

SWATANTRA

(Issued Every Saturday)

Vol XI. 1 September 1956. No. 31.

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

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SWATANTRA

Vol. XI SEPTEMBER 1 SATURDAY 1956 No. 31

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THE MULTI-POINT SALES TAX

The merchants of Madras State, at their conference held on the 26th instant, voiced their powerful protest against the reprehensible methods adopted by the Government in collecting the sales tax. Merchants who discharge the important function of distribution of goods are a necessary element in society, and have to be treated with due consideration by every civilized Government. Under communism the merchants are classed along with the land lords and mill owners as members of the parasitic class of capitalists to whom no mercy should be shown. In Soviet Russia, all shops are run by the Government and all merchants get liquidated. In India, where we have not yet jumped into the Communist cauldron we have to make up our minds to behave decently towards the merchant community.

The sales tax is a revenue measure and should not be used as a means for effecting social transformation and the abolition of merchants as a class, preliminary to the taking over of the function of distribution by Government. But the fear of impending nationalisation of their interests has entered the hearts of all merchants because of the scant courtesy paid to them by the authorities and the high handed methods adopted by the minions of the Commercial Tax Department. The Government gives arbitrary powers to underlings of forcible entry into premises and inspection of records, confidential documents and stock. Elderly and respectable merchants are made to

cringe before youthful upstarts from the Department who have neither knowledge nor experience of the business over which they dominate. Apart from the economic losses to which the merchants are put by the bureaucrats there arises the fundamental problem of the assertion of the self-respect of the merchant. No Government with a sense of decency can treat lightly a situation like the one the Madras merchant is faced with. Why should a citizen who discharges a necessary function in society be made to shiver and be put to shame before an ignorant young officer. The preliminary requirement for the restoration of normal relationship between the Government and the merchant is the curtailment of the powers of departmental officials and the provision for appeals to the courts of law against the decisions of departmental heads.

The tax should be gathered at one point and not be indefinitely extended to any and every transaction where goods change hands. After all, the merchants are used by the Government as its agents, its servants without pay, to collect its taxes from the people who are the consumers and who are the ultimate tax payers. This honorary service the merchants are prepared to render to the Government in an efficient and thorough manner by collecting the tax at a single point. Such a change over from the multi-point tax to the single-point tax, we are assured, will not in any way reduce the amount of



The Third Madras State Anti-multi-point Sales Tax conference was held in the city under the auspices of the Tamil Nad Vartaka Kazhagam on August 26th. Picture shows the Mayor, Sri V. R. Ramnatha Iyer addressing the gathering.

the tax collected, while it will certainly simplify the machinery for the collection. The work of the merchants in drawing out the bills and keeping the records will also be very much lessened. The supervision by the Government will be less arduous. The only snag in the proposed change over will be that there will no longer be any use for the numerous staff now employed by the Commercial Tax Department. The Government will be faced with the problem of unemployment of some of its dependents. But it will be ridiculous to advance the argument of the unemployment of a few of its servants against the introduction of a far reaching measure which would afford relief to a large section of the people and would considerably simplify the process of tax collection.

We would urge upon the Government to consider the resolutions passed by the conference of the Madras merchants with sympathy. As a class, the merchants are non-political; but a glaring injustice, if it goes unredressed, naturally gathers political momentum. The attempt to undo the injustice against powerful opposition crystallises into a political force. The merchants are still

extending their hand of friendship to the Government and are offering their hearty co-operation in collecting the sales tax if only the Government would accede to their request and would levy the tax at a single point. But if the Government should persist in its attitude of harassing the merchants and continuing the present wasteful method they would be obliged to seek shelter in the opposition parties or, as a desperate measure, to form a special political group of their own to fight the imposition.

