buddhistic rituals". It should have none either in the rituals of neo-Buddhism, if it were really Buddhism and not the merest veneer on Dr. Ambedkar's old communalism.

* * *

Questioned whether he would claim for his followers who have thus been "reborn" out of Hinduism the concessions which they had enjoyed as members of the Hindu scheduled castes, Dr. Ambedkar rhetorically asked, "Are the Brahmans prepared to become untouchables to have these privileges?" The Brahman today is in terms of political fact an untouchable, but without the benefit of the concessions which the Untouchables with a capital U enjoy. But the 'Brahmanical' mood, in which Dr. Ambedkar disdained to accept compromising favours, did not last long. He was very much his own aggressive self a few hours later when he sturdily declared that their change of faith should not affect the concessions his followers have enjoyed.

* * *

Such quick-change artistry is associated in the popular imagi-

nation with the demagogue. But, of course, Ambedkar is no demagogue. Has he not said, "I am a bold and brave man. I will dictate to my people to prevent it". The "it" refers to the rather inconvenient fact that the untouchables have been no less prone to caste distinctions and taboos than the Caste Hindus. But Dr. Ambedkar is a politician and, as he has taken care to point out, not merely of the armchair variety. He is going to organise a party and fight elections. And if he finds that playing on caste feelings can help to win elections, be sure he will not be a prig.

* * *

The truly religious man, be he a Buddhist or a Hindu, cannot feel very happy, confronted by such phenomena as Dr. Ambedkar and his docile following. In the old days the conversion of kings led to the automatic conversion of large sections of their subjects. But we pride ourselves on being more enlightened. We claim to examine our conscience with painful scrupulosity. We refuse to be stampeded by hot-gospellers, be they brazen politicians or brass-band evangelists. How, then, can the world take seriously this spectacle of lakhs of people changing their faith at the bidding not of a saint or of an inspired sinner, but of a calculating politician in whose spurning of his ancestral Hinduism there is more than a touch of Coriolanus's morbid megalomania?

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SIDELIGHTS : :

IT is a violence to language to describe as "unanimous" the election of Sri Sanjeeva Reddi as leader of the Andhra Pradesh Congress Legislature Party. The absence of competitive rivalry is the test of unanimity in an election. Mere absence of rivalry is not enough. There should also be unforced accord and spontaneity of choice. Unanimity in the real sense of the word, we have had in the case of the Prime Minister in the past ten years. It may be said with truth that Pandit Nehru is the unanimous choice of the Congress Party in Parliament as its leader and that he satisfies the essential condition of a unanimous election, the non-appearance on the scene of a competitor to dispute the leadership. Unanimous election is the tribute paid by a party to a leader who happens to be the obvious choice for that position to such an extent that there is no scope for discordance of any kind or even the whisper of a dissent.

* * *

In the Andhra Pradesh election there was no obvious leader capable of dissolving opposition. It was a most hotly contested election. Not only was there brisk and vigorous canvassing for votes. The partisans of the competitors entered the arena with publicity stunts designsd to demoralise the other party. There has never been such an election as this in the annals of our freedom, with such little reliance by the rivals on their own distinctive claims to preference, and so much of concentration on the good services of others deemed capable of roping in votes. A battle-royal raged day in and day out for weeks in advance for every vote that had to be disposed of, and lists of votes successfully captured by each side were blazoned forth in the provincial press, with contradicatory results confidently announced. Sri Gopala Reddi now says that a great burden has been taken off his shoulders as though thankful for the relief, but it was only after polling was virtually gone through and it was discovered that he had lost, that he could be prevailed upon to grasp this sort of relief. What really happened was, merely, that the defeated candidate was persuaded, without the result being announced, to propose the name of the victor, and the whole manoeuvre was accalaimed by the contriver of it, the Congress High Command's representative deputed to conduct the proceedings, as a triumph of unanimity. Why insult the public with a camouflage like this, so crude, that it will not deceive anybody, that it will not even serve the purpose of a camouflage?

* * *

The impression produced is not happy when a deputy of the highest political authority in the country descends to this sort of bamboozlement, twisting facts into an appearance quite contrary to them, and taking advantage of his position to pass off a most desperately contested leadership election as a unanimous, uncontested one. The credit of the Congress is not enhanced by this deliberately manufactured dichotomy between reality and propaganda. Why, after all, should there be so much of labour and legerdemain expended to emphasise the political virtue of unanimity? The regimentation of opinion in order to wipe out the differences that exist so as to give an impression of unanimity is an unhealthy innovation. It is not consistent with the basic requirements of democratic government. The right embodied in the vote implies also freedom of choice in the exercise of it. It becomes meaningless without corresponding freedom for constitutionally empowered candidates to stand for election unhindered, without political or authoritarian pressures of any kind. Super-imposed unanimity is the fascist way of interfering with freedom of elections. Unopposed returns have their place as demonstrations of rewarding public homage in honour of unique individuals that have rendered outstanding public service uniting all factions in loyalty to them. But ordinarily competition for leadership in elections is an expression of the democratic way of government and its distinctive feature is the choosing and changing of rulers without violence by means of periodical polls of public opinion.

* * *

The parade of unanimity that was got up at Kurnool is thus not a gratifying achievement. It is a dangerous symptom. Unanimity is not unity. The only unity possible in a democratic set-up is by means of community of viewpoints. It should enable people to combine for common purposes over-riding all loyalties not based on views. The rigidities of fixed, unchanging ways of association and combination make for faction and the development of the exclusive spirit. They have no place in democracy.

* * *

Sri Sanjeeva Reddi has had plenty of congratulations and rejoicings of the conventional sort showered on him. We live in a world in which rose garlands are kept ready for eveey victor in the struggle for power. The right time for felicitation is when a Chief Minister has had his day and laid down his office—as, for example, Sri Morarji Desai has done just now in Bombay. All the plaudits there are now for Sri Chavan who apparently enjoys a high reputation for smartness and integrity, but there is no gainsaying that his past is not as considerable as his future is expected to be. Sri Morarji Desai, on the other hand, has had a highly distinguished administrative record to his credit. Bombay under his leadership won reknown as the best governed State in India. The retiring Chief Minister's honesty of purpose is now universally recognised. He never fell into the temptation of using his power for any personal or family purpose, nor did he ever permit others with access to him, such as legislators, to exploit political influence for individual advantage. He should have caused disappointment to many. It is not surprising therefore that the distinction of a unanimous election did not fall to his lot.

* * *

Many pressures converge on a Chief Minister, and they tend generally not to strengthen him but to hamper him in the path of duty. Without support there is no leadership, but when the supporters exact a price for their votes, administrative probity becomes difficult. It is only when leadership is based on policies and principles that compel allegiance, even frightening blackmailers into submission, that it is released for high social objectives leading to outstanding achievements. Hitherto the curse of ministerial rule in Andhra has been influence-peddling on the part of profiteers in tactically advantageous positions. Justice and public welfare suffered when for the sake of private interests unfair considerations triumphed. Sri Sanjeeva Reddi has a good grounding in administration. But his character as a Chief Minister will depend on the strength he will reveal in overcoming the bullying operations of communal ond other seekers of favour, for the preservation of administrative rectitude and the promotion of social welfare. The cross-drives of legislators into district administration were sternly prohibited by Sri Rajagopalachari when he was Chief Minister in Madras, and the result was that corruption was stamped out and freedom for initiative and justice was restored to the officers. A grateful public still remembers the relief that came to them in consequence. I wish for Sri Sanjeeva Reddi, what is more worthwhile than anything else for a Chief Minister, a sense of justice and mission and the strength to pursue it without flinching in all circumstances.

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TAMBARAM.

B. C. G.

World-Renowned T.B. Expert's Letter to C. R.

DR. J. A. MYERS is a world figure in the field of Tuberculosis research as well as control. His eminence and his experience are such that his opinions must carry the greatest weight in all matters connected with Tuberculosis. He has recently written to Rajaji about B.C.G. in terms that leave no room for doubt that the position taken up by the latter is scientifically correct. In marked contrast to the obstinate attitude of the Madras Health Minister as disclosed by his speech at a library ceremony in the Tambaram Sanatorium is this unequivocal statement of one of the foremost T.B. experts of the world.

With the most recent opinions of Dr. Caroll Palmer and of Dr. J. A. Myers, available to them, the Government of India would do well to call a halt to the mass campaign with which they are proceeding against well informed public opinion, and without the specific sanction of Parliament for the considerable expenditure incurred. It is needless to point out that the inoculation of live bacillary poison cannot be justified by pointing out the opinions of some doctors against some others—the latter group including some of the most renowned authorities. We produce below in full, Dr. Myers's letter:

Dr. MYERS'S LETTER

University of Minnesota
College of Medical Sciences
Minneapolis 14.

October 1, 1956.

1316 Mayo Memorial Bldg.
School of Public Health.

Dear Mr. Rajagopalachari,

Thank you so much for your letter of September 18 and the enclosed copy of a letter you had received. I have never been able to understand why any living person would want to willfully introduce tubercle bacilli into a living human body. My 36 years of professional work and about a dozen nonprofessional previous years have been devoted to battling the tubercle bacillus rather than perpetuating it.

Bacteriologists have demonstrated over and over that no matter how much the tubercle bacillus is reduced in virulence, if it is kept alive in culture medium it undergoes changes and mutation. This has happened to B.C.G. In fact, I have wondered for some time whether there is truly any B.C.G. in the world. The cultures that Calmette called Bacillus Calmette-Guerin have undergone so many changes that the original organisms may have completely vanished. There remain some dangerous organisms which often result in serious disease in the human body and have actually killed people.

In your letter you stated that you have been trying to oppose B.C.G. in India. In my opinion, you are engaged in a worthy cause. I am sure you will ultimately succeed. However, it will take a long time because of the fanaticism which is not found only in India but in other parts of the world.

Under another cover I am sending you copies of some of our publications. A few have to do specifically with so-called immunizing agents and others with the truly effective methods leading to the eradication of tubercle bacilli.

I would be so pleased if you would write me from time to time, as I shall be anxious to know about your program.

With very kindest regards,

Sincerely yours,

J. A. MYERS, M.D.

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THE TYRANNY OF CULTURE

By VISWAMITRA

THE dawn of freedom in India has brought in its wake several changes. The Press is more anxious to fall in line with the policy of the Government. Fear has emerged as the motive force of official apathy. The principle of preventive detention has become part of peace-time administration. The normal processes of litigation are by-passed by the creation of tribunals with star chamber powers. There is a continuous planning for future prosperity, which, no doubt, some distant generation will enjoy. But these advantages are insignificant in comparison with the menacing onslaught of Culture. The Government are all for Culture. They want to make the citizens of India art-conscious, science-conscious, civic-conscious, and conscious of the great past (before the last seven or eight hundred years, that is) of this land. Incidentally, Culture also helps to entertain the increasing number of foreign visitors to India. So Culture has broken out in an epidemic form. It pursues us like the Hound of Heaven, from sunrise till midnight, and leaves us limp with the fatigue of forced feeding.

The chief feature of our Culture is its age. Most of it was ripe before the birth of Christ. Indeed, very little worthwhile has happened to it since. It has descended from the sages. It has withstood the impact of invasions from Alexander to the East India Company. Sometimes it lay dormant, like a live ember in the heart of a fire-blackened log, but when times were propitious, it flamed into life. We are the inheritors of this Culture. During the twilight of British rule, we suffered from slave mentality, and were ashamed of our Culture. We did not read the Gita till Dr. Besant pointed it out to us. But for Max Muller, it is not certain if the Upanishads would have had a chance. The art of dancing was in danger of death due to starvation. The handicrafts and cottage industries (which are also Culture) languished, and some, like the making of muslins at Dacca, were killed by the British, who thus created a market for Lancashire goods; till which time, of course, Indians went about only in Dacca muslins. No one, except a few ill-paid pundits, read the literary gems of this country. We were unsure of ourselves, hesitant about our Culture, and apologised for what is indeed, very great.

But all this is history now, and since 1947, Culture (along with its sponsors) has come into its own. Take music, for example. The ancient grammarians, headed by the Creator himself, took it from the Sama Veda, and classified it into father ragas, mother ragas, and children ragas. What chance have we against anything that has descended from the Vedas? Now, the ragas admit, nay, demand, a comprehensive exposition, and between the broad rumblings of the commencement and the epileptic shakes of the finale, it is usual for the artist to spend two or three hours of delicate manipulation. It has to be listened to and enjoyed, if possible, in a mood of reverence, and serious attention. Like a lecture by Einstein, for instance. So the All India Radio has gone in exclusively for classical music. Ustads and vidwans roar at us. But, alas, the people of this country refuse to mix patriotism and pleasure. They are curiously allergic to Culture. They tune into the commercial service of the Ceylon Radio.

Ceylon, apparently, is a plebian sort of country. They pander there to the taste of the masses, instead of uplifting them. Not the masses of Ceylon, which is excusable, but the masses of India. They peddle film songs. They read out letters from grateful listeners in India. They announce the names of the persons from whom they have received requests for particular songs and then play them. The writers get a thrill out of it, and develop a loyalty to the Ceylon Radio thenceforward. The entire family sit round and listen, and the little children dance to the tunes. We are even prepared to put up with the all too frequent advertisements for Aspro, Milk of Magnesia, Germex, and Cow and Gate Milk. Actually, most children know by heart the little songs by which these products are advertised. Every restaurant in India has a radio, with a loud speaker, and no station is heard in them except Ceylon. It goes well with light refreshment.

It is time some one sat up and took notice of this amazing loyalty of the Indian public for the commercial service of the Ceylon Radio. In the first place, men and women invest in a receiving set because they want entertainment and not instruction. They find it difficult to understand why the Government should use the Radio as a persistent medium for adult education and party propaganda; why, for instance, in the middle of a music concert, at half past eight in the evening, when one has finished dinner, and is in a mood for a little relaxation, the concert should be interrupted, and the listener asked to stand by for an announcement from Delhi, which turns out to be a speech by the Minister for Agriculture on the progress of artificial insemination in cattle. It creates a positive dread of the All India Radio. Secondly, it is not clear why a government which asks the Collector of a district to canvass for State loans from beedi merchants, and owners of transport vehicles, should feel shy of maintaining a commercial service? To say the least of it, it is puzzling, especially as the Commerce Ministry is running coffee houses. Thirdly, contemporary art, however lowbrow, has a kind of appeal which classical art cannot ever achieve. This is due not merely to the inherently recondite character of great art. It is the triumph of life over death, and of the present over the past. A film song is woven into the texture of contemporary existence. It may be a musical crudity, but it is alive. It is the song of the people, by the people, for the people. It is the adult franchise of art. That is why, barring perhaps the Prime Minister, Lata Mangeskar is the best known name in India.

It is incorrect and self-stultifying to consider that great art can thrive only if current popular songs are choked by the neck. On the contrary, what happens is exactly the reverse. It is the classical music that is choked. To the average person, ancient art carries with it a compulsion to appreciate, which is a strain, and an ego-deflater. Spontaneity is of the essence of all enjoyment, and just as the nudism of the nudist colony is different from the nudism of the savage, so also, the patriotism, the historical awareness of a great past, and other intellectual irrelevancies interfere with our right to be bored with great art. We are afraid to be unable to appreciate it. We seem to write ourselves down when the garglings of a great artist irritate us. We have no chance against the tremendous prestige of the art itself. All ancient art was designed and timed for an age of leisure, not leisure measured in hours or even days, but in months lasting from harvest to the succeeding monsoon, and its adaptation to an age of compelling exigencies that parcel our days into fixed hours of work and relaxation, is still imperfect. A classical concert on the radio leaves both the artist and the listener unsatisfied. The B. B. C. has solved the problem by maintaining a separate wave length for highbrow listening. Why don't we?

Then there are the speeches. Very few listen to them, except the friends of the speakers who are afraid that they will ask their opinion about them. A speech is the usual signal for tuning to the Ceylon Radio. It is like coming from the sun into the shade. Poor Buddha, he lay neglected for two thousand five hundred years, and then all of a sudden, we heard nothing but Buddha on the radio for days together. Evidently, some one high up decided that Buddha was good propaganda material, a Pan-Asian Cement, and so we were served Buddha for breakfast, lunch, dinner, and for between meals. We were taken to Sanchi, and Saranath, and the commentator asked us to imagine what was taking place, the colourful processions, the streams of visitors, and the excitement, but we heard nothing but a dirge-like chant of "Buddham Saranam Gachami, Sangam Sara'nam Gachami", to the accompaniment of unending ringing of bells. The A.I.R. probably thought that we had television sets.

The revival of the art of dancing is perhaps the greatest single danger that faces this country today. Dancing is essentially a professional art. One can sing for one's own amusement, but whoever heard of any one dancing by one's self? Soberly, I mean. But we have found out that Dance is the most ancient of our great arts. Siva and Parvati danced. The sage Bharata wrote about it. It is the apotheosis of symbolism. It is replete with "Mudras", "Adavus", "Rechakas", and so we train our tiny tots to show how Krishna kissed the Gopi who took him in her arms, thinking that he was only a little fellow. It seems to be the only art in which sufficient perfection is attained by the time a child is about eight years of age to justify a public performance. The dance master is revered as the torch-carrier of this tradition, and by the time she has taught his infant disciple the hop, skip, and jump called the "Tillana", he has launched one more eurythmic athlete.

Here, too, the past sits on our necks, like the old man of the sea. If we know little about music, we know even less about dance. But the 'exponents' and the 'expose' make of the ignorance a vague bliss. It is also capable of unrestricted innovation and improvisation wherein it scores over music. We have the flower dance, the lamp dance, peacock dance, the dance of the fisherfolk, the horse dance, the transplantation dance, the harvest dance, the cobra dance, and of course, the dance of the Gopees. Recently, one was privileged to witness a dance which explained the Darwinian theory, the words of which were "Man is descended from the monkey". The performance did confirm the theory. The next dance, one hopes, will relate to the Second Five-Year Plan.

The foreign visitors, especially the V.I.P's, get the brunt of it. They see the Garbha dance in Bombay. Then they go to Calcutta and see the Manipuri. They go to Delhi and see the Kathak. In the lesser developed States they have to be content with folk dances. In Madras, of course, they are feasted on the Bharata Natya. If they venture as far as Shoranur, on the west coast, they cannot help seeing the Kathakali, the manly art of Malabar. Other dances like the Koochipudi of the Andhras, and the Mela of Tanjore are thrown in, by the way. Except during breakfast, at all other meals, they are shown the dances of India. If they escape to see a temple, they are shown the dancing postures carved in stone there. If they leave the city, they are waylaid enroute, and shown the dances in the schools. If they go shopping, they are shown the dances of India woven into the borders of bedspreads and napkins. One V.I.P. thought that the same artiste was following him all over India. He did not understand the delicate distinctions between the hip swaying slant of the Manipuri, the serpentine gyrations of the Kathak, and the pedal geometry of the Bharat Natya.

We also feel humbled by the esoterics of this great art. When, for instance, the Lord, assuming the fierce form of a man-lion kills the demon Hiranya in Kathakali, for anything from one to two hours, and, to the crashing accompaniment of several drums, pulls out the entrails of the demon (they use chocolate packing for the purpose), we sit and squirm, and feel ashamed that we are unable to enter into the spirit of the raw realism. When the artiste in Bharata Natya stands with her legs 'akimbo' (if one may use the expression in reference to legs), we are afraid to say that it is ugly.

Then there is literature. In the south the sage Tiruvalluvar is the mainstay of the Culture-vendors. He has said many things, like parents love children, wives love husbands, the king loves his subjects, friends love one another, one should be hospitable to guests, smile in the face of adversity, chastity is the richest jewel of a woman, knowledge is the greatest wealth, anger is wrong, the giver is great and the rest small, and other similar things that no one knew till he said them. Kambar is brought in now and then to show that he could beat Valmiki with both hands tied behind his back. In the north they go on for verse recitation. All the poems deal with love. The ingredients are the Gulab (rose), Chandini (moonlight), Dil (the heart), Bulbul (cuckoo). The lover never gets what he wants. He dies.

The ultimate delusion is the Press and radio interview of the foreign visitors. They are asked for their impression of India. They say firstly, that India is the greatest country in Asia; secondly, that it is the bulwark of democracy(!) in the East; thirdly, that the Prime Minister is the greatest man in Asia; and fourthly, that the progress that the country has made since the advent of freedom(!) is remarkable, and has to be seen to be believed. We love to take them at face valu

RAID ON THE INARTICULATE

By MANJERI S. ISVARAN

WORD is sound or combination of sounds born of speech, made visible and portable through calligraphy or print. It is significant that we use the verb *says* (as Hazlitt puts it) when we mean *writes* in that it refers to and supports the oral tradition--songs and stories essentially of the folk type passed on by word of mouth through the generations and which still make up the best of any nation's literature. T. S. Eliot, generally acknowledged as the greatest living poet of the English language, wrote when he was past fifty, of twenty years of his life

"...largely wasted, the years of *l'entre deux guerres*
Trying to learn the use of words, and every attempt
Is a wholly new start, and a different kind of failure
Because one has only learnt to get the better of words
For the thing one no longer has to say, or the way in which
One is no longer disposed to say it. And so each venture
Is a new beginning, a raid on the inarticulate
With shabby equipment always deteriorating
In the general mess of imprecision of feeling,
Undisciplined squads of emotion."

And iterating it, in another prosodial variation, with the same diffidence but with greater intensity:

"Words strain,
Crack and sometimes break, under the burden,
Under the tension, slip, slide, perish,
Decay with imprecision, will not stay in place,
Will not stay still."

To the writer hence a constant raid on the inarticulate to fully articulate his personality, just as to the etcher, the sculptor, the painter, and the musician their different media of metal and stone and paint and melody to articulate theirs. These are creative artists whose fundamental aim is to evoke gratifying aesthetic response by filling their productions with truth and beauty, and any exaggeration even of the truth (like painting the lily or gilding the gold) being instinct with some kind of beauty, maybe bizarre, maybe tantalizing, whether on the surface or in the depths, but the presence of which is its own vindication. "All creative artists," says Maurice Bedel, the illustrious French writer —he was President of the Societe des Gens de Lettres during 1948-49— "all creative artists are *authors* in the wide sense. It is a felicitous word. It derives from the Sanscrit root *ojas*, meaning strength, and it passed through the Latin word *augeri*, to grow, before developing its modern meaning. Strength and growth—how better can we describe the source from which artistic and literary creation springs!"

There is a hymn in the Rigveda in which Vak, the Goddess of Speech proclaims her own supreme puissance thus: "Whomsoever I like, him I make formidable . . . a man of vision, a man of excellent intellect. It is I who blow like wind bringing into being all the worlds and transcending the heaven and the earth: so much am I by my greatness." A great many of us pride ourselves on being normal and sensible; but the chosen of the Goddess, the *elite*, must tower over the rest of us as geniuses; and geniuses—the gifted, to use an expression of restraint and not to overwork that much abused term—are very few and rarely normal. A cut above the normal are the talented—mere talent as it is named when compared to genius. And genius apart, it is well to call authorship a trade, writing a job.

"I don't want to be a lawyer and live upon men's quarrels. I don't want to be a doctor and live upon men's diseases. I don't want to be a priest and live upon men's sins." So declared Nathaniel Hawthorne, as a young man, and when his father asked him what in the name of heaven (or hell?) did he want to be to earn his living, he answered promptly: "A writer." And he became a famous one. Of a later generation, Ezra Pound, the poet and critic, bursts out:

"...this damned profession of writing
where one needs one's brains all the time."

And every writer has been invariably asked this question by one or another whom he meets: "How on earth do you do it?" It is just like asking the physician how he makes out his prescription; the surgeon how he cuts open a cyst or performs a Caesarean section; the advocate the way he draws up his brief; the engineer and the architect about their blueprints for building bridges and palaces; the accountant his posting of figures in the columns of the ledger; and so on—of the farmer, the filmstar, the dancer, the cook, the cricketer, the cobbler, the carpenter, the bricklayer. Some writers, one may hazard to say, can cook (for from the primitive stage of hunting for food man has evolved into cooking it); but few writers can cobble or plane or lay bricks— it was said of the great Tolstoy that he made his own boots but they couldn't have been as fine as his books—and few cobblers or carpenters or bricklayers can write. (A relevant mention may be made here that among the many working-class writers the world over today, the English names of reputation are George Garrett, B.L. Coombes, and Willy Goldman to whose group should be added Leslie Halward who specialises in the art-form of the short story and has been in his time "a die-sinker, plasterer and toolmaker.") So each to his job, each to his craft: the cobbler to his awl and sticking to his last; the writer to his pen: to the production of essay, poem, play, novel, short story.

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 activity of other reputed writers. Dostoievsky, Andre Gide, Jules Renard, Franz Kafka, Julian Green, Henry James, Arnold Bennett, Somerset Maugham, and Virginia Woolf are among the great creative artists who kept *Journals* and *Diaries*—wonderful records of material gathered or "dreamed-up," and manner employed. E. M. Forster whose *A Passage to India* is a classic in English fiction, has written as authoritatively and engagingly as Henry James on the art and craft of the novel; also the critic Percy Lubbock. Elizabeth Bowen, Phyllis Bentley, Graham Greene, John Hampson, and Walter Allen have spoken from their own angles on the writer's profession. In his book, *A Writer's Notes on His Trade*, C. E. Montague who was on the staff of *The Manchester Guardian* for thirty-five years and achieved fame as a journalist, novelist, literary and dramatic critic, has examined the mechanics of good writing and the discipline the writer has to acquire to reach the "level of impassioned constructiveness" which can only be through "an ascending scale of interaction between the technical exercise of his craft—the act of word-assorting...and the imaginative effort of penetrating to the essence, the inmost and uttermost significance of the 'sebject' before him." Virginia Woolf, in her delightful essay, *The Patron and the Crocus*, says that for every writer there is a patron "who is not merely the paymaster, but also in a very subtle and insidious way the instigator and the inspirer of what is written." The choice of the patron is what matters most, but this is just the thing that is kept out of the advice given to those young men and women who set out to earn their living by the pen. Who, then, is he, she asks, this "desirable" person—"who will cajole the best out of the writer's brain and bring to birth the most varied and vigorous progeny of which he is capable?" Every age, according to its temperament, has answered this question and enjoyed its fare, but in modern times, Virginia Woolf observes, "the supply of patrons is of unexampled and bewildering variety," which she draws up gaily:

"There is the daily Press, the weekly Press, the monthly Press; the English public and the American public; the best-seller public and the worst-seller public; the highbrow public and the red-blood public; all now organized self-conscious entities capable through their various mouthpieces of making their needs known and their approval or displeasure felt."

What a wide audience for the youthful beginner but how trying his situation! Before learning to write he has to choose his public rightly! Who is to give him sound, practical advice?

Rear-Admiral Ram Das Katari

HISTORY shows the Andhra kingdom of yore (Satavahana) as the only maritime power in ancient India. In the early Christian era the Andhra monarchs possessed an excellent navy, though essentially for commercial purposes. Andhra ports had a flourishing trade with the Persian Gulf and West and South-east Asia. It is perhaps a tribute to the long-forgotten maritime tradition of Andhra that a son of Andhra, Rear-Admiral Ram Das Katari, now holds the highest position open to an Indian in our Navy.

Forty-five-year old Ram Dass is the scion of a progressive Naidu family of Hyderabad. His father, the late Mr. S. V. Naidu, was a civil engineer. Ram Das was educated in Mehboob College, Secunderabad and Nizam College, Hyderabad.

When the "Dufferin" was established in 1927, Katari found himself a cadet. He has the unique triple distinction of being the first cadet of the training ship "Dufferin", the first winner of the Viceroy's gold medal and the first member to represent ex-cadets on the governing body of the "Dufferin". Now, he has the great distinction of being the first Indian Rear-Admiral and Flag-Officer of the Indian Navy.

After completion of training in the "Dufferin", Katari took part in the survey of the river Hooghly for a few years. Later, during the world war he saw active service in the Atlantic and Indian oceans, and held a variety of posts, afloat and ashore. After the war when I.N.S. "Delhi" was acquired for our Navy in July 1948, he became the commander. Later, he took over as the chief of personnel at the naval headquarters in which administrative post he acquitted himself with great integrity and diligence. For about a year from December 1951, he was captain of the I. N. destroyer squadron and Commanding Officer of I.N. "Rajput". During this period Katari visited the United Kingdom to complete a course of training at the Imperial Defence College. Subsequently he took over as the Deputy Chief of Naval Staff with the rank of Commodore. He also officiated for sometime as the Commander-in-Chief of the Navy with the rank of Rear-Admiral. After a further period of specialised and advanced study of modern naval warfare in the United Kingdom and other continental countries, Rear-Admiral Ram Das Katari returned home last month and on Gandhi Jayanti Day (2-10-1956) replaced Rear-Admiral Sir John Tyrwhitt as Flag-Officer (Flotilla) of the Indian Fleet. Rear-Admiral Katari's next assignment will be Chief-of-Staff, Indian Navy, which will mark the complete Indianisation of the Naval wing of our defence forces.

At home Ram Das Katari is an engaging conversationalist, a kind friend and an almost doting father. He starts the day with the newspaper. And the last item in the day's busy programme is tuning in the radio for music. It seems that he was often unsuccessful in getting Telugu music. This probably is because broadcasting programmes from Vijayawada Station cannot be heard beyond forty miles.

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CRICKET affords immense possibilities for the play of character and individuality, and its charm lies in the unpredictable time and hour when such character will burst forth to shed its lustre. It was given to Madras to enjoy such an hour when Neil Harvey, the Australian, occupied the crease between lunch and tea last Saturday.

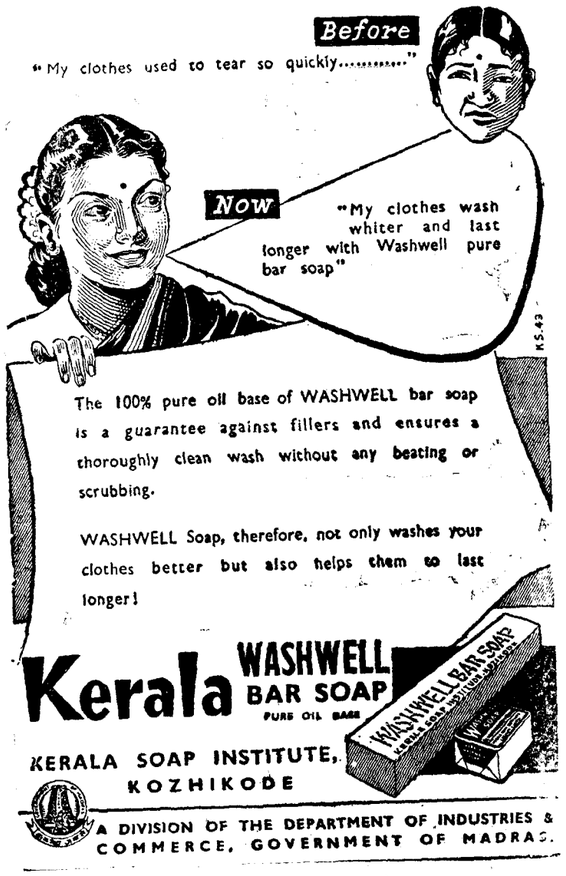
When Harvey walked in to bat, the game was being buried many fathoms deep by inactivity. India won the toss, and on a batsman's paradise—which, perhaps, sent Lindwall into the pavilion with "sickness" after the first few overs—Mankad and Roy drove the vast, eager crowd into slumber by the most inane batsmanship. Indeed, there was a sigh of relief even from the most patriotic Indian when they got out. Umrigar and Manjrekar batted only slightly better, and India ended the day ingloriously for just 100 and odd runs. After spasmodic efforts at run-getting the next morning, the side crumpled up for a paltry 161 runs. Only the brilliant fielding of the Australians kept the game alive when the visitors began their innings.

Umrigar brought on Gupte and Gulam Ahmed with the shine still on, after a mockery of pace bowling, and it seemed the game would drag on its slumberous course. Just then Burke succumbed to the lure of the cut, and Harvey came in to a great ovation. But the noise subsided to tenseness as Harvey faced the first few balls—the batsman had been having such a poor run in the past months that it was feared even an innocent delivery might send him, and the match, to doom. But Harvey found the touch soon and struck joy into the hearts of the vast concourse. A small, compact figure, appearing smaller in the vast setting, he set the field aglow by classic strokes to its many corners. He lay back and cut, and the ball flashed to the boundary. When the delivery was pitched up he danced down the wicket and cracked it through the covers; then he went back and drove the ball off the back foot, through the covers again, with delectable ease. Once, he moved down to Mankad, took the ball low and full and sent it crashing over the heads of the fieldsmen to the on-side boundary. It was a most vicious stroke, all its power derived from perfect timing; and, it revealed the immense possibilities of Harvey's batting when he is in form. In a few moments the fire of the Australian's batting consumed the spin of the famous Mankad and Gupte and only Ghulam Ahmed was able to match the batsman's genius with his own.

Then, as suddenly as it was born, the hour set. Immediately, after 'drinks', Harvey swung at a long hop from Mankad, missed and was mortified to find the stumps laid low. The crowd writhed in agony, then recovered to cheer the retreating figure. Harvey waved his bat in acknowledgment but those near him could read the pain of disappointment in his face.

Harvey's was a gem of an innings made more resplendent by the mediocre cricket that followed his exit.

P. N. S.



Precis-Writing and Drafting in Government Offices by V. K. Subramanyam, M.A., formerly Principal, I.A. & A.S. Training School, Government of India.

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G. B. S. AND HIS CIRCLE

BOOK REVIEW

IT is perhaps a sweet revenge that Father Time takes on the fortunes of man that the fame of great men should suffer an eclipse, temporary though, soon after their death. Otherwise, one could not easily explain why the birth centenary of the Irish genius, who had by turns shocked, amused, enlightened and delighted the world with his home-truths, quips and quaintnesses, witty epigrams and wise paradoxes, should receive no greater attention than one or two articles in the Sunday Press. As if to make up for the omissions of others, an old friend, compatriot and brother craftsman—in drama and dramatic criticism—has come out with a sumptuous volume that seeks to do justice to the manysided personality that was Bernard Shaw.

Books without number had been written, in their time, on different aspects of the life and work of this myriad-minded giant. Some tried to prove that his work would be as lasting as that of Shakespeare. Some saw him as a revolutionary thinker if not a prophet, while others chose to dismiss him as a mere charlatan or even a Tory in disguise. The idol of the admirers and the favourite target of the traducers was when he lived all the while enjoying the fun from behind a mask. St. John Ervine has now presented before us the man behind the mask. The author follows the subject through all the vicissitudes of fortune, having an eye on the background of ancestry and the circumstances of the age. The influence of parentage could well be seen in G.B.S., the teacher in cap and bells, whose mother was never known to have made a joke and whose father could never resist one. The superficial disparity between the precept and example of a Socialist millionaire becomes more understandable when it is remembered that the sire, who was seldom found sober, was an honest prohibitionist in theory. G.B.S. himself was partly at least responsible for many of the myths that gathered round him. Shaw, for instance, wrote that he did not enter the struggle of life but like an 'uneconomic' artist without common scruples threw his mother into it instead. The fact of the matter, as carefully told by the author, was that the early years of his literary career were a period of intense preparation and he was not to blame for his poor earnings as he had made the most strenuous effort to make both ends meet, while all the time improving his mind as often as he could in the British Museum Library. He found little warmth in his mother or sister and in spite of this want of family affection he strained every nerve to keep his mother in comfort in old age, in spite of his limited means.

The anti-romantic and unconventional views of Shaw on marriage, family and children are quite familiar to his readers and he was fond of ragging his wife, saying that he did not marry her for love but for money. True, he had a horror of poverty and put a high premium on security. But we have it from the author that he only attracted money but did not seek it. On the other hand, he had slowly to be talked and nursed—for he suffered an injured foot for 18 months at the time—into marriage with the green-eyed Irish millionairess, for he was afraid of being dubbed a fortune-hunter, which he never was as all his acts of generosity and bequests go to show. Theirs was not a hard-headed business deal or a loveless marriage of convenience, but a marriage of affection, as tender and emotional as any could be. We hear, for the first time possibly, that though it was a union of the hearts, it had never been consummated physically because Charlotte was against it and G.B.S. was too kind and sympathetic to do anything against her will. Nonetheless, they enjoyed each other's company as any pair of ardent lovers in the first flush of their passion.

Not that Shaw was always a believer in the idea of platonic marriage. The author of the '*Philanderer*' had his full share of philanderings and flirtations, not to speak of more innocent affairs. The first experience in this line was with the beautiful dark-eyed volcano Jenny Patterson. May Morris, the handsome daughter of the poet, had a genuine love for him though she had ultimately to marry another. The episodes involving Florence Farr and Grace Gilchrist were more of a casual sort, though all of them were too mature for calf love. The most dynamic among the women he came into contact with was Annie Besant. He was a regular contributor to her monthly '*Our Corner*' and she treated him with more than ordinary kindness. When she was on the point of proposing a "free marriage" his courage failed him and he showed a clean pair of unromantic heels. After the marriage in his 42nd year to the fellow Fabian Charlottee, who was only a few months junior, he put an end to all promiscuous fooling, though she was not too jealous in such matters. With Ellen Terry, the romance was obviously all too epistolary. No saint was he nor an incurable gallant, but very much a man, says Ervine.

An interesting parallel with the strange union of the Shaws is provided by his life-long friends and co-workers, the Webbs, in whose case it was an excellent marriage of minds. Like two characters in H. G. Wells's *New Machiavelli*, they had met, so to say, in the pages of the *Contemporary Review*, with a statistical treatise on the poor laws as about the only love letter. The honeymoon was spent in the delectable occupation of making a laborious fact-finding enquiry into the workhouses of the British Isles. The childless partnership produced more enduring fruit in the shape of the Labour movement which took root from the seeds they laid.

Of such and many other friends of Shaw in his inner circle we get vivid glimpses in the 600 odd pages of this lively narrative. The illustrations include a beautiful portrait of Mrs. Shaw and a fine characteristic close-up of G.B.S. in his fifties.

D. ANJANEYULU

Bernard Shaw—His Life, Work and Friends: by St. John Ervine, Constable & Co., Ltd., 10, Orange St., London, W. C. 50 shillings.

MISCELLANY

By N. S. R.

I HAVE before me as I write a photograph of the cricket ground at Melbourne taken during a recent Test match between England and Australia. It is an impressive picture, conveying the authentic thrill which makes itself felt at the commencement of a Test match. The stands are filled to suffocation. Everything gleams white in the sunshine. As the players enter the vast field the wicket, looking deserted and forlorn, appears very far away indeed.

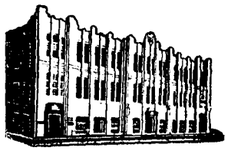
The Test between India and Australia which was played this week at the Stadium could lack nothing by way of attraction. It was a historic incident in the development of Indian cricket, the first official Test with Australia on Indian soil, the presence of some of the world's greatest players, and unprecedented public enthusiasm. Yet, such is the perversity of human nature that as I write when play has been in progress for two days my thoughts turn less to any deeds wrought on the field (from this the innings of Harvey must be excepted) than to the spectators who thronged the Stadium in varying stages of discomfort.

A cricket crowd makes an interesting study. A Test match attracts persons of differing temperaments and, it is to be feared, even intellectual development. Tests in Madras have suffered of late by having become the victims of fashion. It is now the mode to attend them whether or no one understands the first principles of the game. As is to be expected, these persons speedily become a grave affliction. It is an interesting question in psychology why it is that those whose knowledge of cricket should be rudimentary, if not non-existent, should yet be the most vociferous and obstreperous of critics from the stands. They vehemently exhort the batsman to "hit out" when his side's needs require watchful defence; they applaud a stroke which, though intended as a cover-drive, ends as a leg-glance merely because fortuitously it reaches the boundary; they are in transports of joy when an Indian fieldsman catches a "bump" ball. It is not merely to the purist that these inanities are painful; they cannot also fail to offend the spectator who, though endowed with no great knowledge of the game, yet possesses the saving grace of commonsense and modesty. All this does not mean that a Test should be reduced to an arcana, its mysteries revealed only to the *cognoscenti*. But there is a clear case for holding that some acquaintance with the rules of cricket increases one's appreciation of a Test match and that those not so endowed should be content with watching and learning before erecting themselves into Rhadamanthine critics.

It is understood that an eminent Australian journalist who accompanied the team was much attracted by the sounds emitted from the stands while play was in progress. He did well in taking note of this phenomenon, for it does not appear that it is to be encountered in other lands. It is not exactly the music of the spheres that is produced, but there can be no doubt about their variety and absolutely none at all about their volume. Some spectators content themselves with such puerile objects as motor-horns. The more knowledgeable are armed with much more mellifluous instruments, and sometimes it looks as if an entire orchestra had assembled at the ground. As the cymbals clash at the far end of the ground and as what appears to be a violin discourses sweet music nearby, the aridities of modern Test matches are forgotten.

No survey of a Test match crowd can be complete without a mention of the physical combats which at intervals break out among some of the more disaffected spectators. The irruption of these combats is abrupt. One moment, as one surveys the scene, there is placidity all around the ground; the next two figures are found locked in a mortal fight while their neighbours scream encouragement or discouragement as fancy dictates. Then equally suddenly the quarrel subsides and the stands are placid again only for another incident to take place in a far distant corner. Apparently watching Test matches produces harmful effects on one's temper much more than even the austerities of Test cricket can warrant.

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There was, however, one section of the stands where life was never dull or without incident. It was occupied mainly by students and here the national problem of "student indiscipline" could be studied comprehensively by those whose duties do not bring them into contact with colleges and schools. High spirits are acknowledged to be the privilege of youth and the virile manhood here did not fail to take advantage of this opportunity. They were so busily engaged in this task that one wondered whether they had any eyes for the game at all.

In the first place they had a rooted objection to the fact that the occupants of the next stand had not paid any fee of admission. This knowledge so wrought upon their nerves that they were obliged to relieve their feelings by vehement and stentorian reminders of the fact to their neighbours at frequent intervals.

Next they attempted to attract the attention of the Australian player who happened to be fielding on the boundary near their stand. They were not successful with Crawford and only slightly so with McDonald. But Maddocks proved amenable and he was rewarded with superfluous quantities of chewing gum and other edibles now considered necessary by many Test players. Whenever any cricketer was complaisant enough to receive the gift, their joy knew no bounds and there were transports of ecstasy in the stands. The happiness of giving is an unconfined one.

The aim of cricket is to provide pleasure to the players and then to the spectators. There is no evidence in many modern Test matches that the players derive this sensation, but they find ample recompense. The spectators, once they are denied any happiness by deeds on the field, have necessarily to forge their own instruments of joy. It is regrettable, but perhaps inevitable, that the chief of these should be shouting. A more thoughtful section seeks to gain the same end through dress; some of them apparently regard a Test match as an occasion for a fashion parade. But for the most part the principal means of obtaining joy is loudness of voice. No one is entitled to watch a Test match if he has weak lungs.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

STUDENT INDISCIPLINE

Sir,—As a college lecturer and one connected directly with the problem of student indiscipline, I read with great interest Sri S. Narayanaswamy's article in SWARAJYA of October, 20.

Political and doctrinal influence and the poor status of teachers, no doubt, lead to indiscipline. But more than all these, the tragic situation in which the student finds himself is more responsible for the menace.

The student population falls roughly under three groups. The obedient and studious, with no interest in any extra-curricular activities, those who want to make education the means to a secure career, constitute the first. The bulk of the students come under the second group which is made up of desperate elements weighed down by an overwhelming feeling of uncertainty at the prospect of unemployment or the lifelong damnation of the clerical desk. Many of them are frustrated at the unrestrained 'sabotage of talent' by the academic aristocracy at various levels of university education, and they do not acquire interest in cultural pursuits. Due to overcrowding in colleges they cannot develop any personal contact with the teachers. So the dominant sub-conscious feeling among them is that education is a crowded and costlier roadway to unemployment. The problem of individual indiscipline is greatest in this group.

The politically conscious minority stands outside these two groups—and problems of group indiscipline arise here. Wherever there is democratic functioning of college unions or scope for extra-curricular activities, they find outlets for their enthusiasm and emotion. But wherever academic freedom is under fire or any activities are met by suppression of student rights and union rights, this group becomes powerful and leads to bigger problems.

It is a common experience that individual indiscipline is at its worst in institutions where the last planks of academic freedom have been thrown overboard and students are brought up in an atmosphere of inquisition, insulated from all political influence. All this only tends to arrest the many-sided development of the student, effaces his personality and stunts his growth.

Discipline in girls' colleges is lower than in mixed colleges and that only emphasises the need for co-education in all sectors of university education.

So any solution to this menace should have its beginning at another end too—with an overhauling of the educational set-up itself.

Madras. LEELA M. RAM

PROGRESSIVE WRITING

Sir,—We all wish that progressive writing will cherish the high ideals enunciated by Sri Reddy. Really if 'progressive writing' does not tie itself down 'to any one uniform political principle and economic doctrine', if it tries to 'hold the mirror to the external as well as the internal worlds of man', if its themes are not born out of regimented thought and if it strives for 'the refinement of man and the enrichment of his spirit' we have certainly nothing against it. In fact it is the bounden duty of all writers (in the true sense of the word) to uphold these ideals. Such writing no longer continues to be merely 'progressive', it becomes 'quality' writing too.

The trouble however arises, only when the actions fall short of ideals. It has been the eternal struggle of man to bridge this gulf between theory and practice and it is in these attempts that he happens to be a victim of pitfalls.

Gooty P. SEETHARAMIAH

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A CHESTERTON STORY

Sir,—"N.S.R." in your issue of 6th October tells the story of G.K. Chesterton, who, on being tackled on a certain point during a lecture in a Cambridge College, shouted, "Oh, go and read some history" and received the reply, "I HAVE read some history. I am the Regius Professor of Modern History in this University". The story (slightly different from "N.S.R's" version) appeared in a letter to the Editor of "The Listener" written by A.L. Savage and published on 5th July, 1956. In the issue of 26th July, Mgr. Knox questioned the authenticity of the story, remarking, "anybody who ever had an hour's conversation with Chesterton, will agree that the story, as it stands, is a very improbable one".