In this connection, we should congratulate Mr. S. Anantharamakrishnan, a leading industrialist of Madras, for his courage in supporting the popular cause. His forceful speech in inaugurating the Merchants' Conference was an eye opener in many respects. He thrilled the audience when he announced that he paid an amount of Rs. 40 lakhs annually to the Madras Government as sales tax but that the Government never consulted him in drawing up the schemes for tax collection. His active participation in the conference brought to the fore the question as to why the other industrialists and merchants, who had equally high stakes, fought shy of



A section of the vast gathering of businessmen who attended the conference.

open participation in the conference. Was it the fear of the Government pouncing upon the many weak points in the make up of these high personages that kept them back? It did them no credit that they made such an exhibition of their cowardice. They seem to live from hand to mouth and to bestow no thought on the gathering clouds of communism that will envelop and destroy them if they do not gather the courage to participate in the popular fight for freedom of enterprise that the Madras merchants are waging. Some of the bigger guys have so carefully adjusted their conduct that they appear to get on whatever be the change in the political set up. They know the ropes and, as individuals, they pull the proper wires to extricate themselves from difficulties and to achieve their immediate objectives. They do not bestow any thought upon the consequences of their short sighted policy upon the rest of the people. Selfishness may pay dividends for a while but ultimately it leads to isolation which spells destruction. Let them therefore wake up betimes and pull their full weight on the side of those who fight for popular liberties if they would save themselves and save

those whom they hold dear from impending catastrophe.

THE DEATH SENTENCE

The Lok Sabha will discuss the question of removal from the statute book of an obnoxious law when the unofficial motion on the abolition of capital punishment comes up for consideration on September 7th. There has been recently a heated controversy not only in this country but in Great Britain on the question of the death sentence.

Capital punishment remains as a relic of the barbaric age. Its abolition in several progressive countries of Europe has neither increased the number of murders nor encouraged homicidal tendencies among the hardened criminals.

In India we have adopted the Asoka Pillar of sarnath as the emblem of our State. Asoka did more than any other person, except probably Buddha himself, to spread the spirit of non-violence. We have a moral duty to implement the ideal of peace and mercy for which Asoka toiled and to cast off capital punishment which embodies the spirit of violence and cruelty.

SIDELIGHTS ::

IN breaking his historic fast Sri Morarji Desai has closely followed the lines, which we indicated that he would, in our editorial of last week. It gives us no pleasure to be able to say, "I told you so," after the occurrence of an event which has given pain to every Indian and has made every well wisher of India to hang down his head in shame. Although there was a certain amount of moral coercion in the fasts undertaken by Gandhi, the Mahatma took great care to prepare the public mind and to create a favourable and sympathetic atmosphere before undertaking his fasts. The result was that even those who did not agree with the objects that the Mahatma professed or the method he adopted to achieve those objects sympathised with him and recognised the transparent sincerity of his motives. But it has been given to Sri Morarji Desai, a professed follower of the Mahatma, to caricature the technique of the fast. The Chief Minister of Bombay undertook his fast in a bellicose mood. His aggressive purpose was transparent to the whole world. There was no humility about him. His words all through his fast and afterwards were replete with violence. It was tragic that not only did the fast not produce the atmosphere of peace in Ahmedabad, for which it was obviously intended, but even the very occasion of breaking the fast was characterised by police firing and death of a member of the audience. But the Chief Minister stuck to the role he has assigned to himself as the harbinger of forced peace. He pretended as though he had gained the object for which he went on fast and, of course, he received numerous congratulatory messages, telegrams, rose garlands and bouquets on the occasion of his

drinking the orange juice. Congressmen vied with one another in heaping laurels on the shoulders of their patron. It was a sickening sight, the exhibition of one's relations and friends participating in congratulatory ceremonials when the need and the propriety of such a celebration is questioned by the public.

The farce of the fast that Sri Morarji Desai enacted amounts to a fraud on the public which did not approve of his objective or his method. There was no sympathy for him exhibited either at Ahmedabad or anywhere else in the rest of the country, except probably in the narrow circles of his relations and party men. Indeed, the very fact of his having gone on the fast is doubtful. If he fasted for eight full days, as he said he did, how did it happen that at the end of such an ordeal he appeared so alert and agile and walked briskly to his meeting place and delivered a long speech for 40 minutes? It is a feat impossible of performance even by younger people with stronger constitution. Alarming medical bulletins were published about the serious condition of the fasting Chief Minister in his advanced age. Sri Desai's deportment belied the medical bulletins. Did he really fast or was the fast part of his many pretences to which the public is getting accustomed?