On 2nd August, Mr. Savage replied that he had been quoting from an article written some thirty years previously, and withdrew his letter as it had caused offence. In the same issue, Mr. Harold Binns, quoting from Dr. Coulton's essay on Roman Catholic journalists, wrote that the incident took place at the Cambridge Guildhall between Dr. Coulton and Chesterton.

Finally, in "The Listener" of 16th August, Mgr. Knox, quoting Mr. Vernon Watkins who had been present on the occasion wrote thus: "According to the source followed by Mr. Savage, the unknown heckler "began by taking Chesterton's points and demolishing them one by one. Chesterton rudely interrupted him and shouted, 'Oh, go and read some history'." According to Mr. Watkins, "Chesterton was finally challenged on a certain point by Dr. Coulton. Coulton was not satisfied with Chesterton's reply and put a further question. It was then that Chesterton answered with complete courtesy but perhaps rather inappropriately, 'Well, you simply must read your history' ".

(REV.) F. MAGEE

(Continued from page 2)

thinking to believe that it is already as good as it need be.

Let there be insistence, but let us not add pain to the undoubted disadvantages that non-Hindi areas must suffer.

The Republic rests on consent and therefore on justice and love—not on sanctions based on authoritarianism or force. It would be too easy but not wise to depend on pains and penalties to achieve good ends. The slower is the surer and the better way.

World Bank Activities

DURING the first quarter of the new financial year 1956-57, the World Bank's new affiliate, the International Finance Corporation, established to invest solely in private enterprises, began its operations by calling up the $79 million of capital subscribed by the 34 countries that have so far joined the Corporation. The Bank's own membership rose to 60 countries with the admission of Argentina and Viet Nam.

Three Bank loans made during the period amounted to $34 million. Two loans in Austria totalled the equivalent of $31 million and will help to finance three power projects, now under construction, which will add 357,000 kilowatts of generating capacity to Austria's power system. They are part of a large expansion program being carried out to meet the growing demands of industry.

A loan of $3 million was made to help the Central Bank of Costa Rica to finance imports capital goods for the development of agriculture and light industry. Most of the Bank-financed imports will be for agriculture, Costa Rica's most important economic activity.

In September the Bank arranged to sell a $75 million issue of United States dollar two-year bonds entirely outside the United States. The issue was privately placed with investors in 22 countries. The bonds were sold at par and interest is 3-1/2% a year. It is estimated that when distribution of the new issue has been completed, holdings of dollar and non-dollar bonds outside the United State will amount to the equivalent of about $405 million, or nearly half the $850 million total of bonds outstanding.

In September also the Bank and the Swiss Confederation entered into an agreement, subject to ratification by the Swiss Parliament, whereby the Swiss Government will lend Sw.Fr. 200 million (about $47 million) to the Bank—the proceeds to be made available in convertible Swiss francs on January 1, 1957. Interest on the loan will be 3-3/8% per annum; the principal will be repayable in six equal annual installments falling due on January 1 of each of the years 1960 through 1965.

The Board of Governors held its 11th Annual Meeting in Washington, D.C. in September. At this meeting the Governors elected Executive Directors for the next two years. Because of the increase in the number of votes resulting from the admission of new members, the number of elected Directors was increased from 11 to 13. The Directors elected this year to represent 55 member countries come from Australia, Belgium, Canada, Colombia, Cuba, Germany, Indonesia, Japan, Netherlands, Norway, Pakistan and Paraguay. Directors for the United States, United Kingdom, China, France and India are appointed by their governments.

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DOUBLE TALK AT U.N.

THE United Nations General Assembly called upon Russia last Friday to withdraw her troops from Hungary, so that free elections could be held there under U.N. auspices. Italy sponsored the resolution, which was passed by 48 votes to 11, with 16 abstentions. India combined with the Communist countries to oppose the resolution. The Indian delegate, Sri Krishna Menon, is reported to have made a "spirited defence" of India's stand. All the spirit that he could put into the defence was sorely needed, because there was nothing else to show in its favour. His argument ran along these lines: "India cannot subscribe to any phraseology or proposals which disregard the sovereign States represented in the United Nations. We cannot subscribe to the idea that any sovereign State can agree to elections under the United Nations." Can we subscribe to the idea that a sovereign State should have foreign troops stationed within its territory? This is precisely what we have done by opposing a resolution having for its immediate object the withdrawal of Russian troops from Hungary.

India's stand not unnaturally drew a taunt from the Netherlands delegate. He paid an ironic tribute to those countries of the Afro-Asian neutralist bloc that had revealed the courage of their convictions by condemning the Russian aggression. Sri Krishna Menon responded to this with an indignant rejoinder. "If we are to be called a neutralist bloc", he retorted, "then we shall call the other blocs militarists." The alternative to neutralism being militarism, at least in the conception of our delegate, why should he have flared up so wrathfully at India's exclusion from the world's militarist blocs? Our Prime Minister has, ever since he assumed that office, been endeavouring to give a new connotation to the word "neutralism" by lifting it out of its conventional context of passivity into an exalted pitch of purposeful dynamism. India under Pandit Nehru has contributed the concept of *dynamic neutrality* as a solvent to the tensions of the international situation. Is our loyalty to the concept so thin that it cannot stand the strain of a little jeering and breaks down under it, and our delegate receives as if it were an insult a characterisation around which a sentiment of national pride has till now been sought to be roused and spread by the Prime Minister with almost righteous excitement.

This past fortnight, culminating in this U.N. Assembly session, has been unfortunate for India. At the very moment of threat of aggression against Egypt by the British Government, we should have gone out of the Commonwealth. It would have meant the complete severance of Asia from Britain, and it might have halted the British attack on Egypt. The whole world would then have hailed India as the saviour of peace in the Middle East. We lost valuable time in less effective forms of protestation while the bombs rained on Egypt. If a weaker power had committed the aggression proved against Britain,—indeed *claimed* by the British Government as their exploit, in their own broadcasts of killing and destruction—it would have been *named* as an aggressor and expelled from the U.N. The continuing survival of Britain and France as members of the Security Council illustrates the dual standard obtaining in the United Nations to mark off treatment of the more powerful members from that of the less. Despite moderation of drasticity in the application of the penal provisions of the U.N. Charter, it is at least gratifying to reflect that the whole of the civilised world (barring a few ultra-loyal racial devotees) has with one voice denounced the Anglo-French aggression. This must however be reckoned slight compared with the size and magnitude and the cruel horror of Russia's murderous onslaught in Hungary. It has been given to India, while condemning the lesser crime, to cast the veil of prevarication over the greater. By the stand that India's delegate took at the U.N. over Hungary's ordeal, we stand convicted of double talk at the bar of world opinion. We have become slaves of "phraseology" and treacherous to the great concepts of peace, freedom and human dignity which our Prime Minister has hitherto upheld in ringing tones in national and international forums.

Ably assisted by Sri Krishna Menon, the Prime Minister of India has achieved outstanding distinction as the world's number one statesman in the courageous espousal of the freedom of nations. But now the impression is created that he has shrunk from rallying to the succour of Hungary out of dread of Russian displeasure. We have lagged behind while others have forged ahead in defence of Hungary's brutally victimised people. In this way the consolidated credit of years of laborious striving for human advancement has been dissipated by a moment's folly.

Choice of Legislators

PLACING before the All India Congress Committee the recommedations of its sub-committee for dealing with organisational problems, Sri U. N. Dhebar, the Congress President, said that "stress had been laid on a candidate (for election to the legislature) having a secular outlook." What is the meaning of having a secular outlook? Apparently for the sake of ensuring a secular outlook, religious-minded persons with a pious disposition would be excluded. Just the sort of persons the Congress will have to go in search of, if its disintegrating morale is to be saved by the infusion of regenerating spiritual impetus, it would bar from its service under the absurd policy announced by Sri Dhebar. The conception of a secular State is at least understandable, whatever might be the wisdom of it, for keeping the administration aloof from religious entanglements in a country of multifarious religious diversities. But this steam-rollering of the individual personality is as bad as brain-washing Communist regimentation. Religious faith is the greatest motive force in the world for the achievement of private rectitude as for the rendering of national and humanitarian service. The folly of foregoing deliberately and as a matter of set policy, such a valuable incentive for high standards and public welfare is not only incomprehensible, it reflects the decadence of the Congress as nothing else does.

It has also been announced that 15 per cent of the seats to be contested by the Congress in the coming elections will be reserved for women. There are too few women in our legislatures, and the idea of having more women legislators is commendable. But predetermined quotas on the basis of sex are no less dangerous than on the basis of community. As sex by itself is no qualification for legislative responsibility, it has to be expected, when there is a shortage in the supply of duly qualified women candidates, undesirables will get in. When the ill-equipped fill the legislatures, it is axiomatic that corruption cannot be prevented. It is notorious that in all cases of the sale of votes in leadership elections and in elections to the Rajya Sabha and the like, the worst offenders are the representatives of communal interests for reserved seats, of obviously defective attainments. They often exploited their positions to strike good bargains when the going was good. In parliamentary democracy with sovereign legislatures, all national benefit revolves round the character of the legislators. It is a pity the Congress leaders in charge of the elections have not taken care to ensure the choice of candidates of demonstrable worth to fight the elections. They have, as a rule, acted most unpatriotically by preferring men of inferior calibre but dependable servility to their superior competitors with better qualifications and independent minds. The rot that has set in into the legislatures has, with its infectious poison, spread over the whole of the administration, sabotaging the efficiency of every branch of its activity. Even at the present moment, a few Madras Ministers have planned to take into their own hands the whole responsibility for choice of Congress candidates in the State. Need it be doubted that their all-absorbing endeavour will be to so make the choice as to preserve their own positions unaffected, if not indeed to improve upon them? If public interest does not go to the dogs in this arrangement, it can only be through a fluke too good to be counted upon.

The Future of Socialism

ADDRESSING the Election Manifesto Sub-Committee of the A.-I.C.C., Pandit Nehru said the other day that it was good that the Congress had set before itself the objective of a Socialist pattern of society, but it should be remembered that there could be many patterns of Socialism. What he said *should be* remembered, seems to be what is most generally forgotten, in Congress formulations of Socialist policy. The nationalisation of industries and other profit-yielding commercial enterprises has come to be the most important part of the pursuit of Socialism under Congress auspices. As a result of this, in the implementation of Socialism, we are beginning where others more experienced in its practice, have elected to leave off. In pre-war Britain the fascination of nationalisation arose from the assumption of Socialists that power resided in titular ownership and that a change in ownership from private to public was an essential condition of control by the State. Such an assumption no longer holds good. The evolution of the concept of the Welfare State in the post-war world has invested Governments with a wide variety of powers. They can now, by virtue of these powers, control private industry, leaving it private, as effectively as if it owned them. Experience has also brought to light that State control over the public sector has not fulfilled the expectations built on it. Britain's nationalised boards for the management of industry vie with each other in their lack of public accountability. But the worst evil of nationalisation has been felt to be the fillip it gave to slackness and inefficiency by the elimination of the stimulant of competition. Large-scale planning under the impetus of nationalisation, from which great economic advancement was expected, turned out to be disappointing in its results. It encouraged mass formations of labour who proceeded to exploit their increased power by producing as little as possible for as much as could be extracted.

(Continued on Page 13)



Sotto Voce

Alas for Indian Charity!

AS a child I liked Hungary because it was coloured green on the map, not the regulation pink of "British" India. Later when I came under the spell of George Borrow and "There is wind on the heath, brother" I looked upon Hungary rather romantically as Asia in Europe and the home of the gypsy. More recently, when Yehudi Menuhin played, the piece that Bela Bartok had specially composed for him and, even more, the haunting Hungarian waltzes clean bowled me over. Apart from such scraps of history as I have been able to pick up, that is the sum total of the emotional impact that Hungary made on me before the recent tragic happenings.

* * *

But I must not forget the "brain-washing" of Cardinal Mindszenty, the first and most spectacular example of taking the stain out of a black dog's coat by the plentiful use of Revolutionary soap. That is, in fact, *the* invention of the twentieth century, bigger far than fusion and fission put together. When a few days ago I read that Cardinal Mindszenty had come out of his no doubt "voluntary" retirement into some verminous cell and was free once to look at the blue sky, I felt that the world was worth living in. You will no doubt think that that argues a state of emotional imbalance in me. Anyway the odds are that Cardinal Mindszenty has again been despatched to the security of his cell.

* * *

If he has, India with its sneaking feeling for democracy might feel sorry. But her responsible statesmen cannot naturally afford to indulge in sentiment. Mr. Nehru has said that he had been deeply grieved at the happenings in Hungary, "the killing and all that", as he put it with delicate allusiveness. But recollecting that he had always disliked the Big Powers' bad habit of going in for so-called "defensive pacts", which meant keeping foreign troops in small helpless countries, he grew philosophical. Russia in using such troops in Hungary was, you must understand, merely obeying the promptings of original sin.

* * *

No doubt the Prime Minister will go on patiently trying to convert the carnivores to non-violence. But he has the practical-minded Mr. Krishna Menon at his elbow to remind him that carnivores too have their rights, especially in their native jungle which is known today as international law. Krishna Menon's aristocratic mind revolted at the U.N. proposal that elections should be held in Hungary under international auspices. "That would be stark violation of the rights of sovereign States to which India could never be a party", he bristled up. And he had the distinction of leading democratic India up the garden to vote with the Communist countries, thus conspicuously distinguishing herself among her Asiatic congeners.

* * *

If the U.N. is to keep off the grass, how is the world conscience, whose dawn Mr. Nehru welcomed with the rapture of the Magi greeting the Star in the East, to satisfy itself that the sovereign State of Hungary is really ruled by the sovereign people and not by stooges of a foreign power supported by foreign guns? Mr. Krishna Menon has all along robustly maintained that the trouble in Hungary was a mere "civil conflict." But when, after a period of contemplative silence, Mr. Nehru spoke at the UNESCO meeting he was not inclined to be so complacent. He went so far as to couple Russian aggression in Hungary with the Anglo-French aggression in Egypt.

* * *

Since then he has been executing a series of tactical retreats. He has had the benefit of "fairly long reports" from Mr. Bulganin. Mr. Krishna Menon has also doubtless come to his aid with his flair for perspectives. When the Nagy Government which replaced the old satellite regime asked Russia to withdraw her troops, Russia, said Mr. Nehru, had agreed and had in fact cleared out of Budapest. But then chaos was let loose, Nagy was powerless to ride the whirlwind, thousands of Russian technicians and others were massacred. To stop this Russia had to come back.

* * *

It is an attractively simple thesis. But it leaves out one important fact. Bulganin has told the world that Russia had to come back to save Eastern Europe from counter-revolution. If the people of Hungary under Nagy did want "counter-revolution," that is, the overthrow of Communism and not merely a mild tinkering with it as in Poland, would Russia be justified in putting them down brutally? Mr. Nehru spoke mysteriously of the unwisdom of imposing democracy. At the same time he welcomed what he called the liberalising tendency in Soviet Russia and in "democratic liberalisation" in Poland. Are we to suppose that Hungary's fault was, not that she also felt the liberalising urge, but that she failed? For one cannot bring oneself to believe that Mr. Nehru thinks that only so much of democracy would be good as Soviet Russia might approve.

VIGHNESWARA.

SIDELIGHTS : :

ADLAI STEVENSON would have defeated any other rival for the U.S. Presidency except Eisenhower. He is intellectually more brilliant. I had occasion once to listen to an electrical record of a speech of his. He struck me then as one of the world's foremost speakers, with a gift of developing a terrific tempo as he got warm in his argument. But of what avail is eloquence when pitched against one like Eisenhower whose effects are produced, before ever he speaks, by just being what he is, or rather, by the popular conception of what he is supposed to be, an unspoilt leader of engaging charm, simplicity, informality and invincible and unselfish rectitude. While his experiences have been wide and varied and hammered into him a mature wisdom, his manner has remained fresh and unsophisticated, with the unself-conscious spontaneity of a young boy. There are no "sides" to him, no pose The inner being and the exterio expression synchronise with eas and no part of him presents a win dow-dressed effect. This is the secret of his unparalleled popularity.

* * *

In the summer of last year I had the good fortune to be present at one of President Eisenhower's Press conferences in Washington. The President meets the representatives of the Press at 10 in the morning every Wednesday whenever he is in the Capital, unless prevented by illness or more urgent State business. These weekly Press conferences are held in the Executive Building next to the White House. They are attended by some 200 reporters representing the various newspaper interests throughout the country. As the President enters by a side door, accompanied by two or three aides, the whole assembled gathering rises for a minute and then sits down. This courtesy is not evidently shown to any other except the President, for at a Press conference addressed by Mr. Dulles which I later attended, nobody stood up on his entry. All the time the conference lasts, which takes about an hour, the President remains standing in front of a rostrum, and the reporters fire a regular battery of questions at him.

* * *

President Eisenhower never once loses his temper however inconvenient the issue raised. His air is that of a man who has nothing to hide. When he is taken out of his depths by a catechiser of more than ordinary adventurousness, he makes no bones about confessing that he does not know the answer, or that he must give thought and study to the subject thereafter. The remarkable thing about his attitude is the perfect state of relaxation in which he confronts every effort of the smart journalists hurling their shafts at him to draw him into tight corners or awkward admissions. (He in fact seems to *co-operate* with them in probing the ins and outs of complicated terrain in which they are jointly interested). It is not so easy to relax as it seems. The desire to make an impression, to *succeed,* not to be caught napping, the defensive instinct of covering up from public view incriminating skeletons within the cupboard of one's own conscience, all these tend to set up a publicity-apparatus in the activities of politicians that is most exacting in the calls it makes on their capacity for alertness and resources of casuistry. It is only when one has ripened into philosophic detachment, outgrowing the tense and thrilling preoccupation with power and its rewards in fulfilment of personal ambitions, that one is able to take success and failure, good and evil repute, easily in one's stride, without excitement or strain.

* * * *

From a very unpretentious social origin, Eisenhower has scaled the most dizzy heights of personal power, victory and renown possible for an aspiring citizen even in sensational America, but it all came to him without intrigue, struggle and manoeuvre, as the automatic by-product of an exemplary life of probity. The U.S. Press seems to have adjusted itself to the faith that it can be sure of a fair deal from him in all circumstances. But more important than the actual content of the proceedings of the President's Press conference is the spirit animating it. The President seems to have worked out in his own mind an equation endowing the Press with a truly national significance as a symbol of democracy representing the will and interests of the people—the same people that have conferred on him his exalted status as the chief executive of the State. The deference paid by the President to the scribes and reporters attending his weekly conference is an illustration of graceful acceptance by him of a power superior to his own, entitled to call him to question on every affair of State—the power of the Press. The splendour of American democracy shines through this institution. Some of our Ministers and august leaders who speak often so slighteningly of newspapermen should study it and profit by it when they go on tour to the States to witness the big projects in search of ideas for the Five Year Plans.

* * *

There have been other popular Presidents before Eisenhower. Franklin Roosevelt too was one of the most popular Presidents of the United States. No visitor to that country can help being profoundly impressed by the immensity and intense vitality of the hero-worship he has left behind in the reverent recollections of millions of Americans. But he was a figure of controversy and evoked hatred in some along with idolatry in many. But Eisenhower is that unique rarity in the world's annals, a successful politician who has reached the summit of power without leaving the slightest vestige of dislike or animosity or adverse personal ill-feeling behind. Even the Russians, steeped in propagandă-objectives that leave

(*Continued on Page* 15)

MILITANT RATIONALISM

By Dr. K. SANKARAN

A PATCHY cleft of sunlight with an occasional butterfly flitting about marked a forest path along which a woman was carrying a load of firewood. She had made a loop of the end of her saree for a cushion on her head to soften and balance the weight of her load, revealing thereby the outline of emaciated torso of the chronically undernourished. There was however dignity in her poise and grace in the easy swing of her carriage. She tilted the load on to a stone-shelf put up for the purpose by the same unknown devotee that had built the adjacent little shrine underneath a very old forest tree, its gnarled branches still lush with dark green foliage. The image in the sanctum was only the bulge on a rock face, an out crop from the embankment behind, glistening with oil, a dash of vermilion and turmeric paste and a garland of yellow marigold flowers. A dim flicker of light from a shallow stoneware lamp exaggerated the shadows and gave substance to a mystic presence to throbbing hearts. Featureless and formless as the sylvan 'Muniswar' was, it was even less real than what it stood for in the incandescence of feeling. The woman untied a knot in the hem of her cloth and produced a piece of camphor, lit it in the flame of the lamp and placing it in the threshold of the shrine, she held up her hands in supplication and stood for a few minutes, liquid eyes rivetted on the image and murmering lowly within herself : beseeching help in the face of some threatening tragedy. What was it ? It is immaterial. But the faith, the dependence, the reaching out from the deeps of her being for succour from the mighty forces beyond her ken—do they not thrum a lute string in the cosmic dance and return an answering tinkle ? She lies down on her knees and elbows in worship, rises up and resumes her load and goes her way to the bazaar in the adjacent town. There is serenity in her face and a spring in her gait that bespeak a lightening of the burden in her heart.

Another scene :

The hamlet Nallaperambur of Melurpalayam is a scraggy but picturesque place with boulders strewn about and a range of hills a few miles away. Approach from the 2 mile distant metalled road is along the bed of a dried water course, which serves also as the overflow channel from the impounded lake which supplies water to the thirsty fields below for about three months in the year. The first thing you meet is a grove of tamarind trees with an apology of a fencing with milk hedge and it marks the precincts of the Angalamma temple, the deity of the village. A crevice between two upstanding boulders had been roofed and paved and made awesome by the dread presence of a form whose outlines as a representation of a human figure is more due to such adjuncts as rounded big white staring eyes, a golden crown, hands and feet of metal and paint and a drapery of yellow cloth, than any discernible effort of a sculptor. But then, it is not aesthetics or realism, it is incantations that create a living god. On the day we sight the hamlet, a crowd is gathered in the precincts of the sacred grove and the priest is officiating before the deity, the occasion being an unusual one : the determination of the guilt or innocence of Solayappan. Palaniyandi owns the field next to the one belonging to Solayappan and he has accused publicly that Solayappan had been surreptitiously diverting water from the channel to his own field when it was the turn of Palaniyandi to have it. This was hotly denied. There being no direct proof or witness of the occurrence Palaniyandi put it before the elders that he would accept Solayappan's word, if he stands before the Goddess Angalamma and invoking her as his witness swears that he is innocent and the elders acclaimed it as just and proper. Hence the gathering. A larger size of 'kunkum' spot on the forehead and an extra large garland of oleander flowers garnishes the deity. In the solemnity of the dim sanctum relieved only by the flickering oil lamp, the priest chants his sing-song invocation praising the glory of Angalamma who has been their refuge in weal and woe and waving a lighted piece of camphor implores her to dispel the doubt that has riven the village and presents it before Solayappan to swear that as mighty Angalamma is his witness, he is innocent. But Solayappan is dumb. His mouth works but no words arise. His hands will not lift up in worship as they are trembling. Seeing his plight the priest asks him whether he owns his guilt and Solayappan with an imploring gesture falls flat on the ground.

It is William James who has it that "When one looks on man's whole life as it exists and as man inwardly and privately follows, we have to confess that the part of it that rationalism can give an account of is relatively superficial. It is the part which has the prestige for it has loquacity, can challenge you to proof and chop logic and put you down with words. But it will fail to convince or convert you all the same if your dumb intuitions are opposed to its conclusions." In India of to-day violent hands are laid daily in all manner of ways on every aspect of life in the name of democracy secular government, socialistic pattern and such many other catch words. But what so far is visible is only a derangement and deflation of all values : moral, social and very much so, of religious values, that web together the fabric of society.

Overheard in a third scene :

It was a few days after an election of councillors to a municipal body. A lively but aged gardener on the look-out for an excuse to rest his spade for a while is seen talking over the barbed wire fence with a basket vegetable vendor, a gossippy widow.

Gardener : Is it true that you and your mother-in-law have quarrelled and that she has gone to live with her daughter ?



Widow (spitting out a stream of red juice with accuracy and deliberation and easing the lie of the basket a little to a proper set-up for a satisfying bit of chat): Yes. She has gone to her daughter's place after all that I have been doing for her on the pittance that I get on the patch that I grow these things on.

Gardener: But why, what was the trouble?

Widow: You see, it was this way. People said that I could get some money if I went to that 'Vodu' (vote) office and put a mark against an elephant picture on that day when there was so much noise and crowd in the streets. I went there with only a faint hope, but it turned out to be true and I did get 3 rupees and I did as I was told.

Gardener: Oh! Was it only Rs. 3 that you got? We on our side got five rupees. But then our Mudaliar is much richer than your side 'Sayabu' (Saheb). What followed then?

Widow: You people are lucky. But there is also the fact that the people on your side have to go a long distance for the 'Vodu' booth, too long for me to have taken my mother-in-law and my son. When I found that I really got three rupees, I went home and slowly brought my M-in-law and my boy. The man there will not give any money for the boy although he was going to the school and could read; but he paid Rs. 3 for the old woman. Anybody would concede that I fully deserved that money, considering the trouble I had to bring her and dinning into her what she should do inside the booth.

Gardener: I can quite well imagine.

Widow: And yet the old woman wanted the money to herself. She thinks that all the food that she eats grows of itself in that patch of land. She has gone away in a huff to her daughter. Let me see how long her precious son-in-law is going to feed her. That is what I say.

The Mudaliar and the Saheb were only practising an assured system of luck at 'free elections freely expressed by a free people' and being astute men, will no doubt see that their outlay in capital returns back with a decent profit in sundry manipulations at public expense.

A fourth scene: Place: a little town; persons: a weedy harassed looking 'bourgeois', Chinnasami, well past the middle age and a knowing wiry journeyman-contractor, Adimoolam, well under middle age.

Chinnasamy: When are you going to put up the roof over the room? The rains are due to come any day and if you don't do the work quickly, the walls may tumble down.

Adimoolam: I will do quickly; but the rate you are giving is not sufficient. You must increase it to 18 per.... (unit). This Rs. 12 will not do.

Chinnasamy: Oh, but! You had agreed to 12 and it was the rate at which my neighbour had his whole work done and so many others. I stepped into this business only because the rate was 12 and I can't afford any more.

Adimoolam: Please yourself then. I will do the work only when I have leisure and when it is convenient to me.

Chinnasamy: But you contracted to do it within a month and now it is more than three months already! And I gave the work to you because you begged for it although Samikannu, who did my neighbour's place offered to do it at that rate.

Adimoolam: All that may be true. But what is there to prove it? And now unless you pay at the rate of 18, I shall stop the work altogether and put a claim on you in the court for all past work also at that rate. After all it is your word against mine!

Chinnasamy: Oh God! Did you not agree to that rate in the presence of Chithambaram and have you not given a receipt for the piece of work done last month at that rate with your signature on it? Now if you drop it, who will take up this half done job! It will be a dreadful loss to me.

Adimoolam (sniggers): Yes. You should certainly think of the loss if you compel me to go to court. As to Chithambaram's evidence, I can produce not one, but half-a-dozen witnesses to give counter evidence from Ramasamy, Thangavelu, Velayudan, Namasivayam, etc. And that receipt—you can go and smoke it. Everybody knows that I do not know how to read or write and it is only a little matter of swearing that I put in my 'signature' on something you wrote, but that you read it out differently, before I put my mark.

(The scene closes with Chinnasamy looking out despairingly for a handy pond or river deep enough to drown himself).

A short while ago the papers spoke of a 'peaceful' procession with a representation of Rama as a drunkard and of Lakshmana as making love to Sita! The rulers of our land tiptoe with wary steps to avoid even a casual collision with these latter-day rationalists. Such a blasphemy, no one will dare to perpetrate with reference either to Islam or to Christianity; nor will authority stand supine if any one does. We have seen recently the results of a mere copying of an ill-word that has been in print for many years in regard to Islam: the turmoil, the withdrawal, the abject apologies....

Conduct is basic for any progress in any field and all plans for betterment, however able and well thought out, can only bear dead sea apples when such elements as integrity, honesty, discipline, sense of duty and obligation are at a discount. Moral values such as these are not separate qualities standing in isolation. They have their common roots in a central integration based on religion, even—this is important—even if it be the kindergarten religion of the peasants which seems to the sophisticated to be only a messy superstition. Even that kindergarten faith enshrines apprehension of a reality that guides action towards rectitude, order, truthfulness and cohesion, man with man in an unselfconsidering fellowship.

THE CHESS PLAYER

SHORT STORY

WHEN Mr. Bose first made his appearance in our midst, he was a sufficiently striking figure. While his outward presentment from the head downwards to the waist showed him to be something analogous to a Prussian drill sergeant, his lower form was that of a juvenile scout. His hair was closely cropped with German thoroughness and he wore a tie which bristled with militancy. The surprise was that he had chosen to complete this attire with a pair of "shorts" which one thought one had abandoned at the age of ten.

This incongruous figure advanced upon us with an air of military formation as we were dawdling and laughing over a chess table on which a game was in progress. Whatever may be the practice at international tournaments, a game of chess at our club accommodates as many players as can squeeze themselves around the table. There are two ostensible main performers, but around them are grouped two cliques of associates who, unwanted and sometimes in direct defiance of requests not to "meddle", maintain a stream of advice, expostulation, sarcasm and sneers to each of the two players. We consider that the occasional quarrels which despite all precautions do sometimes break out are worthwhile in view of the entertainment offered to a large number of people in contrast to the only two persons who at the grim tournaments sit and stare at the table in funereal silence for hours on end.

We could see that Mr. Bose was much disturbed at this our time-honoured practice. What impressed us greatly was the almost physical pain which he seemed to feel at our riotousness. Agony appeared to possess him when one of our friends playfully pushed back the knight which one of the ostensible "players" had moved and himself brought up the rook. He positively shuddered when, in our customary facetious manner, another of our friends silently attempted to remove a bishop from the board. We watched these emotions with misgivings, for they boded ill. As we frequently told each other, we played "for fun". We would have felt extremely irked by the tiresome restrictions of tournament play.

Our fears were soon realised. In a short time Mr. Bose securely established himself in our midst as a tyrant. Even our amateurishness could recognise his ability. He made mincemeat of us and made us, youths not easily liable to lose our bravado, look foolish. It was true, of course, that we could always make fun of his outlandish dress, but such was his commanding air that, to our disgust, we could indulge in this palliative only behind his back. We would have given much to be able to laugh at him before his face.

The man threw himself heart and soul into chess. He played every game as if his life depended upon it. As we sat back in silence (for when he was playing there could be no question of our offering "advice" and enjoying ourselves in any other manner) we were struck by his ruthlessness. He gave no quarter to his opponent, he insisted upon the letter of the law, he demanded his pound of flesh in every case.

His face was granite-like when he made his first move. He wore a terrible frown on his face as he waited for his cowering victim to make his reply. When there was some delay he used to drum his fingers on the table with impatience. To our frightened imagination, with his military and peremptory appearance above the waist, he seemed like an ogre.

It was no wonder that in course of time some of our friends deserted the table altogether. What had been a riotous and full assembly had now dwindled into a prim group of two players who stared at the table in overpowering silence for an eternity. But one of these players was always Mr. Bose. He was to be found there sitting grim and purposeful. He was the first to arrive at the club and the last to leave it.

In an unlucky moment I gave him my address without realising the implications. I had not realised that the man was fanatically avid for chess, but that he was speedily running short of opponents. I should have been prepared for it, but I must admit that when one day, as I was feverishly reading for my examinations, trying to do in a week what should have taken a year, he made his appearance in my house, I was completely staggered. A game with Mr. Bose was no pleasure at the best of moments, but the very thought of it could not be endured with the examinations only a week away.

However, I put on my best face and welcomed him. The wretched man lost no time in suggesting a game. Looking around me wildly for an excuse I thought of an expedient and boldly told him that it was unfortunately not possible as I had just lent my chess pieces to a friend. He was much chagrined at this. I became afraid that he would threaten to return to his house and bring with him his own set. He moodily wandered around the room and unluckily for me he came upon the chess pieces which I thought I had well hidden away. With a triumphant air and something not unlike contempt, he rescued them. With resignation and despair I consented to a game.

I deliberately made stupid moves so that the game would end early and I be released. Mr. Bose was in high spirits. He grew positively boisterous as he massacred piece after piece of mine. At last, surveying the wreckage of my pieces, I offered to resign. But Mr. Bose would have none of it. "Come on", he said gloating, "come on. You must not give up like this. You must fight to the last. To the last." He would not rest content until he had triumphantly destroyed all my powers and pawns except the king. He could not very well object when I resigned at this stage. It was with the greatest difficulty that I got rid of him now. He demanded more games, but I was able to put him off. He left but only reluctantly and after assuring me that he would come again the next day. I swore to myself that he would not find me.

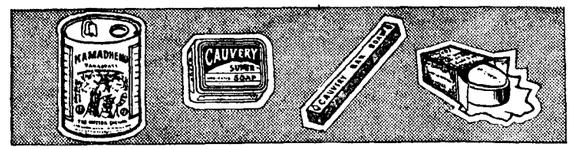
There were high words in my house that day. My father was angry that I should have wasted my time at chess when my examinations were only a week ahead. All my explanations were in vain. There was more unpleasantness when I failed in my examinations. Mr. Bose has much to answer for.

But deliverance came unexpectedly. When a new member joined our club, we were troubled lest he should prove himself like Mr. Bose. This man could really play chess and it was not long before everyone realised that at last Mr. Bose had met his match. The first game between the two was eagerly looked forward to.

With joyful acclamations (which he had no power to restrain now) we watched Mr. Bose fidget and show other signs of nervousness. Gone was his granite-like composure as he continued to be worsted in exchange after exchange. He looked around him with the wild look of a hunted animal. He became less and less like a Prussian drill sergeant. A phase of the game was now reached when Mr. Bose could not escape defeat. He tried every means to stave it off, including retracting a move already made, something which even we looked down upon. Suddenly he rose from his seat and said that he had some urgent business to which he must attend and that, therefore, the game must be called off. We protested ; some of us even hooted in derision. But he walked away.

Since that memorable day Mr. Bose has not been seen in our midst. He dearly wants to come, but he will not run the risk of being defeated. On occasions he sends somebody to ascertain whether the new member is at the club, his intention being to come to the club if he should not be there. But we see to it that he is always there.

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WESTERN CRITICS OF INDIAN ART

By N. S. R.

THERE is no task before the indigenous student of Indian art which needs to be more urgently done than the recovery of the subject from the hands of foreign commentators. India has had reason to be grateful to many eminent foreign scholars who have devoted their lives to Oriental studies. It was the discovery by two Englishmen that Sandrokottus of the Greek histories was identical with Chandragupta Maurya and that "Priyadissa" of some inscriptions was none other than the Emperor Asoka that gave a fillip to further studies. Nor will it be grateful to forget the devoted labours of such scholars as Fergusson, Havell, and V. A. Smith, to mention only a few among the older generation. It may be believed that but for their endeavours the study of Indian art would have suffered greatly.

Nevertheless, their work has suffered from the defects of its quality. Many critics of the older generation were convinced that they were doing a great service to India by condescending to notice some of its achievements. The history of Western appreciation of India has been chequered. In a transport of ignorance Macaulay poured ridicule on Indian history and geography. This was an interlude of Philistinism, for the discovery of Sanskrit and the revelations of Indo-Germanic philology had engendered respect and veneration for monuments of Indian genius. Through the efforts of Sir William Jones and Sir Edwin Arnold, to mention only two prominent English scholars and men of letters, the value of the Indian mind was fully made known to Europe, and sensitive spirits like Goethe and Schopenhauer were not slow to respond to it. These were halcyon days, but they were not destined to last.

An attitude of ignorant contempt set in soon after the Mutiny. It is difficult at this distance of time to realise the extent of passionate feelings engendered by that event. (This raises the question whether it is wise to celebrate its hundredth anniversary next year. It may be needful to commemorate the valour of the early patriots, but it may also have the effect of harrowing feelings in Britain with which, Suez or no Suez, this country will always remain on cordial terms). The British quickly abandoned their feelings of friendship and intimacy with the Indians and withdrew into a cold reserve. This gave rise to some remarkable exhibitions of offensive fatuity. One immediately recognises the genius of Kipling, but the manner in which he permitted himself the most astonishing generalisations regarding certain aspects of Indian character does not redound to his credit. It will be difficult to quote a passage more vehemently bristling with untruths than this from another author: "All I know about India is that Hindus are Buddhists and as the *nirvana* of Buddha's teachings means extinction obviously India has nothing to contribute to the world civilisation". The very enormity of this magisterial pronouncement is astounding.

Thus, though Western scholars have placed students of the Indian genius in their debt by their pioneering enthusiasm and devotion, there have also been a few whose ignorance is matched only by their superciliousness. Indian art has perhaps suffered most from the depredations of the latter class of scholiasts, and it is the principal task of Indian students to recover it.

Some of the early Western scholars have recognised the beauty of the Gandhara school, but only, it would almost seem, because there has been considerable Greek influence exerted on it. Many extreme text-books bring themselves to the point of asserting that the only part of Indian art which deserves reverent study by Western critics is the Gandhara school, because it is as much foreign as it is Indian. It is beyond my competence to delve deeper into the question, and my interest in it is merely that of the interested but rudimentary student. But, it does appear from other sources that the Gandhara school is an integral part of Indian art, though nothing will be served by attempting to diminish the Greek influences. A study of the problem from the point of view of the Indian student, one which can be made without sacrificing truth for chauvinism, needs to be undertaken.

The second episode concerns the identity of the architect of the Taj Mahal at Agra. "The controversy on the subject", writes V. A. Smith, "excites some heat in the disputants". This is as true now as it was when it was first written. The honour has been claimed for Geronimo Veronco, Austin of Bordeaux and Ustad Isa, a Turk or a Persian. Now there seems little reason to doubt that one of these three was the architect, most probably the first-named. But what offends the Indian student is the calm assumption in some of the early histories of art that no Indian could ever have been capable of fashioning and executing the Taj. Now this is a most extraordinary assumption in the face of the fact that the Ajanta and Ellora caves and the railings at Sanchi and Bharhut are indisputably Indian. It can scarcely be beyond a nation which fashioned these treasures to build another, though at some distance of time. Yet, we are invited to believe that no Indian could possibly ever build a Taj. Opinion is now gaining ground with Smith that the "incomparable Taj is the product of a combination of European and Asiatic genius", though he is careful to point out that the architect was certainly not an Indian.

It is such reluctant admissions and carping criticisms that impel the Indian student to call for a comprehensive and purely Indian study of Indian art. The facts are such that he will be justified in claiming the highest honours for Indian achievements in the fine arts.

OUR EDUCATIONAL SET-UP

By LEELA M. RAM

WHILE the cultural value and character-training that goes with university education cannot be translated into money-terms, the genuine doubt that arises in many minds is whether our set-up has its roots in our national life and traditions. It is inescapable that unless the set-up is subjected to a thorough and comprehensive reform, education will cease to be different from "instruction" and far from training a full-blooded generation of young men and women who embody the finest traditions of our country, it will turn out a generation that lacks backbone and national character.

University education has become so business-like that all the finer values associated with it are fast disappearing. Outside the residential universities the location of colleges is inconducive to calm and quiet study. All that a student does after the evening bell is to rush to the bus stop to reach home before the peak hour. What were once playfields in the college campus have been slowly encroached upon for expansion of buildings. Even in the matter of newly opened colleges, the university has not enforced the regulations regarding location, the area of the campus and accommodation. The academic atmosphere one finds in the older institutions of repute is sadly absent in the improvised structures that have come to be called colleges.

Hostels are jampacked and still a good number of students who do not stay with parents or guardians are compelled to seek accommodation in commercial lodges or single-room apartments even though the university regulations do not permit this. All the healthy factors that go with the corporate life in hostels are lost to them.

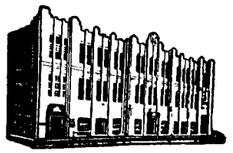
The class-rooms are badly overcrowded. Unless the university enforces the correct teacher-ratio at all levels, teaching even in post-graduate classes will continue to be a veritable one-way traffic of sixty minutes of speaking and sixty minutes of listening. Seminars and group discussions are alien to the present set-up.

The scope of the subjects taught (particularly in humanities and social sciences) is divorced from national life and the syllabus formed decades ago holds good to the present day, even in rapidly changing subjects like economics. The combination of subjects is so lop-sided that there is little scope for studying the allied subjects. But it is gratifying to note that the new three year degree courses are being planned along sounder lines and may overcome the shortcomings.

Generations of students have been content to study the same dog-eared text books and the time-honoured technique of crammed answers has stood them in good stead in the examinations. The University Commission headed by Dr. Radhakrishnan recommended the abolition of the obsolete "essay-type" examination system but in most universities this system has not changed. The performance of a student at the examination is thus no correct indication of his merit. *Viva voce* tests and record of class work and assignments should supplement the written examination. Without such a change, it is difficult to expect students to have faith in examinations. If the more sophisticated among our students—a big section of them already "Americanised" from the hair style down to crepe-soled shoes—should not degenerate into "Teddy Boys" opportunities of cultural pursuits should form a part of the educational facilities. The inter-university youth festivals have shown how good our students can be if only their creative talents are properly canalised. Facilities for students to remain in college after the class hours will help them to participate in dramatic groups or study circles and acquire a taste for the finer values in life.

Student unions must be organised in all the colleges. The

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teaching staff should give up their bureaucratic attitude and take greater interest in student activities. The union should become the nerve centre of all student activity. The democratic and active functioning of unions is the guarantee of student rights and will create a feeling of self-confidence in them. The union is the best school for leadership training.

Manuscript magazines, wall newspapers and regular student journals will give a great deal of fillip to student activities. Universities like Aligarh and Benares have campus-journals of their own, run on the lines of the student papers of Western universities.

Social service camps, educational tours and nation-building activities like participation in work camps will bring the students closer to the people. The good work turned out by the boys and girls of the N.C.C. is a convincing proof that military training is much more than glistening boots and shining brass. The students too share the patriotic urge of our people to participate in national reconstruction.

The significance of co-education has not been fully realised. But the absence of co-education hampers the growth of healthy relationship among growing students. The sobriety and decency that is the hall-mark of students of mixed colleges is a convincing proof of this.

But with all these changes, if the student still has reason to believe that his interests are not safe in the hands of the university or college authorities, the sense of frustration and helplessness will still be there. The recent case of a brilliant student being deprived of his prizes on a technical ground cannot but lead to the conclusion that talent is not encouraged. While university autonomy should be safeguarded, nepotism and bureaucratic bungling, along with what SAKA meaningfully described as "sabotage of talent," are matters of deep concern for all those interested in student discipline.

In the midst of the clamour for educational reform and checks on growing indiscipline and falling standards, the one forgotten person is perhaps the teacher. Year after year, the sense of mission and the dignity that goes with the profession keep him going unmindful of the poor remuneration. Beyond encomiums and sermons, he has not received anything that could rehabilitate him but without that we are not going to find ourselves on the road to liquidating student indiscipline.

U. S. A. TEN YEARS HENCE

By DEVEREUX COLT JOSEPHS

Chairman of New York Life Insurance Co.

THERE are now in the U.S. work force about 70 million people, including three million in military service and another three million classified statistically as unemployed.

Ten years from now this work force will grow to 81 million. This 16 percent increase is no unsupported guess for those who will make up this increase are already born, and the youngest of the group are already starting their schooling. The proportion of women available for employment is gradually increasing and due allowance has been made for this trend.

These individuals will all want a higher standard of living and they will get it, for there has been a long-term trend in that direction in the United States. The machine has enabled the U.S. worker to produce more—and even more as the power and dexterity of the machines have grown.

For 50 years the productivity of the worker in the United States has increased yearly by more than two percent compounded. In recent years it has even been faster—this in the face of a steadily shortening work week and slightly lengthening average vacation.

Economists have estimated that a decade hence the average individual or family will have 25 percent more real spendable income than is the case today. This is the logical and the inevitable result of increased productivity in a competitive society.

The combination of the larger output per worker and the growth of population spells a great increase in the gross national product. It is now at $400,000 million a year—and an average of the forecasts of those whose business it is to estimate America's future comes to $580,000 million by 1966.

What does all this mean in terms of jobs?

A 50-percent increase in clerical and sales personnel; 45 percent more craftsmen and foremen; 75 percent more professional and technical personnel; and about 25 percent fewer unskilled labourers.

Productivity is one of the conditions of an expanding economy. A second one in the United States is our insatiable desire for an increasing diversity of goods and services. One other condition is the least predictable and the most important of the three. It relates to the ability of business and government to guide the nation through the cross-currents of the rising economic tide.

We are only beginning to understand the operation of economic controls and balances. But we are learning. We have properly relegated to the 19th century, where it belongs, the doctrine of unmitigated *laissez faire*.

Government will become an increasingly important factor in our lives because it will have to perform many functions of adjustment and alleviation which are not clearly the responsibility of any one group.

This penetration of government into our business and private affairs must be reckoned with more and more in the future. Here again our main concern in the United States will be how to maintain a reasonable balance between as much freedom of choice, action and individuality as possible on the one hand and the self-restrictions on the other hand imposed by an industrial economy and urban living.

NATIONAL EXTENSION MOVEMENT

By Prof. S. V. AYYAR

SIR V. T. KRISHNAMACHARI, the Deputy Chairman of the Planning Commission describes the N.E.S. as "a permanent organisation to cover the whole country." The total programme of the Plan period is to undertake 1,200 blocks under the Extension Service. Out of these 700 blocks consisting of about 70,000 villages and a population of 40 millions will receive attention under the village development programme. The remaining 500 blocks consisting of 50,000 villages and a population of 35 millions will come under the working of the Extension Service so that by the end of the Second Five Year Plan the entire country would be covered by the National Extension Service.

To draft a plan is one thing—to work it satisfactorily is another. Sri Krishnamachari says that the motive force for improvement should come from the people themselves and that the co-operative principle should be applied in its infinitely varying forms for solving all problems of rural life.

The organisational set-up at the top level as described by the Deputy Chairman of the Planning Commission is very good on paper, but *the real thing is how to infuse life in the village*. Money cannot do much—neither administrative machinery through which the money trickles down! As the Deputy Chairman so nicely puts it: "The crux of the programme which is more a human problem than anything else, is the method of approach to the villager."