Whatever Sri Desai's pretences may be in regard to other matters, he certainly does not pretend to have consideration for the comfort or the welfare of the people whom he rules over with an iron hand. A press report says that having failed to hold

a peaceful meeting at Ahmedabad before he broke his fast, he took occasion, after breaking his fast, to address a crowd of his admirers at the railway station before boarding the train to Bombay. The report reads "the departure of the Gujerat mail scheduled at 9.45 p.m. was delayed by twenty five minutes during which Sri Desai addressed the gathering present". To delay a mail train for about half an hour just because a Minister takes it into his head to harangue his admirers is an atrocity which can be perpetrated only under a totalitarian set up. The half hour by which the train was delayed must be multiplied by five hundred, which is about the number of passengers travelling by the mail train, to arrive at the number of man hours wasted in order to satisfy the whims of Morarjibai. Besides, account has to be taken of the time wasted by the railway staff at Ahmedabad and at all intermediate stations up to Bombay owing to the half-hour hold up of the mail train. Account has also to be taken of the inconvenience caused to passengers and to the railway staff at the intervening junctions where other trains have to meet the Mail and exchange passengers and the delay caused to many other local trains which will have to be held up to allow the mail to overtake them. We do not suppose the Chief Minister even paused to calculate the amount of inconvenience and damage he was causing to people by his wilful action. Even if he had he would not have cared. There is such complete cleavage in India between the Minister and the people, between the ruler and the ruled.

An official statement issued at New Delhi asserts that the Indian Railways purchased Rs. 77 lakhs worth of hand spun and hand woven

khadi cloth during 1955-56 which was more than $7\frac{1}{2}$ times the value of khadi purchased during the previous year when only Rs. 10 lakhs was spent for the purpose. This announcement makes it appear that employees of the Railways have all suddenly imbibed the Gandhian doctrine and have become converts to the creed of hand spinning and hand weaving. It is nothing of the kind. The truth is now quite plain to everybody. The ruling party in India is obliged to pay homage to the philosophy of charka and hand spinning which Gandhi advocated because only by so doing can they invoke the spirit of Gandhi to charm the voters to vote for the Congress. Such invocation is possible only by patronising khadi. By heavy money grants out of the public exchequer, and by paying a series of subsidies for every step in the process of its production, quite a large quantity of khadi is being actually produced. But there are no buyers. This subsidised production is coarse and unfit for human wear. Since ordinary people refuse to purchase it even after reducing the price by allowing substantial discounts, the Government attempts to dump the cloth on its employees, especially those in menial service as attendants at Governmental offices, postmen, railway employees etc. These poor underpaid manual workers have no option but to wear the uniforms supplied to them by the Government, however coarse and flimsy the material of the uniforms may be and however uncomfortable the wearing of khadi may be to them. It is a hardship which these voiceless creatures have to put up with, even as they have to put up with the several cuts that have been effected in their salaries and even as they have to put up with the soaring prices of all commodities that have signalised the ushering in of the Second Five Year Plan.



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“BEWARE OF CHILDREN”

IN my wanderings in this city of bungalows and garden houses many things have caught my fancy, but nothing more than the warning boards on the gates of some of these palatial residences which bear the legend: “Beware of dogs.” The intention is to scare away intruders, beggars and unwelcome visitors, but since it is in the nature of dogs not to make any distinction among those on whom they bestow their attention it has ordinarily proved a double-edged weapon, keeping away desirable as well as undesirable callers.

To obviate this hardship on legitimate visitors, some of the lords of these mansions have tactfully removed the dogs from sight, leaving the warning boards as they are and thus opening the gates to friends and dear and near relatives. This has been their undoing, for whatever you may have against the Madras beggar one thing is certain, that he is not lacking in intelligence.

He saw through the game and where there were only a few adventurous spirits every day straying into dangerous regions, there were now swarms of these specimens of humanity, who treated the warning board as a huge joke as those of us who commit nuisance on the roadside are apt to mock at the notice on the wall in front threatening us with dire penalties for breach of civic regulations. It then became necessary for some of the owners to employ *gurkhas* who served their masters better than dogs.

I had thought the problem had been satisfactorily solved and the “Beware of dogs” sign ceased to interest me, but imagine my surprise when recently I found a variation in it in one of the many houses which had flaunted it. I could not believe I had read it correctly, possibly my glasses were at fault. I peered closer at the gate and re-read the board again.

read it correctly, possibly my glasses were at fault. I peered closer at the gate and re-read the board again.

There was no mistake. It was there in bold letters: “BEWARE OF CHILDREN.” I walked up and down the road furiously thinking and wondering whether the man who displayed the sign was trying to pull somebody’s legs, or was a publisher of a book of that title, a pious missionary or just a simple eccentric. I went back to the house and scrutinised the notice for any clue that would help to clear my doubts, but I found none. I scaled the massive iron gates, and perched on them, had a panoramic view of the garden and the verandah of the house, but there was no sign of life.

The mystery deepened. I retired to the road and took counsel with myself. I argued the pros and cons of making an attempt to go to the bottom of this intriguing and puzzling notice board. I am not a brave man ordinarily and courage is not one of my virtues. I am not a coward, but I do not court danger and I would rather take a circuitous route and waste time and energy if it could mean avoiding trouble. But I have an overpowering curiosity and this more than makes up lack of physical courage.

And it is this curiosity which won in the battle whether I should trust myself in uncharted oceans where anything may happen to me, where I may have even to sacrifice my life at the altar of science and research. Once the decision was made, I became active. I planned my entry into the house and mapped out the area of investigation meticulously and with an eye for detail which would have received encomiums from a Sherlock Holmes or a Sexton Blake. I approached the gate stealthily, watching my step and making sure there was no one on the road noticing the proceedings. I opened the

gate just wide enough to let me pass and once safely inside the ground assumed the air of a property owner who had come on a purchasing mission. I had not gone a few steps when the blow fell and disaster overtook me.

It is not easy to recollect that experience, for remembrance is like a nightmare and the body shakes with apprehension and the mind is agitated and trembling with all manner of forebodings. I would not, however, like to forget it, for it revealed to me the resourcefulness of human nature and the extraordinary lengths to which it would go to protect itself.

I have said that during my preliminary investigation I had discovered that the place had an air of emptiness, and after I had discreetly broken into the compound I had not expected the situation to change, at least till I reached what I conceived to be the danger zone, namely, the house itself. In this I was mistaken and had miscalculated.

Before I could realise what had happened I was mobbed by an army of children of all ages and sizes. They came from all parts of the house and the garden as though they had lain in wait for me and in never ending array or so it seemed to me at the time. They pounced on me like trained circus artistes with this difference that they whistled and made queer noises in the course of their operations, a vocal recording of their immense joy in their work.

I was like Gulliver in Lilliput, but unlike him I was not sleeping, but standing and very much alive. While there was a frontal assault by a group of disciplined soldiers who pushed me back, another team which had been deployed to the rear pushed me forward. I was surrounded on the flanks too where my arms were extended and tested by being pulled about. It seemed to be a combined operation and the little things which put their dirty hands into my coat pockets and fondled the buttons had all the appearance of commandos.

It must be one of these which had decided to explore the upper regions of my anatomy. He, a bright boy as I would have been willing to certify under different circumstances, called for a human ladder and volunteers were not wanting. He quickly climbed on the shoulders of his comrades and adjusting his height to my own walked over to my head. He found the place where the head is joined to the trunk a convenient site for camping and dangling his tiny legs on either side of the neck he made himself comfortable. He proceeded to investigate my headgear, a Gandhi cap, which seemed to excite him greatly. He pulled it out and displayed it to the demonstrators with great flourish and there was tremendous cheering and whoops of joy at the sight of this trophy and there were more resounding cheers and applause as the toddler tried to put the cap on his small head and his face completely vanished into it. He re-emerged from the hideout and threw the cap to the mob below where it circulated from hand to hand and finally disappeared.