But if we have only 34 centres for the training of village workers, and if we base our training on basic agriculture, for a year, and spend a further six months on the various facets of rural life, we shall certainly not quicken the tempo of work to the degree needed! One can ride the so-called "Orientation" idea to death, and in the end have only talked about it. Pretentious words and records do not go far. What we want is that the message of service must be taken to the village, and any worker or workers must be of the village, sharing the joys and disappointments in the work—not merely lecturing to the village folk and passing on.

Sri V. T. Krishnamachari asks: "Has every family got a plan of improvement for which it puts forth its best effort, and utilises improved techniques, seeds, manures, and fertilizers, and has it also got subsidiary occupations for the period for which it is not engaged in agriculture? Has every family in the area become credit-worthy and is every family represented, on its own qualifications, in at least one co-operative society? Has every family made its own contribution to works of common benefit to the community in the form of money or labour? How far has the interest of women and the youth in the villages been enlisted in this campaign? Have all these become part of the permanent life of the village, and not a mere temporary phase?"

Let Sri Krishnamachari answer!

(*Continued from Page 2*)

The story is told of a London Labour leader who promised that if the Socialists were returned to power the workers would have less to do and get paid more. After the Socialists were returned to power, the representatives of the workers turned up and asked him to make good his promise. "We have done our part by doing less" they said. "It only remains for you to fulfil your part of the pledge."

The modern trend is to separate the aims of Socialism (which all converge on the elimination of poverty and the all-round spread of prosperity) from the traditional means associated with it and to seek new and more effective instruments of fulfilment for the aims. Whatever brings grist to the mill of human happiness is welcomed and no system is condemned outright on doctrinaire grounds. A literature has grown up in answer to the demand for new thinking on the Left and the future of Socialism has been thrown into the melting pot. We do not like that Indian freedom of initiative in developing the Welfare State should be fettered by the limits of what others think in environments of a totally different nature. But it is time to realise that the orthodoxies of traditional Socialism have landed us into rigid devotion to academic ideologies that have not yielded any impressive harvest of social or material advancement, and that the conflicts between Right and Left have sapped energies, benefitting none.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

ON STUDENT INDISCIPLINE

Sir,—You are really doing a great service by focussing public attention on this problem. In the very nature of things there cannot be any dogmatisation on this subject. Startling as it may sound, I think the Constitution has something to do with student indiscipline. We have suddenly and very quickly adopted the exotic democratic system and applied it on a continental scale. Naturally the clamour is for more seats and more colleges and no democratic government can turn a deaf ear to this clamour and there are any number of educational factories in consequence breeding with alarming rapidity. The Government is not at all to blame, for their paramount duty is to satisfy the desires of their electorate who are themselves responsible for this education on a mass scale.

Only very few are intellectually and temperamentally fitted for academic pursuits at the highest levels and there is no use our copying the example of other countries in this matter, or sitting in judgment over their policies. Inspiration for our educational ideas must come from within and not from Geneva or Oxford. A ruthless reduction in the size of the buildings, the number of students and teaching staff of our educational institutions will do more good than harm in the present context. The time of professors should not be wasted in ascending the steep steps of the financial and official ladder. A rule of thumb selection based strictly on merit and seniority by an all-India body of educationists should ensure to some extent that responsible teaching posts will run after professors and not *vice versa*. It is to be regretted that democracy which is considered to be good for the outside world is not considered to be good enough in university campuses where in reality the word of powerfully entrenched persons is law and not the free opinion of the teaching and student fraternity. Shedding of crocodile tears on student indiscipline in the light of these facts is mere camouflage on the part of those who know these things too well.

To add to the confusion people have only vague ideas about indiscipline. What are the offences for which students should be punished and in what way? The question is very simple but the answer is not so simple. It is not also recognised that the student is a citizen outside the college and that the ordinary law will operate against him as also against others. Discipline connotes in the case of the services conformity to definite standards of behaviour. In cases of domestic jurisdictions its content would be comparatively less and not more. A student is not serving under anybody. The only thing that can be done in the present circumstances is that an undertaking can be taken from each student before admission that if he falls very much below the mark he will be denied educational facilities, and tutors can be appointed whose duty it will be to watch the progress of students and weed out the undesirables. By laying emphasis more on quality than on quantity, by recognising the fact that only the elect can assimilate quickly and with ease the boons of higher education (this does not mean others are not competent to perform other equally useful and important functions) and by banishing snobbery from university life we can recapture something of our great ancient educational ideals adding also to it a modern dose and thus making it a superb compound which will be equally ennobling, worthy and workable.

K. VENKOBA RAO, M.L.

Ambattur.

BAN COW SLAUGHTER

Sir,—The Government have decided to celebrate November 10 as Gopastami Day with "Go Pooja". But it is strange that worship and slaughter of the cow are going on together.

Banning cow slaughter is one of the directive principles of the State according to Clause 48 of the Constitution of India. The experts' opinion as represented by the Report of the Cattle Protection and Development Committee (1947) and the Sitaram Committee of U.P. has been in favour of a total ban on cow slaughter. If public opinion be the criterion, public opinion was well expressed in 1952 when the R.S.S. collected 2 crores of signatures of adults all over the country and presented it to Rashtrapathi. Even in the Prime Minister's own constituency 2,48,422 adults have signed a memorandum demanding complete ban on cow slaughter. In view of all this, it would be undemocratic on the part of the Government to continue its old policy and oppose the Bill of Seth Govinda Das in the Lok Sabha. Also it would be hypocritical on the part of the Government to speak of Go Samvardhan and at the same time encourage cow slaughter. It is the duty of the Government to ban cow slaughter immediately.

V. MAHALINGAM.

Vijayawada.

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BASIC EDUCATION

Sir,—Mr. Sriman Narayan, General Secretary of the Congress made an astounding statement at Gandhigram that basic education should be an integral part of the whole system of secondary and university education and that this principle has been agreed to at a conference of Ministers of Education. Mahatma Gandhi devised the Wardha scheme of education for imparting the minimum of education to all the children of the country for a period of 7 years or more; the content of basic education was to be Matriculation standard minus English; in his scheme basic education comprised primary and secondary education; and the responsibilities of the State were to be confined to the promotion of free and universal education.

We have not achieved even a fair measure of success in implementing the integrated scheme of eight-year education. Most basic schools are junior basic only. Even in the intensely developed centre of basic education, at Chinnalapatti, there are 31 junior basic schools and only 6 senior basic schools. It is often reiterated that basic education is an integrated course of eight years. While there is much leeway to make up to attain this goal, one wonders why the protagonists of basic education should be so ambitious as to introduce basic education at university levels.

In Madras University, basic education is an optional subject for the B.T. course. While there is abundant literature for reference with regard to other optional subjects in the B.T. course, the literature available for basic education and the teaching of basic education is precious little. The B.T. students who have taken up basic education as their optional do not have enough food for their intellectual work. C.R. rightly said that "no one should ask that the whole higher education should be changed for the sake of basic education, but that basic education should fit into the higher education in the country."

Mr. Narayan and Mr. G. Ramachandran attacked the administration for the lack of progress. Mr. Narayan mentioned that D.P.Is and Education Secretaries are to be blamed. The administration is expected to carry out the policy laid down by the Government. There are no vested interests to oppose basic education, as alleged by Mr. Narayan; the fact remains that people are not impressed with the successful work of the basic schools on the academic side. Basic education experts have to modify their scheme so as to satisfy the expectation of the average public. As C.R. observed, children coming out of basic schools should prove in every way superior to those of other schools. There should be more realism in basic education and less of regimentation of educational ideals and methods.

R. SRINIVASA IYENGAR.

Coimbatore.

(*Continued from Page* 4)

them no freedom to be fair to their chosen antagonists in political conflict, have found it hard to be ungentle with him. Marshal Bulganin's correspondence with President Eisenhower bears traces of relunctant politeness and even affectionate regard breaking out in the midst of the grim anti-capitalist pattern of resolve to be stern, unrelenting and vituperative. They were never so considerate to President Truman who seemed indeed liberally endowed with a veritable genius to provoke the Russians into their worst behaviour. President Eisenhower has apparently succeeded without effort in softening the Russians as much as they can ever be softened in their dealings with a Western capitalist power. His contribution to the reduction of international tensions and the maintenance of world peace has thus been greater perhaps, individually, than that of any leading contemporary figure. And it has been achieved without bluster, bravado and bluff, and just because of that. Overdone propaganda has a way of defeating its own purpose, and the filibusterers, for all their explosive indulgence in aggressive self-advertising prowess, are discounted and not taken seriously by the world. But the case is different with a military commander who has gone through the horrors of war and whose love of peace is the rounded-off wisdom of intimate knowledge of those horrors, and who draws no inspiration from defeatist philosophy or military necessity.

SAKA.

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BOOKS

REAL GENESIS OF DISASTERS

The terrible railway disaster near Ariyalur has occurred within three months of the earlier one near Hyderabad. The authorities, it is clear, are doing everything in their power to carry relief and assuage distress. But the lives lost cannot be regained and the bereavement suffered by many families cannot be lightened by any amends. The frequency with which disasters of this kind are nowadays taking place should impel some vigorous thinking on the part of our administrators as to their root causes.

There are misfortunes that cannot be foreseen and prevented, as for example when an earthquake suddenly spreads devastation. But avoidable havoc can and should be foreseen and met with preventive measures. When avoidable havoc is not prevented by means of suitable timely action, it is a sign of inefficiency. The railway disasters at Hyderabad and Ariyalur carry with them the stamp not of unforeseen calamity, but of the mischief of inefficiency. Inefficiency may be due to neglect or to incompetence. If it is due to neglect, it may be corrected by greater application and care. But if it is due to incompetence nothing can be done about it except changing the personnel and ensuring a steady supply of more qualified and dependable executives.

Nobody who has bestowed any attention on the trends at work in India in the past ten years can fail to be concerned over the progressive degeneracy that has resulted in important branches of activity as a result of the policies put into effect. Social, economic and industrial achievement, wherever it has found outstanding expression in the world, has been the reward of single-minded search for talent. In Britain and the United States, the whole drive of official and unofficial effort for advancing the welfare of the nation has been one of relentless vigilance for the discovery of talented persons of exceptional ability. Technological institutions there spare no pains to attract merit to their portals. Employers wait at the doors of universities and other educational institutions bidding for the services of their most brilliant products. Throughout these countries, more particularly in the United States, there is a carefully devised network of scholarships, cash awards and other facilities to spot out genius and help it forward with unlimited opportunities for expansion and development. The unity in the midst of tremendous diversities and the unparalleled pitch of scientific and material advancement that have become distinguishing marks of American life are traceable only to the allegiance that merit there has won from all sections as the title to recognition and responsibility. In fact it has been demonstrated that in a diversified society the only principle on which all its diverse elements could be brought into harmonious relation is common respect paid to merit. If other considerations usurp the place that rightly belongs to merit as the basic measure of the importance of individuals, violent pressures, ill-will and even civil war are bound to find ugly manifestations in the body politic.

The most depressing feature of Congress rule has been the secondary place to which it has relegated merit in the organisation of the various responsibilities of the State. Under cover of elevating the backward, the Government have provided a moral cloak for the dangerous and unprincipled practice of selecting ill-equipped persons to tasks beyond their capacity. This has gone to such an extent that backwardness has almost become enthroned as a vested interest for the sake of the privileges and preferential treatment that the beneficiaries get out of it. Schools and colleges where the teachers are afraid of the students, buildings that crack within a year of their construction, Cabinet Ministers whose main pre-occupation is lunatic touring on the most trifling provocation, technical departments that make no headway because of the muffs in charge, universities and educational institutions where talent is hounded out as if it were a disqualification, these are some of the fatal concomitants of the prevailing Government policies. The horror of the recent railway disasters is only a fraction of destruction on a wider scale that is none-the-less devastating in its effects, though it may not be so immediately capable of dramatic assessment.

In the ultimate analysis, the toll of death at Ariyalur is the evil harvest of the systematic neglect of merit under Government auspices that has been going on since the Congress came into power. How much more of similar killing there is of souls also as of bodies in other less tangible forms where the innocent helplessly pay the price of destructive ministerial policies, who can say or guage in accurate terms? Our system of priorities under the Five-Year Plan must be overhauled such that the first priority should be given to a comprehensive study of the waste and devastation involved in the present anti-merit enthusiasms of communal-minded, unpatriotic Ministers. For no good to the nation can be grafted on the glorification of backwardness reserving for it a pedestal of authority, however impressive might be the figures of expenditure in crores paraded to boost Government's alleged welfare activities.

Governor Sri Prakasa

At the citizens' farewell party to the Governor on Sunday, the Chief Justice remarked that if Sri Sri Prakasa has a fault, it is his tendency to make long speeches. Admonished thus, the Governor in his reply scored what for him must be acclaimed as a record for brevity. Yet the speech he made was long enough. It omitted from its purview no topic of outstanding public importance. It is true that our retiring Governor is addicted to saying the same thing over and over again and drawing out what he has to say to an elaborate length. Even his letters partake of this quality. It is because he is so emotionally full that he is unable to empty the sentimental content of his ebullient good nature with a single utterance. He is, for example, so overwhelmed with a sense of gratefulness for the kindness showered on him from all quarters that he is not satisfied with giving expression to it once. So he repeats it several times. Perhaps in the art of living, economy of speech is not after all the significant factor. The taciturn not so lovable as the must be said that Sri has mastered the art of living as few of his predecessors at Government House have done, and the credit of this distinction is all the greater as the Governorship has now been reduced under the Constitution to a post of little effective power and enormous pomposity. Commenting on the Governorship in the constitutional set-up of today, the present writer had occasion to say that this office (except on the rare occasions when a Ministry fell) imposed on its holder precious little of important work to engage the mind and brain and so it was a travesty of the Socialistic pattern—it violated the Socialist principle of proportion and equipoise between work and wage. Some days later Sri Sri Prakasa told him that he agreed with his view and had spoken in the same strain to the Prime Minister more than once. Things like this give one some insight into the mettle of the man.

A politician by experience and training, the outgoing Governor has succeeded brilliantly in saving the machinery of parliamentary democracy when circumstances seemed almost to have brought it to the verge of collapse. Though intelligent, efficient and sagacious, these attributes have been dimmed in him by the superior splendour of his innate goodness and generosity of disposition. His kindness, accessibility, benevolence and affection have won all hearts. He has made no enemy. It is a tribute to his all-conquering humanity that even the virulence of the anti-North propaganda of the Dravida Kazhagamites has passed him gently by. He has achieved thus resplendent victory in the supreme mission of the enlightened man, the overcoming of evil with love.

The Burglar's Mother

There is a quaint story I read in an old Tamil commentary on the Vaishnavite prabhandams which came to my mind as I read the self-righteous protests of the British Government that the first thing to be attended to is the setting right of the damaged canal. Who brought about the present state of things in the canal? A woman went to the king complaining against a householder. "My son has been killed, O, just king, right this wrong and save a miserable woman. This brahmin had built his house of deceptive wet mud, and my son who made a hole in the wall to burgle the house, was crushed by the soft clay coming down on his neck. My only support is dead and I am destitute now. Grant that this wicked householder be ordered to compensate me." The king's decision is not relevant but the grievance of the burglar's mother is so greatly like that of the British Government's about her life-line which stands damaged as a result of their aggression. The U.N. Assembly continues to tolerate a member state who has been guilty of armed contempt against the Charter and the authority of the United Nations.

C. RAJAGOPALACHARI

Swing Back?

Public opinion in America (judging from the *New York Times*) is swinging back to anti-Nasserism. The crime of aggression loses its black colour in the measure in which the urge to pull Nasser down gains. The trend seems to be to forget Britain's crime and to lay more emphasis on Israel's security and on the danger of Nasser's leadership of the Arab peoples. However, the recent vote of the United States delegate in support of the Afrco-Asian "Forthwith" resolution has renewed the hope of Asia and Africa that the American stand for law and order remains intact. Meanwhile the "Commonwealth" seems to have shared the fate of "Nato" of losing all meaning and remaining a mockery. The Indian Prime Minister's visit has received additional colour and importance by reason of the very special ges-

(*Continued on Page* 15)



Sotto Voce

The Voice of Thunder

The voice of thunder conveyed to the Upanishadic seer the message *Datta, Daamyata, Dayaadhwam*. But the asuric forces which have been responsible for three terrible train disasters within hardly two years (that of Thursday last being the worst ever) have shown no pity. Might it be that this malevolence of the evil genii has been the inevitable concomitant of failure of generosity on the part of man and lack of self-control on the part of the gods? By gods I mean the tin gods who go traipsing up and down the country intoxicated with the exuberance of their own verbosity.

* * *

These darlings of democracy began by abolishing the feudal class distinctions on the railways. The class distinctions came back, after a few crores of rupees had been thrown away. But they have been made respectable by a subtle appeal to the middle class snobbery which consists in pleasantly deluding ourselves that because we pay a few rupees more than before and travel "First", though it is merely the old Second inexpertly camouflaged, we have somehow gained in status. But there is a fly in the ointment—the glistening air-conditioned coach turning its flinty face to the daunted would-be interloper.

* * *

The tycoon slumbering in his air-conditioned isolation will however have soon no cause for pleasant dreams of superiority. Our Railway Ministry plans to lift the third class passenger by the scruff of the neck and put him in an air-conditioned coach, there to shiver at ease. Left to himself he would far rather have a little more standing room to keep from suffocating. But Mahalanobisian planning has discovered an order of economics in which it is cheaper to give fans that cannot be deployed, that start with the train and stop with the train (or the other way about), and lavatories that scorn the common touch of aqua.

* * *

It is this exuberant trifling in high places, combined with a total disregard of the maxim "First things first" that has led to an unprecedented demoralisation in the public services, especially in those which have undergone the sea-change of nationalisation. The total of lives lost in the three railway crashes and the number of happy homes wrecked cannot but be a nightmare to anyone with the least sensitiveness. Our rulers are humane men and their expressions of sorrow at these catastrophies are undoubtedly genuine. But where is the evidence that their compassion has been like molten lava burning up the weeds of laziness, neglect of duty and graft?

* * *

The Railway Minister has resigned and Mr. Nehru for once resisting the ganging-up tactics of the Congress clansmen, has accepted the resignation. That was the least that could have been done in the circumstances. It is callous nonsense to pretend that the Minister is not to blame because someone far away in Ariyalur had bungled. The Railway Inspector's Report on the Secunderabad-Kazipet crash of two years ago has been carefully shielded from the public gaze in spite of repeated demands for its publication. If the findings had been published and implemented, who knows, Ariyalur might have been averted.

* * *

In every one of these recent accidents the crash was due to the collapse of a bridge spanning a rivulet swollen by torrential rains. These little streams are dry most of the year. But when there is heavy rainfall once in a blue moon they become roaring cataracts. The bridges, hardly more than culverts, are easily swamped. The Railway Inspector's annual report reveals that he had, as a result of the Kazipet enquiry, recommended the maintenance of constant watch over vulnerable points during the monsoons. Was that commonse precaution taken with regard to every old bridge? The Ariyalur-Kallaham area is notorious for waterlogging during the monsoons.

* * *

The railways have an elaborate bridge inspection machinery; one hopes the enquiry now on will bring out how far this machinery functioned. The Railway Inspector's annual report, to which I have already referred, stated that he had recommended the carrying out of detailed investigations into the stability of bridges under maximum flood conditions. It required another two years and a worse disaster, that of Mahboobnagar, to prod the Railways to appoint a Committee. And that Committee was asked to confine its attention to Hyderabad State!

* * *

Then there is the question of patrol. The Deputy Minister for Railways rather cryptically told a Press Conference that the sad irony was that on this section patrolling was provided for. But if patrolmen are required to walk 18 miles per night, as the enquiry into the Kazipet accident showed, how can you expect them to do their work thoroughly? The current enquiry may bring out something relevant on this point also. But nothing much will happen unless the public displays a capacity for generous indignation—the political equivalent of the exhortation "to give" which Prajapati addressed to mankind. Only the purposeful anger of the people can bring down to earth heads lost in the clouds of the Socialistic pattern.

VIGHNESWARA.

Ill-considered aggressive operations serve only to organise and strengthen the enemy.—*Kural.*

SIDELIGHTS : :

THE Madras Union of Journalists have won a case against the management of *Andhra Patrika* for the reinstatement of a sub-editor dismissed last year. In these days of acute unemployment aggravated by the closing of some well-established newspapers the rescue of a journalist from the dread fate that has overtaken far too many members of the profession is, from the human standpoint, a matter for rejoicing. But there are certain aspects of the case as unfolded in the arguments and the award that reflect little credit on the persons concerned and bode ill rather than good for the future of the Press.

The cause of the dismissal of the sub-editor, Sri M. S. Sarma, was his refusal to obey an order transferring him to Kurnool as a reporter. It was contended before the tribunal that the status of a reporter is inferior to that of a sub-editor and Sri Sarma's transfer to Kurnool as a reporter therefore reduced his status and effected an adverse change in the conditions of his service. An invidious distinction of this kind impugning the importance of an entire section of deserving employees connected with newspaper work does not seem to be an auspicious beginning for the career of the trade union that has not merely consented to it but positively invented it. I believe the M.U.J. has as many reporters as sub-editors on its general body. The doctrine of the inferiority of status of reporters as a class to which its leaders have now committed themselves is not flattering to a substantial proportion of its members, and if these have any sense of dignity or pride of craftsmanship, they should feel impelled to repudiate an organisation dealing with them in such a contemptuous way. If it is the policy of the All-India Federation of Working Journalists to which the M.U.J. is affiliated, to endorse the M.U.J.'s conception of the relative values of reporters and sub-editors, the Federation is likely to be threatened with the disintegrating impetus of civil war. I do not think the reporters that belong to it will tamely copy the example of their M.U.J. brothers by accepting the status of inferiority publicly bestowed on them as a class by the trade unionist leaders of the Madras Press. Let it be noted that the President of the IFWJ is in his avocation nearer to a reporter than a sub-editor.

I have often regretted having made my entry into journalism as a sub-editor. I got over the regret by seeking as many opportunities as possible for voluntary encroachments on the reporter's functions. The real adventure of journalism, its drama, its thrills and excitements, its intimate association with history in the making, its opportunities of travel and of study of changing scenes, its closeness of contact with the work of parliaments and the activities of great contemporary leaders, all these belong to the reporter's side of newspaper work, which is also the more exacting. The life of the world is poured into the Press through the magic of the reporter's comprehension and analysis. To run down the reporter as an inferior among the functionaries rendering service to newspapers is to miss entirely the secret of the vitality that belongs to journalism.

The M.U.J. has won a case and it will be rated a triumph by those who regard trade unions as instruments of battle to put down the power of employers. But this particular victory is at the cost of the integral functioning of the newspaper in accordance with laws and principles germane to its own genius, and in its reactions it cannot but pull down the Press, and along with it bring down the prospects of its different grades of employees. As in a ship at sea, unity of command is indispensable for the efficient working of a newspaper. It is part of the responsibility of an editor to decide which employee is good for what work. It was, we are told, an inspired editor who took Bernard Shaw out of leader-writing and assigned to him the role of dramatic critic. He blossomed into the best dramatic critic that his country has ever known, and fortunately for its newspaper-reading public there were no trade union champions to argue that a dramatic critic is inferior to a leader-writer and no tribunal without insight into the deep things of significance governing the working of the Press to give administrative validity to such a contention.

The *Andhra Patrika* case is a portent of the sort of Press that is likely to be evolved in the days to come. High-minded persons desirous of building newspapers based on the loyalty of devoted staffs giving conscientiously of their best to their development will be frightened out of existence. Lower levels of fighting in litigous disputes on the part of the defenders of journalists' rights will only bring into being a lower type of proprietor competent to beat them in their own game. I am all for employee-resistance to any limit against proprietorial exploitation. But the journalists will be destroying the source of all good to themselves if they fail in dignity by abandoning the proprieties of duty and discipline bound up with their calling. One who elects to be a soldier cannot ask for guarantees of physical safety. If there is an honourable public spirit in the Press it will decry as a matter for shame the insubordination of an employee refusing to do the work given to him within the frame of his own professional duty —work, too, of a kind already done by him in the past—(on the ground among others that it was three years ago and he had forgotten it!)—even if there should be available to justify the insubordination a tribunal exhibiting in every line of its award total ignorance of newspaper administration.

SAKA

Success achieved without minding the prohibitions of the moral law brings grief in the wake of achievement.—*Kural.*

FOLK GENIUS

By C. RAJAGOPALACHARI

THE books of Moses, following the first five chapters of the Old Testament are believed by scholars to have been reduced to writing long after the matter had been preserved only by oral tradition. The view prevails that although writing may have come into existence already, in the culture of the ancients writing was mostly used for practical purposes of commerce and living speech played a much more dominating role than writing in the handing down of such material as go to form these five books of the Old Testament—historical traditions, epics, cult legends and laws. In these fields 'oral tradition is primary and creative, written tradition is secondary and derivative'.

What has been said by Western scholars about the Pentateuch applies to the great Indian epics also. The material that has taken shape in the *Ramayana* and the *Mahabharata* must have been transmitted only through oral tradition for many centuries before being reduced to writing. Centuries after the material had grown and accummulated the epics in the form in which we now have them came into being. This explains the *dharma-sankatams* or moral difficulties which the poets had to tackle. What folk genius had built up and had been transmitted through oral tradition could not be done away with by the poets. A poet who creates a plot could do anything with it, but here the 'plot' is already there with the people and neither Valmiki nor Vyasa could do more than make delicate variations and add explanations by way of debate or additional incidents. The killing of Vali, the fire-ordeal through which Sita goes and the story of Rama's renunciation that we find in the *Uttara Kanda*, the marriage of all five brothers to Draupadi as a single wife, many of the things done by Krishna and Yudhishtira, all these that call for explanation are instances in point. No poet, if he were free to make his own plot, would himself create such difficulties only to be tackling them with unsatisfactory explanations.

Folk genius has its own way and perhaps understands the mind of the people even better than poets whose main aim is instruction rather than depicting the truth. The creations of folk genius are not the less interesting for running counter to our present notions. Sita's case specially is striking in this respect.

The unjust trials, to which she is condemned by Rama may offend all our ideas of justice. Yet the women of India will not give up the story. It holds in its sad features so much of what woman has to suffer in India. Sita's travails have an appeal to Indian womanhood that cannot be ignored as if it were inartistic defects in the *Ramayana*.

If a supreme illustration of the vanity of human wishes were wanted, we have it in the Ramayana where at the end of the great search and the fierce battle ending in complete victory for Rama, Sita found herself free, only to be prized as a symbol of Kshatriya honour, and not as the beloved found again. Her long penance ended to hear Rama's chilling words: "I have destroyed the wrongdoer and freed you from duress and so my work is done. Not for you but for my honour did I all this". No wonder that Sita entered the fire for warmth! This represents woman's life in India more truly than any artistically conceived modern story. Can there be any more impressive illustration for the vanity 'of all human wishes than this demonstration of the vanity of even Sita's love?

DANGEROUS ENTANGLEMENTS

The present foreign policy of India is causing great anxiety to the people of the country. We began with Pancha Shila and practically ended in direct entanglement in high power politics fraught with dangerous possibilities to our own country.

One can understand our anxiety over the Suez question because it is linked up with our prosperity. But that India should be expected to express an opinion on the Hungarian question is simply unthinkable. India has nothing to do with Hungary. Nevertheless India finds herself in the unenviable position of having to say something on Hungary just to keep up her prestige in the international world.

The net result of our foreign policy has been to completely alienate the feelings of the British and estrange our new friend Russia. As for U.S., she has always suspected India as likely to fall in line with Russian ideology.

We cannot afford to estrange the feelings of Russia whose leaders are impulsive and sensitive politically and will react violently to political criticism. We have to be very careful in dealing with Russia, especially with a neighbour and camp follower of Russia like China on the other side of our border. We can hardly afford to make an enemy of the British whose capacity for political intrigues is limitless. Knowing India inside out as they do, they have already begun to threaten us on the Kashmir question.

It is high time therefore that India revises her foreign policy to one of strict neutrality, if only to avoid complications nearer home. Her entanglement in high power politics—an absolutely unarmed country as she is—will spell only ruin to her, just as Colonel Nasser's hasty action over the Suez brought such travail to Egypt.

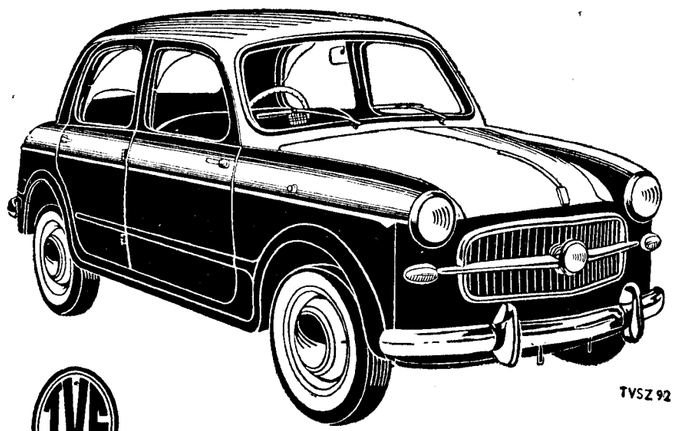
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LIMITATIONS OF NATIONALISM

By S. NARAYANA AIYAR

It is now well over fourteen years since the Bombay Telephone Company Ltd., then managing the telephone services of the cities of Bombay, Ahmedabad and Karachi in which I was then an Assistant Engineer of 15 years' standing was nationalised, and after that I served for ten years in the same service under the Government of India, seven years as Engineer at Bombay and three years as Manager, Telephones at Madras. Every day of those ten years, day in and day out, I had burnt into me the painful lesson that Government management does not work. My initial lesson on this subject was rather spectacular. My colleagues in the Bombay Telephone Company, just before nationalisation, used to din into my ears in season and out of season "Aiyar, when Government comes our efficiency will disappear." I used to ask them "Where will our efficiency go? Bombay Telephone Company, or Posts and Telegraphs Department of the Government of India, we are the same set of barbers going to do the job. If you say we will become inefficient in three years I may believe it; but I can't understand your saying that our efficiency will go down at once." Being men of some wisdom and experience my friends said: "All right, Aiyar, wait and see." When the Government took over on the 1st April, 1943, one of their first acts was to switch over control of the Bombay Telephone Company's stores from the Telephone Manager, Bombay, to the Chief Controller of Telegraphic Stores at Calcutta and almost immediately telephone parts and other stores became unobtainable. Result: An immediate drop in the efficiency of the service, so that my friends repeating a formula were dead right and I thinking myself wise was a fool for my pains.

I have discussed this specific aspect of my experience with senior employees of the Indian Radio and Cable Communications Company and the Indian Air Lines which have since been nationalised and their experience has been identical. In every case expenses go up tremendously and the service almost immediately ceases to be a service in any sense of that term. The tempo of work goes down with immediate effect. This is not the temporary effect of a change-over which gets remedied a little later; it is a gradual degeneration from *honest work for wages* to the paper-pushing routine characteristic of every Government office. From a fairly wide variety of experience I have formed the opinion that compared with any reasonably well managed private institution Government institutions deliver in the shape of value to the public about a third of the huge sums that they expend. One particularly glaring example that channelled my thinking this way might be mentioned. Under pressure from higher authority I asked the Government Press, Madras, to quote for the job of printing and binding 13,000 copies of the Madras Telephone Directory for which I had been paying then just over Rs. 6,000. The Government Press quotation was Rs. 21,500 with a proviso that this was only an estimate and the actual bill might be more! Government inefficiency does not always take such a demonstrable turn; but it is invariably there.

Some months ago Sri T. T. Krishnamachari invited a competent tool man of the name of Scaife from England under the Colombo Plan to examine the working of the Prototype Machine Tool Factory at Ambernath and the Hindustan Machine Tool Factory then under construction at Jalahalli. Mr. Scaife after a thorough examination of both establishments told the Government of India that any reputable private agency would have obtained five times the result at one-fifth the total cost. If other experts invited on similar errands by the Government of India do not com-

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municate their conclusions to the Government in the same downright terms, it is not because their conclusions are substantially different but because they are more diplomatic and they have also learnt a lesson from the treatment meted out to Mr. Scaife both by the India Government as well as by the legislators on the floor of Parliament.

In the interest of economy and efficiency it is essential that the private sector should have the *exclusive* right for the management of all *commercial*, industrial and public utility services in the country. Planning, control, regulation by Government, yes. But administration by Government, no, a thousand times, no. It is not as a favour to the private sector that this claim should be made. In the interests of the entire nation this is the most economical and the most satisfactory way of getting the national work done. In every Government office there is a lot of unnecessary work done—unnecessary from the point of view of delivering to the public the final value for which the office is intended. While in every commercial office there is an automatic check that ensures that every person or activity or group of persons engaged in the office justifies itself in the shape of return to the office, the very extensive and often offensive inquiries and checks of the Audit Department of the Government of India do not include any criteria to ensure that the employees are earning their way and contributing their legitimate quota to the overall work of the office. Government servants when asked about this will proudly say that they are not governed by the profit motive.

On the basis of experience both here and in other countries and taking into consideration all the human issues involved, it has to be admitted that Government agency is a very unsuitable instrument for trade, manufacture, and the operation of public utility services and that competent private institutions are the best instruments for the carrying out of these objects. Even if the Government of India owned all the means of production in the country, including land, the best way of getting all the work done is not trying to run it all with its own monolithic organisation but by creating independent units and entrusting them with suitably divided items of work on fairly long-term contracts and fair independence of action, while confining its own functions to planning, regulating and controlling at the bar of public opinion in India.

FUTURE OF MANKIND

In his lecture last week under the auspices of the Institute of Population Studies, Madras, Sir Charles Darwin referred to two schools of thought, one pessimistic and the other optimistic. He read out at the meeting, Dr. Kenneth Boulding's description of the contrast between the two, entitled, respectively, *The Conservationists' Lament* and *The Technicians' Reply*. We print below this description for which we are indebted to Sir Charles Darwin's courtesy :

The Conservationists' Lament	*The Technologists' Reply*
The world is finite	Man's potential
Resources are scarce	Is quite terrific
Things are bad	You can't go back
And will be worse	To the Neolithic
Coal is burnt	The cream is there
And gas exploded	For us to skim it
Forests cut	Knowledge is power
And soils eroded	The sky is the limit
Wells are drying	Every mouth
Air's polluted	Has hands to feed it
Dust is blowing	Food is found
Trees uprooted.	When people need it
Oil is going	All we need
Ores depleted	Is found in granite
Drains receive	Once we have
What is excreted	The men to plan it
Land is sinking	Yeast and Algae
Seas are rising	Give us meat
Man is far	Soil is almost
Too enterprising	Obsolete
Fire will rage	Man can grow
With man to fan it	To pastures greener
Soon we'll have	Till all the earth
A plundered Planet	Is Pasadena
People breed	
Like fertile rabbits	MORAL
People have	
Disgusting habits	Man's a nuisance
	Man's a crackpot
MORAL	But only man
	Can hit the jackpot.
The evolutionary plan	
Went astray	
Defeated by evolving man.	

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SOCIALISM IN RETROSPECT

By V. V. RAMANAMURTHI

In a message to Indian Socialists in 1936, Pandit Nehru observed : "I am vastly interested in the Socialist approach to all questions —two aspects of this question fill my own mind. One is how to apply this approach to Indian conditions. The other is how to speak of Socialism in the language of India.... So long as we do not speak in some language which has that Indian mentality for background, we lose a great measure of our effectiveness. Merely to use words and phrases which may have meaning for us but which are not current coin among the masses of India, is often wasted effort. It is this problem of the approach to Socialism that occupies my mind .... That is a question which I should like a Socialist to consider." Pandit Nehru was then considered the greatest influence in favour of the Socialists in the Indian National Congress. That was a time when Socialists used to consider him as an unfailing source of inspiration and hope.

The roles are reversed at present. Socialists are in opposition to Mr. Nehru in power. All along, the chief obstacle in the way of Socialists gaining public support in India has been the lack of an indigenous approach in their programme. Originally when they functioned as a radical group within the Congress, their absorption in the premier national body had absolved them from the duty of pursuing an independent path for themselves and strengthening their hold among the people. Their outlook was naturally coloured by a dominant nationalism.

After the attainment of political independence, the Congress lost its national character. Consequently, the class character of the Congress became more and more obvious and the Socialists broke away from the Congress. Premier Nehru stole the thunder from the Socialists when he made the Congress adopt the Socialist pattern of society as its objective. Since then, Socialism has become the nation's patent. Socialism was confronted with the ideological difficulty of having to distinguish itself from this all-pervasive Nehru brand of Socialism. The Socialists are still submerged in the theoretical wrangles of Marxian Socialism.

Modern Socialism of the West has drawn inspiration from one single source, Marxism. The basic Marxist postulates still prevail. The main doctrines set forth by Marx, the materialist interpretation of history, the inevitability of class war, the theory of surplus value and of concentration of capital, still form the staple of Socialist thought. These assumptions of Marx have not changed or altered or been modified for a long time. But the Marxist tradition has come into a crisis today.

In Europe, the land of its origin, Socialism has suffered from an incurable self-sufficiency. In matters like the food of a nation self-sufficiency is admirable and desirable. But it is fatal to the progress of thought. Socialism in the West has not escaped the trend towards conformism. It will be a boon to the Socialist doctrine if it acquires unconventional receptiveness to new ideas and techniques.

Marx himself did not base his Socialism on any uniform experience. He accepted whatever proved indispensable for his creed. Whether German philosophy or French politics or British economics, he utilised any diverse element to develop his system.

The recent history of Marxist practice has been largely a history of stagnation. The Marxist system knows no development other than the one given by Marx himself. A growing ideology requires constant awareness of the changing conditions of the world and a readiness to modify its main postulates in the light of such changes.

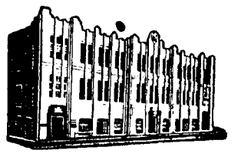
Socialists in India are so completely immersed in the crisis of the Marxist tradition that they are scarcely inclined to understand the Indian tradition and base their appeal with reference to it. If ever they hope to develop the Socialist movement into a mighty national upsurge, they must be realistic enough not to discard the validity of an Indian approach. Their ways and methods have to be regulated by Indian experience.

Indian Socialism must turn to the eventful years of 1917 and 1918 when Gandhi aroused the indignation of the tiller in Champaran and the toiler in Ahmedabad to combat their common injustices. Then alone the remote conception of Socialism can be brought back to the reality of a way of life in India.

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INDIA, U.S. AND HUNGARY

SWARAJYA is definitely wrong in deploring India's stand on Hungary at the United Nations. Perhaps, India and the Asia-Africa group would have voted for the Italian resolution if it had been confined to the demand for the withdrawal of Soviet troops from Hungary without calling for 'free elections' under U.N. auspices.

Will the United States, where the Communists have a grouse against the Government, allow elections under U.N. auspices? Will France allow a U.N. team of observers to study the situation in Algeria to conduct elections under the world body? Will Britain permit elections in Malaya under U.N. auspices? No.

Today almost all the resurgent nations of Asia and Africa are progressing towards a Socialist pattern of society, thanks to the success of Socialist Russia against the powerful Hitlerite hordes of Germany in the last war. And in this march, India is leading the Asia-Africa group. Any forced diversion in this progress, or change in Governments in these countries as they exist now will be disastrous, and may bring back the old systems of reactionary rule with all its evils of oppression and slavery. And plots are being hatched, overtly or covertly, by certain 'big Powers' to overthrow the Governments in these areas.

This is exactly the position in East Europe, too. There, the so called nationalist leaders betrayed the people and fled to the West in the face of fascist onslaught. It was the Communists who bore the brunt of the invaders' bullets and led the people, with the help of the Red Army, to victory. Yet, fascist remnants planted themselves so firmly in these areas, worming their way into the ranks of democratic parties, that they have been waiting for an opportunity to strike, and they did strike in Hungary where the post-Stalin era exposed some of the weaknesses of the Communist set-up.

It is undeniable that the Communists in Hungary and Poland as well as in other East European States were more interested in strengthening their own party and positions than bettering the condition of the people. But how long will any dynamic people tolerate this kind of exploitation? Rightly did they revolt against the Russian dominance, and it is commendable that the de-Stalinised Russia realised her position and chose to withdraw from East Europe. Her withdrawal was successful in Poland, where the people co-operated with the native Communist Government.

But it was not so in Hungary. There it was not a pure nationalist uprising akin to that of Poland, but a revolt led by fascist remnants in the garb of nationalists. Can anyone call them nationalists when they have chosen to burn a great national museum in Budapest, the pride of all Hungarians? Can anyone appreciate the action of these fascist hordes in blowing up the rich uranium mines of their own country?

No doubt, there are honest patriotic elements among the rebels, but they are terrorised into committing violent activities. So too the weak-kneed Imre Nagy, who had given the fascist elements an opportunity to enter his 'interim coalition government' eliminating most of the Communist leaders, who were marked out to be shot later. This was at a time when the Soviet troops were quitting; and it was only when the Kremlin leaders realised that a fascist-dominated government was formed that Soviet troops trekked back to Budapest; for, as President Tito has rightly observed, any alternative to the Soviet withdrawal *in the situation* would have been the incoming of a fascist junta.

The revolt in Hungary is not without a foreign hand. Arms have been flown into rebel-held border areas in Hungary through Red Cross elements and the like.

The revolt in Hungary is not truly nationalistic, but a plot on an international scale, aimed at destroying the Socialist States of Europe.

RAMA RAO GIDUGU.

ART IS CLASSLESS

BOOK REVIEW

AT four score years which he completed on June 6, 1955—having seen nearly a thousand full moons as we in India would say it—and world-renowned his name, death claimed Mann the magnificent creative artist, exactly two months and a week after. It is a curious but happy coincidence that *Thomas Mann*, sub-titled The Mediation of Art, was completed by its author on the date of Mann's eightieth birthday, and "it has now become," adds Mr. Hinton Thomas in his brief prefatory note to the book, "a memorial tribute to a writer who, it has well been said, truly 'spoke for our time.'"

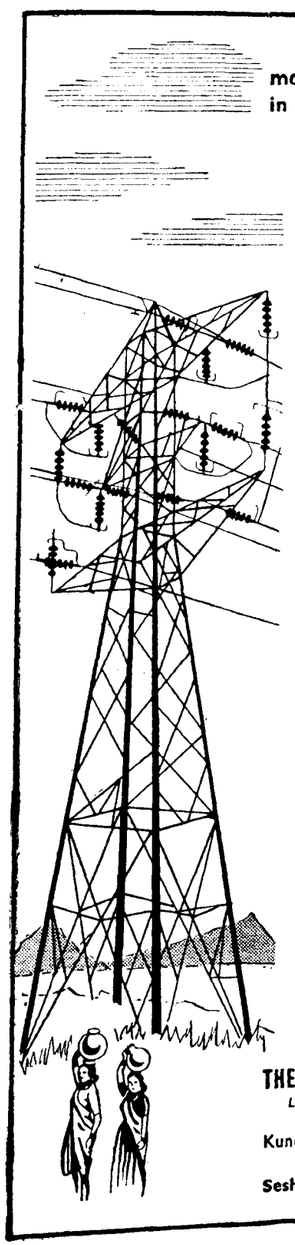
Born in the old Hansa City of Lubeck, the son of a rich merchant who had been a senator and twice its mayor, Mann's was an ideal boyhood made up of "gods, beasts, and human beings" and lived for the most part in the comfortable seclusion of the family home. Four years after he lost his father, and at the age of nineteen he went to work in a Munich insurance office, but young Mann was destined to be an author, it seems; for, when he was doing his job, it is learnt that he used to make out policies on the top of his desk and scribble stories beneath it! His major work *Buddenbrooks*, one of the first of the family sagas, appeared when he was twenty-six. It was banned by Hitler and burnt during the Nazi regime of terror, but it had already sold "over a million copies in Germany alone." His second great book, *The Magic Mountain*, at which he worked for twelve years running was published in 1924 and it won for him the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1929. Then came the Joseph series of books—the monumental tetralogy comprising *The Tales of Jacob*, *The Young Joseph*, *Joseph in Egypt*, and *Joseph the Provider*. He travelled through Egypt and Palestine, visiting the scenes connected with the Biblical story.

"Joseph," says Charles Neider, one of Mann's finest critics, "arrived almost together with that Hitler and they matured at about the same rate. While Mann was writing about Joseph's exile into Egypt, he himself was forced into exile from Germany. He was the prophet as well as the tool of events. With his Joseph he became the artist who took his place in society without equivocation, aligning himself with progress and truth against reaction and lies, speaking out, accepting exile rather than the honours of the New Order, and finding new inspiration on American soil." Earlier, after he left Germany in 1934, he lived for a while in Switzerland, then after successive visits to the United States settled in Princeton, New Jersey, where he lectured at the University. Later, in 1941, he built a permanent home for himself in Santa Monica, California. During World War II his messages to the German people recorded in his adopted country and broadcast by the B.B.C. were a powerful weapon of propaganda for the allies. Among the American honours he received was his appointment as a Fellow of the Library of Congress. After the war, Mann paid several visits to Europe, the first in 1947, and it was in a villa near Zurich where he had found his final home that he had his date with death—August 12, 1955.

What is it that gives Mann's works their importance and establishes their claim to pass into perennial literature? It is the insistent personal attitude he projects, an attitude of intense isolation, or the obsession with the *moi*—the egotistical sublime—that is the secret of his puissance and influence. His material is so saturated with his personality that while remaining whole as a prism or as a musical piece it simultaneously revolves its different facets to view, its distinct notes to hearing, significant of the irony, satire, sunny optimism, autumnal melancholy, detached assessments and critical implications involved in his study and summing up of humankind. "Every piece of work," says Mann, "is in fact a realization—piecemeal if you like, but each complete in itself—of our own nature, they are stones on that harsh road which we must walk to learn of ourselves." To a warm social temperament, to the objective apprehension, this concentrated preoccupation with the self may appear morbid and unhealthy; But it is quick to kindle the poetic mind full of the wealth of myth, symbolism, and fantasy to joyous response.

Mr. Hinton Thomas has built his book round a series of examinations and analyses of Mann's major works such as *Buddenbrooks*, *The Magic Mountain*, *Death in Venice*, *Joseph and His Brethren*, *Lotte in Weimar*, *Doctor Faustus*. He blends in a pleasing measure his literary with his aesthetic evaluation, with proper emphasis on some of the social and political aspects of Mann's thought and writings. But one regrets to find that nowhere in his study does he make a single reference to *The Transposed Heads: A Legend of India*, which I consider has the dimensions of any of Mann's major works. Dedicated to Heinrich Zimmer, the great Indian scholar (who died in 1943), it first appeared in English in July, 1941. A dearly loved English friend of mine—a distinguished novelist and critic (now no more)—wrote to me from England sometime during November, 1950: "I have recently read Thomas Mann's *The Magic Mountain* for the first time, and was deeply impressed by it, a strange and rather frightening book, but full of those quirks which show man as an individual. It is a queer book, but perhaps you know it? I read it in English. Last week I looked for his *The Transposed Heads: A Legend of India*. Do you know this short novel? Some of it is superb, the portrait and speech of the Goddess Kali being quite wonderful, but the book did not quite please me as a whole, though it is difficult to say just how it fails. I should be very interested to know what you think of it, if you have read it...." Yes, I had read the novelette on its first

Thomas Mann: The Mediation of Art, by R. Hinton Thomas. Oxford. At the Clarendon Press. Price (in U.K. only), 25s. net.



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appearing ; I don't recollect at the moment all that I had written to my friend about its excellencies, but the breadth of Mann's "philosophical outlook" which I had emphasised convinced him to accept its significance in the realm of "impression, not reality," and of abstract beauty—the beautiful which makes "no claim on our conscience, no demand that we enter its soul." The legend brought in a nutshell India's philosophical tradition and vision ; dealing with the conflict between the sensual and the intellectual Mann had expounded the idea of Kali the All-mother who "in every female shape—child, maid, mother, or gray-haired woman ... hides herself, the all-nourisher, Sakti, the great goddess ; of whose womb all things come, into whose womb all things go...."

But, altogether, *Thomas Mann : The Mediation of Art*, must be said to be a model of catholic appraisal never veering away from critical validity, and Mr. Hinton Thomas has justified his sub-title to the volume by assembling and interpreting all of Mann's observations on art and the function of the artist, and Mann's own magnificent artistry, timeless in the Teutonic tapestry he has woven with characters like Tonio Kroger, Hanno Buddenbrook, Adrian Leverson, Felix Krull who is the great Joseph's "distant cousin" in whose company there is much that posterity will be interested and profitted to know.

MANJERI S. ISVARAN.

Dishonoured

We are dishonoured all over the world. It had looked as though some of the nations in the Commonwealth would leave it, and I think we can claim, without immodesty, that had it not been for the sustained opposition put up by the British Labour movement, India and Ceylon would have withdrawn from the Commonwealth. We are able to show that the action of the Government did not represent the views of the mass of the British people.

What Russia was doing in Hungary, Britain had done in Egypt. —*Bevan.*

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE TALE OF THE TAJ

Sir,—In the course of his article "Western Critics of Indian Art" (SWARAJYA, November 17) N.S.R. quotes V. A. Smith as saying that the controversy regarding the identity of the architect of the Taj Mahal "excites some heat in the disputants" and says : "This is as true now as it was when it was first written. The honour has been claimed for Geronimo Veroneo, Austin of Bordeaux and Ustad Isa. Now there seems little reason to doubt that one of these three was the architect, most probably the first-named. But what offends the Indian student is the calm assumption that no Indian could ever have been capable of fashioning and executing the Taj."

First of all, the question is no more controversial. The myth of the European design of the Taj has been as effectively exploded as that of the Black Hole of Calcutta. None of the three persons named above was the chief architect, least of all the "first-named". It has been proved conclusively, in an article entitled "Who built the Taj Mahal" in the Illustrated Weekly June 10, 1956, that the chief architect was Ustad Ahmed Lahori. The article concludes with the following sentence : "Taking all this into account, none can but applaud Arthur U. Pope who hit the nail on the head when he said the myth that the Taj was built by an Italian now belongs to the realm of bed-time stories."

As regards the alleged reluctance of Europeans to give credit to the genius of Indian architects for the creation of the Taj the fact appears to be that the early European travellers did not really know whether to admire the Taj as a thing of beauty or to condemn it as "barbarian"—an epithet flung at the Minakshi Temple in Madura by the great English art critic Sir William Archer, the guru of Bernard Shaw. It was only after many Europeans had begun to praise it vociferously that the others joined the bandwagon and tried to legitimise it with a European parentage. Indeed Bernier, the famous traveller, wrote to his friend (in 1663): "The last time that I saw the Taj Mahal I thought that this extraordinary fabric could not be sufficiently described." He added : "I did not venture to express my opinion, fearing that my taste might have become corrupted by long residence in the Indies."

So he was biding his time—like some leader writers—to find out which way the wind was blowing. He continues : "..., as my companion had come recently from France, it was quite a relief to my mind to hear him say that he had seen nothing in Europe so bold and majestic.... I leave you now to judge whether I had not sufficient ground for asserting that the Taj is an astonishing work. It is possible I may have imbibed an Indian taste."

The French historian, Jean de Thevenot, wrote of the Taj in 1666 : "This superb monument is sufficient to show that the Indians are not ignorant of architecture, and though the style may appear curious to Europeans it is in good taste and I can say that it is very fine."

On the merit of the Taj as a work of art, apart from its prettiness, Aldous Huxley says (I am quoting from my scrap book):

"The Taj, even at sunset, even reverberated upside down from tanks and river, even in conjunction with melancholy cypresses—the Taj was a disappointment.

".... Now the great qualities of the Taj are precisely those of expensiveness and picturesqueness. Milkwhite against its dark cypresses, flawlessly mirrored, it is positively the *Toteninsel* of Arnold Boecklin come true. And its costliness is fabulous .... Imagination staggers.

"This inordinate costliness is what most people seem to like about the Taj .... The marble is only a veneer over cheaper masonry .... not solid. It is a swindle.

"Architecturally, the worst features of the Taj are its minarets.

"Its 'classicism' is the product not of intellectual restraint imposed on an exuberant fancy, but of an actual deficiency in fancy, a poverty of imagination.

"The Hindu architects produced buildings incomparably more rich and interesting as works of art... I have seen enough of the art in Rajaputana—(he had not been to South India)—to convince me of its enormous superiority.

".... Indeed it seems to me that any one who professes an ardent admiration for the Taj must look at it without having standards of excellence in his mind."

Madras. R. RAMACHANDRAN.

A BOLT FROM THE BLUE

Sir,—In the composite Madras State, the then Government had ordered that such of the local boards and municipalities as could afford it, could grant Government scales of pay to their teachers. Accordingly some district boards and municipalities sanctioned Government scales of pay to the teachers of all grades working under them. These scales of pay were being paid for the last 7 or 8 years. But the Andhra Government just on the eve of the inauguration of Andhra Pradesh ordered that this concession should be withdrawn and that all the teachers under local boards should be paid according to local board scales of pay. This order has come as a bolt from the blue to the already ill-paid teachers who had been agitating for Central Government scales of pay.

K. KRISHNA RAO.
President, Anantapur District Teachers' Guild.

SABOTAGING THE RIGHTEOUS PERSON

I agree with Sri S. Narayanaswamy in the sentiments he has expressed about teachers. The teacher in a private school—Government institutions are very few—is not only paid "slightly less than the senior peon in a Government office", he is denied even

the security of service which the peon enjoys as a right. A teacher is nothing but an "extra" in the academic field. "Extras" have no contracts to their credit in the film line. They have to sit under some tree waiting for their hour to come all the time under the burden of a gypsy's dress and unbearable make-up. Their dress also is in no way different from that of a gypsy. He cuts an awkward figure with his jaded face, patched-up coat and torn shoes—and the animal instinct in human beings is roused at the appearance of such a figure and the civilized citizens (may be, future citizens!) of Free India poke fun at him.

I am not unmindful of the financial position of the Government. But there are things which Governments and universities can do immediately. Providing security of service for the teacher does not require that any Chancellor of the Exchequer should go bald with the strain of thinking. Making the managements pay the rates of pay they themselves had notified in the Press does not depend on sterling balances or the Suez crisis. Acting according to the Constitution of the country under which nobody is denied his due on grounds of religion or caste does not require any reference to the United Nations Charter. Removing uneducated people, however influential they may be, from the governing bodies of schools and colleges need not be considered an affront to adult suffrage.

Heads of institutions acting according to their conscience and trying not to bully really intelligent, industrious and sincere subordinates are not granting any Magna Carta to the teachers, it is their sacred duty.

If these maladies are set right the student population will be what it ought to be. The argument that political leaders try to exploit students is there. I do not think that this is a very serious threat to discipline.

When the standards in all fields have crumbled down, it is natural that students also should fall in line with others. Many people are at work to 'sabotage' the righteous person. In such circumstances the minds of the future—(unemployed, secular)—citizens of the progressive democratic republic of India will naturally get out of order. Srimathi Leela M. Ram wants more extra-curricular activities to dope the restless mind of the student. Neither curricular activities nor extra-curricular activities can keep him sober. He is a chanceless one who has to fight against numberless odds just to eke out a living. Methods of getting easy money like crosswords attract such people. When they see the sturdy cow boys in an American picture their hearts register vibrations sympathetic to the trigger feeling exhibited by the dare devils in the show. When the life around has no values, students cannot discover any value for themselves in it.

K. VIJAYALAKSHMI.

Madras.

ONLY QUOTABLE QUOTES

Sir,—"Learning the Craft: Lessons from the Masters" was by a professional writer on Writing. Your correspondent (Krishna Paul) ignored the sub-title which is self-explanatory. I had raised points and *illustrated* them with the help of the eminent in creative literature and criticism. Kant and Coleridge were not uncontextual; the *Biographia Literaria* is the bible of literary critics and not a Baedeker; Browning was not "quoted" nor "invoked"—it was an anecdote and not an irrelevant anticlimax like your correspondent's reference to a radio talk. It is something that the "Aladin's lamp" was found "fairly illuminating" as his tone conveyed so patronizingly.

MANJERI S. ISVARAN.

NO DOUBLE TALK AT U.N.

Sir,—As a regular reader of your esteemed weekly, I have always admired the fearless and thoroughly fair manner in which you have criticised some of the policies of our Government. But I cannot help feeling that you are really unfair when you accuse our Government of indulging in double talk at the U.N.

In the communique issued at the end of the Colombo Powers' meeting, the Prime Ministers stated: "The Prime Ministers consider it the inalienable right of every country to shape for itself its own destiny, free from all external pressures. They are of opinion that the Soviet forces should be withdrawn from Hungary speedily and that the Hungarian people should be left free to decide their own future and the form of government they will have, without external intervention from any quarter." Even before this conference, both Mr. Nehru and Mr. Krishna Menon repeatedly made it clear that they are completely against Russia's armed intervention in Hungary. After considering all these things, I cannot see how anyone can say that "we have become slaves of phraseology and treacherous to the great concepts of peace, freedom and human dignity."

You have said that the Anglo-French aggression is slight when compared with "the size and magnitude and the cruel horror of Russia's murderous onslaught in Hungary." It may be true that more people have been killed in Hungary than in Egypt. But, after considering all the circumstances that led to the re-entry of Russian troops into Hungary, no one with any sense of fairness in him can outrightly accuse Russia of being guilty of the worst type of aggression.

According to Press reports, when the Nagi Government which replaced the old regime requested Russia to withdraw her troops, Russia actually started pulling out her troops from Budapest. At that time, there was every reason to believe that Russia was slowly reconciling herself to the presence of an independent but friendly Government in Budapest as in the case of Poland. But the Nagi Government was not only incapable of restoring law and order in Hungary, but it completely lost control over the events in that country. After closely watching the events in Budapest, before the arrival of Russian troops, one is forced to come to the conclusion that no Government worth the name was functioning at that time in that unfortunate city; only anarchy and rowdyism were running riot.

People from other countries were only too ready to exploit this opportunity. The whole situation took an anti-Russian turn and thousands of Russian technicians were massacred. It was only then that Russian troops started re-entering Budapest. No Government can remain a silent spectator of its citizens being killed in thousands in another country. Is it not a fact that when Nasser nationalised the Suez canal, Eden justified the concentration of troops in Cyprus by saying that they were there taking precautionary measures to prevent any loss of British life in Egypt?

If Russia can be convinced that a free and independent Hungary will not in any way endanger her security, there is every reason to believe that Russia will reconcile herself to the emergence of such a Government enjoying popular support at Budapest. If, instead of trying to tackle the situation in a friendly manner with no other consideration except the ultimate good of the Hungarians, some Western governments try to exploit the situation for the furtherance of their own cold war objectives, does it necessarily mean that we should blindly support them?

Madras. B. Raman.

INDIA'S TWO VOICES

Sir,—Two voices are heard in India today—one that of Rajaji, urging India's withdrawal from the British Commonwealth, and the other that of Nehruji, defending India's continuance therein. Both deserve to be heard with the utmost respect but that of Rajaji carries more conviction and reflects more truly the sentiments of the majority of people.

Though India became a republic and no longer owed allegiance to the Queen of England, she still decided to remain in the Commonwealth just to show to Britain and to the world that she bore no ill-will or rancour towards Britain in spite of the latter's three centuries of exploitation and imperialist domination. But today the position is entirely different. Britain, in collusion with France, has committed naked and barefaced aggression against an unprepared country whose only crime was to have given vent to her national feelings and acted up to them. Not only that, Britain goes to the extent of saying that she had done humanity a good turn by preventing a third world war!

Passing resolutions, expressing "grave concern", "vigorous protest" and "profound regret" and communicating them to Britain are of no avail. Something more concrete has to be done and that too, soon. India should withdraw from the Commonwealth as an indication of her protest and abhorrence over Britain's high-handed action.

In his recent speech before the A.I.C.C. at Beliaghata, Nehruji is reported to have said that India's membership in the Commonwealth has not prevented her from "showing her feeling and weight of sympathy for Egypt." Does not India's association with the aggressor in the Commonwealth take away much of the sincerity, if not all, from our expressions of sympathy and render them hollow and purposeless?

Britain goes about as if there is no Commonwealth at all. None of the countries in the Commonwealth was consulted or even informed before Britain launched her attack on Egypt. The inference is fairly obvious to all. Britain regards the Commonwealth as of negligible importance and treats the member-nations with contempt. India should protest against this treatment by promptly withdrawing from the Commonwealth. It is her moral duty.

Rajaji has very rightly declared that India should shape her foreign policy towards Britain on the basis of the British Government's policy and not on the moral sense of the overwhelming non-Governmental opposition in that country.

Three of India's major unsolved problems are with Commonwealth countries. She is having trouble with Pakistan over the Kashmir problem, with South Africa over the latter's policy of racial segregation and with Ceylon over the issue of domicile of Indians residing in that country. Now, on top of all these, comes Britain's reversion to nineteenth century aggressive tactics against a Bandung power. Indeed, the Commonwealth is not an "area of peace" as our Prime Minister is fond of putting it, but really an "area of trouble" for us. The sooner India withdraws from this loose hotchpotch of nations that the Commonwealth is, the better for her.

Rajaji has once again given the correct lead to our Government on this controversial issue. Let not the Government be guilty of inaction when positive action is needed.

Kakinada. M. K. SRINIVASAN.

(*Continued from Page 2*)

ture of Mr. Cooper going to Delhi to take Mr. Nehru to America. Mr. Cooper is well-known to be now among the most important figures around the American President. This will have its own impact on the future of American policy which it is hard to guess in advance, for while Mr. Nehru is a staunch friend of Britain he is also a fairly bigoted enemy of aggression.



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TAXES ON KNOWLEDGE

WE have adult suffrage in India, but it has not been accompanied by any comprehensive system for providing popular education so as to enable the voters to have the means of forming an intelligent judgment on the great questions of the day, and as to the manner in which they should exercise their franchise. In England there was a preparatory period prior to adult suffrage when heroic battles were fought for repeal of the taxes on knowledge as an essential requisite of national safety under political democracy. These battles were not only strenuous but long drawn. Surveying them in retrospect one of their leading stalwarts observed that they had taken two years longer then the seige of Troy. It was not until 1861 that the last of the fetters on knowledge in the form of diverse restrictive enactments was broken and the way was cleared for rapid and dynamic mass education which resulted in Britain achieving the distinction of being reputed the best governed country in the world. A book on the History of Taxes on Knowledge records an inscription engraved on a silver salver presented to one of the heroes of the cause on this notable occasion. It ran thus: "This salver, together with a tea service, is presented . . . . in acknowledgement of services in promoting the repeal of the taxes on Literature and the Press. The Advertisement Duty repeal, August 4, 1853; the repeal of the Compulsory Stamp on newspapers, June 15, 1855; and the repeal of the Paper Duty, October 1, 1861."

The British connection has saved India from some of these taxes on knowledge without the need of a struggle, but Swaraj has brought in its wake new distresses for publishers having the net effect of thwarting the spread of knowledge. Of these the most outstanding is the official curb created on the easy availability of printing paper. In a poor country newsprint is valuable as the cheapest sort of paper on which printing can be done, but while internal manufacture of newsprint is almost negligible, a ban was imposed when the present Union Finance Minister was in charge of Industries on the earlier practice of Ordinary General Licence enabling all to make up for indigenous shortage with imported supplies. It was almost as if the Government did not want the reading habit to spread and took great pains to ensure stagnation. On top of all this, even the permitted categories of importers are now confronted with the consequences of the Suez Canal closure, and the whole nation is threatened with a veritable newsprint famine.

The postal authorities too have contributed their own quota to the freezing of the means of knowledge in the country. Their schedule of rates must be termed positively savage, they are so appallingly destructive of trade by means of the post. A book priced 4 annas, for example, costs the buyer not less than Rs. 1-0-9 by the time he has completed the purchase. What are called postal facilities swallow 12 annas six pies more than three times the cost of the book, 6 pies for the post card ordering the book, one anna for bookpost postage, 8 annas for compulsory registration, one anna for V.P. fee and two annas for V.P. money order commission. We do not think there is a parallel anywhere else in the civilised world for so outrageous and positively killing a burden of transport charges on the book trade. Heavy postal rates, complete Sunday suspension of postal business, remoteness of vast rural areas from railway stations, the high cost of paper, the sales tax on books and similar paralysing inflictions, all these have drastically curtailed the market for knowledge and printed matter, cutting off the bulk of the people from access to scientific and other developments in the contemporary world. The barriers to freedom of information thus created by perverse official policies mock the grandiloquent pomposity of the Five-Year Plan and reduce them to absurdity in fundamental terms.

The New Finance

THE new taxation proposals of the Minister of Finance have startled the investor and the industrialist out of the uneasy tranquillity which is all that is available to them anyhow. The timing was unusual and dramatic. A middle of the season supplement to the annual budget is resorted to in times of war, but otherwise it is difficult to

discover fiscal reasons therefor. It is not as if large sectors of taxable sources have been left out all along due to inadvertence ; nor as if the new imposts will yield large revenues which will make a difference which the State can ill forego. Indeed, it is doubtful if even the advertised expectations will be fulfilled. There is a false roseateness in the assumption that the new taxes will not affect taxability. The Minister himself seems to be content to leave the events to speak for themselves. He has scorned to explain the reasons for the departure from normal practice. One hesitates to believe that it is only an election manifesto.

Three major proposals have been made. First, a tax on capital gains ; second, a steeply graded tax on dividends ; third, Government possession and control of the surplus gross income of companies.

The tax on capital gains is to be levied by adding to the taxable income a third of the gain that accrues by the sale of a capital asset. This is not a new tax. It was tried in 1947. It failed then to come up to expectations. It was consequently given up. Then also, it was a rising market, and money was easier than now. But the big fish got away. The imposition of a tax on gains gave them an opportunity to effect false sales and show losses. In fact, it gives them one more field in which to operate, to the extent of affecting the receipt of the income tax otherwise inescapable. But the small investor does not have the opportunity to make benami sales. His sales are distress ones, not speculative. Unless, therefore, the capital gains tax is levied, as a commodity tax, or a graded stamp duty, and separated from the income tax, it is likely to be ineffective as a source of revenue, a source of mischief in the hands of the large speculator, and an additional source of irritation to the small investor. The point is not so much that the tax is oppressive as that it is financially futile. It hurts where it hurts most, and opens out one more forum for fraud.

The increased tax on dividends has the same effect. Managing agents do not depend on dividends. Their pickings lie elsewhere. Big businessmen who pay tax at the highest rate, and are anyhow getting only an eighth of a rupee they earn, will not mind a reduction of dividend income. It may even help them. At worst, it will skim the surface of a surfeiting prosperity. But the small investors have to live on marginal budgets. They have purchased the shares at current prices. They do not belong to the elite who got in on the ground floor. They find their income reduced overnight, let alone the fall in capital values. It is notorious that a majority of shares in India are held in small lots. Saving is a characteristic of the middle class. The rich do not need it, the very poor are out of the picture altogther. The middle class has been surviving by a kind of tenacity that marks the weak rather than the strong, and their life is like the medicine-filled longevity of invalids. The effect of the new tax is two-fold. It causes an immediate distress amongst the large mass of ordinary investors. It will scare away all future investment. It may even lead to a kind of unhealthy spending which contains an element of desperation.

The mopping up by Government of the so-called revenue surpluses of companies, with the ostensible object of paying it back on approved schemes of expansion, has a good as well as a bad side. It cannot be denied that companies that were capitalised before the war, have no option but to earn very high incomes. Many of the textile mills fall in this class. It is equally true that there has not been a sufficient replacement of old machinery by new, and a tendency to float on the tide of unexpectedly high income. The control of surplus will also ease the ways and means position of the Government. Perhaps this is not a very good way of improving the ways and means position, but if it does not hurt the concerned industries, one may acquiesce in it. But it will curtail the fluid funds at the disposal of industries that need large working funds. Especially so, in respect of concerns that have been capitalised after the war, and work on small margins over and above fixed commitments. It will also hurt businesses that have all along relied on such surpluses for working capital, which is one method of ploughing back reserves into the business. At best, it is a mixed blessing. Any one who has dealt with Government knows how difficult and delaying it is to get money back from Government. How far it will affect the planning

(Continued on Page 15)

At Last !

The latest news is good—that Mr. Selwyn Lloyd the British Foreign Secretary has at last announced in Parliament that the British and French Governments have decided to obey the U.N. mandate and to withdraw their troops with all possible expedition. Mr. Aneurin Bevan with devastating irony expressed sympathy for Mr. Lloyd for having "to sound the bugles of advance to cover their retreat". Mr. Pineau in Paris also announced the same decision. The U.N. Forces will take up full control of Port Said and Mt. Sinai and all other areas which the Anglo-French-Israeli combination have held on Egyptian soil. The U.N. has initially taken over the repair of the canal also. This is not the end, however, as it may now seem, of this sorry chapter of intrigue and aggression. The trouble will surely show itself again when the time arrives, for the U.N. will have to withdraw handing over to the Egyptian Government. The guilty governments will then shout that the canal administration must be made Nasser-proof before Egypt could be left to Egypt. And that will not be an easy affair, for it is not easy to find ways of circumventing justice. Delay will then take up the sorry job of Injustice.

C. RAJAGOPALACHARI.



Sotto Voce

Whip and Rack for the Private Sector

OF State-promoted egalitarianism the first recorded instance is to be found in the *Panchatantra*. A monkey, that unflattering image of man, took shelter in a downpour under a tree on which a pair of birds had built a cosy net. Seeing the anthropoid shiver in the cold the compassionate birds said, "What a pity that you poor things don't build shelters for yourselves as we do". The next moment they found their nest being torn to shreds and their young thrown out by the enraged monkey which thus demonstrated the superiority of destructive power as an instrument of equalisation. Our Socialistic Government shows itself a promising pupil.

* * *

C.R., as a preparation for the promised transport millennium, had a short way with the Madras Tramways. The result is that a newcomer to the city is apt to imagine that every day here is Arupattumoovar day. Then came Mr. Deshmukh with his nationalisation of insurance. At one stroke the Plan would pocket a nice nest-egg, the 'robber-baron' would be liquidated, those flaming patriots, the Managers, would be freed to give the fullest play to their powers of business-building and the clerks and field-workers would bask in the glory of Government service. The prosaic sequel is too sad to contemplate—for everybody except the Managers who have moved into the Managing Directors' air-conditioned rooms.

* * *

But if Statism has gone awry, Mr. Deshmukh's masterful successor knows that the State must not lose face on any account. To cover up its incompetence it must go on pushing the private sector to the wall. He inaugurated his regime with a *feu d' joie* in the shape of excise duties on textiles. If the almost certain result was to push up prices, the consumer was welcome to derive such comfort as he could from the minatory finger the Minister wagged at the millers. And now we have another dose of stunt-mongering finance in the sacred interests of the Plan and the Socialistic Pattern.

* * *

The Planners decided on an investment of Rs. 4,800 crores, when on the most liberal calculation they could not hope to lay their hands on more than half that amount. It was the story of the day-dreaming bachelor and the sesamum seeds all over again. Now the Finance Minister estimates that the Plan will require at least another 600 crores more. The World Bank has politely told him that nobody outside India is particularly anxious to lend to help her doctrinaires liquidate such private enterprise as there still is. And high-spirited T.T.K. has in defiant answer begun what looks like a Punic war against private industry.

The Capital Gains Tax, introduced by Liaqat Ali Khan with the artful idea that it would embroil his Hindu colleagues with the *banias* who filled the Congress coffers, was allowed to slumber after a year or two. It is now being revived after its long hibernation. And the Finance Minister has thoughtfully provided it with new teeth as well as new victims to satisfy its ravenous appetite. Most of the exemptions in the original Act are to be withdrawn. All gains above Rs. 5,000 are to be taxed. Tax rates are to be determined by adding these gains to the ordinary profits or income derived from business or profession. A man who sells a house and makes a profit of Rs. 5,000 will have to pay a tax which may be as high as four annas in the rupee.

* * *

But if he incurs capital loss he can recoup it only out of any capital gains he may make in later years. He cannot claim a set-off against ordinary profits though for taxation capital gains are treated as not very different from ordinary gains. Mr. Krishnamachari has profited from a selective study of Kaldor. But he calmly disregards Kaldor's warning that his tax proposals (including a steep reduction of the maximum rates of income-tax) must be treated as an integral whole. No wonder he has even scantier respect for the home-grown wisdom of the Matthai Commission who held that the times were not propitious for this impost.

* * *

When money is almost as illusory as fairy gold taxing capital "gains" can only result in yet another of those indiscriminate hurricane-like devastations by which our Socialism proposes to blast its way to its goal. And the irony of the whole thing is that the egalitarian doctrine which should logically favour the widest diffusion of property is being thwarted at every turn by the taxation policy which savagely penalises redistribution of assets. Similarly, while our Government preens itself on its discovery of a new brand of Socialism which is not incompatible with private enterprise, the Finance Minister proposes neatly to impale companies on a Morton's fork. They must be prepared for heavy taxation on depreciation allowances and reserves if they do not allow the bulk of them to be frozen. If that be the co-existence in store for it, well may the private sector pray "God save us!"

VIGHNESWARA.

Entrust work to men, only after testing them. But after they have been so appointed, accept their service without distrust. It is wrong to choose men without care and equally wrong to distrust men whom you have chosen.—*Kural.*

SIDELIGHTS : :

THE birthdays of two of the greatest leaders of the nation fall within a week of each other: President Rajendra Prasad was 72 last Monday and Rajaji will be 78 next Sunday. The President has achieved a great feat in the midst of the turmoil and hectic merry-go-round life of New Delhi—he has stood out as an inspiring example of detachment and benignity. All controversies have by-passed him. No national figure is today more highly venerated. His simplicity, affability, integrity and honesty of purpose, and above all his unassuming mien and loftiness of character enabling him to take the highest honours and distinctions that can come to a citizen in the land easily in his stride, without the slightest trace of pride, have established round him a halo of saintliness next only to the Mahatma's in its all-pervasive holy atmosphere. The ripe and mellow wisdom of the saint in him has somewhat dimmed the lustre and brightness of the brilliant scholar and intellectual. Profoundly religious, he does not seem to have reached, in his relations with our secular Prime Minister, the intimate companionable closeness of understanding that Rajaji as Governor-General apparently did with remarkable ease. The singular blend of courtesy and aloofness habitual to the President has meant a certain withdrawal from the rough and tumble of politics. It has not precipitated him into any dynamic partnership in the conduct of affairs with the executive head of the Government. He has played no vigorous historical role. But he has spread himself over the life of the country and the affections of its citizens of all classes as a gentle, gracious figure full of generosity, friendliness and goodwill. He exudes peace and contentment and rustic, yet majestic dignity in a strife-ridden world saturated with the mighty ambitions of aggressive power-hunters.

Rajaji is a more compulsive sort of individual. He has not the pacific disposition that is reconciled to the philosophic attitude of waiting tamely on events, leaving them to take their own course. Endowed with a Cassandra-sort of prophetic vision, and made restless by the keen probes and thrusts of a razor-sharp intellect, he is for ever engrossed in a battle-royal to subdue history with the weapon of human intelligence. He exults in pessimistic prognostications (as Churchill of old delighted in prospects of war) perhaps because they provide more sweep and scope for the exercise of fortitude, proof of the power of virtue, reformist zeal and conquest of evil with strategy and will. He is a giant to reckon with in any emergency, with infinite talent, inventiveness and resourcefulness to overcome difficulties. Acceptance by the authorities of his abstention from the responsibilities of government is symbolic of Congress addiction to the second-best in supersession of the first-rate in post-Gandhian Nehru India.

It must be said however that the Government's loss is in a way the nation's gain. Under official responsibility C.R.'s scrupulosity for standards of rectitude was apt to take on a forbidding aspect and keep tried friends at bay. Power attracts large multitudes to its wielders in their quest for favours, but in the midst of all the incense and rose garlands, the powerful live lives of melancholy loneliness and isolation, haunted by suspicions of insincerity and dread of false homage for the sake of the patronage in their gift. They are also pursued by the implacable hatreds of the disappointed, baulked in their efforts to capitalise old friendship into present gain. In India inflexible devotion to justice on the part of politicians in office is frowned upon and it is the lavish distributors of largesse without regard to desserts that manage to climb up to the Everest peaks of popularity.

Out of office, there is no need for any protective apparatus of offence or defence, and the joys of fraternal association with congenial spirits can be indulged in without the harassment of self-inflicted techniques of expediency. Rajaji, at this moment, removed for ever from the sway of personal acquisitive ambitions, has become by choice a vigilant watch-dog of the public interest, a one-man Opposition unremittingly engaged in the study of every great question of national significance and offering criticism and guidance in the spirit of a Socrates aware of the risks of voicing unpalatable truths but persisting in it, nevertheless, as in a mission which has to be done and which he alone can do. The Prime Minister nowadays so dominates the Indian scene that universal subservience to his slightest wish has nearly destroyed the chastening functions for which an Opposition exists in the democratic system of government. Rajaji has thrown himself into this gap with intrepidity and philosophic insight, and this self-dedication of his to a thankless and dangerous service must be rated as a patriotic expression of unique sacrifice, the more so by reason of his long affiliation as a Congressman and of his close and intimate relations of personal friendship and affection with the distinguished leaders whose administrative follies are so constantly and unsparingly reviewed by him.

After an indefatigable life of strain and toil when the desire of most men would be for restful retirement, Rajaji continues his disinterested labours in the national cause with indomitable energy. It is from him that today the most dynamic stimulus for independent thinking comes. His thoroughness in every task, big and small, which he undertakes, is an example to all. He combines the ardour of a young man with the ripe and mature wisdom of a practical philosopher who has grasped with the intellect and the spirit the secret reality hidden in the heart of the cosmos. It is not commonly realised, in the blinding light of his dazzling qualities, that he is not all steel, that at heart he is a gentle and rather pathetically dependent human being with an immense capacity for taking pains and identification with others as his way of benevolence and showering affection.

SAKA.

AMERICA'S KURUKSHETRA

By C. RAJAGOPALACHARI

"The battle of Kurukshetra is in the heart of man"—Gandhi quoted by Vincent Shean in 'Lead Kindly Light'.

READING the proceedings of the Canadian Parliament as reported in the papers, it seems that body is divided on the issue of the propriety of the British invasion of Egypt, exactly in the reverse of the position in the British Parliament. Mr. St. Laurent and his Government hold the British to be wrong and his Opposition hold the U.N. to be wrong, while in London Sir Anthony Eden and his Government persist that it was profitable to Britain to seize the Suez Zone and therefore it was right to seek to deprive Egypt of its territory, Mr. Gaitskell and the Labour Party striving on the other hand to play the moral role, so far with no appreciable success. British interests are always more real in the eye of the man in the British street than any moral law or Bible texts. The Opposition in the Canadian Parliament wondered why a crowd of smaller nations dared to deal with questions concerning the vital interests of Big Powers. Mr. Louis St. Laurent answered in terms that promise to become classic: "Because the era when the supermen of Europe could govern the whole world is coming to an end."

The Opposition leader in Canada accused the Government of following a course of gratuitous condemnation of the Anglo-French "intervention" in Egypt. Mr. St. Laurent's apology was that the British action in Egypt shields and obscures Soviet crimes in Hungary. This was the offence, not so much that it was a breach of international law and a crime in itself.

Hungary might be the scene of great wrongs, but how can it have any relevancy in the judgment of British crime? It seems the only yardstick for some people is how an act helps or hinders Russia. If it does not help Russia the act must be deemed innocent; if it helps to increase Russian influence it is a crime. A strange way of deciding right and wrong! All the "satellite" countries are victims of fear and force operated by the Big Power on their eastern border. But does that throw any light on the question whether Egypt should lose Suez to Britain? It is strange that partisanship should be allowed to confuse such a simple issue. It seems as if the aim of world morality were only to secure parity between Western and Russian crime, not to secure good behaviour among the nations of the world, small and big.

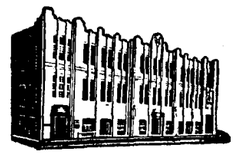
America's conscience is struggling hard to do the right. But it is as difficult a task as was the Kurukshetra battle. "Enormous is this army of ours led by Bhishma, yet the army opposite, led by Bhima seems also sufficient!" so Duryodhana, racked by doubt and anxiety, said.

The fear of Russia gaining influence in the Middle East is the dominating motive that now seems to sway all American thought. The best market-solution for this moral conflict is that America should take over all the oil in the Middle East and enter into a firm price-pool agreement covering all Eastern and Western oil. Then perhaps the Arab world would be left in peace. It may be worth while to barter Oil for Peace plus a fair monetary return. America can bring this about. Eisenhower's dilemma may be solved this way and Egypt saved from outrage.

On October 27, the U.S. Secretary of State Mr. John Foster Dulles spoke at a meeting in Texas listing "Peace Efforts numbers one to six". He called it the 'waging of Peace' by France, Great Britain and the United States. While Dulles was thus on his legs speaking, Sir Anthony Eden at that moment was making his final arrangements for the attack on Egypt and the seventh Peace Effort was launched on the first day of November on Port Said and we know what followed.

So far America has stood for right and frowned on wrong although it was Britain that did it. The trial of strength is between Law and NATO and the issue is doubtful.

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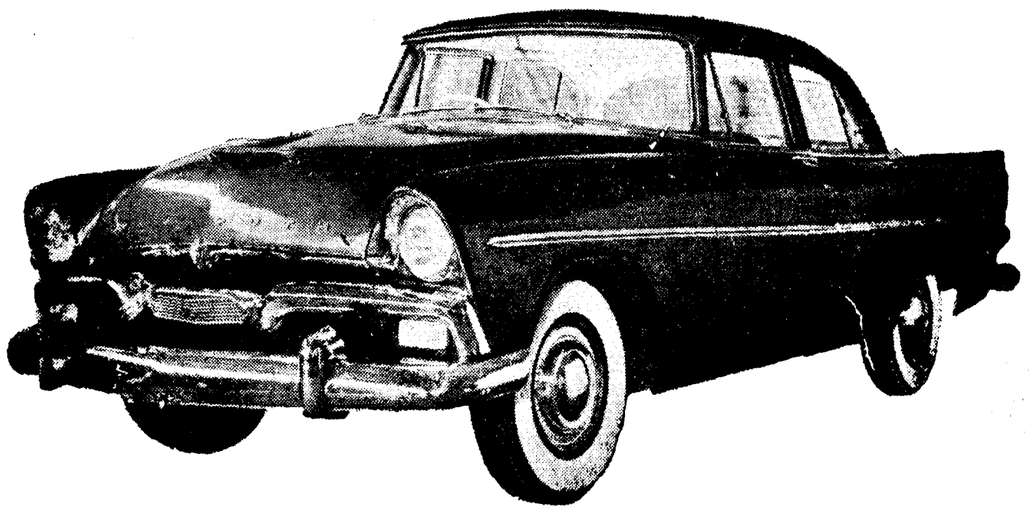
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BHARAT RATNA SRI RAJAJI

By NAVARATNA RAMA RAO

[On December 9, 1956, Rajaji will be 78. We are privileged to publish this tribute to him from his life-long friend, Sri Navaratna Rama Rao, by the courtesy of Sri T. Sadasivam, Editor of "KALKI" —Ed.]

I have known Rajaji intimately for over 65 years. My heart goes out to him on this his 78th birthday in love and all kind wishes. This great and good man's affection has been to me a blessing and an inspiration.

When first I met him he was a slight shy lad, with whom it seemed difficult to make friends. When we became class mates in the Central College, Bangalore, I found that he was one of those rare boys, who thought more than they spoke, and whose thoughts were sometimes too deep for words. His mind was fertile soil in which what he read and heard germinated and grew. I was drawn to him irresistably, but he seemed so reserved that I was afraid to make the first advances. What a joy it was to find that the attraction was mutual, and that he frankly sought my friendship! Soon, we became inseperable, thinking the same thoughts, reading and loving the same books, and with the same ideals in life. Whenever we met we found so much to say to one another, that the hours fleeted unnoticed and often we were too late for supper in our hotels. We were both liked by Professor Tait, who taught us to love great literature, and whom we still reverence as a *guru*. Then came the great day when we were given the use of a roomlet about 7 feet square, in one of the outhouses of our college, and we could be together 24 hours in the day. We spent our holidays with one another as far as we could. Sometimes I cycled to Hosur painfully —for they were the days of cushion tyres and heavy frames; or he came to Hessargatta where my father was a D.P.W. officer. It was sheer delight to wander arm in arm over fields and woods and along the margins of lakes with a favourite book — Shakespeare, Milton, Thackeray or Scott — and to talk more than we read. I don't know what our parents thought of our absorption in each other—but I know it was a joy to me, a joy the memory of which has remained fadeless through life.

Like other boys, we made plans for our future. We were both to become lawyers and practise in the same place so that the future might be a continuation of the past. We joined the Law College at Madras and lived together during our law course. When I qualified for practice I hastened to Salem, which had become dearer to me than my native Bangalore, because Rajaji was there waiting for me. So far all had moved to schedule. Rajaji had already made his mark. The young giant easily overtopped veterans and I myself was doing not at all badly for an outsider who had at the same time both to learn a new language and earn a living; but at this point our plans "went agley" and our ways parted. Circumstances made it necessary for me to return to Mysore and I accepted a Government post there. Rajaji pursued his course with characteristic persistence, till the highest prizes of his profession were within his reach—and then the call of duty came to him, and with equally characteristic decision he renounced all he had won and enlisted in the fight for freedom—a fight in what seemed then a precarious cause. From that time his life with its struggles and trials and crowned at last with glorious achievement is part of the history of India. I wish only to say that never during the hottest of the battle was there a time when he did not have a kindly thought or word for me.

I know there is too much "I" in the above narrative, but I must give my credentials before claiming the right to speak about Rajaji with knowledge.

I have had opportunities of meeting famous people—some of them heroes of nations—and tried to understand the springs of their renown. They are generally



Navaratna Rama Rao

Sri Navaratna Rama Rao is perhaps the most intimate and oldest surviving friend that Rajaji has in the world. After starting life as a lawyer at Salem with Rajaji, he soon drifted away to join the Civil Service in Mysore. Working in the Revenue Department, he rose steadily and retired as the Director of Industries and Commerce in Mysore.

His mastery of the English language and his fastidiousness in using it are something rarely to be met with at the present day. He has, besides, a passable knowledge of French. Among his other loves are, of course, Sanskrit and Kannada. He has written an admirable book in Kannada of the early days of his official career, covering a period of only three years and this book has been universally hailed as a unique contribution to modern Kannada letters. It is distinguished by subtle humour, penetrating observation and a keen sense of enjoyment of the good things of life.

May these two rare souls who are like David and Jonathan continue for many many years to shine as examples of the noblest type of mutual friendship and faith.

K. SAMPATHGIRI RAO.

intellect, courage, character, patriotism, and self-sacrifice. I have seen men and women who made one feel proud of human nature; but I do not think I have met another whom I would rank higher than Rajaji. I have not come across a clearer intellect, or a greater power of penetration through appearances to reality. He saw a point so clearly that he was impatient of contradiction and sometimes mistook mere dullness for perversity. He could not suffer fools gladly. For courage, it might be said of him, as of Cromwell, that he was verily a strong man in whom hope shone like a pillar of fire when it had gone out in others. He was never afraid of unpopularity, and nobody was less prone to superstitious reverence for authority. He could, on a point of principle, break with the comrades of a lifetime. When he honestly differed even from the Mahatma, he never hesitated to say so frankly, and on more than one occasion I believe he made the Mahatma change his views on important issues. It is nonsense to talk of him, as some have done, as a follower of the Mahatma; for he is too original to be a copy or a blind disciple of anybody. With the greatest love and reverence for the Mahatma he never accepted even his opinions without being satisfied about their correctness.

I have seen Rajaji in all the vicissitudes of his life and in all his moods. I have seen him when stricken by great bereavement. I have seen him a shadowed and suspected man, broken in health through long imprisonment. I have seen him as Governor-General receiving homage from Maharajas and commanding the adoration of listening crowds. I have never seen a man more unaffected by circumstance—less cast down by adversity or less elated by success. Never was one less inclined to remember unkindness. I have thought that here is the steadfast man described in the *Gita*.

A man of strenuous life who achieves glory, and who often succeeds where others have failed, makes many enemies, and has many detractors; but never has there been a whisper heard against his courage, character and patriotism, his purity of life and absolute honesty. It may be said of him that he has borne the white flower of a blameless life amidst a thousand peering littlenesses in the fierce light that beats upon eminence and blackens every blot.

If Rajaji had not been so great as a statesman he would have been a famous man of letters. He has to his credit works in English and Tamil that his countrymen will not suffer to be lost; and not so long ago he said he was prouder of having retold the Ramayana and the Mahabharatha in Tamil for children than of having held the highest offices in the land.

I am not a Tamilian, but if Rajaji's Tamil is as clear and graceful as his English, he must be in the top rank of Tamil writers. As a speaker he is one of the most persuasive men I have heard, and he gets this quality not from artifices of oratory, but from clearness of thought and language.

All this is matter for admiration no doubt; but it is his goodness, his compassion for all life and his real godliness that win him people's love and make them on this his birthday wish him many happy returns of it and pray God to give him health, honour, love and troops of friends.

American Scheme of Merit Scholarships

FOR the first time this year 525 talented youngsters from all over the United States are attending college with the help of the largest privately-financed scholarship programme in the history of American education.

They are winners of $ 3,160,000 in college scholarships offered by the National Merit Scholarship Corporation (NMSC) after a nation-wide search for talent.

Their scholarships range from a token $ 100 to $ 8,400 for four years. The amount depended on the finances of the scholarship winners' families. Their fathers cover the occupational range from cook to college president.

The creation of the National Merit Scholarship Corporation last year with funds totalling more than $ 21 million has made it possible for the most able youth of the country to get a college education regardless of financial status. It also provides business enterprises with an effective means for contributing to higher education.

The corporation was set up as an independent, nonprofit organisation to devise and administer a nation-wide system of scholarships for higher education. The chief sponsor is the Ford Foundation, which has already made grants totalling $ 20 million. The Carnegie Corporation has made a grant of $ 500,000 and more than $ 1 million has been provided by 19 leading business corporations.

Under the new programme, students will be selected every year on the basis of merit, and they will be rewarded on the basis of need. In the starting phase of the programme, 60,000 high-school seniors took the first NMSC test on October 26,1955. The group represented students picked by high-school principals throughout the nation as those among the top five percent of their classes. In the final selection, scores in college aptitude tests and the facts of leadership and "extracurricular achievements were considered.

Most of the winners, who are called National Merit Scholars, were 17 and 18 years old. Boys outnumbered girls about two to one among the winners. A very high percentage of them are aiming for careers where they are needed most—in science and engineering.

National Merit Scholars can select any accredited college or university in the country. They may study in any field or subject of their choice. Students needing substantial assistance are given full tuition and living costs for four years. If a student does not need assistance, a token award of $ 100 is made. In every case a "cost of education" grant is made to the college.

It is estimated that the average cost of a four-year college scholarship is $ 6,000. As a rule, of this amount $ 2,500 will be given to the college selected, the tuition will cost an additional $ 2,500 and $ 1,000 is provided for other student expenses.

EQUALITY UNDER SOCIALISM

By K. SANTHANAM
Chairman, Indian Finance Commission.

THE achievement of Socialist economy has been decided upon as a national objective. It has also been decided that this shall be achieved through democratic and peaceful methods.

It is generally assumed that the application of the principles of Socialism is a simple and straightforward affair. This is a serious error which vitiates our economic thinking. It is possible to have Socialist production with un-Socialist methods of distribution. It is equally possible to have capitalistic methods of production with Socialist methods of distribution. Socialism applied to the field of production means an increasing degree of public ownership, management and control of the means of production, especially of those means which involve use of power on a large scale. In the field of distribution the main implications of Socialism are high wages, full employment and social security including old age pensions and child allowances and relief for sickness, disability or unemployment.

Soviet Russia and Great Britain are good illustrations of the application of Socialist principles in these two fields. In the beginning, Soviet Russia tried to evolve Socialism in production and distribution at the same time. The result was almost a breakdown of Russian economy. There was little wealth to distribute and if it were all distributed there would be no capital for development. Also in a low state of economy a great deal of inducement was necessary to encourage talent and induce a spirit of hard work and efficiency.

So Soviet Russia had to concentrate on production and for this purpose had to permit a wide range of inequality of income and even the accumulation of large personal property, though this property could not be used for private enterprise in any scale.

In the United Kingdom capitalist production had almost reached a maximum when the Socialist movement became effective. Naturally the first steps towards Socialism were taken in the field of distribution through a high rate of income tax, death duties and other measures of taxation. The major portion of the income of the richer classes is being taken away and re-distributed to the poorer classes with the result that the range of inequality of incomes has become comparatively narrow. The following figures are eloquent. In 1953-54, there were 20.2 million incomes totalling ten thousand six hundred million pounds. Of these only two thousand incomes were over twenty thousand pounds. Out of a total of 68 million pounds earned by these rich incomes, no less than 56.5 million pounds were taken as tax leaving to them 11.5 million pounds. That is to say, a net income of five thousand pounds is almost the upper limit in Great Britain. There were 9.4 million incomes of the range of 250 to 500, 5.2 million incomes of 500 to 750 and 1.3 million of 750 to 1,000. There were only 3.2 million within the range of 155 to 250. This shows that a vast majority of families in Great Britain are getting an income ranging from 500 to 1,000 pounds a year and hardly any family is getting less than 200 pounds or more than 5,000 pounds.

India is facing today the same problem as Soviet Russia did nearly forty years ago. Capital is scarce, technical skill and efficiency are even more scanty. If the present national income is distributed equally among its vast population, the result will be that the entire people will have to live on a margin of bare subsistence and it will not be possible to get any capital or offer any inducement for talent and skill. There is a school of thinkers who are willing to stabilise Indian economy at this low level through reliance on small holdings and cottage industries. But this is not the idea of those who have formulated the Socialist objective. They want to build up the industrial potentiality of India through the widest use of modern science and technology and increase national income to an extent which will enable the entire people to live on a higher standard.

Intensive industrialisation will for a time at least increase the existing inequalities. We can see that, as a result of the first Five-Year Plan the building operations in cities have been vastly greater than those in district towns and, in the latter again, more than in rural areas.

The great bottleneck in India's

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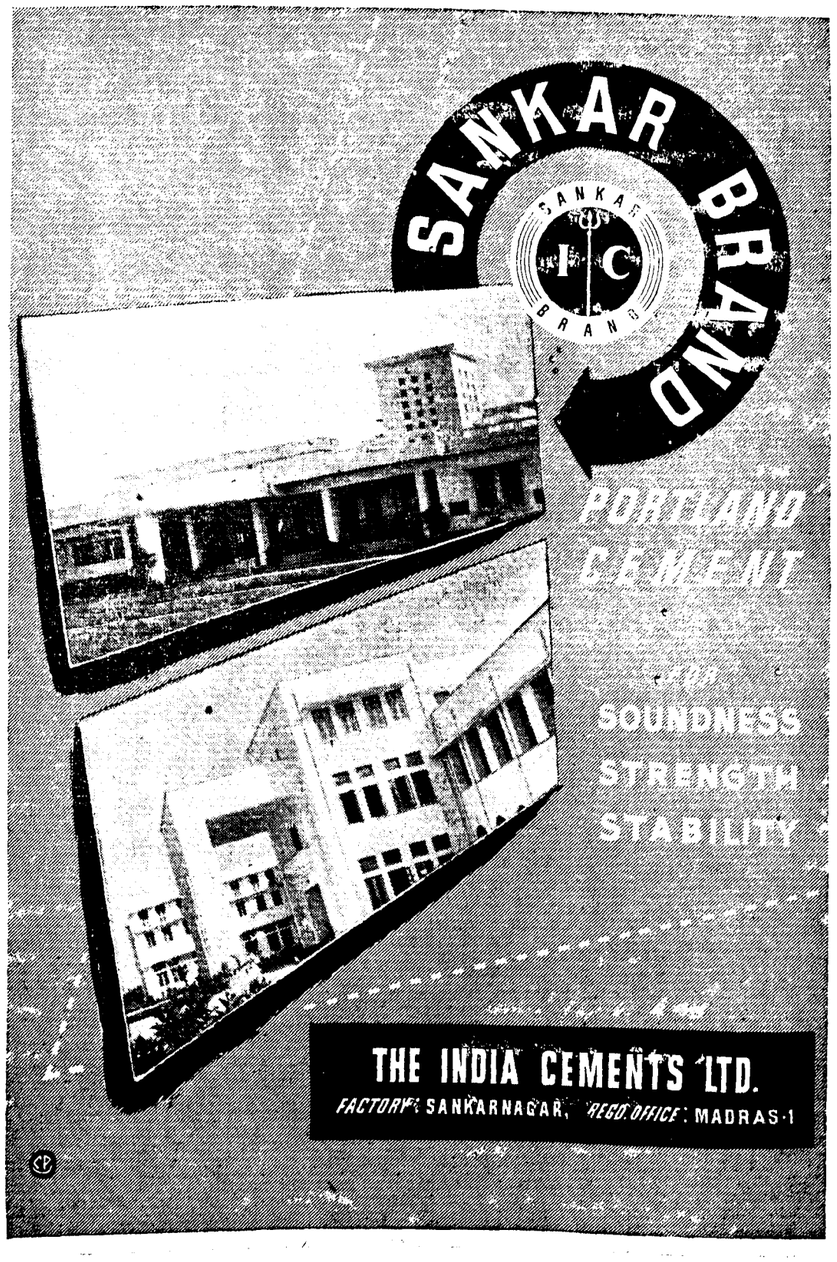
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economic development is today not so much the lack of capital as the lack of technical skill and efficiency. In order to train a large body of technicians and to induce them to work hard and establish a tradition of efficiency we shall have to pay them substantially higher wages and salaries compared to the vast rural masses. It is hardly possible to contemplate any comprehensive scheme of Socialist security without diverting that part of national income which is needed for capital investment. Hence the country is in this dilemma. The immediate insistence on social security and a small range of inequality will make it difficult to industrialise the country rapidly and increase the total divisible national income.

A FARMER'S VIEW

Stop wastes and overlapping before levying new taxes that kill the good goose. The piccota bucket is leaking all over. Beating the bullocks won't bring up water.

Ultimately, of course, after Socialist production has reached a high level, it should be possible to bring about Socialist distribution also. In view of our immense population and the low state of our economic development, the time lag between the two may be considerable.

Thus, there should be no surprise if it takes a generation or more before we achieve a level of production which enables effective Socialistic distribution. A premature insistence on Socialistic distribution may result in mere economic stagnation. Unless this matter is explained to the people satisfactorily and they are persuaded to accept the necessity of present concentration on production and postponement of the attainment of a higher general standard of life, India's economic development is likely to face difficulties. There is also a possible danger of using political power to suppress popular discontent and the country drifting towards dictatorship. The sooner it is realised that national economic prosperity cannot be achieved without immense labour and sacrifice the easier it will be to achieve the goal.

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

By M. KRISHNAN

I can understand people objecting to certain things that seem all right to others. I'll go further. Not only do I realise that tastes differ and that it takes many sorts to make the world, but I can also understand people in power, with decided preferences, inflicting their tastes on others. May be that is not right, but it is natural. If the king is a passionate believer in surrealism, only a most unnatural sense of rectitude can prevent his rule from being somewhat surrealist.

But I cannot comprehend people condemning something and then fostering a slight variation of the very thing. That reminds one of the story of the mother-in-law who recalled the beggar, sent away empty-handed by the daughter-in-law, so that she, the mother-in-law, no less, could tell him that the girl had no right to take action without consulting her, and then ask him to clear out herself.

What is this 'Sugam Sangeeth' if it is not a bowdlerised version of the 'film-geeth' banned by A.I.R.? And what was 'Lalitha Geetham' before it? And why these melodramatic names for "light music" cast in the cinematic mould and provided with a cine-orchestra background?

On the last night of November, I listened to one tedious hour of 'Sugam Sangeeth', to try and discover the basic, the important, differences that make this programme acceptable to the A.I.R. pundits who frown on cine-music. On many earlier occasions, too, I have listened to this programme with the same object in mind, but this night, by transcribing the words of the songs as I heard them and verifying the conclusions suggested by previous analysis, I was able to discover the difference between 'Sugam Sangeeth' and 'fillumi-geeth'. I am sorry I cannot give you my notes here, for they are in Tamil (the language of the broadcast), but here are my findings, in the last analysis (how glad I am to be able to use this hackneyed and fatuous cliche to make sense, for once):

1. Of the 7 songs sung by 4 feminine artistes, 4 were in praise of gods (devotional), 2 were laments (one of these beginning starkly with the words "Why this world, O God?"), and the last a verse in adoration of innocent childhood. No love, see? Impossible to have had seven cine-songs without mention of "peeya", "jeeya", "balam", or their equivalents in the regional languages.

2. The background music (accompaniment?) was highly cinematic but not as good.

3. The words of most of the songs were weak, vapid, and inane and the versification inept. Cine-songs, I realise, are not specially meaningful, but they cannot well be worse in their diction and prosody than these.

4. The same preference for North Indian tunes that marks cine-music, even in the South, was evident. The first song was in Behag, the third in Bhairavi (Northern) reminiscent of a Hindi film-song changing midway to something that sounded like Hameer Kalyani, and the last in Yaman.

So now, in the last analysis, what is Dr. Keskar's objection to cine-songs which, even he must accept, are at least as well sung as by the singers of his 'Sugam Sangeeth' and frequently better, and definitely of no lower literary standard? Love, apparently. I am amazed. It is not as if the love-song of the silver screen is pornophonic or obscene. It is often classical in its bias—I know dozens of cine-love-songs featuring such highly literary fowl as the Koel, the Papiha and the moon-struck Chuckor, or the moon itself, or rain-clouds and the heavy, moisture-laden wind that stir up desire in the beloved, and similar motifs well recognised in the folk-song and ancient poetry of most Indian languages. Some cine-love-songs are plain silly (but so is love, on occasion, especially when it is

Magistrate, Egmore : Hey my boy, what made you pick that old man's purse in the bus ?

Delinquent : Your Worship, the bus was going on the wrong side. I wanted to arrest attention.

Magistrate : That looks like Britain landing forces in Egypt to stop war in the Middle East ! Boy, one week rigorous.

young), some are doleful and philosophical, some are sickeningly sentimental, and some truly light-hearted (but not ribald)—none that I have heard or heard of is any the more depraved than the best classical poetry. Moreover, why should Dr. Keskar object to love ? Come, come, Sir, such a hopelessly unbiological attitude is unworthy of a man of your eminence—where would we be, you and I, but for love ?

* * *

In contrast to this broadcast of 'Sugam Sangeeth', the folk-songs broadcast earlier that night from Tiruchi were delightful. Especially did I like the instrumental accompaniment, which kept modestly to the background—a faint, thin violin and a drum twanged rather than beaten, I mean it was not thumped so as to reverberate deeply but sounded lightly in its higher pitches. The words were clearly sung, and the tunes were authentic Tamil folk-tunes—no fancy North Indian touches here.

* * *

I think plays broadcast by schoolboys in the school-hour programmes should be selected with some appreciation of the limitations of the situation. We will not, of course, assume the prudish and mid-Victorian attitude that the facts of life are unknown to young people till an advanced stage of adolescence, but surely middle-school children cannot be expected to realise the rigours of a vow of celibacy ! On November 30 a drama titled 'Bhishma's Vow' was featured in the middle-school programme broadcast from Madras, which was all about how Bhishma took the vow of celibacy, in addition to giving up his personal claims to the throne, so that his descendants might not dispute the throne with any possible male issue from his father's latest marriage. But more than that, it was the squeaky tone in which all these highly legal and contingent matters were discussed between the characters that was ridiculous. No criticism of the young actors intended, but the play should have been chosen to suit their years.

* * *

There are times when words can be less explicit than the lack of words. At least, that was what I felt on the night of November 29, listening to the 'Govardhan Leela Opera' broadcast from Delhi. There was a profuse commentary, vigorously rendered, in between the songs, but it was in Hindi, and so were the songs in Hindi, and I, alas ! have no Hindi. I listened right through the hour's programme, in the hope that some meaning transcending the communication of mere words would reach me, but nothing happened.

Only the previous night, I had listened to the 'shadow play', also from Delhi, featuring the life of Buddha. What was broadcast was the musical accompaniment of the play—since we lack television in our country, the shadows that so graphically portrayed the life could not be picked up from the air. There were hardly any words to the music broadcast, though much of it was vocal—the singing was limited to a chanted 'ah-ah-ah-ah', varying in tune and mood to suit the scene being shown on the screen. There was, of course, a commentary, a very lucid commentary in English, and no doubt that was mainly why I was able to follow and appreciate the music. In fact, the commentator's voice was so surcharged with tremulous emotion on occasion that I thought he was Harindranath Chattopadhyaya, but towards the end it was announced that the performance was by Udhay Shankar's troupe.

* * *

I liked Mr. C. Rajagopalachari's fable from Madras, on November 29. It was the story of a boy who was inordinately fond of sweets, but with whom sweets did not agree ; in fact, they disagreed so badly with him that his parents were advised by the family physician that unless young Balachandar stopped eating sweets, there was little hope of his survival. But try as they might, his parents were unable to prevent the boy from eating sweets, and finally the father, in despair, sought the advice of his guru, Shri Sankaracharlar of Kumbakonam. The guru advises the immediate apprenticing of Balachandar to a sweet-meat vender, so that he can have unlimited opportunity for gratifying his sweet-tooth ; this is done, the boy gets quite desperately ill as the result of the steady consumption of sweets over three days ; he develops an overpowering revulsion for sweets, gives them up, gets well, and develops into a fine specimen of humanity, into a games master, actually. This tale, it was announced, would be rebroadcast from recording to children.

I must listen to other fables by the Aesop of our times. I hope some of them, many of them, will be ironic and unsusceptible of rebroadcast to the children. For one thing, a fable is never so satisfying, stylistically, as when it is ironic—and further, I do not think A.I.R. should be provided with the opportunity to rebroadcast anything from recording—they never pay the second time.

Hungary Covers Egypt

Why did you supply bricks of this poor quality when your contract was for first quality ?

Contractor : Your Honour, let the Ariyalur enquiry be enquired into. The same rains broke that embankment also.

In Europe and most other parts of the world minorities fight desperately to preserve their identities. America is a nation of minorities craving passionately to be assimilated.

— "The Times", London.

EISENHOWER

BOOK REVIEW

POLITICAL commentators have justly attributed the resounding success of Eisenhower in the recent U.S. Presidential elections to his personal popularity that seems to cut across all party boundaries. His being voted for a second term at the White House is taken, even by his opponents, as a popular gesture of confidence in his stewardship of the nation's affairs at home and abroad rather than as an approval of the policies and programme of the Republican party. Even his illness, which had almost paralysed him for quite a few months and threatened to render him "a part-time President" (in the sarcastic words of his opponent) had the only effect of mobilising public sympathy closer to him, to the utter disadvantage of Mr. Stevenson than whom no political party in U.S. could produce an abler and more eloquent Presidential candidate. The average American has shown that he likes Ike, who just now seems to rank in popularity with Washington, Lincoln, Wilson and Franklin D. Roosevelt.

But Eisenhower, whose journey from West Point to White House seems to have been pretty quick, has few of the great qualities that distinguished his celebrated precursors. He has, for instance, none of the political genius of Washington, the burning moral fervour of Lincoln, the lofty idealism of Woodrow Wilson or the drive and vision of Roosevelt. On the other hand he has certain ordinary attributes in an extraordinary degree. These constitute the gift of leadership in a modern democracy. His broad humanity that was so much responsible for his success as a Supreme Commander in the 'Crusade in Europe' has also won him laurels as a President. He had learnt the difficult art of walking with kings without losing the common touch. His humility, that is no mere simulated pose for vote-catching, and essentially non-partisan outlook have won the heart of the Americans, according to Merlo J. Pusey, who has made a detailed study of Eisenhower in office.

The author tells us, and there is no reason to doubt it, that Eisenhower had not the faintest idea of contesting for a political office even after his triumphant return from Europe as a national hero after the second world war. As late as 1948 he seems to have told Truman : "Mr. President, I do not know who is going to be your opponent, but I know that it is not going to be I" and he proved as good as his word. In fact, until about 1950 or so nobody knew his political sympathies or party affinities and he had nothing but admonition to offer his admirers who talked of Presidentship even as a distant prospect. But, when it was made known to him that a large section of the electors wanted him, he respected their wishes. It is interesting to note how the same Harry Truman who was so solicitous to urge him to run for Presidentship before the General's political complexion was clear enough, had a paternal caution to offer him not to embroil himself in needless controversies when his Republican sympathies had sufficiently shown up.

After conducting an election campaign with just the correct mixture of "folksiness" and decency, Eisenhower occupied the Presidency in a mood of restrained optimism. The first, if not the greatest, achievement to his credit while in office was to prove that a hardened professional soldier need not be a war-monger or even a pugnacious politician. He seemed to say that one who knew the carnage of war at first hand would abhor it the most and work the harder for peace. It was, according to the author, a peace offensive that was started by the five-star General. In his famous address to the United Nations Assembly, he urged that the "marvellous inventiveness of man should not be dedicated to his death but consecrated to his life." That was in the course of his plea for a pooling of atomic resources for peaceful uses. His performance at the Geneva 'Summit' Conference was another feather in his cap and his appeal for reduction of armaments, freer contacts between the East and West, contributed to the transformation of a cold war into a cold peace.

Though there might have been a fear of American isolationism under a Republican President, U.S. relations with the world in general have, under Eisenhower, been characterised by a keen awareness of her basic responsibilities. America is now on better terms with Russia than under Truman, who had a tendency to grow bellicose at unexpected times and places. The Chief Executive still continues to be the fountain-source of foreign policy, though John Foster Dulles is supposed to carry it all in his coat pockets. The disconcerting habit of dropping bricks has made new enemies

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* *Eisenhower, the President* : by Merle J. Pusey, The Macmillan Company, New York, Pages 300, Price Rs. 17-1-0.



for Dulles, whose *faux pans* on the Goa problem rankles in the Indian mind. But, in general, he is often painted a shade blacker than he actually is. A hard-headed diplomat with ideas of "massive retaliation" and a preference for "agonising reappraisal", he would not mind being at the "brink of war" to avoid being actually in a war and deter the enemy by threatening thunder and lightning from a position of strength. The differences made out between Eisenhower and Dulles are those of temperament rather than of policy and principle. One is a breezy, infectious optimist, the other a sober, cold-blooded realist; one's weapon is genial humour, the other's, mordant wit. They are like two chords in a single harmony.

At home, Eisenhower's programme strikes a golden mean between national security and individual liberty. "Honour before peace, peace before solvency and prosperity before any doctrinaire concept of economics"—this is his slogan. The head of his economic advisers happens to be Dr. Arthur Burns, a Democrat, and he relies on him for building up an era of prosperity. Not undoing the good work of his Democratic predecessors, he had relaxed some irksome controls, lowered taxes, raised incomes, reduced expenditure on administration, fought corruption and made the small man more contented. His cabinet has worked as a team and his legislative programme was substantially a success. In tackling the Red witch-hunter, McCarthy, he could however have shown greater firmness and taken more calculated risks.

The appeal of Eisenhower to his colleagues in the party and the administration, the author reminds us, is not derived from a mere facile aptitude for hand-shaking, back-slapping and calling people by their first names or nicknames. It goes far deeper than that to a quality of leadership that might win him greater glory with no Churchill at the head of Britain that is not exactly a first rate power.

D. ANJANEYULU.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

STUDENTS AND DISCIPLINE

Sir,—It is with mixed feelings of sorrow and anxiety that I read "SIDELIGHTS" in SWARAJYA, dated 24th November.

I belong to Pachiappa's College. On 19th November, we also staged a mock session of the U.N. with Dr. P. V. Cherian as the observer. In the end he observed that our performance was extremely good and our behaviour was exemplary. The Rev. Father Murphy also talked in the same strain last year when he distributed the prizes on the Sports Day. He made special mention of the beautiful way in which our students watched all the events and he was extremely pleased. These remarks have been passed by men who are eminent educationists. This is enough to prove that we students are disciplined.

I feel, from experience gained in my college, that if the staff guides and helps the students in a friendly way good results can definitely be achieved.

Madras V.R.N.

(ii)

Sir,—One evening last week, while strolling along the Marina, my attention was suddenly drawn to an emanation of rhythmic applause at irregular intervals from a group of well-dressed students sitting on the basement of the University Buildings. With curiosity I tarried awhile, only to find out that they were indulging in ignoble "tamasha" whenever a member of the fair sex passed by. I had to hang down my head in shame when some of the foreigners nearby laughed contemptuously at this conduct of our students.

But what left me aghast was the confession made by a member of our police force, that this sort of thing happens as a matter of daily routine while the venue only is changed.

May I seek your hospitable columns to appeal to all the parents and also to our educational institutions to inculcate in the minds of our youth respect for the sanctity of womanhood.

Tiruchirapalli M. P. HARAN.

(iii)

Sir,—Saka has given a clear picture of the ways of college students of the present day. I am also a student studying in one of the City colleges. What was experienced by Saka, I also experienced, not as the observer of a mock parliament but as an ordinary college student attending the inter-collegiate debate in English which took place a month ago. The whole debate was a pandemonium and the judges who were appointed to listen to it also made the same comment that Saka did. I hope that at least after seeing his article the students will correct themselves.

A. SITARAMAN.

THE SECOND AND THIRD BEST

Sir,—In the light of the latest train disaster, your article a few weeks ago on the "Scourge of the Second Best" appears almost a prophecy. Democratic politics of course is based on the justification of the second and third best, because the lower the "best" the more is the representative likely to reflect his masters—the voters. And so our political life is crowded with the second and third best.

But as long as political power is confined to political ends the damage to national life is neither Himalayan nor immediate. But, when political power and political theories enter into business administration, the results will be as seen in the mounting number of railway disasters.

Business administration cannot be run efficiently by a democratic government, for every employee in a government-managed concern is compelled to become a blackmailer: he can use his vote for the powers that be or against them—which cuts at the very basis of all hierarchical discipline.

Since Independence slackness is our chief malady—slackness based on the power of the vote to blackmail. The resignation of a Minister or the dismissal of a few scapegoats in the railway will not touch this root cause of all our troubles in all walks of life.

Dr. John Mathai sometime ago pointed out that the crisis facing India was lack of trained personnel. But in spite of that, for the sake of political ends, our Government is hastening with the process of nationalisation, *i.e.*, bureaucratisation. The recent disaster is a pointer of the boomerang to come. Every State enterprise has been a white elephant—only like cancer its results are not seen immediately. The tragedy of India today is that a handful of doctrinaires have taken charge of our destinies and the poor victims do not know where they are being led.

All healthy life is based on "balance" and it is strange that our Premier who is searching his heart in the light of Buddha's teachings, fails to see this fundamental fact of Buddhism—and is initiating policies not only against the judgment of seers but also against the dictates of political science. The Romans were a wise people who said "Hasten slowly"—even towards the Socialistic pattern of society.

Madanapalle. B. R. KUMAR.

(*Continued from Page 2*)

and working of industries, remains to be seen.

In the final analysis, one is left with the feeling that the game is not worth the candle, and that in the balance, it will make new floatations almost an impossibility, without in any way improving the status quo; and that in any event, it will hit the body politic where it hurts most, and scare away the small saver, who is the backbone of the capital structure. On these facts the new taxes are unlikely to further the Socialistic aims that the Government profess.

Blundering Toryism

AT a Press conference on his return from the United Nations meeting the British Foreign Secretary tried to repair public confidence in Tory policy. He claimed that the atmosphere in the United Nations so far as the Anglo-French position was concerned had improved. It is remarkable how a man of affairs could imagine as he said at the Press conference that the swooping down of an invading army created "an opportunity to get a permanent settlement in the Middle East." It is a vain thought indeed that America could be "slowly persuaded" to accept this. Mr. Selwyn Lloyd still thinks, or says he thinks, that what the British had done in Egypt was right, and he claims that his last visit to America had achieved something in the direction of convincing people that this was so. Not content with this, the British Foreign Secretary commented on the American attitude in terms that do not redound to the credit of England's moral position. "Like other nations, the Americans," he said, "are prone to let off moral steam over other people's lapses, real or imaginary. But they are basically sensible and practical in their approach to public issues." In other words, Mr. Selwyn Lloyd is among those who hold that morality has no place in public affairs—a position which American tradition will never accept. Mr. Selwyn Lloyd tried to make out that the British rape of Egypt and international law and her defiance of the United Nations are on a par with America's intervention in Korea. He went further and sought to attribute America's attitude to "practical considerations" of America's own interests in the Middle East and in the oil fields there.

In contrast with these wretched displays of blundering Toryism, the warnings given by influential sections of the British Press are refreshing.

Said the *New Statesman and Nation* on November 24: "Whether or not Sir Anthony recovers .... the Suez group will have to yield."

ERROR

I regret having failed to detect in time a proof mistake in the heading of the article by Sri S. Narayana Aiyar, which was printed on page 7 of last week's issue of *Swarajya*. The correct heading is "Limitations of Nationalisation", and not "Limitations of Nationalism" as published.

EDITOR.

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MADRAS

EXPLOITATION OF SOCIALISM

The new taxation proposals of the Government of India illustrate the exploitation of Socialism by the ruling party. People should therefore be on their guard. The glamour of Socialism is wearing thin all over the world. In several countries it has helped bureaucrats to entrench themselves impregnably in power as instruments more of tyranny than popular benefit, without any possibility of redress or redemption for the large masses of people adversely affected by their rule. Though the idealistic objectives of Socialism are commendable, it requires for its faithful implementation executive instruments of exemplary public spirit. These have not been forthcoming, as the concentration of economic along with political power in the same hands under the umbrella of Socialism has tended to make the power of the ruling party absolute, and so liable to uncurbed corruption, removed from the salutary checks of any effective Opposition.

In India Congress Socialism represents today perhaps the greatest menace that confronts the nation. With the possible exception of the Prime Minister there are no genuine Socialists in the Congress camp or in the Government. What passes for Socialism in Congress platforms and propaganda is an expedient technique for additional appropriation of enormous economic resources so as to prevent for ever the emergence of any alternative Government from the Left. The Congress leaders have no Socialist traditions to boast. The really genuine Socialists with creeds identifiable as intrinsic Socialism are in the Opposition. Overnight the Congress put on the clothes of Socialism and since then there has been confusion in the politics of the country as a result of the Congress and its opponents being both clothed in habiliments that look alike.

The test of Socialism is the establishment of work and wage as a sacred inviolable citizenship-right for every individual. In India, the possibility of every citizen being saved from unemployment has not come even to be *envisaged*. The Five-Year Plan does not contemplate the extinction of the unemployed with the completion of the economic goals it has set for itself. Nor does it promise protection under State auspices for the millions of unemployed that are taken for granted. Professor Tawney, a very enlightened advocate of Socialism, develops in his book *The Acquisitive Society* the thesis that private property to be justified must be associated with some *function* and its owner must perform through it some task of social value. The Socialist State is conceived as performing through the resources it has gathered by appropriation of various forms of alleged functionless property, the supreme function of the Welfare State, the protection of every citizen from unemployment and want. Here in our midst, the appropriation of property is going on all right, but the performance of the function for which the property is appropriated, has not begun in reality, it has become just a matter of make-believe and spurious propaganda.

Under Hindu philosophy, sanctity is attached to charity, and many that were poor found comfort and support at the hands of the wealthy enjoined to regard riches as a trust and charity as a duty. Indian Socialism has destroyed this charity without passing it on to the State as a duty except in name only. The result is that the rich are being compelled to abandon the old spirit of charity, and the State (in the hands of politicians full of communal hatreds) seems incapable ever of acquiring it. The poor are crushed and not helped by this brand of Socialism.

We feel that it is a patriot's duty now not to take Government righteousness as axiomatic; and also to refuse to place more resources at Government's disposal unless adequate safeguards are provided to ensure wise spending, elimination of waste and the maintenance of a proper level of competence, merit and character in the personnel in control of the administration.

Dr. Ambedkar

IN his early life Dr. Ambedkar underwent terrific privations, privations of the spirit more than of the body. Experience of the prevailing untouchability rampant in those days seared his soul and filled it with a black horror of

tragedy. It remained with him all through life and made him a rather mordant, sullen, resentful person. The revolt he felt against the conventions of Hindu orthodoxy which he abhorred, took him in self-vindication to the highest peaks of learning. He became one of the most profound and erudite scholars in the country. The old persecutions disappeared mainly under the impetus of social reform that the Mahatma gave to the Hindu conscience, but largely also because Dr. Ambedkar himself imparted to the persecuted community almost its first lesson in dignity, self-help and collective organisation. He scaled heights of distinction in professional eminence and administrative responsibility such as any member of the most privileged section might envy. But personal success brought him no happiness, only a greater fury of resolve to bring down to the dust every surviving remnant of the old pattern of aristocracy and hereditary hierarchical distinctions. One who could have been a national leader thus became a chronically disgruntled sectional propagandist. But two achievements remain to him. He set aside all disputatiousness to fall in line with proposals that came to be known as the Poona Pact to save the Mahatma's life at the time of the historic fast, and again to integrate the various diverse interests harmoniously into the Indian Constitution. He also provided, with example and precept, the greatest stimulant that the depressed classes of India have ever known for self-help and advancement.

Chou, Nehru, Eisenhower

Mr. Chou En-lai's pronouncements in India bring into bold relief the difference between the Indian and the Chinese points of view on the outstanding international questions of the day. In condemning European colonialism in Asia he was forthright; there were no reservations in his denunciation of the Anglo-French aggression in Egypt. But on Hungary he was not so straightforward. He seemed all the time interested in discovering excuses for the Russian brutality in that country. He almost sanctified it as an effort to protect Socialist achievements and safeguard the solidarity of Socialist countries from the disruptive onslaughts of "certain groups within the Western countries". Britain resorts to aggression in Egypt on the pretext of saving that area from Russian penetration. China justifies aggression in Hungary for no less flimsy a reason.

The United States is not ordinarily given to balanced thinking when it is a question of having to deal with Russia. Fear of Communism, acting as a nightmare on American sensibilities, has hitherto led their policymakers into fantastic complexes of which MacCarthysm was a significant expression. It must be said to the credit of President Eisenhower that latterly he has pulled American foreign policy out of the old rut of panic and sought to reshape it on commonsense lines with friendly overtures to Soviet Russia as to the rest of the world.

At the present moment, the American protest against aggression has steered clear of two fatal entanglements—pro-British tenderness for European colonialism and anti-Communism of the MacCarthy type. How long this commendable attitude will last it is difficult to say, as the pressures against it from quarters which American public opinion is for historical and other reasons not wholly able to ignore, have been tremendous. But while it lasts it will serve as an impetus of great value for resisting the aggressions of both Communism and Colonialism and promoting the cause of freedom in the world. India and the United States can thus work together for the common cause of freedom in the present complicated set-up of international alignments. The forthcoming Nehru-Eisenhower meeting is full of promise not because it brings two great statesmen together but because it can serve as a starting point for concerted United Nations action to resist aggression wherever it raises its head in the world, with full freedom from thwarting commitments and irrational sentimental entanglements.

Sri R. Chinnaswami Aiyangar

Sri R. Chinnaswami Aiyangar passed away suddenly last week. He blossomed into political leadership precociously while yet a student. My first acquaintance with rose garlands as symbols of popular homage for patriotic oratory was made with him as the embellished idol. Young patriots of those days excelled in flowery exuberance of speech in English. The floweriest of them all was Chinnaswami. He indulged in torrential rhetoric that took the hearers' breath away. One of his closest collaborators in platform exhortations was A. S. Rajam, an Appollo with chiselled Greek features whose vocabulary was ever of a gracious and delicate refinement. N. S. Srinivasan (whose son N. S. Ramaswami, a frequent contributor to SWARAJYA, and now an editorial writer on *The Mail* is worthily upholding his father's journalistic traditions) was the third distinguished undergraduate of the period. He was not given to fireworks and rarely spoke in a loud tone, but his fluency, power of logic, exquisiteness of phrasing and almost unlimited command of anecdotal lore enabled him to walk away with most of the prizes in inter-collegiate oratorical competitions. Unlike the illustrious of the then student-world, Chinnaswami did not give in to the lure of professional ambitions and subsisted solely on political excitement as his staple diet. In the abandon of his consecration to it, he acquired a heartiness of disposition and a philosophy of life which enabled him to bestow on friends, neighbours and acquaintances the attachment and concern ordinarily reserved in this world for members of one's own family. He never knew affluence, but limited means set no limits to his generosity and capacity for affection, which were boundless. He carried his head in the clouds and through all vicissitudes dwelt in a dream-world filled with grandiose phantoms. There was never any smallness in him. He remained to the end breezy, boisterous, simple, child-like a lovable and adorable human being.

SAKA.



Sotto Voce

Androgynous Abortion

The vision of our One World apostles embraces the whole range of human activities from music to medicine. Time was when there was understood to be only one civilization, that of the Occident. To our Indian nationalists, whether they were social reformers or politicians, this was even more of a self-evident proposition than it was to the sublime philistines of Victorian England. Then Col. Olcott and Madam Blavatski discovered India's spirituality; and the patriots promptly switched over to that tune. But prophets to be respectable had still to be in plus-fours. The Mahatma came, and homespun drove out fine linen. But the neo-culturists and the neo-religionists remained faithful at heart to Belgravia even if they had ceased ordering their furniture from Wardour Street.

* * *

They persuaded themselves that "our sempiternal culture" had a digestion as strong and as unselective as that of an ostrich. The secret of its vitality was supposed to lie in its infinite capacity for change, such as that of the hetaera whose perpetual youth is a triumph of virtuosity in the handling of paint and powder. Their riotous eclecticism fathered on Indian catholicity a whole brood of whimsies ranging from composite ABC (Allah-Brahman-Christ) prayers to transparent voiles and vegetable cutlets. Their emancipated daughters, who find the acme of self-expression in the night clubs of our Imperial Capital, proclaim their allegiance to Indian culture by the vermilion beauty-spot between the eyebrows.

* * *

The Indian content of Mr. Nehru's "composite Indian culture" is thus of a vestigial character. The bulk of the rag-bag comes from the refuse dumps of Caucasian civilisation. Typical of this obsession with western values is the ruthless renovation of the Indian systems of medicine at the hands of Rajkumari Amrit Kaur and her faithful seconds. Time was when our aesthetes blushed for Khujaraho and banned the nautch. These snobberies are no longer the mode. Our passion for progress has now fastened on the bleaching and dyeing of Indian medicine to the colour our Western mentors decree.

* * *

Integration is the *mantra* of the new cult; an "integration" as insidiously deadly as that of the death-watch beetle in the rotting timber roofs of old English churches or of the white ant in the crumbling palaces of Mexico. Mr. A. B. Shetty, having integrated the College of Indian Medicine to his heart's content, has gone to preach the good tidings to Karnataka. A whole bunch of Health Ministers under the presidency of Mr. Dave, the Health Minister of Sourashtra, have been labouring for the last twelve months on a master-plan for integration. Two medical men were included in the Dave Committee, but one, Dr. Swift didn't function at all; the report fails to say why. The other comes from Mr. Dave's—and Mr. Dhebar's—Sourashtra.

* * *

The Committee toured the country and examined witnesses carefully hand-picked. In Madras a gentleman who crowned his career as a police surgeon with the triumphant achievement of a Pride's purge of the College of Indian Medicine was examined, evidently as a master-hand at integration. The Committee also heard the Principal of the one independent collegiate institution teaching undiluted Ayurveda. But they met no other representative of the system in a city where there are many competent Ayurvaidyas and experienced teachers. And yet this Committee, predominantly composed of laymen with a worldly modern bias, have found no difficulty in laying down the law for the followers of a hieratic system which is as much an art as a science.

* * *

The recommendations are just what we should have expected: Indian medicine or, rather, the simulacrum of it which alone will be permitted to exist, is to be carefully controlled by the State. Physicians will not be permitted to practise without a license except in rural areas where there are no registered practitioners. Men who have been practising for fifteen years or more will be put on the register. Those who have had at least two years' practice will be put on a "list"; they will be however denied the privileges that go with registration. In future no practitioner can get on to the register who has not secured a diploma; and that diploma can be had only on successfully completing a State-devised and controlled course of institutional teaching.

* * *

Ayurveda rests on a theoretical base which is worlds apart from the empiricism of western medicine. In a college course professedly devoted to Ayurveda such fundamentals as the Tridosha theory are to be disposed of in a three months' preliminary course of predigested information supplied by lecturers without any need for the student to refer to the Sanskrit texts. The student will then be expected to woo Allopathy and Ayurveda simultaneously, no doubt with that specious impartiality with which the study of "paganism" is conducted side by side with the true gospel in the modern Christian 'asramas'. Long before the practical course is reached the life will have peacefully ebbed out of the Ayurvedic half of this androgynous abortion.

VIGHNESWARA

Methuselah, it is said, once met an acquaintance who, on inquiring his age and on being told it was 607, replied "Marvellous. You don't look a day over 500."—*The Times*, London.

SIDELIGHTS : :

Sri Gopala Reddi's admission to the Andhra Pradesh Cabinet reminds me of a talk I had with Sri Prakasam on the eve of the formation of the Andhra State with Kurnool as capital. I suggested to the Andhra leader that he should ignore all claimants who came to him with representations about their "strength"—meaning the votes they had at their command—and form a Ministry of Talents taking care that in each case the talent went with high character. A friend who was present burst out saying that I was a baby with no knowledge of practical affairs. In politics, he said, votes counted as nothing else did, and a Ministry formed in the manner I advocated, would not last. In the result, but for one or two exceptions, it was the vote-getters that became the Ministers.

Prospective victors attract votes. Those who backed Sri Gopala Reddi in the first count of the leadership election backed Sri Sanjeeva Reddi in the second after it had become clear that the victory would go to him. We had thus a facade of a unanimous election presented to the public under Congress auspices. The emphasis on unanimity, again, illustrates the importance paid to votes. Aspiring leaders canvass for votes. Established leaders are very sensitive to the fickleness of votes and they are ever apprehensive that the votes with which they had climbed to power might desert them to the advantage of some rival. Offering a Ministership to a defeated rival is one of the ways by which a Chief Minister seeks to dilute the potential insecurity of his position. Sri Kamaraj did it in Madras. Sri Sanjeeva Reddi has now done it in Andhra Pradesh.

It is a sound principle to bind with loyalty and common interests the ambitious impulses of ex-rivals who might otherwise give trouble, but sometimes a partner in a joint enterprise turns out to be not an asset but a liability, he brings to it not stability but peril and even doom. Sri Subrahmaniam, for example, is burdened with no discreditable past. Some errors of judgment he might occasionally have committed, as anyone is bound to, but sustained and continued abuse of power cannot be attributed to him. If the portfolio of Education be excluded, he has given to the Kamaraj Ministry a measure of credit, dignity and intelligence which it would have lacked without him. Sri Gopala Reddi, on the other hand, on every occasion when positions of responsibility came to him, acted narrowly and misused his powers except in the brief interlude when C.R.'s sharp supervision in the first Rajaji Ministry gave him no chance for the uncurbed exercise of his native inclinations. As Finance Minister in Madras he saw to it that large sums under cover of State aid were made over to his relations for starting unsound industrial concerns that came to no good. Again, when a splendid opportunity for distinguished public service came to him a second, or rather a third time as Chief Minister of Andhra, he squandered it in a petty-minded support of cronies immersed in evil ways and habits of *zulum*. It was in his regime that a renowned benefactor of the Harijans in his district, a man who had spent a fortune in scholarships to the poor and dedicated himself to the service of Daridra Narayan, was hauled up before a magistrate to show cause why security for good behaviour should not be demanded of him! For this one black act of his regime Sri Gopala Reddi stands condemned for all time, and if the Congress party had any binding principles of propriety or decency it would have thought a hundred times before readmitting the head of such a regime once again to administrative responsibility.

We live in times when communalism protects wrong-doers, promotes the incompetent to great tasks, and acts indeed as the most dangerous and intangible among the inflationary factors operating on the national economy. Sri Gopala Reddi has so far escaped without being called to account for his misdemeanours, but one need not lament it too much as his failings cannot be traced to viciousness but only to folly and thoughtlessness mixed up copiously with conceit. If he can learn by experience he may yet be able to fit himself for second-rank lieutenancy, though for top-leadership it will never be in the public interest ever to elevate him again.

* * * *

A fortnight ago the formation of the Asia Society was announced in New York. It will be the purpose of the Society to help bring the people of America and Asia closer together in their knowledge and understanding of each other and each other's way of life. The industrialist-philanthropist John D. Rockefeller III will be the President of the Society, and Chester Bowles, one of the trustees. Paul C. Sherbert will be its Executive Director. Mr. Sherbert left India in September after five years' stay in Madras as Public Affairs Officer of the USIS. He is probably the most Indian-minded American that ever came to this country. He followed the American way of life not in externals but in dedication to the deeper things of the spirit, such as freedom and the dignity of the individual. But in his endeavour to understand the people in whose midst he came to live, he proceeded from scrupulous respect for customary ways of living to an earnest study of the significant philosophies underlying them. Without foregoing the intrinsic national traits that were his by upbringing, he had the gift of moving with others brought up in different faiths on a human plane of affection, sympathy and understanding. He is just the ideal choice for the direction of an organisation like the Asia Society. Mr. Sherbert is a great lover of Madras. It may be therefore confidently expected that Madras and Madrasis will play no inconsiderable part in the programme and activities of this newly formed organisation.

SAKA

THE BRITISH APOLOGY

By C. RAJAGOPALACHARI

THE Foreign Secretary, Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, spoke brave words and spoke long before announcing in the British Parliament on December 3, that the British forces would clear out of Egypt in accordance with the resolution of the United Nations. He told the House why his Government acted as they did. The speech was of course far from convincing and it is no surprise that devastating irony flashed from the Opposition benches as the Minister gave one specious reason after another. The Government apology was vulnerable at every point. "The situation was deteriorating. It was one which sooner or later was likely to lead to war. The only doubtful question was the scope or extent of that war. A general conflagration in the Middle East would have been disastrous for many countries, not least, our own." Such being the reasons, yet we are asked to believe that these sound public reasons incited the Government to start the war against Egypt without consulting or even informing the United States. One must suppose that this was out of consideration for Eisenhower's health! "We have caused the United Nations to take action by the creation of an international force. We have alerted the whole world to a situation of great peril. There will be heavy costs to bear but they would have been far greater if our action had not been taken."

Well did Bevan point out that at this rate Hitler if he were alive might have justified his aggressions on the ground that by his action he brought the U.N. into being and indeed that that was his object all along. God grant that Britain under Tory rule may not also be in possession of hydrogen bombs. If Tory rule arguing thus and nuclear weapons went together, it would be disastrous for humanity. We should be glad that Eden had only bombers.

In spite of universal condemnation there is still the danger of British policy getting its objective. It will need extraordinary firmness and sustained moral sense to rule out the attempt to dictate terms for the future of Suez while still Egypt is kept out of her legitimate rights by either U.K. or French forces or the authority of the United Nations as now. In either case it would be a case of successful coercion, and what Britain had wanted. One might say then that Eden's aggression stood vindicated. In fact Mr. Selwyn Lloyd has already foreshadowed this conclusion in his speech. It is easy enough for the Afro-Asian group to drop into a minority in the U.N. and for a retroactive conspiracy shaping itself against an alleged U.S.S.R. offensive in the Middle East.

Kaempffert, Dean of Science Writers

Waldemar B. Kaempffert, the distinguished science editor of the *New York Times*, passed away on November 27 at the age of 79.

Described as the "Dean of the craft of science-writing", Mr. Kaempffert fulfilled for nearly sixty years the function of a liason between the scientist and the layman. Born in New York in 1877, he graduated from City College after a distinguished academic career, at the age of 20. Soon after, he joined as assistant editor, *The Scientific American*, perhaps the most famous and authoritative among journals of that class for the non-scientist.

While in *The Scientific American*, Mr. Kaempffert studied law at New York University and got his degree in 1903. After serving the journal as managing editor for four years, from 1911 to 1915, he joined *Popular Science Monthly* as editor and held that post till 1920. From 1920 to 1937, when he joined the *New York Times*, he was a free lance writer on science.

During the last half a century, the gulf between the layman and the scientist has been widening, and the need for expositors of science in non-technical terms has been most acutely felt. Mr. Kaempffert has answered this need and more than anyone else he has succeeded in making the facts of science intelligible to all.

His range was wide and his erudition extensive. He could guide the reader through the most recondite regions of scientific scholarship with an ease which moved Ritchie Calder, himself a doyen among science writers, to describe him as "the old maestro". From the most fundamental researches in human physiology to artificial satellites in space he explored the mysteries of the scientific adventure for the benefit of the layman.

Mr. Kaempffert with his preoccupation with the technique of science did not lose sight of its social consequence. It has been a grave cause for complaint that technological progress has far outpaced sociological research. Writing about this, Mr. Kaempffert says: "Science needs another renaissance. It may dawn in another century. If it does, science will devote at least as much research to man's abilities and shortcomings as it has devoted to the synthesis of drugs and plastics. In the past science has taught man how to conquer his environment. It has still to tell him why he behaves as he does and to teach him how to conquer himself". In thus pointing to the responsibilities of science he reveals his faith in science and his hope for the future of mankind, which act as an antidote to the dire forecasts of gloomy purveyors of doubt and disbelief.

Mr. Kaempffert brought science into politics and expounded the implications of the intertwined closeness of connection between politics, science and society.

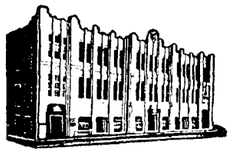
He combined precision with economy of expression and could be eloquent too, but he never stooped to sensation-mongering, a deadly vice with some writers.

To the world of the literature on science, his death brings inestimable and irreparable loss.

V .V. SRINIVASAN

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GANDHI'S VIEWS ON NON-VIOLENCE

ARE THEY CORRECT? A WESTERN ASSESSMENT

CAN a man really live without an ideology? Without, that is, believing in a theory of progress which, for the most part, is still unproved by experience?

The relaxation of beliefs in ideology has resulted more from a general disillusionment and an actual horror at the results of the ideological movements of the twentieth century, than from a careful analysis of the nature of ideological commitment. There is perhaps an instinctive reluctance to be "drawn into" another movement, on the part of many people, but this is different from a measured study of the various crusading gospels of our time. Such study, however, ought to be pursued, since without it there is danger of a fall into apathy.

Gandhi makes a curious contrast to the typical ideologist of, say, the '30's. Gandhi rejected violence altogether. He worked for revolution, but not the sort of revolution the Marxists looked forward to. Gandhi did not condemn rich men because they were rich. He proposed that they could act as stewards or trustees of their wealth—as voluntary "banks" where the resources of the society could be conserved. He condemned no man because of his socio-economic status, although he might have much to say about how men used the power their status allowed. Gandhi was also a kind of socialist, yet he was a strong critic of the industrial system. Those who expected the revolution to come about through the organization and finally the revolt of an industrially employed proletariat thought that Gandhi was a dreamer who opposed the natural dialectic of social transformation. Gandhi was also a moralist who preached strange doctrines of asceticism incomprehensible to materialist thinkers.

Was Gandhi an ideologist? That is, do Gandhi's views, taken as a unified outlook, constitute an ideology?

The answer, we suppose, is a matter of definitions, although not entirely.

In the first place, Gandhi did his best to prove his beliefs as he went along. If violence intruded among his followers, he called a stop to the campaign. He seemed to be more interested in human attitudes than in great political results. It is true that he wanted the British to quit India. But he wanted this mostly because he felt that British rule introduced a mechanical block to the moral regeneration he hoped would take place in India. There could be no real social and political responsibility on the part of Indians so long as the British were running things.

Are, then, Gandhi's views on non-violence and truth "correct"? Well, many people think so. The people who practise them think so more than others. The point we should like to make is that the Gandhian outlook while revolutionary, has no room for any sort of alienation from *people*, although it rejects most of the processes and attitudes typical of the status quo.

But is it really possible to separate people from what they think and do? Well, it is possible to be patient with children. We expect children to grow up and to alter their ways from childishness to maturity. Are we permitted to take this view of people who are grown up? We can, if we have not already fallen into the bad habit of being excessively paternalistic and superior with our children.

The psychological orientation of the ideologist tends to make him think that he must disapprove and even oppose actions which he would not undertake himself. In his view, the toleration of the status quo is a compromise with it. The difficult part of this situation is that apathy toward the status quo may indeed be a compromise with it. On the other hand, an *attack* on the status quo in some particular relation may have neither educational nor practical value in bringing about changes. Morality in this case becomes almost entirely subjective.

The French have a saying which throws light on this situation. "To understand all," they say, "is to forgive all." The ideologist is an unforgiving man. His dogmatic tendency inclines him to a sectarianism which prevents his understanding anything but the narrow program dictated by his system. Accordingly, there are many things he refuses to forgive. And he regards forgiveness as sentimental rubbish. He sees it as an apology for doing nothing about the miseries of the world.

Now it may be that we have here an explanation of the fact that great religious teachers have seldom shown an interest in politics. Believing that men must learn to improve their lives by inward self-transformation, they left the outward arrangements to others. Hence, from the point of view of political ideologists, religion is a reactionary force which permits men to devote themselves to "spiritual attainments" without regard for social injustice. And in its corrupt forms, religion does just that, and becomes, in addition, the "opiate of the people," as Marx said.

From the viewpoint of the non-ideological individual who wants to participate in well-considered projects of human betterment, there is the long-term problem of deciding on what human betterment is. A man who wants to better the condition of other men has to consider human needs—food, clothing, shelter, culture, the arts, and ethics, or philosophy and religion. He can feed the hungry, but he ought to admit to himself that the well-fed are often neither happy nor wise. If he decides to feed the hungry, he ought to realize that his activity will not necessarily lead to there being more justice and freedom in the world. Feeding the hungry, however, may still be the best thing for him to do. He has to decide.

He should study, perhaps, the history of social reform and become acquainted with the great political transformations of the past thousand years or so. Where, he should ask himself, are men better than they were before? What is the yardstick of "better"?

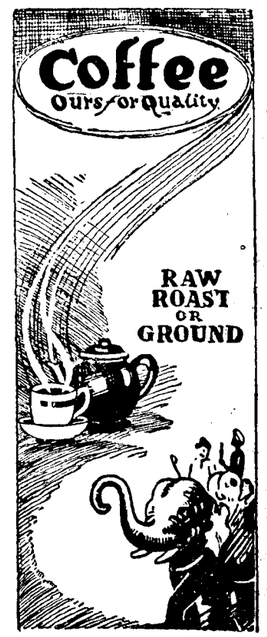
Perhaps we can say that there is really more freedom in the world. But if we say this, we need to add that there have been terrible losses of freedom for many millions during the past fifty years. Freedom, apparently, has its hazards. You might even say that freedom is a condition of life in which human beings become entitled to encounter the most dangerous hazards.

The basic trouble with the ideologies, so far as we can see, is that they are an attempt to guarantee what men will do with their freedom, once they get it. This, of course, is not freedom at all.

By the revolutionary efforts of the ideologists, we have at least come to learn that social changes instituted by violence, in order to realize ideological programs which are theories of the good, but not *knowledge* of the good, bring a terrible harvest of unexpected results. We have learned this, but the good is still unachieved and still desirable.

We need to admit that the man who shouts loudest for a system is probably a man who wants an escape from individual responsibility, a refuge from decision; and that, on the other hand, people who are learning to make decisions for themselves often need a framework of administrative support from which to reach to greater independence.

Some day, perhaps, we shall have only one sort of institution—schools; and then, after that, we shall have only those who go to school. Until then, we must improvise as well as we can. (Condensed from *Manas.*)



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AWARD IN ANDHRA PATRIKA CASE

M. U. J. MEMBERS JOIN ISSUE WITH SAKA

Here are some letters received in reply to Saka's comments in "Sidelights" (SWARAJYA, December 1) on the tribunal's award in the "Andhra Patrika" case. Repetitions and matter not considered quite relevant have had to be deleted to fit the letters into the available space.

Sir,—Apropos "Sidelights" on the tribunal's award in the case of Mr. M. S. Sarma of *Andhra Patrika*, one cannot but agree with you that the supposed superior status of a sub-editor to a reporter, on the basis of which the award has been made, is an invidious distinction, and if accepted as a principle, it will not augur well for the Indian Press. As Mr. Sarma, in his representations to the management had urged the question of status as one of his reasons for refusing the assignment at Kurnool, the tribunal had necessarily to go into it, and it was accepted as valid. The M.U.J., which has only been a party to the case, should not be blamed for the tribunal's decision.

The insubordination charge levelled against Mr. Sarma is, to say the least, very uncharitable. You say that it is a matter for shame that an employee should refuse to do the job given to him, "within the frame of his own professional duty—work too of a kind already done by him in the past." You have yourself extolled a reporter's job, and have urged that as a reason why Mr. Sarma should not have refused the reporter's work. But actually, Mr. Sarma had found, after trial, that he could not cope with a reporter's job in addition to other office work in Hyderabad, and he was recalled to the Madras office at his instance. Evidently, he preferred a sub-editor's work to a reporter's, and having been entertained as a sub-editor, he cannot be forced, against his will, to work as a reporter. To say in this case that the management is most competent to decide the fitness of a worker for a job is like saying that it is not the wearer of the shoe that knows where it pinches.

M.U.J. MEMBER.

II

Sir,—Saka says: "It was contended before the tribunal that the status of a reporter is inferior to that of a sub-editor." This is untrue. There is no question of superiority or inferiority among sub-editors and reporters. The award in para 16 says: "On a careful consideration of the materials placed before me, I have no doubt in agreeing with the case of the union that the duties and qualifications of a reporter are different from those of a sub-editor and that the transfer of Mr. Sarma as a reporter involved a change of conditions of service, especially as he was specifically appointed as a sub-editor."

True, the award says at the end of the para that "the post of a sub-editor is more dignified and that therefore when he is transferred as a reporter there is a reduction in status." But this is only because the sub-editor scrutinizes the work of a reporter. As Mansfield says, "the sub-editor has to re-write defective messages, to write down over-long reports, and to supply introduction when necessary but his main duty is the supervision, revision and recasting of materials supplied by all the reporters and correspondents in the employ of the paper."

Perhaps on account of this, the industrial tribunal has come to that opinion and it is only an opinion. Taking advantage of this lone statement in the whole of the award Saka says: "An invidious distinction of this kind in impugning the importance of an entire section of deserving employees connected with newspaper work does not seem to be an auspicious beginning for the career of the trade union that has not merely consented to it but positively invented it." In truth the union has neither invented nor consented to the doctrine of the inferiority of reporters.

Not content with this Saka has chosen to exhort reporters who are members of the M.U.J. to rebel. Says he: "If these have any sense of dignity or pride of craftsmanship they should feel impelled to repudiate an organisation dealing with them in such a contemptuous way." I have no doubt that the members of the M.U.J. who are reporters will not be taken in by such propaganda.

Saka has misread and misinterpreted the award. He has ignored the background of the case. He has condemned Mr. Sarma for insubordination fit to be condemned by the honourable Press, while in truth it was a case of non-compliance with an improper order.

V. VENKATASUBBIAH SASTRY,
Retired Sub-editor,
Andhra Patrika.

III

Sir,—The Madras Union of Journalists have gained a victory by their successful espousal of the cause of a dismissed employee—but at what cost?

Saka, in his "Sidelights", tries to make out that the victory has done the working journalists more harm than good. According to him, it has worked to the detriment of discipline in the profession.

The first argument of Saka that the victory of the M.U.J. will amount to "abandoning the proprieties of duty and discipline bound up with their calling" will not impress the majority of the working journalists. They have yet to see, after all their years of bitter toil and tears, "the high-minded persons desirous of building newspapers based on the loyalty of devoted staffs giving of their best to their development."

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Saka who seems to be better placed today, may well remember his old *Swarajya* days, but not the thousands who are left with no strength even to indulge in such rosy dreams of the future of the profession, thanks to the newspaper proprietors. It is true that "one who elects to be a soldier cannot ask for guarantees of physical safety." But what of the wage-earner engaged in a bitter struggle against an unscrupulous employer for a living?

Saka would be justified in his attack on the M.U.J., if it had really contended before the tribunal "that the status of a reporter is inferior to that of a sub-editor." The M.U.J., then, should have realised that in its anxiety to gain a point in favour of the dismissed employee, it was weakening itself. An employer may use any stick to beat the employees with, but not the latter who should be more careful about their means while gaining their ends, the more so when some intellectual giants in the profession are opposed to the very idea of trade unionism. Saka has given a timely warning that the reported argument of the M.U.J. is likely to lead to "the disintegrating impetus of civil war."

It is time to call the bluff of the so-called inferiority or superiority of sub-editors and reporters; for, neither enjoys any status to boast of. There is little of writing by a reporter gathering news from the Secretariat and less of rewriting by his brother at the desk. I am sure public memory is not so short as to have forgotten the wrath of a Madras Minister, who chastised, some time ago, the erring members of the Fourth Estate for indulging in a bit of "real adventure of journalism" by not too closely observing the principle of being content with the Government handouts.

There can be no greater folly than for sub-editors and reporters to be wasting their energy in the fight for an illusionary status, and the organisation which binds these two vital sections together should give no room for such a petty quarrel.

D. V. S. TIRUPATHI RAO.

IV

Sir,—My delight knew no bounds when I read "Sidelights" in SWARAJYA, dated December 1.

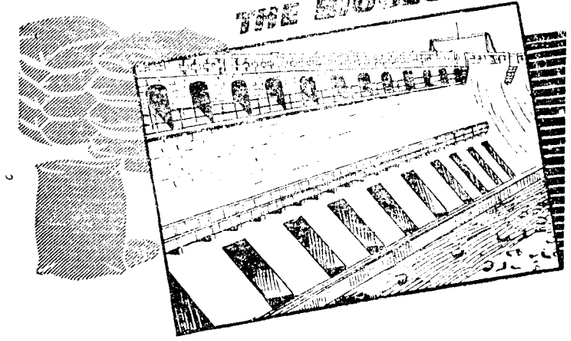
During the 25 years of my career as reporter I had on numerous occasions to revolt against injustices but never did I feel so bitter as on the morning after the industrial tribunal's award in the *Andhra Patrika* case was published, when I read it and stumbled upon certain facts for the first time. It was the "leadership"—or rather the 'sub-leadership",—of the Madras Union of Journalists that was responsible for this betrayal. To some of us, reporters, this came as a cruel stab in the back and we have not yet recovered from the stunning blow.

I cannot adequately express with what solace our lacerated souls received the kindred outpourings of your heart in that illuminating piece aptly called "Sidelights". I have often felt unable to follow your views on certain things just as even now I am unable to appreciate the oblique suggestion you have made of some necessary connection between trade unionism in journalism and this betrayal. Nor can I agree with your judgment on the tribunal's ignorance of newspaper administration because, in this case, the tribunal was misled into giving this finding by the stand taken by the office-bearers of the M.U.J., to which the tribunal rightly attached greater weight as the mouthpiece of the profession in Madras. Everything else you have said is unexceptionable. It is undoubtedly a pyrrhic victory—for the dismissed sub-editor and his collaborators. Neither the large body of reporters in the M.U.J. nor those in the I.F.W.J. are going to swallow this betrayal.

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RAJAHMUNDRY.

Before reading your article I had been asking all right-minded men to "repudiate" those who had let down the reporters in this "contemptuous way". Reporters in Madras City—at any rate the large majority of them—are not men with soul so dead as not to revolt automatically against this sinister assault on their very existence by the undermining of the ground beneath them by their own colleagues professing trade union solidarity.

Your forthright comment, coming as it does from the pen of one whose eminence as a journalist in India is above question, means by itself a magnificent vindication of our cause. I can do no better than refer some of these self-appointed mentors of the profession in the M.U.J. and their advisers to the one soul-stirring sentence in which you have so felicitously given an epitome of a reporter's role : "*The life of the world is poured into the Press through the magic of the reporter's comprehension and analysis.*" I salute you on behalf of my brother reporters for your spontaneous reaction against this betrayal of a vital limb of the profession.

N. VEMBUSWAMI,
Reporter, *The Indian Express*,
and Member, Federal Executive
Council, I.F.W.J.

* * *

SAKA writes : The main point of the difference between me and "M.U.J. Member" in the first of the letters above is this : I am not prepared as he evidently is, to regard a reporter's job as a pinching shoe to be discarded by the discreet journalist. Nor can I endorse the meaning of the word, *only*, when he says that the M.U.J. has *only* been party to the case. Being a party to a case is *everything* when the issue is responsibility for the arguments advanced at the hearing.

In the second letter, Sri Venkatasubbiah Sastry quotes my remark that "it was contended before the tribunal that the status of a reporter is inferior to that of a sub-editor," and says "This is untrue. There is no question of superiority or inferiority between sub-editors and reporters." If my remark is untrue it is the tribunal that is guilty of the untruth, for what I said was derived from a printed paragraph in the tribunal's award. It happens that from this very paragraph, paragraph 16, Sri Sastry also has quoted a sentence. But he completely omitted any reference to the very next sentence! Let me now quote it : "It is also the case of Mr. Sarma that this transfer resulted in a reduction of his status." I cannot follow the nimble intellect of my critic who, with this sentence staring him in the face, can claim as "truth" that "there is no question of superiority or inferiority among sub-editors and reporters".

Letter number three calls for no comment from me. With much of it I agree. There is however one point worth mentioning, which I regard as the real cause of the whole confusion. No sub-editor owes loyalty to the management in matters of professional duty. But he owes absolute loyalty to his editor. It is confusing the issue to bring in the management to justify a breach of editorial discipline. No tribunal has the right to stamp as *invalid* an editor's order of assignment of work to a member of his staff. Journalistic duties are not contingent on employer-perfection. In the work we do we have to give our best, without seeking refuge in technical or other evasions, for our own sake and the credit of the institutions to which we belong. No real strength to fight injustice can ever come to anyone except on the foundation of honest work and duty well done.

The fourth letter I have made shorter by eliminating some glowing encomiums. But even as it is, it is flattering enough. On principle I am against publication of plaudits, as it might look dangerously like self-praise and will certainly nauseate the reader. I have taken this risk, nevertheless, deliberately on the present occasion, in order to show that the M.U.J. is not without some members who feel as I do over the belittlement of reporters in the *Andhra Patrika* case.

KERALA

Industrial Future

ON 1st November, Kerala emerged as the smallest and most densely populated State in India. Advanced educationally and culturally, with a network of schools and colleges, blessed by Nature and with a climate that makes her a tourists' paradise, with medical and civic amenities far ahead of any other State of India, with an immeasurable wealth of forest produce, and a chain of industries that has been the gift to her from a line of good administrators that ruled the erstwhile princedoms of Travancore and Cochin, the new Kerala is yet to chalk out plans for employing the thousands of boys and girls that every year walk out of the portals of her colleges, with university degrees tagged behind their names.

In spite of the political and governmental instability she has faced since the dawn of self-government, Travancore-Cochin has undertaken some large development works, but her people still live in thatched huts and their food is as poor as ever. As one travels into this coastal strip today, one hears many new factories humming, sees some mammoth buildings sprouting, many new colleges, many huge sedan cars on roads, concreted and dustless, hamlets electrified, many new hospitals, many new areas under cultivation ; but the huts on the sea coast and the villages remain the same, the typical tea shops of Kerala remain as poverty-stricken as ever, the village grocery shop has no refined sugar to sell as ever before, and the peasant's much-mothered wife is still naked above her waist. This is equally true of even the industrial worker, who is faring definitely better in the other States. Indian trade unionism, let it be remembered, won its most fragrant laurels on the West coast and has fought and claims to have won many battles on the Malabar front in favour of the workers!

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Kerala has a Government-owned rubber factory and plans are reported to be afoot for manufacturing tyres and tubes in the State, whose rubber is now exported. She has a Titanium factory, which is the only one of its kind in South East Asia, and is under the Harvey organisation which has a reputation for managerial efficiency. Her cashewnut industry employs half a lakh of people and has a dollar market. Her aluminium industry at Kundara, manufacturing cables, has clear scope for expansion. The Punalur Paper Mills has now grown into a first-rate paper mill manufacturing different types of paper. Alleppey and Shertallay have many large and small coir factories employing amongst them over fifty thousand men and women. Alwaye, with its water and transport facility, has a number of large industries including the Government-sponsored Fertilisers and Chemicals, an aluminium factory, and the Ogale Glass Works. The Government ceramic factory at Kundara, along with the Standard Potteries at Alwaye, manufacture sanitary-ware and crockery. At Koratti, Kerala has Asia's biggest sewing thread unit. She has invested a crore or so on the cement industry and has a like amount in the Travancore Rayons, both of which are Government-aided. Then there are a number of soap factories, one of them Government-owned and another a unit of Tatas, tile factories, engineering industries like Bruntons, a huge foreign supervised fisheries project, textile mills and hosiery concerns, a mechanised match factory, cottage industries, saw mills, cocoanut oil mills, pharmaceutical manufacturing units, and many plywood factories, one of them Government-owned. There are

also many small industrial units engaged in furniture-making, manufacture of knives, mats, toys, etc., that thrive in the State. Kerala has her own hydro-electric project, abundance of water and practically all raw materials for her industries, cheap water transport, a beautiful harbour besides many small ports, all of which combine to make her an ideal region for industry to flourish in. Again, many of her enterprises are fully or partly nationalised, she has a literate and a highly politically conscious electorate, which makes it possible for the workers to have a definite say in her Government. Her labour is educated and its leadership consists of men of academic distinction.

Despite this unique background, if her people are still unfed and unclothed, there is something vitally wrong with her economic structure, which deserves examination at the hands of the new leadership of Kerala. The new Ministry in Kerala will have to sit up and inquire why her nationalised bus transport which takes pride in having graduates as conductors, has never enjoyed industrial peace, why a world-renowned industrial group has been unable to keep her Jumna Thread going smoothly, why an old management found it impossible to manage a textile mill and the Government had to take it over to keep its gates open, why many of the European firms engaged in the coir industry for nearly half a century are thinking in terms of packing up, why the Tatas who manage peacefully many Indian industrial enterprises find it hard to work their tiny unit at Ernakulam, and why new companies are hesitating to start any industry in Kerala despite her ideal setting.

It is time labour in Kerala developed a leadership dissociated from political affiliations, and sought a long term of industrial peace, so that the new State of the Malayalees may forge ahead towards a golden era of economic prosperity, making full use of the vast natural resources and the human material and talent they are blessed with.

V. S. R. KRISHNA

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

WHAT IS CASTELESSNESS?

Sir,—Your forceful and pungent exposition of the real genesis of disasters in your editorial in the issue of December 1, is a real service to the cause of democracy in India though it is certain that any amount of such criticism will not cause a ripple in public affairs under the control of Government.

The trends at work in India in the past ten years, which you have ably portrayed, have their causes in the communal politics that have been plaguing the south of India not since the advent of Congress in power, but also for several decades earlier. Indian society with its caste system had been the target of a good deal of ill-founded criticism, and the seeking of a casteless society has become the mantle of the reformer in India. But no adequate definition of castelessness has yet been given, to my knowledge, by any one, and Mr. Nehru is vociferous against casteism as much as he is vague in what he means by a casteless society.

A casteless society cannot mean a society wherein caste is disintegrated any more than a secular democracy means a government compelling a Hindu to marry a Parsi or a Muslim a Christian. Castelessness can only legitimately mean strict avoidance of caste in public affairs.

There is a sophism prevalent in India, and very widely in the south, that castes correspond to classes in the economic sense. Even a cursory acquaintance with the social history from time immemorial will reveal the fact that the most superior caste was an inferior "class", though it remained so by choice and not by compulsion. If the superior caste drew tributes from other people in society it had also been an aristocracy of scholarship, talent and spirituality for ages. It had never exploited in the sense in which class exploitation is suggested in Marxism. Even after the advent of British rule in India it had come to acquire English education by burning its own boats, so to say, and not with the help of other castes who, though far better placed than the former, did not largely take to it or make a success of it either by disinclination or for whatever other reasons. When after a deal of time it was found that the lower castes did not make any mark in the life of the community though possessed of economic advantages, communalism in the form of anti-Brahminism began to rear its head.

To quote Bertrand Russell, it is a usual propensity to attribute misfortune to some one's malignity, and the Brahmin became an easy target of attack. Although great crimes involving, as you have figuratively put it, the killing of souls have been committed and continue still, the victims happen to possess a tradition and an inborn nature that prevent their embittered feelings from showing themselves in violent pressures, ill-will and civil war. The petti-fogging Kazhagamites who masquerade successfully as social reformers and leaders in Madras know well the passive behaviour of this group whom they attack so vehemently.

Talent is deliberately stifled in Madras in the name of social justice, and in recent times when the Constitution was invoked for equity and justice the Madras Government was quick to approach the Government of India to amend the Constitution for inflicting social injustice. Democracy will become self-stultifying if caste gets the better of merit, and ignoramuses and mediocres come to dominate every department of life.

Madras. T. RANGANATHAN.

WHO DESIGNED THE TAJ?

Sir,—Sri R. Ramachandran's letter about the Taj is very interesting. We all know that Shahjahan was a magnificent builder. Eminent artists were invited by him from Persia, Arabia, Turkey and other places to assist in the plan of the Taj. At first a model in wood was prepared which was followed by the architects. The master-architect under whose guidance the work was done was Ustad Isa who was paid a salary of Rs. 1,000 per month.

But on the authority of a statement made by Father Manrique of Spain who visited Agra in 1641, it has been suggested that the designer of the Taj was a certain Venetian, Geronimo Veroneo. It is quite possible that Shajahan, who was anxious to utilise the service of the best architects he could find, might have given the Italian artist also an opportunity to make his suggestions, just as he had probably utilised the services of Austin de Bordeaux, a French goldsmith, in preparing the peacock throne and the silver domes of the Taj.

But the view that the designer of the Taj was a foreigner is unacceptable. Father Manrique's information cannot have been obtained directly from Veroneo, who had died at Lahore on 2nd August, 1640. No other European writer makes mention of any foreigner as the designer of the Taj. Peter Mundy who knew Veroneo and saw him at Agra says nothing about his taking part in its building.

Tavernier who visited India while the Taj was being built makes no mention of any foreign designer, nor does Bernier say a word to suggest that the design was originally made by an Italian. No historian has made the slightest allusion to an Italian.

The Padshahnamah of Abdul Hamid Lahori says: "It may be observed that the bands of sculptors, lapidaries, inlayers and frescomakers came from different parts of His Majesty's dominions. The experts of each art together with their assistants busied themselves in the task."

In fact there is more of Persian influence than European in the Taj. The mosaic work in the Taj was executed largely by Indian craftsmen under the superintendence of Ustad Isa and his son Mohammad Sharif.

Havell observes in this connection that there is no evidence worthy of consideration to support the common Anglo-Indian belief that Veroneo designed the Taj.

Shahjahan himself described the Taj in a verse quoted by Abdul Hamid Lahori:

"Should one guilty seek asylum here,
Like one pardoned, he becomes free of sin
Should a sinner make his way to this mansion,
All his past sins are sure to be washed away,
The sight of this mansion creates sorrowing sighs
And makes sun and moon shed tears from their eyes
In this world this edifice has been made
To display thereby the creator's glory."

Madras. V. NAGARAJAN.

SRI LAL BAHADUR'S RESIGNATION

Sir,—How Sri Lal Bahadur Sastri's resignation will relieve the agony caused to the sufferers and their kith and kin, or even help to prevent a repetition of similar disasters is not clear to the ordinary man of common sense. It can either be taken as censure on the resigning Minister's administration or acceptance of the view that the Minister himself is incompetent. The first is negatived by the encomiums paid by the Minister himself to the working of the Railway Board. The suggestion of incompetence or even neglect of duty cannot stand a moment's scrutiny and as the Prime Minister himself stated, nothing of the sort can be attributed to Sri Lal Bahadur Sastri.

We are used to resignations on policies and issues of a controversial nature which are put to the test by a particular Minister or Ministry resigning on that issue and seeking re-election. What applies to the Minister in charge applies to the whole Ministry, for it is accepted on all hands that the responsibility of the Ministers is joint. Supposing that our Prime Minister tenders his resignation to the President on this issue of the Ariyalur disaster, seeks a general election, appeals to the electorate and gets returned even with a larger majority, does it mean that the new Ministry is empowered to neglect bridges and can allow such calamities to occur in large numbers? Far from it. If we therefore come to the conclusion that

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this is not an issue for resignation of the Ministry, then such a conclusion would apply equally to any single Minister. This particular resignation is thus absolutely uncalled for.

There can only be a political motive attached to it. One who has been following Sri Sastri's career and his association with Gandhiji cannot call this a "stunt". It can only be taken as an expression of his intense feeling and emotion at the calamity that has occurred not for the first time but had repeated itself. There cannot be a greater calamity than the murder of Gandhiji. Our then Home Minister Sardar Vallabhai did not resign nor was it ever thought of.

L. N. GOPALASWAMI.

(ii)

Sir,—The resignation of the Union Minister for Railways has no purpose, no logic, no necessity. It is an exhibition of his timidity. In the hour which calls for action, the Minister shrinks away from action under the cover of a "heroic" resignation. It is the immediate authorities that should be taken to task. These would now get the impression that whatever mistake they might do, the Minister in charge would resign for their folly.

What is the guarantee that under a new Minister's administration there would be no accidents? The search for an answer to this question leads to the logical thought that, from the top authority to the rank and file, all must be kept always on the alert.

S. VAIDYANATHAN, B.A. (HONS.).
Bombay.

OUTSIDE INFLUENCES ON STUDENTS

Sir,—Teachers must be indebted to you, sir, for having opened a lively and timely forum on student indiscipline.

The causes of indiscipline vary according to the traditions of the institution, the conventions of the locality and the activities, curricular and extra curricular, bearing on the relations between students and the public. The protagonists of strict democracy, though educationists of repute, err by trying to bring students out into the world in the supposition that practical and beneficial education is possible that way. This tendency tends to upset the meaningful conventions of learning 'within the four walls' of the schools. Concentrated attention to learning by students and teaching by masters, a secluded student-life conducted in an atmosphere removed from the bad things of the outside world, these go to nourish qualities of leadership, co-operation and democratic responsibility on the part of students. We have learnt from many student-strikes and strifes how everyone of them was organised by students prone to public-mindedness. They were initiated by communal-minded, violence-mongers and guided by an emotional public of a low standard of education. The problems of indiscipline among adolescent pupils have been studied and understood by great educationists and thinkers, and their efforts have resulted in the establishment of residential universities. The day to day activities provided by a residential university offer a healthy outlet for the adolescent pupils.

S. MARGASAHAYAM,
Assistant, Board High School,
Sendurai.

BHARATIYA JAN SANGH

Sir,—One cannot agree with the view of Mr. Ganapathy Rao of Hubli (SWARAJYA, November 24) that there is opposition within the Opposition groups themselves in so far as it relates to the Bharatiya Jan Sangh. This Sangh is noted for the perfect democracy prevailing in it. It is also noted for the maintenance of staunch discipline in its rank and file.

Suffering has been its badge since its inception. It received a terrible blow in the death of its Founder-President, Dr. S. P. Mukherjee, under mysterious circumstances. One of its able Secretaries, Karnatak Kesari Sri Jagannath Rao Joshi, is undergoing sentence of 10 years' imprisonment in Goa. It is the poorest organisation in the country, depending for its funds on workers who mostly come from the middle class, unlike the wealthy Congress whose coffers are being filled by rich people like the ex-princes and business magnates. It is lacking in publicity because nobody dares publish news relating to it which is dubbed foolishly and selfishly as a communal organisation as though communalism is not prevailing in any other party, especially the Congress, which is communal to the core in the real sense of the term.

But the Jan Sangh is fast tiding over these difficulties. At present, it is being ably led by Principal Deva Prasad Ghosh, who is its President. It has become a viable party next only to the Congress in Northern India.

The adoption of the Socialist pattern at Avadi by the Congress has in no way affected the Jan Sangh, because it is the only Opposition party which has got a distinct programme different from that of the Congress. The day is not far off when with the blessings of the intellectuals who are cautioning the country as to the dangers of both Communism and the totalitarian designs of the Congress and with the support of the people, the truly nationalist Jan Sangh will emerge as the real Opposition to the Congress all over India.

Bangalore R. SESHAGIRI RAO.

UNWANTED EXHIBITIONS

Sir,—Malthus (the gloomy prophet of the good old days) cited poverty, disease and war as checks on population. Now we may add one more to the list, namely, disaster—either train disaster or air disaster. Man has lost ground in this modern world! On the day of a disaster one reads: "Fifty feared killed". The next day "the death toll mounts up". On the third day, the toll rises still higher. The much-advertised welfare organisations and social institutions fail badly and do not come up to much, but the Ministers, legislators and officials lose no time in posing for photographs on the spot of the gruesome tragedy, which are duly published in very large size in the newspapers. One feels depressed and dejected at these unwanted exhibitions of persons in authority when the need of the moment is the rushing of relief to the maimed and the bereaved.

G. V. VISVESH.

A FAMILY CHRONICLE

BOOK REVIEW

EDWARD MORGAN FORSTER who will be seventy-seven at the turn of 1956 is one of the very few writers whose reputation for well-nigh fifty years now has remained undiminished on the basis of five novels, a collection of short stories, two of *belles-lettres*, a wise little book on the art and craft of fiction —as famous as Percy Lubbock's in the same field—and two biographical studies: one of Goldsworthy Lowes Dickinson, the Cambridge don, political scientist and critic whom he knew for many years becoming his close friend and later his literary executor, and the other (entitled *The Hill of Devi*) of His Highness Sir Tukoji Rao Puar III, Maharaja of Dewas State Senior, whose Private Secretary he happened to be for a few months during 1921. *A Passage to India* was published three decades ago, and is, so far, Mr. Forster's last novel; in the course of a personal tribute she paid him on the occasion of his seventieth birthday Rose Macaulay observed that it stood out "as perhaps the most remarkable novel of its time. Its readers hoped that it was the beginning .... of a new vintage matured by the years to a richer and fuller body." They have been disappointed .... The most distinguished novelist of our generation turned to essays, literary criticism, biography...." But whatsoever the material he handles Mr. Forster is none other than the very civilized person he is: scholarly, shrewd, witty, pleasantly ironical, supreme in understatement.

Marianne Thornton is his third biographical book, to appear three years after *The Hill of Devi*. It tells the story of his great-aunt who lived to a ripe spinsterish ninety, and the events in her long life are reconstructed in their chronological sequence from family papers, letters, manuscript brochures, notes, diaries, the four sections into which the book is divided dealing with the four phases of her evolution: as Daughter (1797-1815); Sister (1815-1852); Aunt (1852-1879); Great Aunt (1879-1887).

A glance at the first few opening lines of the biography reminded me instantly of two essays in Mr. Forster's miscellany, *Abinger Harvest*: 'Battersea Rise' and 'Notes on the English Character' the contents of which may be said together to epitomise a domestic saga impinging on the social and political history of the period—now elaborated in *Marianne Thornton*. In the former he gives a picturesque account of his great-grandfather Henry Thornton's London Home, "a small Queen Anne building, standing at the edge of that very wild tract, Clapham Common." He describes the house: "Riches, evangelical piety, genuine goodness, narrowness, complacency, integrity, censoriousness, clannishness, and a noble public spirit managed to flourish together in its ample bosom without mutual discomfort." And in the latter he sums up the character of the English as essentially middle class. "There is a sound historical reason for this," he writes, "for since the end of the eighteenth century the middle classes have been the dominant force in our community. They gained wealth by the Industrial Revolution, political power by the Reform Bill of 1832, they are connected with the rise and organisation of the British empire; they are responsible for the literature of the nineteenth century. Solidity, caution, integrity, efficiency. Lack of imagination. Hypocrisy."

Marianne was twenty-three when George III died; and having passed the stage of daughter of the Thornton House, grew through the stages of sister, aunt, and great-aunt during the reigns of George IV, William IV, and Victoria, being forty at the time of Victoria's accession to the throne of England. After seeing the Queen-Empress on it for half-a-century, she died, leaving her to continue her reign for fourteen years thereafter. The Thornton family had many friends. Distinguished among them were Macaulay the historian, Wilberforce the reformer, and Hannah Moore the educationist. Here everything is large and flowing as life: a prosperous home, Battersea Rise, whose head is a flourishing banker, Henry Thornton, M.P., Marianne's father; his death; the governance passing into the hands of another Thornton, also Henry, a younger brother of Marianne; the bank on the verge of collapse which by his stupendous efforts he prevents and thus saves the family fortunes; his wife's death and his marriage with his deceased wife's sister leading to the final fissure in the family unity and the end of Battersea Rise—all through which Marianne passes with perfect equanimity, fortified by her innate benevolence towards human beings as they were; "sailing through the nineteenth century without being suspicious of servants, shocked by social mesalliances, or scared by the poor." Mr. Forster has no need to by-pass the smallest detail in every episode of this dynastic drama which is as vast as it is varied; the novelist as artist, he sees it steadily and sees it whole, selecting, connecting, integrating —and that is what saves it from the boredom of ordinariness; amused, tolerant, humorous, generous, he is penetrative beneath his casualness; he never for once falters in his tenderness and devotion to and admiration of his great-aunt Marianne whose character he has realized superbly, seeing her glide eternally along in the light of her beautiful robustness and nobility. He—dubbed the Important One (deplorable nick-name!) —was eight when she died, and it was the legacy of £ 8,000 she left him, Mr. Forster says, that made his "career as a writer possible and her love, in a most tangible sense, followed me beyond the grave." With this, its truly moving end, *Marianne Thornton* lies like a sea, the breakers often rolling lightly and whitely over it only making one conscious of its depth and agitations.

MANJERI S. ISVARAN.

Marianne Thornton (1797-1887): *A domestic Biography*, by E. M. Forster. Edward Arnold (Publishers) Ltd., London. 21s. net.

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NEHRU-IKE MEETING

Pandit Nehru's visit to the United States synchronises with a turning point in the world's history. At the end of the second world war, American prestige stood very high in the Orient as the President of the time, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, made no secret of his distaste for the survival of British imperialism. He was credited with having persistently pressed Churchill, the then Prime Minister of Britain, to concede freedom to India. Churchill resented this American pressure, saying that the British treatment of India was an internal domestic concern, not subject to external interference. But the President retorted, insisting that peace could be sustained only on freedom, and the freedom of India was indispensable for the maintenance of the peace of the world. Mahatma Gandhi also was a protagonist of this view. The Mahatma in India and the President of the United States were at one in their belief that peace and freedom were integral parts of any plan to establish international goodwill and harmony, and in such a plan the liberation of India was the essential, indispensable first step.

Churchill was adamant in his resistance to American persuasions and announced doggedly that he had not become His Majesty's first Minister to preside over the liquidation of the British Empire. But when Labour came to power, American support went a long way in strengthening Attlee's resolve to terminate British rule in India. British withdrawal from India in advance of actual physical necessity was a remarkable feat of wisdom and prescience unparalleled in the history of nations, and it established Britain as an enlightened power imbued with a spirit of mature comprehension of the value of liberty for human progress. But by this time, the scene had shifted in the United States. President Roosevelt was succeeded by Truman, and the post-war expansion of Russia alarmed American policymakers into devising measures for the containment of Communism. Result: America changed character in the esteem of Asia, and from a champion of liberty, went down to the level of being regarded as an accomplice of the European imperial powers.

Mr. Dulles was identified as an architect of the decadence of American idealism in international affairs, and when, sometime last year, he proclaimed Goa to be a province of Portugal, disappointment over the American attitude as reflected in his stewardship flared up over two continents into bitter resentment. All the millions of dollar aid given by the United States for Asian rehabilitation made no breach in the developing obduracy of the distrust and suspicion roused by Mr. Dulles's policies, and it was as if India, the Middle East and some of the African countries were handed over on a gold platter to Soviet Russia for the spread of Communist influence. Pandit Nehru too resiled, first into neutrality, and then into a distinct pro-Communist trend.

Though militarily more than a match for the Communist powers, it became the lot of the Americans to be beaten every time by Russians in psychological warfare. The one thing that could have stemmed the Russian advance was a reversal of the gear of American international strategy. By initiating a world freedom movement in the United Nations, in partnership with Britain which had not yet lost its credentials as a liberal power, the United States would have broken Indian neutrality and created a combination of forces, morally and physically competent to bring down the aggressions of both Western and Communist imperialisms in the world. But the chance was let go. (By the part she played in Egypt, Britain is no longer qualified to figure as a champion of freedom in any international alignment of powers for that purpose.)

It is to the credit of President Eisenhower that at this moment he has seized the initiative to make the U. N. a forum for the protection of the freedom of countries threatened with aggression by outside powers relying on brute force. Pandit Nehru meets the President at a time when the American projection of interest in the cause of freedom has reached an impressive and honourable level. Indo-American co-operation in using the U. N. for resistance to aggression, both ac-

complished and prospective, will work wonders for the good and peace of the world. As it has shamed Britain into quitting Egypt, it will find satisfactory solutions for the problems of the enslaved in Africa, and it may either impel the Russians into good behaviour in East Europe, or correct the continuance of a lack of it with the combined resources of the U. N. for moral pressure or for a more compelling sort of action.

Quid Pro Quo

On representations made by certain trade interests, the Government of India have now agreed not to enforce till May 31, 1957 some of the rules under the Prevention of Food Adulteration Act. These rules were to come into operation from December 1 this year. But the merchants concerned represented that they had stocks on hand which they could not clear before that date. They wanted six months' time for the clearance of their stocks. It is as if the seller of some poisonous material, discovered to be *deleterious to* public health, appeals to Government for time to complete the sale of the *poisonous* material in his shop, and the Government in their wisdom comply with his request. And yet Pandit Nehru pleaded the other day for a spiritual approach to public questions. With this example of the Government's own spirituality written into the administration of justice, it is scarcely likely that such appeals will have any effect. This limited tolerance of food adulteration for the prevention of which there is an express law does not augur well for the inculcation of respect for law in the public mind. People will have no difficulty in tracing the Government's extraordinary indulgence for violators of declared law to its source. They will think that it is an electioneering tactic to catch the support of a particular section with valuable benefit to offer : an illustration of *quid pro quo* put into operation and projected even into the alleged inviolable precincts of judicial administration. We have here a case of public health being deliberately sacrificed for votes by the ruling party. Who can believe, after all this, that the public interest is the invariable or dominant objective of the leaders in power, or put credence in their Socialist pretensions ? They change laws at will to promote their election fortunes. Even legal disqualifications they are prepared to remove with amending Acts to enable their favourites, even if they are disqualified persons, to get into the legislatures. They exploit Socialism as a weapon to secure exclusive control of economic power and destroy independent Opposition by striking at the root of every form of economic resource outside official control. Who that is sane can believe that a Government which has no compunction to take leave even of its elementary duty in the matter of preventing food adulteration, can be trusted to use its powers and funds sincerely in the public interest ?

British People's Shame

"A Minister cannot tell a single lie. He must either tell none at all or hundreds" quotes the *New Statesman and Nation* from Clemenceau and adds : "The people of Britain are beginning to appreciate the truth of this dismal maxim."

Mr. Mallalieu commenting in the same British journal on the recent Parliamentary debate on British policy And performances in Egypt calls it the most tragic 45 minutes he ever spent in the House. Because, as he says, a feeling of shame has come over people that British Ministers, day after day, came before the House and before private meetings of their own party and lied, shame that they gloried in their lies, shame that they were shunned by almost the whole world, including Britain's closest ally, the United States, shame that they had yet to crawl for aid to the people who shunned them.

We are told Britain intends bringing up Egypt's treatment of Britons as an issue before the U.N. Assembly. Nothing will be mentioned in this connection, we presume, about Britain's treatment of Egypt herself, for that must be forgiven and forgotten !

The cry now is that NATO is in danger and so U.S. must hug Britain back to her bosom. It does not matter that Britain it was that stabbed NATO in the back. The wound is still bleeding and the embrace will be a messy affair. Extraordinary are the ways of Western emotion, one that in the modern East we cannot appreciate, although we expected it right enough.

C. RAJAGOPALACHARI.

A Bad Example

We have been favoured by the Secretary of the M.U.J. with the text of a resolution passed by its Executive Committee on the award of the industrial tribunal in the *Andhra Patrika* case. After stating that the M.U.J. does not and cannot agree with the tribunal's view that there is any difference in status between the post of a sub-editor and that of a reporter, the resolution asserts that the "considered view of the Union has been and continues to be that the sub-editor and reporter are equal in status and dignity and that there is absolutely no basis or foundation for the tribunal's observation in this regard." Reporters everywhere will welcome this declaration of faith on the part of the Union, but as some of them have already indicated in our correspondence columns, the Union went about in a strange way to vindicate that faith at the time of the hearing. These go to show that the inferiority status plea was not an invention of the tribunal but an argument seriously put forward and some of the reporter-members themselves of the M.U.J. took offence at it. In fact the whole finding of the tribunal was based on its acceptance of the inferiority-of-status thesis.

(Continued on page 15)



Sotto Voce

The Infallible Church

The process by which politicians are converted into statesmen with the guinea stamp has always been a mystery to me. Take Mr. H. V. Pataskar, Minister for Legal Affairs in the Union Government. Having put the coping stone on the fantastic edifice—a veritable *Viswamitra Srishti* which the late, much lamented Ambedkar had begun, he may share something of the exaltation of the Chakravartins of old who had performed the *avabhrta snaana after an aswamedha*. I have no doubt my own ignorance to thank for the fact that I had not heard of him before his translation to Ministerial status. But I must confess that his performance as Minister has not led me to reproach myself for this gap in my knowledge of men and things.

* * *

If he had remained an East Kandesh lawyer I suppose the newly organised Indian Law Association at Delhi would not have been particularly anxious to get him air his views on Hindu society for their benefit. But such is the magic of office that wisdom is dumb in the presence of presumption robed purple. Mr. Pataskar thought fit to tell his audience that "the Hindu Code has nothing to do with religion". "Tell it to the marines", the assembled lawyers might have said if they had not been oppressed by excessive politeness. I should have liked to see him defend that brash utterance, before competent judges, against his doughty fellow—Maharashtrian Mahamahopadhyaya P.V. Kane.

* * *

Prof. Kane has spent a life-time in the study of the Dharma Sastra. He had assisted in the operations of the Hindu Code Committee long before Mr. Pataskar's emergence into official importance was dreamt of. Like many Maharashtra intellectuals of the Ranade school Prof. Kane has been an advocate of social reform. But the Hindu Code as it has finally emerged, far from winning his approval, has been denounced by him as in vital respects seeking to undermine the faith of the people and insulting their deepest convictions. In the Rajya Sabha his comments on the Adoption Bill were blistering. But the steamroller squashed him just as it squashed the "Sanatanists".

* * *

Mr. Pataskar sought to justify his thesis that the Hindu Code had nothing to do with religion, by an excursion, characterised by courage rather than discretion, into unfamiliar fields. He said that under the Indian Constitution the individual had been given the vote and therefore he had become, what the joint family ceased to be, the unit of society. The personal law governing Hindu society had therefore to have corresponding changes made in it. Mr. Pataskar's discovery that the joint family is cracking did not go sufficiently far. If it is cracking it is largely due to the activities of a denationalised handful who have captured the machinery of power and are seeking to impose on Hindu society their outlandish notions.

* * *

The fashion that C.R. set when he legitimised the unlawful temple-entry at Madura by an ordinance which was a violation of all constitutional propriety is now become a hoary precedent. Mr. Pataskar strenuously denied that the Hindu Code was being imposed by the Government on the people. "After all, the legislation was given to the people by the chosen representatives of the people in Parliament, and Parliament was the supreme body". So far as one knows the Hindus, by and large, have not substituted Parliament for the Godhead from Whom they believe that the validity of the Sastras derives. The totalitarian claims made for Parliament are on a par with the solemn pretence that it derives its authority from the deliberated consent of millions of voters each acting with the sense of responsibility of a Socrates.

* * *

Mr. Walter Lippmann is rather more familiar with Democracy than Mr. Pataskar. He says that *such matters as* Marriage, Divorce, Inheritance and the numerous other things over which Mr. Pataskar claims sovereign authority for Parliament are not the exclusive concern of either the Church or the State. He maintains that there is need for constant adjustment of the jurisdictions of both to cope with new issues or developments. This must be effected within the ambit of the Public Philosophy. That Philosophy has for its first axiom a repudiation of the doctrine that all authority and all wisdom is laid up in the minds of the uniformed masses whom demagogues exalt into "The People" for their own purposes.

* * *

Hindusim has no Church, whether of the Infallible or the Established or the Dissenting variety. But that does not mean that Mr. Pataskar and his fellow-secularists should be allowed to play the Pope when it suits them or, in the name of "Defenders of the Faith", to make a caricature of that faith. Mr. Pataskar's pseudo-profound observation that the individual has replaced the joint family is meaningless. The *samskaras* to which millions pin their hopes of salvation enjoin individual duties, not joint family responsibilities. The new Law of Adoption is nothing less than tyrannical coercion of a minority which believes in an after-life.

VIGHNESWARA

Bertrand Russell once said of himself that he had spent the last forty years of life in smoking, with occasional intervals for meals and sleep.—Diogenes in *Time and Tide*.

SIDELIGHTS : :

This week's correspondence columns are full of letters on the *Andhra Patrika* case. Some more were received too late for publication. It is not necessary to let it any more correspondence on the subject, as fair publicity has been given to all points of view. I shall make an exception however in the case of a letter received from the General Secretary of the M.U.J. at the instance, it would appear, of the Executive Committee, and publish it next week though it contains very little that has not been said already by previous writers.

Having read all these letters, and read more than once again the tribunal's award published in the *Fort St. George Gazette* with as much care as I am capable of, I see no reason to modify any statement I made in "Sidelights" of December 1. I am accused of not having read the award with care. Fully prepared to admit such a possibility I read the award again and again. I find that even by reading the award again and again I am not able to arrive at the interpretation on it placed by the M.U.J. officials. If it is their conception of care that any other interpretation of printed matter except their own involves lack of care, I am afraid I cannot claim that sort of care, and I am content not to get credit for it from them.

There are apparently others besides me who hold that the M.U.J. did plead not merely difference in status, but also inferiority of status as a reason for the *Andhra Patrika* sub-editor's refusal to comply with the transfer order. For example, the *Tribune* of Ambala, in the course of an edtiorial comment on the tribunal's award in the case, writes: "The other reason that a *reduction in status* was involved, as the post of sub-editor is more dignified than that of a reporter, makes an unfortunate and invidious distinction. The Madras Union's submission on this matter is in accordance with a widely held erroneous belief, which is responsible for the low standards of reporting in India."

My purpose however is more than served by the vehemence with which the M.U.J. leaders now deny the principle of inequality of status as between sub-editors and reporters. The precise point of time at which this impulse of denial arose does not matter to me. It is quite sufficient that the right view has been endorsed though at a late stage, and I am not interested in pursuing the matter further or demand expressions of regret for the past wrong view so vigorously abandoned now. In fact the energy thrown into the effort to prove that my estimate of the reporter's status is also the same as that of the M.U.J. justifies what I had written more than anything else could have done. And it has brought down an assurance from the President of the I.F.W.J. himself as to the standpoint of his organisation on the position of the reporter, even though the I.F.W.J's attitude on the subject was never in evidence in the hearing before the tribunal and not referred to by me at all in that sense.

The Vice President of the M.U.J. has asked me certain personal questions. If you were working under a managing editor, would you do this, or would you do that, at his bidding? Yes I would. It all depends on the extent of identity of interests one develops for the institution one serves, and let me say so far as I am concerned, I would cheerfully draw a cartoon (if I could) or report a workers' meeting (as I have on occasions done) or get an advertisement (as I sometimes have tried to) if asked, and the feat credited to me of leaping like a wounded lion, I must modestly confess myself quite incapable of performing. It is not easy to find a friend so intensely concerned over your failings and going into them with such thoroughness and enthusiasm as this particular dignitary of the M.U.J. has done for me. I shall endeavour to benefit by this self-consecrated mission of his, as one should value advice especially mixed with rebuke, from whichever quarter it comes, to the limit of the good in it.

On one point however, I remain completely unconvinced. I do not regard it as a crime not to be in the trade union movement represented by the M.U.J. Not that there are not evils emanating from the present pattern of newspaper set-up that call for challenge and resistance. But I find the prevailing brands of trade unionism too much ridden with the spirit of conflict — and as a corollary of it, given to injuring the institutions themselves from which both proprietors and workers draw their sustenance. I don't think any journalist can hope for happiness in his work if good fortune has not given him an editor whom he can respect and whose assignments he can cheerfully honour instead of rushing to courts with allegations of his *mala fides*. There will have to be some other solution for the economic ills of the world, in which discipline will not be flouted and humanity and common decency will not be denied to each other by parties that happen to be in mutual conflict.

SAKA.

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INTERCONTINENTAL BALLISTIC MISSILES

By C. RAJAGOPALACHARI

The "Daily Express" service tells us that the U.S. Air Force is ready with the first model of a ballistic intercontinental missile that makes 1,500 miles "in a matter of minutes". "Thor", the pagan god of war is the appropriate name given to this weapon. We are told that the U.S. Air Force is establishing a centre to train men in firing these intercontinental pilotless missiles. We are assured that America is well ahead of U.S.S.R. in these matters. Whoever is ahead and whatever be the velocity of these missiles, as I have asked many times, are the people in-between the firing party and the target, across continents to submit without any rights of protest? Are they to remain unperturbed on the assumption that either or both belligerents employ such expert and accurate hands that the self-operating missile will not go wrong or miss its way on any occasion and will not destroy other people and other towns that are to be crossed before reaching their targets?

A few days ago we read a report that a test missile of this sort went amuck and nothing was known of what became of it. Surely the nations of the world have some rights too while this mad race between U.S.S.R. and U.S.A. is going on. No one seems to care and yet there is sickening talk of morality and love of peace. These intercontinental missiles are a challenge to the whole world and not only to the partisans in the cold war. The issue has never been squarely faced by those who have an undoubted right to protest. If General Motors devise a pilotless motor car can we let it go at, say 500 miles an hour, through New York or Calcutta streets relying on the perfect condition of the safety mechanism? The I.C.B.M. is a thousand times more reckless.

Why is Rajaji Silent on Hungary?

Sir,—I seek the help of SWARAJYA in appealing to Rajaji to speak out on Hungary. His unusual silence on such an issue of world importance forces one to feel that he, as a great intellectual, has every support to give the Russian-backed Kadar Government in putting down the "counter-revolutionary elements" there.

Rajaji may be out of governmental power now, but his views have a bearing on people of sane thinking. Nehru has bungled on the Hungarian situation, and it is for Rajaji to put him on the right path by lending his mature thinking with the correct study of the situation he might have had by this time.

When the monster-like rival powers of the world sought to destroy the earth by nuclear tests by contaminating the water, air and food that is still left for humanity, Rajaji came out to champion the cause of the suffering and the helpless with all the strength of his great conviction. That had its value. When the much-boosted government-aided B.C.G. scheme made the healthiest bodies derelict and sickly, Rajaji was there and fought the battle for the victims. It had its effect. And again, when the arrogant Anglo-French powers played havoc on the Suez issue, and later marched into Egypt over the sculls of the innocent men, women and children, physically old but mentally and spiritually strong Rajaji rose up in uncontrollable fury against the injustice committed by Western powers in the Middle East. It gave an additional strength to Nehru to back Nasser, though not enough courage to break with the Commonwealth.

Should such Rajaji be silent over Hungary, where hundreds are being killed almost every day—be it by the red-blooded Soviet troops or by the condemnable action of counter-revolutionary fascist forces?

RAMA RAO GIDUGU.

On the letter printed above being shown to him, Rajaji made this reply:

I cannot weary a patient world with my opinions on every subject of public interest. I cannot hope that my opinions on Hungary will have any effect whatever on those concerned. Even when I appealed for unilateral action in respect of nuclear weapons I appealed to America and not to Russia for the reason that my appeal may have some effect on Americans while I could not hope for that in the case of Russia. I do not believe in maintaining mere parity of condemnation just to exhibit my impartiality.—C.R.

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A Photograpner's Diary

By M. KRISHNAN

VANAMAHOTSAVA

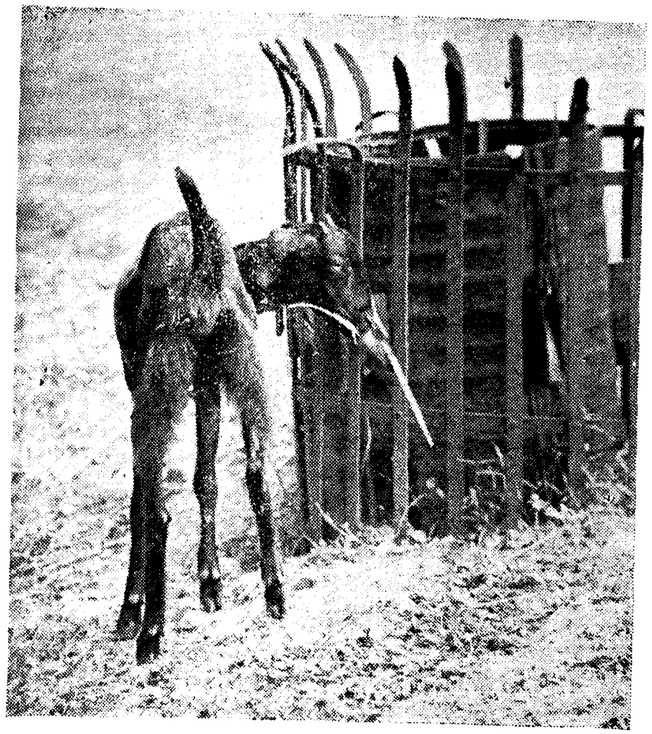
The Minister plants the tree.

The goat eats it.

Before he plants the seedling the Minister makes a little speech. He speaks of how in the old days, when India was India, kings and noblemen planted trees so that the wooded wealth of the country might increase. He refers to Asoka and Vikramaditya and how they planted trees and, when his audience seems a trifle sceptical, not sceptical really but just a wee bit inclined to wonder if Hon'ble the Minister's history on this point is not somewhat speculative, he refers authoritatively to the Sukraniti, Kalidasa and Valmiki, and quotes chunks of Sanskrit to prove that people did plant trees in the old days. He even specifies the trees they planted, and points out that they were shade trees, with spreading, evergreen crowns.

He is to plant none of these but a young palm, but of course he does not know this. Even the Collector, who has organised the ceremony, does not know about the palm — he is still under the impression that it is a Gliricidia seedling, but the truth is that the R.D.O., who was to have obtained the Gliricidia, couldn't do so because it was discovered at the last moment that there was no Gliricidia, but so what, there was this up-and-coming palm and so he brought it along. Well, finally the Minister concludes his speech, amidst applause, and gets down to the business of planting. The Collector hands him a beautifully clean spade, with which the Minister scrapes a little earth from the bottom of a pre-dug pit, and then, with the District Officers standing around in a decorous circle, with the N.G.Os cheering respectfully and the non-officials quite loudly, with cymbal and with song, he plants his palm.

The goat eats it quietly, when no one is looking. Oh yes, I know that goats don't eat palms, but this one does, as my photograph shows her doing. She goes up to the Minister's palm protected against goats by the double insulation of an outer circle of iron palings and a rusty, inner iron drum with windows ripped out in its sides to let in air, she cocks her head to one side and then to the other, pushes her muzzle through the palings, and gets hold of the leaves protruding from the windows in the inner iron goat-proofing; she tugs at the leaves and pulls them out, one by one, she nibbles tentatively at some of them, and trips daintily away to find other fare.



Some months later the Collector comes to know that the palm is dead. He holds an inquiry and finds that a goat is responsible for the sacrilege — though inclined at first to suspect that the palm died a natural death due to lack of water, he finds the evidence conclusive. The R.D.O. says that his Head Clerk says that the Gardener says that when he, the Gardener, was away on some urgent business, a goat climbed the double fencing, jumped in, and ate up the palm. Goats, the Collector remarks, are the limit, the absolute limit; they have the cloven hoof of the Devil. The R.D.O. agrees in toto, from sheer habit, and also because it is true that goats have cloven hooves.

Next year the Collector plants a tree, after making a speech about how the goat is the Fiend in Capricious form; he has the seedling surrounded by a fence so close that no normal plant can have any hope of survival. But the Collector's seedling comes up, for it is a Prosopis seedling, and even without the fence no goat would have eaten it. It grows in due season into a large, thorny, straggling bush, shadeless, inhospitable, ugly, a hard-bitten exotic rapidly spreading across the country and altering its look. In fact, the goat helps its spread, for goats don't eat Prosopis foliage but only the fleshy pods, and the seeds get distributed that way and sprout vigorously wherever they fall.

A man from Jodhpur told me

that they broadcast the seed of the Prosopis there from planes, to reclaim the desert. No doubt the Prosopis has its uses, in reclaiming deserts, and it has done much to bind the sandy, shifting soil of Hagari — before conquering the sorrounding terrain.

Our governmental and municipal authorities, who are so keen on exotic plants like the Prosopis and the Gliricidia, are apparently unaware of the way in which a number of tropical American plants (chief among them the Lantana) are changing the face of India. The Prosopis, in its way, can be quite as formidable a menace as the Lantana or the water hyacinth, and I can see no justification for a Gliricidia outside a garden. And why they plant whole avenues in India, where the authentic Flame of the Forest (Butea monosperma) is indigenous, with the exotic Gul Mohur (Delonix regia) which cannot hold a candle to the native in red beauty, and why they have supplanted that wholly Indian, white-flowered coastal evergreen the Calophyllum beloved of old poets and miniature painters, with the Mexican white Plumeria and a white Lantana all along the Marina at Madras, God only knows — or may be only Government does.

Who cares ? They are in power and they plant what they like, and they like to go in for exotic weeds and trees because many of these the goat will not eat, neglect will not easily kill, and anyway they do not care what they plant so long as it will come up. In the course of a generation or two, we may expect to find the flora of our ancient country unrecognizably changed.

Thousands of Indians die of snake bite every year. But the cobra is one of the most beautiful of animals, and I should be very sorry to have to kill one. It is just as possible to immunize the rural population of India against the poisonous snakes which live in their neighbourhood as to vaccinate them against smallpox. But the methods for doing so safely and on a large scale have not been worked out. This is a task for non-violent Indian biologists.—J. B. S. Haldane.

VIDWAN RAJARATHNAM PILLAI

By V. P. RAMAN

It was well past midnight on North Mada Street, some day in the early years of the last decade. But the scene belied the hour. In fact, to the uninitiated stranger the scene might have even looked ludicrous. Persian carpets were spread on the road. Petromax lamps by the score illumined the whole place. Paraphernalia for chewers went round on silver plates. Sandalpaste and rose-water were repeatedly offered till normal olfaction got paralysed. Soft drinks and iced water were served by sprightly youngsters whose faces showed that they had been imported from the interior of Tanjore district to act as bearers for the occasion. Gentlemen in muslin *jibbas*, wearing gold chains and smelling of *svak* and *attar* were squatting on the carpets looking like the inebriate mariners in Tennyson (some of them had good reason to look so). Ladies in technicolour silk sarees, decked with diamond jewellery, and managing to appear very different from each other while conforming to a common and basic type, were huddled together on another spread. The setting looked like the inside of a vast marriage *pandal*, only the starlit sky provided the canopy. I almost forgot to mention it—the occasion *was* a wedding, described as lavish even in those days when standards were more liberal and wealth was not afraid to be in evidence. It was in this almost Olympian environment that I first *heard* Thiruvaduthurai Rajarathnam Pillai. The emphasis is deliberately not on the word 'first'; for I cannot swear I had not heard him before, but it was only then he made an impression on my consciousness that I gratefully carry to this day. I can assert that it is only in such a pervasion of careless luxury that one should hear Rajarathnam. He was not an earthy artist who merged easily into a prosaic and pedestrian situation.

He had been elaborating the Raga *Shanmukhapriya* since eleven that night, and it was nearly dawn when he had done. He stopped quite abruptly like some fairy who had to flee before sunrise, back to her ethereal abode, though none wished it. That *Shanmukhapriya* I have not heard since from anyone else, and actually, not even from him. I heard him play the same raga sometime last year or the year before, but it was in a hall filled with restive creatures not at peace with themselves, and looking at their watches, and thinking of the morrow's engagements. The music reflected the *milieu* and was unimaginative. The weariness, fever and fret of the audience affected the artist. The eagle meant to soar in the high heavens was cribbed into a cage, and beat its wings ineffectually against the sides. I earnestly feel that the greatest dis-service done to Rajarathnam was to invite him to "Sabha" concerts in auditoria where he was unmistakably at his second best only. The instrument he wielded was a child of the open air, not meant to amuse a concert audience. The temple procession, or the wedding procession, round the streets that skirt our sacred tanks, is really the right setting for it. Proximity to a vast expanse of water exerts an undefinable influence on the quality of the notes that emanate from the *nadaswaram*, and where are we to have this in auditoria ?

Last Wednesday, Rajarathnam left us. We will no longer torment him in closed buildings, and as the signs indicate that in the days to come, we may never be able to provide him with the atmosphere in which his music could thrive, it is as well he is gone. His body might have succumbed to a coronary infarct; but his musical genius died unable to survive in an age when art is "encouraged" positively and separately as if it were something apart from life itself, which is allowed to get more complex and anxious. The Golden Age of Art has also been the Golden Age of Peace and Plenty, Leisure and Luxury. We now seek to upset values in life, but want Art to survive i

rarefied atmosphere depending on artificial respiration and oxygen cylinders furnished by a kind State. It just cannot be. Karnatic music and its greatest expositors were born and nurtured in an era of plenty, where the anxiety was more for the soul than for the body. Charity instead of confiscation kept the social balance steady. Planned prosperity was unknown. We cannot think of Shyama Sastri and Heavy Industry in the same moment. Rajarathnam came of a line of artists who were carried forward from the Golden Era; he would have seemed an anachronism ten years from now. He has flown away to a place from where, amidst the gods imbibing nectar, the strains of his *Shanmukhapriya* will float into eternity.

It is futile to try to analyse his music, for inspiration defies analysis, and his music was nothing if not an inspired and spontaneous gushing forth of melody. He has been variously acclaimed for the uniqueness of his *raga alapana*, for his sense of rhythm, for his approximation to the human voice on an instrument considered difficult to operate on and impossible to master, and for his powers of musical composition. Whatever might be the truth of these aspect-war comments, I feel the real greatness of Rajarathnam lay in none of them. For originality in *alapana* simply, we have heard Maharajapuram Viswanatha Aiyar astound us with his brilliance on occasion. For rhythm—and by the way, this was *not* Rajarathnam's *forte*—there are other pipers and vocalists who having made *laya* their life's mission, achieved a greater degree of competence in this branch. Approximating to the human voice, certainly Rajarathnam did as none else can. On the radio especially, the illusion was so complete when he burrowed in the lower octaves. But this was the effect and not the cause of Rajarathnam's mastery. As a composer, he was most definitely ordinary, and whoever extols Rajarathnam as a great composer, blasphemes Karnatic musical composition. Some of his *kritis* are frankly rehashes of old pieces. But this is not pointed out as a defect. The creativity of Rajarathnam was not such as to subject itself to the rigours and disciplines of kriti-composition.

As I see it, Rajarathnam accomplised his work in two stages. He first acquired a virtuosity that was so perfect that he had only to think of a phrase and his fingers would execute the idea. Then came his creative genius—the finest example of unbridled and unconscious movement. So that, in course of time by a natural coalescence of his virtuosity and "musical free thinking" he became so unpredictable in his improvisation that he stunned his audience into unbelieving admiration. How much his mechanical perfection mattered is not generally realised. His creativity knew no bounds just because he could play anything that struck him, and there were no barriers between the thought and the deed.

Fled is that music. We may now concentrate on the Five Year Plans, and produce steel. For it is certain we shall produce no Art or another great artist like Rajarathnam.

A PLAN FOR PICTURE PROGRESS

By R. M. SESHADRI

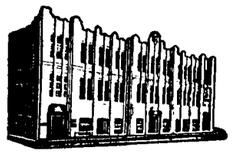
The Film Fans' Association held a seminar the other day, at which Minister Subramaniam made a plea for a filmic contribution to Indian culture. He confessed that there was a time when he wished motion pictures to be done away with, but now, he admitted he had veered far from his earlier view. He acknowledged the primacy of the film as a means of mass communication and he wished that producers made pictures that were realistic, true to our life and living and conveyed our traditions, customs and culture. On the second day of the seminar, Sri Lobo Prabhu called for an increasing measure of pictures which appeal to the mind as well as to the eye and the ear.

It is not as though film producers are not anxious to make this sort of pictures, pictures of quality which will appeal deeply and truly, and set out our way of life, our arts, our traditions. But why do they not do this ? What is holding them up ? It is not courage that is lacking. A hardier and more brave set of people cannot be found than the film producer. He has to struggle with vicissitudes of which the magnitude and multitude are beyond imagination. But he is essentially cautious, prudent. This does not pay : nowhere in the world does it pay. Hence his resort to time-tested formulæ for security, dance on dance, song on song, the shield of the star system. But then the film-man is not so avid to make profit as to avoid loss. That guaranteed reasonably, he will embark on pastures new. A high official once said : let each film-producer lose 10 lakhs of rupees on a quality picture—it would be a sacrifice in the national cause. I know that this same functionary, if he loses 10 annas will turn the Secretariat upside down. Preaching philanthropy to the last rupee of the other man's funds is a sprightly pastime.

The crux of the matter in this making of elevating pictures is how to insure against loss. How to go about it ? Is it beyond our resources to find a solution which, consistent with the recovery of the capital invested, will yet secure the objective ?

I commend to the Film Federation the suggestion that they should press the Government of India to drop the entertainment tax on cultural pictures. This is not a novel suggestion and has been repeated often enough. Why has the idea, old as it is, not been worked or even attempted to be worked ? The fact is, with all its allure, it is not an easy plan to put into practice. The choice will be assailed ; motives will be challenged. This method of choosing a completed picture for immunity from entertainment tax will leave the doors open to graft and corruption. The ranks of the industry will be divided. More important than anything else, how is

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the producer to know, to have the confidence that the picture he makes, the adventure on which he embarks, will earn the coveted relief ? Without being sure in advance of such relief, how can he put in money ? Where is the incentive for it ?

I suggest, instead of starting at the end, let us begin at the beginning. Instead of selecting a completed picture and announcing exemption from the entertainment tax in recognition of its cultural content, let us go about it the other way round. Let the Government set up a cultural film board. This body should not be a Government body. It should be autonomous and composed of the best persons in the State. It will be the duty of the board to compile a list of subjects in its judgment cultural. Complementary to this task, it should invite suggestions from the public for cultural, nation building subjects. Choosing the subjects, it should ask producers—those who are interested — to place before it scripts on the selected themes. If the script is approved, the picture gets on to the tentative list—no commitment yet.

The board will have the right to view the picture as it progresses, say every 3,000 feet. Some may cavil at this idea ; the cry of outside interference with artistic effort will be raised. There is no real room, however, for this complaint. It is in the interests of the picture-maker himself that a plan be devised which will be an insurance against the completed product failing to meet final approval, against call for major operations at late stages. I think that there is everything to be said for this idea, an idea to ensure easy passage in the last lap. No doubt, every time the board views the film, it will suggest changes. This cannot present any real obstacle, if the producer has adhered to the script passed by the board.

As soon as the picture obtains approval in its finished form, the Government step in and gazette the picture, with the opinion of the board, announcing exemption from tax within the State—within the State because entertainment tax is a State subject. In the alternative, let the entertainment tax go from the State list to the Union list, it will be a truly grand thing. Disparities now current from State to State in taxation levels will then disappear. No State need lose revenue ; the Centre will only act as collecting agency ; it will return the proceeds, saving a percentage towards cost of collection. This reform is overdue, as the film has long ago transcended provincial limits. Now films cross and criss-cross, north and south, and it is time film taxation policy steps out from the State level to the Union plane.

The merit of my idea of beginning at the beginning is obvious. The picture-maker starts with an initial certainty. The published list of subjects lands him plump on what will fill the bill ; he knows which subject will earn him the coveted exemption. The way to provide incentive is not by granting exemption sporadically on completed pictures but from the basement up, fastening on specified ideas, working them up to ripen to the fulfilment of the prize. Will there be response, even then ? I have no doubt of it. The saving of tax makes a world of difference, and the film-man knows this. The will is there and the capacity is now provided.

So far as I know, nowhere in the world is a practical stimulus given in this manner to the making of nation-building, artistic or cultural films. We will lead the world. Not only that, the greatest contribution which the film can make to humanity, we will make. The priceless heritage which is ours, we shall carry to the far corners of the world, the heritage of the art of life and the science of living, the glory and crown of Dharma, the eternal sustenance, without which nothing really is or can be — no foreign tongue can translate this.

Men should be appointed to duties, who have the ability needed for their performance and the resourcefulness to meet the situations arising therein. Everything will go wrong if you nominate one out of mere friendship or admiration.—*Kural.*

THE FUTURE OF SOCIALISM

BOOK REVIEW

IN the course of a century the concept of Socialism has assumed a bewildering diversity of meaning. While this would not be a matter for disquiet if it had remained in the realms of the semanticist, yet in the actual evolution of the creed it has more often led to a clash of arms than of pens.

Most analyses of the problem tend either to doctrinaire assertions, airy theorisations or ponderous justification of the accomplished fact. They invariably get bogged in the confusion of ends and means. If one were to start, say with the assumption that the nationalisation of the means of production is Socialism, then the claim of the Soviet Union and the East European countries to be called Socialist is indisputable. But many Socialists hardly like to describe the conditions there as desirable.

The different schools of Socialism, says Mr. C. A. R. Crosland in his book, *The Future of Socialism*, have differed over the means and he holds that the only "element common to all schools of thought has been the basic aspirations, the underlying moral values", such as, for example, a passionate protest against social injustices and a great concern for social welfare. So Mr. Crosland defines Socialism in terms of social welfare and equality. He provides a reasoned survey of the economic evolution of England and shows that the development of "capitalism" itself rendered many reforms for which Socialists had fought, superfluous. He also demonstrates the manner in which the word "capitalism" has lost its original meaning.

After being shaken out of its Victorian smugness by the first world war, the compulsions of the inter-war years rendered the transformation of Britain into a Social Welfare State easy but not automatic. Entrepreneurs have found it more and more useful to extend benefits to the employees while the latter have discovered co-operation to be more profitable than coercion. While it cannot be denied that all the benefits were not attained easily it has to be admitted that the material welfare, which has accrued to the worker in countries like America, the United Kingdom and Sweden has in no small measure been due to the enlightened approach of the employer class.

Mr. Crosland marshals a formidable array of facts to demonstrate the efficacy of fiscal manipulation in the maintenance and advance of social welfare schemes. The chapters on the distribution of wealth are a model of their class and indicate how in the hands of a humane administration, society can advance peacefully to the cherished goal of a better life for all. No doubt this entails a certain sacrifice on the part of some but that could be confined to the absolute minimum.

In fact the author's faith in the fiscal road to Socialism at times prevents him from recognising the realities involved in other factors such as human greed, selfishness, inertia etc. He tends to overlook the need for power to enable the forces striving towards Socialism to realise their ends.

A salutary aspect of his survey is the importance he lays on immediate benefits. He stresses the importance of achieving the good life here and now instead of in the far distant future. Its implications may well be understood if one realises the enormous change there would be in the world if say America were to give up her atomic armaments programme to concentrate on the peaceful uses of nuclear energy and the Soviet Union were to concentrate on the manufacture of consumer goods.

It is interesting to note that the author states repeatedly in the book that it is the traditional virtues of the British which would prevent them from losing sight of democratic values and respect for the dignity of the individual under the impact of Socialist culture. Even as he points out the historic necessity for the Fabian emphasis on austerity he pleads for relaxation and enjoyment of the pleasures of life. It is this stress on the need of the common man for those pleasures which alone make life worth living, which takes the author's Socialism out of the distant future and brings it nearer to the immediate present.

Mr. Crosland's book is at once a historical survey which analyses the evolution of Socialism, and a practical guide to its future. The economic, political, psychological and semantic aspects of Socialism are investigated with a great passion for detail. His emphasis on the benefit which Socialism, humanely practised, can render makes his book a valuable addition to the literature on the subject and will help Socialists to avoid many blind alleys in their fight for a better society.

V. V. SRINIVASAN

The Future of Socialism by C. A. R. Crosland, Jonathan Cape, London. Price, 42 sh.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

MORE ABOUT ANDHRA PATRIKA CASE

Sir,—The comments you have made in your issue of December 1 on the *Andhra Patrika* case have come as a surprise. They are so different from what we have a right to expect from a clear-eyed and discriminating commentator like you.

You have based practically the whole of your observations on a point, which as far as I knew, the Madras Union of Journalists never adopted as its own. You state that it was contended before the tribunal that the status of a reporter is inferior to that of a sub-editor and that Mr. Sarma's transfer to Kurnool as a reporter, therefore, reduced his status and effected an adverse change in the conditions of his service.

The reference to reduction in status was at no stage made by or on behalf of the M. U. J. The tribunal nowhere says this was any part of the M. U. J.'s case. The tribunal merely gives it as its own opinion that the post of a sub-editor is a more dignified one and therefore, when Mr. Sarma is transferred as a reporter there is a reduction in status.

That is not a view which any journalist or body of journalists will dream of accepting, and as I have said, the M.U.J. never accepted it or advanced it before the Tribunal. The I.F.W.J., certainly, does not and could not accept it or advance it anywhere.

In fact, the I.F.W.J. in its representation to the Wage Board has placed reporters and sub-editors in the same category as regards status and emoluments. That, I think, is a conclusive answer to your charge.

Every reporter in the country knows the I.F.W.J.'s stand in this matter, and I am afraid any effort to work up his feelings against the I.F.W.J. is completely wasted.

No one denies that the qualities and qualifications which make a good reporter are different from those necessary for a good sub-editor. Nor is it disputed that many journalists combine in themselves the two sets of qualities and qualifications. But does it follow from this either that a sub-editor ceases to be a good sub-editor because he does not have the qualifications of reporter, or that the management has a right to terminate the services of a sub-editor because he does not possess the qualities and qualifications of a good reporter?

That seems to me the real question involved, and I suggest that the tribunal's answer to it is the only one which fits the facts of the case.

The larger question of the reporter becoming a sub-editor or the sub-editor becoming a reporter or of the journalist beginning as a reporter, a sub-editor, or a proof reader and gradually working his way up till he becomes editor, is unaffected by the tribunal's award. No tribunal could give an award which would stand in the way of the journalist who means to work his way up. May I suggest that your alarmist generalisations about the future of journalism and the dignity of the profession are unrelated to the case of Mr. Sarma. His was an individual case of victimisation, and the Tribunal dealt with it as such.

S. A. SASTRI,
President,
Indian Federation of Working Journalists.

(ii)

Sir,—I have always appreciated the forthright and pungent criticisms aired by 'Saka' in the Sidelights column. To be frank, I was more than disappointed, I was shocked, when I read your column in the issue dated December 1.

It is a dictum in journalism, "Facts are sacred, comment is free". After reading your comments on the tribunal's award in the M. S. Sarma case, I am compelled to the conclusion that you no more hold facts sacred and that you revel in reading your own wild, inciting and vitriolic language. Statistically speaking, of the 29 sentences in that article eight are, to say the least, absurd, ill-conceived and mischievous. The whole line of argument is not based on facts which an eminent journalist like you should value and respect.

You charge the M. U. J. with having contended before the tribunal that the status of a reporter is inferior to that of a sub-editor. Nothing can be farther from the truth—the question of status was never mentioned. And, in fact, in cross-examination, one of the experts denied there was any distinction in status. He emphasised as all the other experts did that the jobs of a reporter and a sub-editor were entirely different and dissimilar and it would be difficult for one to discharge the duties of the other. The requisite qualifications and the physical and mental make-up were also different. The Union did, in fact, agree that there have been a few cases of sub-editors or reporters who had experience in both departments. Even Mansfield does not use the word "Status".

The Union backed up Sri Sarma's contention that his transfer to Kurnool as a reporter reduced *his* status and effected an adverse change in the conditions of his service. Why? If you will care for facts and the records, Sri Sarma was one of the senior sub-editors in the *Andhra Patrika* and by transfering him to a *branch* office at Kurnool to work under the Chief Reporter there, his chances of promotion as News Editor or Assistant Editor were wiped out. Is it not a reduction in his status? Does it not involve a change in the conditions of service?

The most important conclusion of the Tribunal, if you had gone through the award carefully, is that the management of the *Andhra Patrika* indulged in the colourable exercise of the power of transfer vested in them and that Sri Sarma cannot be punished with dismissal for disobeying the order, which was *mala fide*.

Since you have so thoughtlessly rushed into print, without caring for facts, I do not propose to burden you with detailed information. It is yet not too late for you to know the facts; which can be got from the appropriate quarters. However, let me assure you

that nobody is more hurt or annoyed at the Tribunal's remark than the representatives of the M.U.J., who conducted the case. It is no doubt an unfortunate remark and I am sure the Union will take steps to redeem the reporters' honour.

You have expressed a fear that high-minded persons desirous of building newspapers based on the loyalty of devoted staffs, giving conscientiously of their best to their development, will be frightened out of existence. Working journalists know how "high-minded" those who have built newspapers on the loyalty of devoted staffs have been and are. Do you honestly believe that they have been high-minded to their devoted staffs? We have seen the drama they staged before the Wage Board. The less said about it, the better.

One of your wisest remarks is that it is part of the responsibility of an editor to decide which employee is good for what work. To substantiate it, you have given a page from the life of Bernard Shaw. Will you please let me know—you need not make it public for decency's sake—how many editors or managing editors there are in India who can be classified with that discoverer of Shaw? I know how a really brilliant youngster was shut out from many avenues in a big newspaper because some old cronies had to be put up with. I know there are editors and managing editors who *do not want* to meet working journalists, who do not know even the names of some members of the staff. We know how recruitment is being made for this profession. Please disabuse your mind of the notion that there are "high-minded persons" who are captains of the newspaper industry in India. We know how by accident some have become editors. The editor who discovered Shaw is a rare specimen of the species of editors. Editors are born, not made.

It is an axiom you have propounded for application to journalism that one who elects to be a soldier cannot ask for guarantees of physical safety. You were for some time working editor of several newspapers. How would you have liked it if you had been asked by a managing editor to draw a cartoon for publication, or to report a workers' meeting, or to get your copy revised by a junior working journalist, or to get an advertisement? You would have leapt on the managing editor as a wounded lion. Your sense of status and dignity would have been roused. How flat and meaningless your axiom is!

I note you have shed a tear that you did not make your entry into journalism as a reporter. Let me assure you that your regret is not worth that tear. The way you have "analysed" the award, the remarks you have made in the article would have done you little credit had you been a reporter. The art of reporting, with all the defects it has at present, would not have become perfect if you had been in the ranks of the reporters.

I do not know if you have any special claims to be reckoned as a trade unionist. I guess there are none. A true trade unionist does not incite members to break the organisation. While you have been condescending enough to proclaim your faith in "employee-resistance to any limit against proprietorial exploitation", you have preached rebellion by the reporters against the M.U.J. I am quite confident reporter-members of the M.U.J., will not allow themselves to be swayed by you and I am sure your advice will be treated with the scant respect it deserves.

You had no faith at any time in journalistic trade unions, much less now as you are a small proprietor. It is indeed a pity that a mis-shapen ghost should have arisen out of the ashes of that great journalist, Saka.

R. NARASIMHAN,
Sub-editor, *The Hindu* and
Vice-President, M.U.J.

(iii)

Sir,—"MUJ Member" in saying that the Madras Union of Journalists was *only* a party to the dispute, seems to want to convey that the MUJ was there not on its own volition but it just happened to be there because some external force compelled it. Whereas the very petitioner in this dispute is the Madras Union of Journalists. Perhaps if this party, who happens to be the petitioner, was not there, there would have been no dispute at all.

A difference is also sought to be made by "MUJ Member" between Mr. Sharma, the victim, and the Madras Union of Journalists, the champion of the victim. The responsibility for the unpardonable mischief is now put on the poor victim. The champion, despite his broad shoulders, avoids the wrath of the angry reporters and diverts it on the victim who is already oppressed with enforced unemployment for nearly a year now. Indeed a brave champion!

What amazed me most in your correspondence columns was Mr. Venkatasubba Sastry asserting as "untrue" your statement that it was contended that the status of a reporter was inferior to that of a sub-editor.

I wonder whether Mr. Sastry was present in the court hall on the day of the argument. Unfortunately the course of the arguments was not reported, but as against the management's contention that they always considered the two positions as interchangeable and they never implied any change in status, Mr. Mohan Kumaramangalam, the Union's legal counsel, did contend that there was a reduction in status. It was only to boost this contention with the authority of a noted journalist that a passage from Mansfield referring to the British practice of promotion from the rank of reporter to that of sub-editor was marked for the edification of the tribunal.

Even while Mr. Kumaramangalam was elaborating his point, Mr. Nayak who represented the management, warned him against creating a rift between two sections of similarly placed intelligent workers and playing into the hands of the employers. It was too much for a labour leader to swallow and Mr. Kumaramangalam mockingly told Mr. Nayak: "I will pass on the tip to the General Secretary." The General Secretary was then beside him taking note of the exchange.

At the end of the court's sitting the same day, two reporters who were listening to the course of the argument and taking notes for the Union's file warned the General Secretary against the implications of the argument. The General Secretary is reported to have remarked: "It is necessary to bolster up the case." He seems now to disown his rash remark. But what I am concerned with is not so much his remark as the fact that his attention was drawn immediately to the implications.

If reports are correct, he seems to have expressed, on another occasion, the hope that the tribunal would not rub this particular point too much on the wrong side.

The Union leadership's first reaction to the anger of the reporters was to deceive them into believing that the management's lawyer was responsible for "poisoning the mind of the tribunal." They hardly realised the folly of this argument. Naturally the irate reporter said "Save me from my friends."

Another assertion of the Union leaders was that the remarks of the tribunal were only *obiter dicta* and would have no legal significance. Unfortunately for them, the reporters by virtue of their day to day touch with court proceedings know the difference between *obiter dicta* and closely argued findings and their fears were only confirmed by eminent legal pundits other than, of course, the Union's legal adviser.

Lastly they said: "Ignore the tribunal. It is only a very low placed court." Having no strength other than the strength afforded to us through the industrial relations machinery under different laws enacted by the Government, it seems to be extreme folly for a Union to show this kind of respect to the courts with whose help it seeks to win its cases.

Let me express the hope that the MUJ leadership which was responsible for this sorry bungling would confess that they had misjudged the situation and are sorry for it, instead of denying facts. I am sure such a graceful gesture would help heal the bitter wounds already inflicted.

ANOTHER MUJ MEMBER.

(*Continued from page 2*)

Repudiating that thesis now may apparently seem to cost nothing, but it involves logically rejection of the award itself based on that thesis. Is the Union prepared for this test of integrity of the content of its resolution?

In the concluding paragraph of the resolution the Executive Committee of the M.U.J. note with approval "the fact that the representatives of the M.U.J. before the tribunal did not plead or lead evidence which might be construed to provide a basis for the above observation of the tribunal, but quite correctly put forward the stand of the Union., viz., that the functions of a sub-editor and a reporter are different and that one cannot therefore be compelled against his will to undertake the job of the other, which the tribunal has accepted." How can the tribunal be condemned for an interpretation of the M.U.J. viewpoint on this matter for which we are told there is "absolutely no basis or foundation", and in the same breath be patted on the back for having "accepted" quite a different interpretation? All the ado that the M.U.J. leaders have been making about the difference of functions as between reporters and sub-editors is made ridiculous and meaningless by the fact that the sub-editor in the case is not new to reporter's work and had in fact performed it for some time already in the past. It was wholly wrong for any tribunal to contend that a sub-editor with previous experience as reporter is justified in defying the editor's order of transfer from one function to the other. In treating an apprehensive employee's dread of future victimisation as virtually the equivalent of actual victimisation and as a valid ground for refusing the duty assigned to him, the M.U.J. has lent support to a very bad example of violation of discipline in the sphere of journalism. It is not for the good of the Press that any tribunal to which journalists go for redress should be capable of findings approving such an example. Adverting to the award in this case the *Tribune* comments: "Decisions of tribunals in the first disputes in particular under the new law protecting the working conditions of journalists should be carefully weighed to redress legitimate grievances without commitments on issues of *status* and *change of service*."

When Aristotle was asked what a man could gain by telling a falsehood, he replied "Never to be credited when he speaks the truth".

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UNSTATISTICATED CRIMES

Sri C. Rajagopalachari has in his Convocation address at Agra presented a thesis which should cause much disquiet to Congress policymakers. On the eve of the elections they have been going about the country cataloguing the achievements of the Congress and telling people why they should support Congress candidates at the polls in preference to all others. These propagandists have drawn very flattering conclusions for themselves and their party with the aid of the material yardstick of the Five Year Plans. Now comes along Rajaji revealing that what has been going on is more appropriately a matter for fright than for gratification. "Four hundred millions of people with nothing but material values moving them, with none to guide them who has any claims to allegiance or loyalty—it is this picture that frightens me" he says. Contemplating such a picture, he sees even now the shadows of our coming condition "in the dishonesty and greed and the unstatisticated crimes that everybody knows are being committed without going into the police records."

What are these unstatisticated crimes? Rajaji was not thinking apparently of such things as robbery and murder which in a way provide, even if undetected, the means for their suppression in the universal abhorrence with which public opinion regards them. He seems to have been thinking rather of offences with prestige and so lying beyond the pale of police records, because they are committed by men in authority and responsible positions. To some extent these are the offences of entrenched communalism, which are progressively dislocating the zeal and interest of public servants in their work because they have had it dinned into them by experience that the way in which they do their work does not matter for preferment and promotion—other unacknowledged standards have ruthlessly come into operation. Respect for law even has been undermined by this entrenched communalism. We have had a most significant illustration of this lately in Madras State when the Government took no action whatever to remove from his post a District Magistrate whose competence for continuing to hold it the High Court had challenged in the severest terms. These aberrations perhaps are not from the standpoint of long range public interest so disastrous as the manner in which the whole power and resources of the Government are placed behind candidates of doubtful qualifications and character in elections to the legislatures. These sovereign bodies have come to be filled with yes-men who rarely exercise independent judgment on the outstanding public issues of the day, and it is from them and their leaders that the deterioration in our affairs noticed by Rajaji, stems.

Congress politics has contributed chaos and confusion to the prevailing universal hunt for money by undermining the old standards of honesty and rectitude and substituting in their place new predatory urges with the potency of organised votes to back them. The vote-catcher is the master of the situation and our democracy has started to go ahead on the adventure of manipulating voters' for invasion of the rights and properties of weaker elements in society defective in numerical voting strength.

Rajaji with his keen insight evidently feels that if the present trend persists, the abuse of the power of the vote by dexterous vote-catchers will instal before long a new morality (or lack of it) that will show no quarter to numerically weak minorities unprotected by voting strength, and God alone can save India from such a destiny.

All those who believe in the existence of a beneficent Providence preserving right against might through all tribulations of

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mankind will perceive the vision of wisdom in Rajaji's call to religion and rally to it with hope. It is a great feat of daring for a political leader brought up in the tradition of practical duties to sound the tocsin of the spirit and seek refuge in religion from the ills of our materialistic age.

India a Guineapig ?

The Union Health Minister, Rajkumari Amrit Kaur, quoted in the Rajya Sabha last week a letter from Dr. Palmer to the effect that the views attributed to him in sections of the Indian Press were "distorted". The letter stated: "Because of the many practical problems connected with the B.C.G. vaccination which need clarification, I have pleaded for controlled study in many places and among groups. This however does not mean that I believe that B.C.G. vaccination is useless. On the contrary I firmly support the U.N. International Children's Emergency Fund's and World Health Organisation's B.C.G. vaccination in countries where most people are infected by the time they reach adulthood." Triumphantly citing Dr. Palmer's letter, Rajkumari Amrit Kaur announced in the Rajya Sabha: "The Government does not have any reason to conclude that the theory on which the B.C.G. vaccination campaign was based, has proved to be fallacious, and it does not contemplate any change in its policy in this regard."

Now Dr. Palmer came to the notice of the Indian public for the first time through the wide publicity given to a letter of his to Dr. Sen, First Physician of the Tata Hospital, Jamshedpur. This was some three months ago. In this letter Dr. Palmer said: "I think, perhaps, you might be interested in our most recent report on the public health service control studies of B.C.G. vaccination and I am enclosing a mimeographed copy of that report." The following significant extract from this mimeographed report throws some light on Dr. Palmer's then estimate of the efficacy of the B.C.G. vaccination.

"Most of the new cases of T.B. are appearing among the persons who were tuberculin positive, when they were put under observation. Under such circumstances, the role left for B.C.G. could be, at best, only a minor one—even if it were very effective."

It may be explained here that it is only the tuberculin negatives that are taken up for B.C.G. vaccination on the assumption that it is only these that are liable to catch tuberculosis, the positives being immunised already. By showing that it is the tuberculin positives that furnish most of the T.B. cases, Dr. Palmer's mimeographed report indicated that B. C. G. vaccination does not touch the heart of the problem of tuberculosis.

Dr. Palmer also reported the view of Professor Wallgren of Sweden that "it is no longer possible to pretend that B.C.G. vaccination is always harmless" and disclosed that Professor Wallgren had proposed that mass B.C.G. vaccination should be stopped in Sweden.

It is not possible for people of ordinary intelligence and commonsense to reconcile Dr. Palmer's mimeographed report with the contents of his letter now to Rajkumari Amrit Kaur, except on the assumption that methods of disease-prevention scientifically shown to be inefficacious and so not good enough for European countries, are quite suitable for India. Is it because India is in their estimation the right Guineapig?

No Double Standard !

(Explaining the grant of Government permission for the second marriage of an officer, Mr. B. N. Datar, Minister for Home Affairs said in the Rajya Sabha that it was "a case of temperamental incompatibility. . . . . in this particular case, the husband was an 'M.A.' while his wife did not know even the Three 'R's. Both could not pull on together.")

I am a first class cook,
And when I am put to my mettle
Can tackle a feast for a hundred —
My husband can't boil a kettle !

My sister can dance like a leaf,
Her mate has the gait of a *reech* ;
My friend has the voice of the koel,
Her husband stutters in speech.

May *we* marry again
If a master of arts, not life,
Because she doesn't know the 'R's
Can put away his wife ?

M. LAKSHMI.

Weeding of the Inapt

Dr. C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar's Convocation address at Banaras University on Friday last week, emphasised a point of great significance in the organisation of higher studies which is generally lost sight of in the prevailing craze for statistical measurement of achievement, with the result that we are saddled with wastage under cover of progress. He pleaded that without aptitude nobody should be permitted to enter a university class. So axiomatic a principle scarcely needs to be elaborated upon, but we live in times when the integrity of educational administrators, as of so many others in authority has been gravely undermined by narrow sectional partialities deliberately flourished for vote-catching. Thus, even in institutions of higher learning, merit has come to be suppressed by the spirit of communal favouritism of not a few of the directors. One result of this is, that the favoured mediocres are not able to digest the knowledge they seek, and to a considerable extent, the machinery of higher education goes to waste, yielding no benefit to the community. University education must be saved from these unhealthy influences if it is to prove fruitful, and Dr. Ramaswami Aiyar's warning has come just in time to promote some care that the enormous outlay under the Second Five-Year Plan will not be cast away unprofitably.



Sotto Voce

Bailiffs' Saturnalia

A Minister lost his job and a Government tottered to its foundations because a few hundred acres of not very fertile land, which had been acquired by the State for public purposes, was not resold to the original owners, though it was full ten years before the purpose of the acquisition had ceased to be operative. Critche Down will figure in English Constitutional History as the *locus classicus* on the subject of the citizen's indefeasible right to the enjoyment of his property, subject only to the minimum of restrictions in the paramount requirements of the State. Ownership of property is the firm foundation of civil liberties in the State which has gone farther than any other in maintaining the traditions of freedom. But while our Congressmen have from the cradle lisped the language of Milton and Mill, they act as if the mantle of Mussolini had fallen on their shoulders.

* * *

The latest instance of this totalitarian grasping after power is the Bill for requisitioning or compulsory acquisition of property which the Madras Government pushed through the two Houses of the Legislature in a matter of hours. The Five-Year Plan, to popularise which an army of Congress hangers-on have been appointed, is likely, in spite of the copious eloquence of the propagandists, to appear to the man in the street as a Moloch insatiable for sacrifice. The Bill in question aims at establishing four-hundred seed farms for increasing agricultural production. These farms could, of course, be got on lease by private treaty with the owners. But that would involve, it is said, too much time.

* * *

Besides, some owners might prove intractable. In dealing with them the Land Acquisition Act, one would think, gives the Government all the power they need. But that, again, would be too dilatory a process for our Gracchi in a hurry. And so the Bill empowers the Government to authorise any officer they name to requisition on a fortnight's notice any immovable property which in his judgment is necessary to fulfil, not specified purposes, but any purpose which he deems sufficient. If the owner does not hand over the property, the Bill authorises the use of "such force as may be necessary" to eject him. Imagine what a Saturnalia for the bailiffs is in prospect !

* * *

If, while the Government possess the property, it should be destroyed by accident, they may treat the agreement to take it over as void. And the owner can suck his thumb for such comfort as he can get. They may, after requisitioning a property, decide to acquire it outright in case they have put up valuable buildings etc. which they do not wish to give up. But if they decide to return the property, the owner will have to pay for additions, which he may not want, which may indeed be an incubus ; he cannot insist on the Government restoring it to him in its original condition but can only ask them to buy it outright.

* * *

If, on the other hand, the property has, while under Government control, so badly deteriorated that it will be of little use to the owner, the Government may buy it. But they can maintain that in their opinion the damage has not been so total as to impose this obligation. It is, to say the least, doubtful whether, in that case, it would be possible for the owner to invoke the aid of the courts to enforce this obligation. So far as the initial act of requisitioning is concerned a mere declaration of the need for requisition, by the aforesaid officer of the Government who may be a Revenue Inspector, would be conclusive.

* * *

As the taking of a man's property can be so casual under the Bill, it is not surprising that the relinquishing of it can be even more casual. The Government no doubt formally recognise that they have a responsibility to return the property to the rightful owner. But, if after such enquiries as they see fit to make, they hand it over to somebody, their responsibility ends. They can complacently wash their hands of the affair even if it is discovered later that the person aforesaid had in fact no right to the property. But they graciously permit the rightful owner to sue him !

* * *

Those champions of the underdog, the Communists, were not bothered by any of these scruples, because they are so obviously bourgeois. But they were very vocal against requisitioning the holdings of the small man. The Minister glibly assured them that the Government would not dream of doing such a thing. "We want twenty-acre farms," he said. "Be sure we shall take 20-acre blocks only from the holdings of the men with 100 acres and more." And the blessed innocents were instantly satisfied. But they did not ask—it would not have suited their strategy to ask—how many twenty-acre blocks of suitable lands were available among holdings owned by a single owner. Thus, between the upper mill-stone of the Congress and the nether mill-stone of Communism, the citizen's liberties are being ground down to fine powder.

VIGHNESWARA.

The 'world' in Indian classics, Sanskrit as well as Tamil, means 'enlightened people'. It is not the mere majority of the population.—*Kural.*

SIDELIGHTS : :

A writ has been filed in the High Court in connection with the tribunal's award in the *Andhra Patrika* case. As the matter has thus become *sub judice* it will not be possible now to publish any more letters on the case, or on SWARAJYA'S comment on it.

* * *

There have been, of late, swift additions to taxation. Under British rule, it was the burden of the Congress song in session after session that India was the poorest country in the world with the heaviest burden of taxation. But the Congress since coming to power has beaten all previous Indian records in the matter of taxation. The burdensomeness of the prevalent exactions is sought to be justified on the ground that we are building a Socialist pattern of society. As a creed Socialism is glorious since it aspires to put the State in the position of a benevolent parent to the whole community. In practice it will work in the spirit of the grand theory of it only if Ministers and administrators have hearts filled with love for their subjects as parents have for their children. The draft on the character of rulers is more exacting under Socialism than any other system of government. It cannot be faithfully administered by any one who has not mastered the philosophy of treating others and their interests as he would treat his own. Without justice as between man and man, Socialism is unthinkable. In the hands of persons steeped in communal passions and hatred, it will not only become a caricature of its real self, it will lead the way to chaos and civil war.

Of the two sides of Socialism, the first, which consists of the appropriation to itself of more and more resources, economic power, property and the means of production, is being looked to by the ruling party with immense vigour and energy. But in the second part of it, the application of the resources of Government to welfare, not the limited welfare of groups, but distributed welfare on the widest scale excluding none from its scope, its performance has been dismal. A lot of money spent has been sunk into the dreary sands of waste, corruption and inefficiency. With all the severe onslaughts on capital and capitalists, a new set of wealthy people is being substituted for the old, with new techniques of money-making. There are more disparities now than before Congress Socialism made its advent.

Socialism is thus advancing rapidly as a doctrine enabling the Government to monopolise economic power, but Socialism as a system of distributed happiness for the millions, with poverty and unemployment eliminated, is nowhere visible. What we now have is the exploitation of Socialism by the ruling party, deliberately and of set purpose, in order that, by combining economic power with political, it may prevent the possibility of any opposition party ever becoming strong enough to take its place.

Our new Finance Minister, Sri T. T. Krishnamachari, is very bold, and is never daunted by the consequences of his actions. Having played the capitalist game in early life with phenomenal success, he has outlived its allurements, and the inveterate capitalist zest for profit has now no thrill or charm for him. Despite ill health, he has unparalleled capacity for hard work. His resourcefulness is of the inventive and not imitative type. His power of organisation is superb. All these qualities, when exercised by him as Industries Minister, redressed the balance to some extent in favour of creating benefit through productivity. The gap between the grabbing and the servicing sides of Congress Socialism was thus reduced by the constructive effect of his particular combination of talents. Now that gap will be increased by the extra-efficiency that will be thrown into the acquisitive and depredatory operations of the Government. This is a sort of national misfortune.

It will mean less of attention to the spending side so as to make expenditure fruitful of the largest possible limit of productivity and social benefit. Everyone above the boundary line of solvency (apart of course from those charmed immunised circles whom no adversity can ever touch) will live in constant dread of every particle of his savings being squeezed out of his family or business budget. Perhaps the Finance Minister himself is not unconscious in a vague way of the disequilibrium between the two main functions of our State in its pursuit of the Socialist pattern. For we find him nowadays combining every new adventure in quest of means with a minatory flourish as though it were a flag symbolising prowess and puissance to cow down prospective, foolhardy objectors or rebels.

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STRENGTH BEHIND POLAND

BY J. VIJAYATUNGA

(J. Vijayatunga remained in Poland from 9th October to 8th November. He was in Krakow, Katowic (formerly Stalingrad), and in Warsaw during the critical days following Gomulka's re-emergence as a national leader.

In the course of his European tour he visited Paris, East and West Berlin, Leipzig, Dresden, Frankfurt and Rome. In the light of his former long experience in Europe—he was in America and Europe for twelve years—readers of SWARAJYA *will find in his articles a first-hand footnote to European politics today.—Ed. S.).*

The Polish-Soviet Pact just concluded in Warsaw was described by Mr. Shepilov, the Soviet Foreign Minister as "an excellent example of a new type of international relations which exist between Socialist countries". Mr. Shepilov is further reported as having said that "the atmosphere of full mutual understanding, frankness and businesslike collaboration in which the negotiations were conducted make all of us happy".

This is indeed very nice. Those who only get their news day to day from their newspaper will not see anything extraordinary in the above comment, or about the pact itself. But even a cursory review of Polish history will make it clear that the Polish nation has given away nothing for the simple reason that it has fought through the centuries for its independence, paying an extremely high price for it, and that it means to safeguard that independence at all costs.

The spirit of Poland was never crushed though Poland herself was under the foot of the conqueror for long periods in her long history. Circumstances forced the Polish people sometimes to choose a king from outside, or to submit to rule by other nations. But always the Polish people fought incessantly for the right to manage their affairs themselves.

It was in 1772 that Poland was first partitioned, and the eastern provinces came under the Tsars. The eastern borderlands, named BAR, produced many revolutionaries, the best known being Josef Pulaski and his three sons. The four Pulaskis and other leaders of BAR held a conference in Lucerno in 1773 to find means to throw off the Tsarist yoke.

The second revolt against the Tsarist tyranny was led in 1794 by Tadeusz Koscuiszko, who was publicly elected Commander-in-Chief, of the revolutionary Polish army in the town square of Krakow. Koscuiszko had then just returned from America where he had served under Washington. He was later captured by the Tsarist troops. He is today one of the national heroes of Poland and his statue is at Krakow.

In 1795 Poland was parcelled out among the three powers, Russia, Germany, and Austria. Austrian rule proved the mildest, while the Tsarist rule was the most impressive. There was great consternation in the rest of Europe at the suppression of this valiant nation. Napoleon said: "The pillar is down on which rested the vault of Europe". Michelet said that "the most human of nations was excluded from human kind".

Poland was underfoot but the Polish spirit was uncrushed, unbowed. During the next century Polish patriots kept up an unceasing struggle, in their own country, and on foreign soil, for the liberation of Poland.

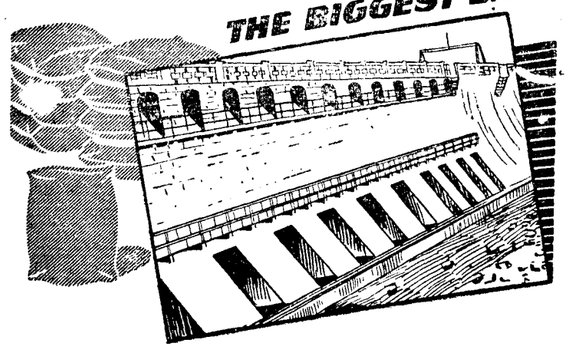
The struggle was long, and many were its heroes, but at last an independent Poland came into being. It was just getting up on its feet when Hitler precipitated the second world war by marching his Nazi troops through Silesia into Poland.

The sufferings of the Polish people were terrible during the second world war, and many of them resisted the overtures of the Nazis with determination. This time it was in Western Poland. The Nazis created a class called Volksdeutsche, offering them citizenship in the Reich under conditions. It would not be true to say that no Pole accepted such blandishments. But the majority remained true to their Polish inheritance. In and around Warsaw and Krakow the Germans tried every means by which they could crush the Polish resistance. Tens of thousands were sent to concentration camps, many of them to the death-houses at Oswiecim (Auschurtz), but the Polish spirit remained uncrushed. After four and a half years of the most ruthless barbarities known in history, Franke, the Nazi Governor-General himself admitted, "We have made mistakes". (Franke was later hanged at Oswiecim and much as I hate vindictive justice I felt no compunction when I stood in front of the gallows on which this monster was hanged).

Besides resistance groups in all parts of Poland—there were resistance groups even at Oswiecim, under the very shadow of Death—Poles who had managed to escape were active both politically as in London, and on all the war fronts. Their sacrifices bore fruit and a Provisional Government of National Unity was formed in June 1945. Of the twenty-one members of the Cabinet sixteen came from the Lublin Cabinet which had taken over immediately after the war, two from the rural areas (Messrs. Kiernik and Wycech) and three from London (Mikolajczyk, Stanczyk, and Thugutt). Stanislaw Mikolajczyk was made Minister of Agriculture and joint Vice-Premier, with Wladyslaw Gomulka, the present leader of the United Workers' Party, also as Vice-Premier. Edward Osoba-Morawski was made Premier.

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RAJAHMUNDRY.

At that time there were six political parties : the Polish Socialist Party, the Polish Workers' Party, the Polish Peasant Party, the Democratic Party (the Professions), the Christian Labour Party.

(The number of partics is not an indication of disunity so much as an index of the strong individualism of the Polish people).

On February 22, 1947 the Declaration of Rights and Liberties was approved by the Constituent Diet.

In November that year Mr. Mikolajczyk left Poland in what he termed "an escape". In 1948 Gomulka was imprisoned on Stalin's orders on charges of "Titoism", released in 1954, re-arrested in May 1955, and released at the beginning of 1956. He was "rehabilitated" into the Party this year.

That the Russians, who had earlier attacked Poland, did finally liberate Poland with the help of Polish resistance groups is acknowledged. The Polish people expressed their gratitude in various ways, even by naming Katowice Stalingrad. They reverted to the original name in October while I happened to be in Katowice. They accepted technical aid gratefully and the gigantic Iron and Steel Works at Nowa Huta near Krakow were named the Lenin Works. They even accepted Marshal Rokossovski, a Pole who had risen high in the Russian Army as Commander-in-Chief of the Armed Forces.

But the moment they found their hard-won liberty encroached upon they laid down their terms. Rokossovski was sacked. The Russian troops were asked to withdraw to the border towns and now in "an atmosphere full of mutual understanding, frankness, and businesslike collaboration" a Polish-Soviet Pact has been signed.

A strong Poland means security in Central Europe, and should there be an easing of the situation in Hungary within the next three or four weeks, it would be partly due to the repercussions of the Polish-Soviet Pact.

A Photographer's Diary

By M. Krishnan

THE UBIQUITOUS GOURD

I WAS once given a rather strange assignment. I was asked to accompany a young prince on a straggling journey all the way to Hardwar from Karnataka, to point out to the boy how different the provinces of India were, how different their peoples and customs. My sole qualification for the job, apparently, was that I came from much farther South than Karnataka (in fact, from the farthest South), and so could be trusted to have a Southerner's prejudice against Western and Northern India through which most of that journey lay.

However, I failed incapably in my mission. I saw only the affinities that exist in the native culture of all parts of India, however differently the people dressed and ate and spoke, and even when I drew my ward's attention to such variations as I was able to discern, I felt constrained to add that beneath these superficials were strong cultural and natural bonds —and by that I meant the physical features of the land, and the culture of the soil, the orally-sustained traditions of the poor people. The rich I ignored, for they have no province or even nationality ; they are so obviously the rich, wherever they come from or stay, and that's all there is to them.

One of the things I observed that made it difficult for me to discover and expound provincial differences during our progress was the gourd that trailed over the huts of the poor. True these huts varied considerably in architecture and material ; some had a palm-leaf thatch, some were thatched with grass, and some had flat, terraced roofs of mud on logs. True, too, that the gourds differed somewhat in kind, some having great yellow flowers and others flowers of a less opulent yellow and a more modest size. But all of them were gourds trained over the roofs of huts, lending the humble tenements the mark of

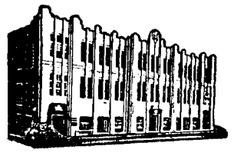


human occupation and care and pride in possession, converting them from huts to homes. Fundamentally the gourds were alike, just as palm-thatched or grass-topped or mud-roofed the huts were all huts.

Naturally, these people go in for a gourd over their homes, though I suppose it would be no more difficult to grow a straggling jasmine or a climbing rose instead. It is not because they cannot appreciate fine scents or beauty that they choose the gourd — only we, the "educated" and the well-to-do, can be guilty of the insufferable presumption that the poor and illiterate have a less acute or delicate appreciation of beauty than our good selves — and I believe we presume this non-existent superiority only because we want to feel that we have had something in return for the long and costly education we have had, and since it is not often a material advantage, we hope it is a refinement of the senses ! The hut-dweller goes in for no climbing rose because a rose is less edible than a gourd, and more delicate in its constitution, too. He can see the beauty in the hairy virility, the broad, softly-green, richly-green leaves, and the bright yellow flowers of his gourd—and so can we, after he has seen it first. Furthermore, in due season his gourd gives him fruit that can be cooked in a number of ways, unlike a rose or jasmine. Even the leaves are tasty, cooked in a curry, if you know how to cook them—the trick is to rub the hair off the young leaves with a rough cloth and then chop them up and boil them quickly in a spicy, hot curry, to which they impart a crunchy, highly individual taste and flavour.

Now-a-days I am less flush of cash than I used to be, but then I have never known real poverty and do not think I will. It is unlikely that I shall ever be forced to leave my leaky cottage and go and live in a hut, but if I do I shall train a gourd over my thatch, with broad green leaves and cadmium yellow flowers.

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RAJARATHNAM

By VISWAMITRA

THE passing away of a great artist is like the end of an epoch. True, such men have their early training under acknowledged masters, and are conscientious in their fidelity to tradition (which is the nearest I can get to in English to the concept of wise conservatism known as 'Sampradaya'), but they build their own fabric of beauty, and become in their own right, ancestors, rather than descendents. The rebellion of their individuality is distinct though ordered, and what remains of their style as a permanent contribution, is a meagre mechanics that lends itself to unconscious caricature in the hands of pedestrian disciples. Like young men who grin and saw the air like the inimitable Tiger, or the young women who strive to capture the distilled melodies of Dhanam, and succeed only in investing the songs with pernicious anæmia.

Therefore do I feel that the art of Rajarathnam has suffered cremation. He brought to the field of his art a conflicting mixture of discipline and virtuosity. It was a struggle between his training as a sound classical musician, and his personality which was turbulent, passionate, restless, eager. He had to express himself in what is perhaps the most freedom-refusing of all art media, i.e., Carnatic music. It held him within the circumference of accepted patterns, and chained him to a grammar that is both minute and vast. His fame rests on this struggle between himself and his art, and the extent to which each yielded to the other.

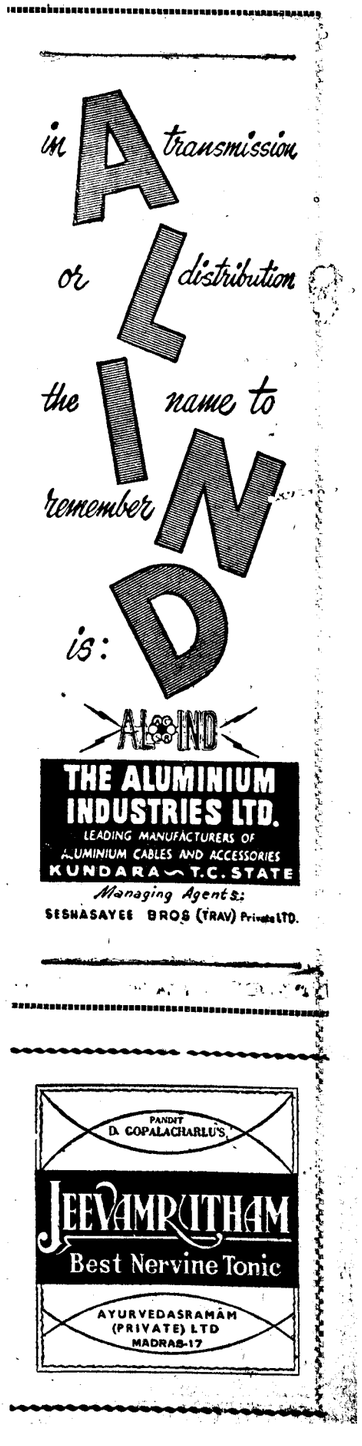
The music of the Nadaswaram has not been recognised as the music of the concert hall. In a sense, it never will be. It is primarily the art of the open spaces. It is the acknowledged accompaniment to the nocturnal procession of the temple deity and the four day marriage. It goes with breeze-filled nights in summer, and the somnolent leisure of post-prandial repletion. It is sweet in proximity, but sweeter far when wafted over the distance. One can conceive of nothing more satisfying than to sit on the stone flagged steps of the temple tank and cheat the advancing night with the sound of the Nadaswaram, playing, for instance, the raga 'Natakuringi', far away, beyond sight, on the other side of the temple. The music travels like a thread woven into the dark fabric of the night ; and the drum is a rumble that alerts one from fading into slumber. This is the multiform combination for the pipe—the darkness, the open space, the distance, the leisure. It is utterly different from the crisp and cantering music of the platform artists. The Nadaswaram elaborates a single raga through the livelong night. Long curves and sudden gyrations alternate one with the other. Sound effects are deliberately sought by moving the pipe in the air. The raga spreads itself, meanders its way across time, and the movement is slow, processional. One imbibes it like a diluted perfume, and the sounds linger in the ear the morning after, after a fitful and inadequate sleep. The concert musician adopts a different style. His renderings are more closely packed ; they are less repetitive ; he relies on form and manipulation, rather than on sound ; there is a domination of the more intellectual aspects ; his tempo is comparatively fast ; he does not linger long on any single note ; nor does he stay and spend his time in the notes above the upper octave, he hits them and runs away to the easier asylum of the region of the fifth. So much so, there has grown up a double tradition in Carnatic music, the way of the Nadaswaram, and the way of the great vocalists. Indeed, the great vocalists deem it a derogation of their art to sing in the manner of the pipers, and it is sufficient condemnation of an artist to say that his style smacks of the pipe.

Rajarathnam chafed against this distinction. He set out to prove the falsity of the theory which assigns to the pipe an inferior status. He developed the skill which endowed his instrument with the qualities that inhere in string rather than wind. He started a style that made the Nadaswaram suitable for a sit-down performance. In attempting this innovation, he was aided by his early training, which was for vocal music. He had the inestimable advantages of both heredity and environment. His uncle Natesan was a supreme artist on the Nadaswaram, and I have heard it from a musician of the front rank that his sense of sound was even greater than his knowledge, and that he extemporised on occasions with a romantic novelty that held the experts spellbound with unselfconscious joy. The 'Pandarasannadhis' of the Tiruvavaduthurai Mutt were renowned patrons of the arts, and their asceticism was tempered by a love of literature and music. Natesan was in their employ, as was Rajarathnam himself, later. It was here that he heard the giants of the day, and the doyen amongst them, the great Krishna Ayyar, who was also his teacher.

So when Rajarathnam started to play the Nadaswaram, he discarded the long drawn, open air style associated with that instrument, and used it in place of the vocal chords. It became his voice, and he sang through it, as others sing at concerts. This led to a series of changes. He began by reducing the high pitch which alone is considered suitable for the Nadaswaram. Then he increased the speed of the manipulations, and introduced 'brigas', in his playing. Having brought his style very near to the style of the vocalists, he went a step further and abandoned the usual accompaniments, the wind-drone, and the drum, and, instead, went in for the 'tambura', and the 'mridangam', and commenced to give concerts in a manner altogether new. The traditionalists raised their eyebrows and shook their heads in disapproval, for this was rank bolshevism, a revolt against entrenched privilege, and perhaps the combined forces of the conservatists might have destroyed a lesser man, but Rajarathnam was fortified by the certainty that, these changes apart, he was an artist in the best sense of the word, and could afford the pleasure of striking out a path of his own.

I still consider his first gramaphone record his best, the two sides of the raga 'Todi', the first of which is fast and furious, and the second, slow and low. It brings out the new vocal style which he made all his own. The record reminds me of Lizst's 'Hungarian Rhapsody', the crescendo of a gathering storm, succeeded by a calm which is clean and soothing. The other record which is characteristic of his method is of the song 'Vachana, Kamala Lochana" in the raga 'Durbar'. The two records bring out the conflict and the paradox of his restraint in tradition, and the fire of his impatience which makes him rush through with a defiant skill, as it were, straining at the leash of orthodoxy. I have an inexplicable prejudice against ragas that take the high 'Madhyama' and the low 'Nishada' together. I have often compared the raga 'Vachaspati' in relation to the raga 'Kalyani' as that of a donkey to a horse, a mitigation, not of the former's usefulness, but of its ungainly inaesthetics. I was agreeably surprised to discover, in the course of a casual conversation with Rajarathnam, that he shared my prejudice. 'That is a favourite combination amongst Nadaswaram players', he said. 'They shy at the low Madhyama. Perhaps the instrument is at fault.'

Like many great artists, he had his moods, and sometimes would twist and torture a tune just to show what he could do with it. The effect would be strange, and leave one with an uncertainty whether to be pleased or not. At other times he would indulge in furious gymnastics, climbing up and down the octave like one pursued, but that again was his way of snapping his fingers at the haughty wind instrument which thought that it could restrain him. Behind and beyond these vagaries was the artist, conspicuous and bright. I would like to think of him as Dr. Johnson thought of Goldsmith : "Let not his frailties be remembered. He was a very great man."



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ANNIHILATION

By MANJERI S. ISVARAN

THE Second World War created a good many major and minor gods in the affairs of the government, and when the House Controller—a major one—assigned to me a house on the outskirts of the City (after keeping me on tenterhooks for about six months), he did it with such an air of condescension as to make me feel that I was the recipient of the greatest charity imaginable and that the government could balance its budget without the monthly rent I paid: a small sum of a hundred rupees in these inflationary times. It was one among three stereotyped tenements in a blind alley very near the railway line; at intervals of five to fifteen minutes electric trains of the suburban service thundered over your head, and when the steam locomotives passed, the house shivered finely to its foundations caused as if by an earth tremor, or like one surprised by some object of sudden fear. Besides (as I came to know quite soon: within a week of taking residence), the place was a burglar's paradise; every other day report of a theft in the locality appeared in the newspapers, and once one such was capped by an unbelievable but none the less horripilant detail that an Alsatian of the bungalow that was burgled had been crushed like an ant! However these house-breakings were no scare to me as I was blessed very little by way of worldly goods, and my wife being a prudent sort didn't carry the dead capital of too many gold ornaments on her person nor lock them away in a box; what we could save after meeting domestic expenses went to the savings account in the bank—the squirrel's granary as she called it—fetching a small percentage of interest.

I must confess that I am not very gregarious by temperament. I like to be left alone when I want to. The place suited me admirably. I overlooked its drawbacks: the pounding trains, the dread of robberies. Even the [illegible] Damocles is apt to grow rusty, its edge blunt, by too long an exposure in the air. There were trees all around, neem and plaintain and mango and tamarind; the verdure was pristine, the atmosphere deliciously rural. The playground of a boys school on the thither side of the railroad was a field of mown green grass, and the trees which in their conglomeration in a forest would have looked evil and fearful stood meekly in their singleness in the distances, their branches spread out like the arms of a friend to enfold you with affectionate warmth. Here the sensitive human spirit, escaping from the dust and fumes of the City, could feel that plant life though lacking the power of locomotion is not obtuse but has a sentience peculiarly its own, its very dumbness generating its supreme eloquence. Primitive man the world over worshipped trees, and even in such a sophisticated age as ours he continues to worship them.

And I came very near to worshipping a tree shortly after I moved to the new premises. Not by throwing flowers at it, burning incense, and shaking the bell. My worship was in the nature of an intense emotional attitude I developed towards it, as towards a human being of pre-possessing appearance one chances to see while touching life at many points and then comes to the degree of nearest intimacy, discovering in each other kinship of interests in the conduct of judging or commending matters of the mind. It was a tree in the compound of my next-door neighbour's, so close to the window of my living-room that putting out my hand I could touch its branches dipping and swaying over the wall that divided the two dwellings. It was a lime tree thick with leaves and flowers, green, greenish-yellow, and mellow fruits—an upsurge of life as energetic as any in the human world. I saw it first one afternoon following a drenching shower, its glistening wet sprays bejewelled by rain drops; I have seen it since for over a year now, bare in every detail in the burning sunlight; dim in the dusk of dawn and evening; shadowy under the moon; solid in the darkness. Once when a Christian friend of mine paid a visit to me, saw the tree, and heard my praise of it, he remarked that with its green and golden fruits the lime tree looked like a perennial Christmas Tree. I was delighted with the comparison which inspired me to give another, that it was the Kalpaka itself on Mount Meru. It may sound rather extravagant, but unknown to myself the tree had entered into my heart's blood, and just as its roots had pierced down the obdurate humus, so had they pierced through my tendon and muscle and lay wrapped about my bones.

And then the blow fell, unexpectedly.

Quite early one morning I woke up from sleep, disturbed by a persistent jarring noise as of something being cut asunder by a sharp-edged instrument. My thought racing instantly round burglars but belied the next moment by the leisurely pace of the sound—too leisurely for the



most hardened thief—proceeding from the direction of the lime tree, I went to the window overlooking it and flinging open the shutters saw in the light of the false dawn my neighbour cutting a branch of the tree, working vigorously with a handsaw. I was amazed, I was shocked at what he was doing. I noticed that the tree was totally bereft of fruits; he must have gathered them all before he planned its destruction. The branch fell, and directly he started on another. Had the man gone crazy? I wanted to shout out to him to stop his cruelty, but controlled myself at once realizing that we had not exchanged one word between ourselves since I came to live in that locality. He was middle-aged and exuded from every fibre of his body unsociableness, nay a positive surliness. And he had a dog as surly as himself that had barked at me at least three times a day for three hundred and sixty-five days and more....

For a week running early every morning he worked with the handsaw till not a stump was left of the beautiful lime tree. And then he vacated the house to live God alone knows where.

I forget who said that the tree brings leisure, song, poets, painters, legislators, visionaries. From what I had seen it creates vandals too.

A great barrenness, an indescribable desolation has invaded the spot where the lime tree once stood in all its loveliness and luxuriance. My window that opened out on it now stands closed for ever. Often in the hush of the nights as I lie in bed in troubled sleep, I hear the sound of a handsaw moving back and forth, back and forth; feel it cutting across my heart, my head, lopping me limb from limb. It is maddening. I want to quit the house. But where am I to go afterwards? To the bourne from which no traveller returns? The House Controller certainly is no poet, nor painter, nor visionary to comprehend my painful upset and assign to me another house in another locality. But maybe he will join the chorus of legislators who cry hoarse about Vanamahotsava.

TWO PRIME MINISTERS

BOOK REVIEW

AFTER the vigorous war-time leadership of Churchill and the peace-time stewardship of Attlee and Churchill, Eden's regime comes rather as an anti-climax. To a nation that was rudely battered in the second world war, in which every success was but a pyrrhic victory, Attlee brought the healing touch of the goodwill of the world. With a characteristic firmness of decision tempered by native gentleness, he helped unobtrusively to dismantle a creaking empire, stiff in the joints and paved the way for a commonwealth of friendly nations. He sowed the seeds of the full-fledged Welfare State at home. Churchill, in his second Prime Ministership learned to take the Labour legacy for granted. Eden, without capacity for first-rate leadership, found himself in an unenviable position; he had to perform dangerous acrobatics to prove himself a man of mettle.

Perhaps the only predecessor in office with whom Eden provokes a comparison is Baldwin. Both are typically English in their mediocrity as well as their moderation. Neither of them is known for any great single achievement. The only incident of some political importance that can be associated with Eden's name is his resignation from the Chamberlain Cabinet in protest against the Prime Minister's dealings with Mussolini on the Abyssinian issue. The youthful Eden, whom the Italian dictator described as the "best-dressed fool in Europe", came out of the Cabinet with his credit greatly enhanced.

We have it on the authority of Dennis Bardens that no one who had heard the maiden election speech of Captain Anthony Eden could have imagined that he was destined to occupy 10, Downing Street, in immediate succession to a Prime Minister of the stature of Churchill. His second marriage with Churchill's niece must have advanced his political fortunes. In his early career, too, he was lucky in having had to contend, in his first election, with the wealthy and eccentric Countess of Warwick. She was the Labour candidate and rode in a coach and four to the polling booth to the amusement of the electors. The good looks he inherited from his talented mother also stood him in good stead everywhere except in Italy where the Fascist Press dismissed him as "Lord Eyelashes" and Mussolini conceived a hatred for him at first sight.

Foreign affairs have always been Eden's first love. His diplomatic finesse — (though it has not been much in evidence in recent months)—and suaveness of temperament cut him out for it. His study of Oriental languages at Oxford had embellished his Foreign Office manner with a polyglot facility which carried him far in the Middle East and gained him entry into the councils of the Arab world. He could speak to the Shah of Persia in Persian, the Ruler of Saudi Arabia in Arabic and Pineau of France in French. Neither too outspoken nor too reticent, he was a most agreeable negotiator with foreign dignitaries and often had the instinct for the soft word that turneth away wrath. At the Geneva talks on Indo-China, in which Krishna Menon played an active part, he was singularly conciliatory as evidently the issues did not directly affect British interests.

In the Egyptian episode it is not clear whether Eden slipped into the belligerent step he did, against his better nature to meet the aggressive demands of the diehard section of the Tories, or simply ran amuck to live down his reputation as a mild man of peace. In any case, he has not carved a niche in the hearts of Englishmen or others by taking the sword out of the scabbard, where it should have lain. Of his journalistic adventures in the *Yorkshire Post* (whose proprietor was his first father-in-law) Geoffrey Grigson, poet and critic, who was at one time a sub-editor on its staff, has this to say: "Once a week, a back bencher's article arrived from the House in his unformed hand on House of Commons note paper... We had always to correct the spelling and insert, I remember, and extra 'g' in 'exagerate'."

But for the superficial similarities of English character, Baldwin may be said to have little in common with Eden or, for that matter, with any other Prime Minister except probably Walpole, with whom he would "let sleeping dogs lie". There is much in Eden that makes for a professional. His first wife used to take a malicious pleasure in referring to herself as a "politician's widow" in allusion to the pre-occupations that constantly kept him away from home. Stanley Baldwin represents the best model of the gentleman amateur tradition in British politics. Entering politics late in life, Baldwin made only about five speeches in Parliament in the years between 1903 and the middle of the first world war when he was drafted on to the Board of Trade, to the chagrin of tried veterans in the party.

Though he admired the drive and dynamic force of "the little P. M." as he called Lloyd George, the simple, religious nature of Baldwin revolted against the slick perfection of the Welsh wizard's unscrupulous adventures. His deep respect for some of the basic decencies of life touched a kindred chord in the heart of the average Englishman of the day. He was old-fashioned enough to quote the Commandments of Moses as a guide to personal life. If he was a Little Englander to whom his house was his castle, he came also nearest to the Englishman whose word was his bond. He was too chivalrous to take unfair advantage of others, as for instance, in the first Macdonald Cabinet when Labour was in office without being in power, depending entirely on the Conservatives under the leadership of Baldwin.

Baldwin's son, who seeks to provide the true story of his father's political life, makes a strenuous effort, in all filial earnestness, to refute the charges of indolence, lack of interest in foreign affairs, and failure to get the nation prepared for war in time, made by critics against him. It is conceded that he was fond of his pipe and pigs, and felt the red dispatch boxes rather a bother. He liked to have a fire-side chat with his intimate friends or wife and children. But we are told he was no shirker at work or evader of responsibility. He might have spent fewer hours than others in pouring over the papers, but he had a shrewd instinct that touched the core of a problem instantaneously.

The facile allegation that Baldwin had let the country down by not increasing its air strength and streamlining the military machinery for a large scale war in the early thirties, is an easy after thought. That he was no man of war is agreed on all hands, but to say that he helped the dictators by his placid complacency and masterly inaction is to overshoot the mark. England could not be expected to rearm, without adequate provocation from others, especially when she was pledged to a policy of disarmament to usher in an era of peace and prosperity. Even Churchill thanked Providence that he was not called in before the outbreak of the war.

Politics apart, Stanley Baldwin will ever be remembered by those who love English literature and admire English life, for his sensitive evocation of the sights, sounds and scents of old England and his intense awareness of the intangible verities of life that bind civilized men closer to one another. He was a mild and silent fighter who had often gone through the fire without the smell of smoke on his clothes.

D. ANJANEYULU.

My Father: The True Story: by A. W. Baldwin, George Allen & Unwin Ltd., Ruskin House, Museum St., London — pp. 360.—*Portrait of a Statesman* (The personal story of Eden) by Dennis Bardens, Frederick Muller Ltd., London — pp. 326.

Election Guide

All India Election Guide (just published by Oriental Publishers, Madras-4, price Rs. 10) contains valuable information for candidates to the legislature and for the ordinary citizen. The whole of the election law is compressed in this book in an intelligent and intelligible manner. In addition, everything that it is necessary for the voters to know, on the eve of the elections, about the various political parties and their objectives has been carefully and objectively described. The Guide also gives a very reliable picture of the political set-up in the country and in the different States. Outstanding public and national issues are discussed with clarity and ability by eminent scholars, thinkers and politicians like Dr. C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar, Professor M. Venkatarangiah and Sri R. V. Krishna Aiyar. This is the first attempt that we know of in India to bring together in a compendium everything that one ought to know about elections, and election law and procedure and public affairs generally. The work has been done with admirable thoroughness and Sri V. K. Narasimhan, the moving spirit of the enterprise and his two other fellow-editors Sri R. V. Krishna Aiyar and Sri V. C. Viraraghavan deserve to be warmly complimented on the great service they have rendered by means of this publication.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

MATTANCHERI CYCLISTS PENALISED

Sir,—While the authorities concerned in the neighbouring State of Madras are contemplating totally abolishing the cycle tax, a resident of Mattancheri owning a cycle is penalised by having to pay a triple tax. He has to pay the Kerala Government tax of Rs. 2-2-0. For earning his daily bread he has to go to Fort Cochin as most of the important banks and foreign concerns are situated there and hence he has to pay a Fort Cochin Municipal license fee of Rs. 4-8-0. As he has to go to the Willingdon Island, as the railway station is situated there, he has to pay a Port of Cochin permit fee of Rs. 3-0-0. I presume there is no other place elsewhere in India where a cyclist is subjected to such a multiple tax. Will the Kerala Government and the Port authorities try to remedy the situation by altogether abolishing the tax on the *POOR MAN'S VEHICLE* or at least not subject him to the multiple tax for his being a resident of Mattancheri ?

Mattancheri. E. V. HARIHARAN.

ILLUSIONS

Sir,—The picture drawn by Sri M. P. Haran is not correct. Ladies, after all, are not superhuman but normal beings whom students see and converse with daily within and without their colleges. Then what is the necessity for the students to indulge in making 'tamasha' whenever ladies with whose faces they are so familiar pass by the way ? Next, Sri Haran, relying on information given by a member of our police force, says that students daily sit on the basement of the University Buildings and indulge in such things as a matter of daily routine. As a matter of fact, students never sit near the University Buildings on any day and this fact is evident to all those who take a daily walk along that way.

I sincerely believe that Sri Haran had some illusions about student life and placed them before the public. I do admit that to some extent indiscipline among the students exists and I do concur with the view given by Saka in "Sidelights" but the mentality of the student population towards the fair sex is not at all as depicted by Sri Haran.

Madras. P. VENKATA RATHNAM

(ii)

Sir,—If a male student happens to be alone in the midst of girl students, he is liable to fall a prey to their 'tamasha'. It is only the number of heads that matters and not the sex.

Since it is only the male students that are seen in bulk often, we are ignorant of the other side of the picture.

Madras. R. RAJAGOPALAN

FROM STEEL TO DEAL WOOD FRAME

Sir,—I concur fully with the comments of SWARAJYA on the Ariyalur railway disaster. The accident is only the result of what you term the scourge of the second best. The steel-frame administration has given place to a deal-wood frame administration with white ants. This state of affairs is due to interference by elected representatives and those near them in day-to-day administration. Eulogistic expressions by the visiting dignitaries on the progress made since independence are not the real barometer to measure efficiency. No guest will comment adversely against the hosts.

Madras. S. RAJAN.

LATE SRI R. CHINNASWAMI

Sir,—Your note about the late Sri R. Chinnaswami deeply touched me. I was one of the founder members of the Madras Students' Convention along with Sri A. S. Rajam and as such I had intimate association with Chinnaswami in those days. I organised a lecture by him in Trichy and the late Sri Arpudasami Odayar, Professor of English, remarked after hearing him : "This young gentleman possesses an old head on his young shoulders." Your remark that "he never knew affluence, but limited means set no limits to his generosity and capacity for affection, which were boundless" is too true.

R. NARAYANAN.

INTERVIEW SYSTEM

Sir,—Government should not fall a prey to the temptation of sacrificing academic qualifications at the altar of the interview. The opinion formed in a few minutes during interview is misleading and disastrous. It is not right that the destinies of candidates should be settled by a committee by the interview procedure which lasts for about 15 minutes.

A real, social, religious and economic revolution is necessary for the realization of the casteless society envisaged under the Indian Constitution. The limited safeguards in the fields of employment and education for certain castes and tribes constitute only petty palliatives.

K. RADHAKRISHNIAH

INTEGRATING SCHOOLS OF MEDICINE

Sir,—Please allow me to express my appreciation of the devastating comments made on the School of Integrated Medicine by that dispassionate and impartial observer, Vighneswara.

Integration of different schools of medicine must ordinarily be done at research levels by men of mature understanding and wide experience. Integration, anywhere, is essentially a process visualised by those who out of the ripeness of their wisdom and breadth of vision, are able to encompass apparent diversifying factors and see the oneness beyond.

This pretence of giving the best of different systems of medicine to young persons with doubtful basic education, is going to land us in serious difficulties with respect to their future status and their place in the medical register.

It is pathetic to note that the late Minister of Health in Madras was allowed to perpetrate this and get away. This sort of thing is possible only in a society where the judgment of enlightened people does not find its way into the administration and where those in charge of the administration help each other to commit wrong on some working arrangement of *quid pro quo*.

"Androgynous Abortion", I fear, is not an apt term used by Vighneswara. Abortion is a consummation to be devoutly wished for by partakers in criminal union. But such will not occur in this institution, where deliberate unnatural miscegenation is going to be perpetrated over a period of three or four years. The result is going to be a horrible bastardy bye-product which will be fobbed off on the unfortunate masses of the land, due to the crimes of self-seeking and hasty politicians.

Lt. Col. C. R. KRISHNASWAMI, M.S.

TAXES ON KNOWLEDGE

Sir,—Your editorial in SWARAJYA of December 8 is timely in that our Ministers can consider the lowering of postal rates in the next budget if they are really sincere in spreading literacy and knowledge.

Your calculation of postal rates was not quite correct. I am therefore giving a table that will illustrate the very heavy cost of postage that acts as a great preventive to the spread of books in this country :

Postage on a book priced 4 annas and weighing 5 tolas :

Post card ordering for the book	0	0	9
Bookpost postage	0	1	0
Compulsory registration	0	8	0
Compulsory V.P. fee	0	1	0
V.P. money order commission	0	2	0
Total	0	12	9

Thus, the price of the book is 4 annas and postage for it is 0-12-9. A book of four annas will cost the villager Rs. 1-0-9 when it reaches him.

On a book priced 8 annas and weighing 10 tolas, the postage is Re. 0-13-9. (So total cost will be Rs. 1-5-9).

On a book priced Re. 1 and weighing 40 tolas, the postage is Rs. 1-3-9. (So total cost will be Rs. 2-3-9).

The revenue the Government would get by way of increased postal rates or railway freight charges or sales tax on books is like a drop in the ocean, when compared with the crores of rupees being spent on the various projects of the Second Five Year Plan.

In the larger interests of the country and the future, the Government should be generous enough to give up this revenue from books. This revenue is insignificant for Government, but large enough for the village consumers.

Indeed, it is regrettable that when the Minister for Communications wants to increase the postal rates, he consults none and it is done without any delay, but when a strong case is put before him for a reduction in the bookpost rates, a committee has to go into the question.

A committee appointed by the Government has been considering this question of lowering postal rates for the past many months.

The Deputy Minister told the Rajya Sabha on the 17th instant that this "Book Rate" committee has recommended that "books" should be charged at the rate of 9 pies for the first five tolas and 3 pies for every additional 2½ tolas and that these recommendations are still under the "consideration" of the Government.

The rates that the committee has recommended are not new ones ; they were in vogue till all of a sudden the rates were raised. It should also be pointed out that, in addition to ordinary book-post rates, the compulsory rates cited in items 3 to 5 above are also preventing, very effectively, the free flow of books.

If really the Government are in sympathy with the man in the village who would like to get books by post, they must not only reduce the ordinary postal rates to a level lower than the ones recommended by the Book Rate committee, but they should (1) abolish the V.P. fee altogether, (2) charge a nominal fee of 2 annas for registration of the V.P. book packet and (3) reduce the V.P. money order commission at least on V.P. book-packets.

V. KRISHNASWAMI SARMA.

Books on Dancing

	RS.	AS.
The Other Mind : A study of dance and life in South India by Beryle de Zoete with 128 illustrations. ..	39	6
Ballet with photographs by Serge Lido ..	26	4
The New Ballet : Kurt Joss and his work by A. W. Cotton with illustrations.	32	13
Dances of Spain and Italy from 1,400 to 1,600 by Mabel Dolmetsch with illustrations	31	8
Gala Performance : A record of the Sadler's Wells Ballet over 25 years — edited by Arnold Haskell with 177 pages of photographs	31	8
Dancing Out of Bali by John Coast with illustrations ..	15	12
Dance to the Piper — Ballet Memoirs of Agnes de Mille ..	13	8

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