Meanwhile, the dismantling process on the ground had gone on apace and by the time I had managed to edge myself slowly towards the verandah I was semi-naked. My coat had been purloined, its contents distributed among the victors, my shirt was in tatters, the parts of the body which it was intended to protect being bare, my dhoti, which had come fresh from the dhoby that morning, was unrecognisable and had been trampled upon and the wrist watch and the rings which had adorned my hand were now objects of curiosity in other hands.

My retreat being blocked, I had no other alternative but to move forward and, as I indicated, it was not an easy thing to do. And when I did succeed in reaching shore (in this instance the verandah) in the condition I have described I was greeted by a tall, fair and lean gentleman who was armed

with two babies on either waist. He smiled and it was unfortunate that I could not reciprocate his gesture for the feeling uppermost in me was murder and murderers do not smile.

He continued to smile and waved me on to a sofa. I could not very well refuse the offer of a seat for I was thoroughly exhausted and tired and was near to fainting. I sat and then looked at him. The proceedings hitherto had been marked by the entire absence of dialogue and he broke the ice by remarking sweetly: "Won't you like a cup of coffee"? That was exactly what I wanted, for nothing infuses courage and energy in me as a cup of coffee, but I was too angry and proud to say yes. But he took my acquiescence for granted and shouted to his wife for the beverage.

The verandah was crowded with the young victors who though they stood at a distance in deference to the presence of an adult, namely, the owner of the house, did not show the slightest sign of losing interest in the activities of their victim. Actually, the coffee was brought by one of them and while it was halfway through to its destination there was a minor civil war, the girl who was carrying it being mobbed by two young fellows who wanted to taste what the coffee was like. In the process the coffee was spilled and there was an uproar, everybody shouting and hurling charges at the other. It degenerated into utter chaos when the lady of the house emerged from her seclusion and seizing hold of two children nearest to her, beat them on their backs. The howl set up by the assaulted parties had enough volume to drown the noise of a bomb explosion.

Coffee, or whatever there was left in the cup, reached me in the meantime and after I had refreshed myself, my power of speech returned to me and amidst the din and confusion I asked my benefactor. "Is this the way you normally received visitors and is this the significance of the notice

board which you have thoughtfully put up at the gate?"

Before he could reply, he tried to unburden himself of the two babies at the waist and to drive away the other two who clung to his dhoti on either side of him, but without success. For as soon as he put down one child on the floor and moved to get the other off his body, the one which had been deprived of its resting place managed to climb into it and it was like a see-saw game which he finally gave up.

"I am a big family man", he said, "and these are my children", pointing out to the horde which had engaged itself in pillage and plunder a short while ago. "You are surprised that one man should have such a big family. Well, the gods are cynical sometimes, it seems. In some places they shower wealth and deny them children to enjoy them and in others they shower children, but not the wealth to sustain them. I belong to the latter category. Everytime my wife delivers, she delivers in twos and threes, so much so that the total for five years is a round dozen.

"When the point of suffering reaches a limit beyond which it cannot be worse, then you cease to worry and leave things to drift and you don't care what happens and you lose all control over things, and most important, over your large brood. My children have become unmanageable and they have a way with visitors which has pained me and caused me many sleepless nights. I thought of a way out, to protect people who come to see me and the idea struck me that by asking them to beware of children I could forewarn them and at the same time prevent trespass and unauthorised entry by beggars and others. I am glad your scientific curiosity has prompted you to brave the rigours of the warm reception which awaits anyone who dares to disregard the stern warning at the gate."

FILMS

By V. P. SATHE

ALL the delegates who went to Karlovy Vary to attend the International film festival have returned. Out of them Dilip Kumar has expressed strong views on the need for the proper choice of delegates who would be well equipped to answer even the most awkward questions and also the need for the correct pictures to represent India. Hiten Chaudhary who attended the Cannes, Berlin and Karlovy Vary festivals says that there is great interest in Europe for Indian films; but the Indian films that attract attention in international sphere are those that present contemporary life.

It would be worthwhile if persons like Dilip and Hiten submitted their report and suggestions to the Ministry of Information and Broadcasting as well as to the Film Federation of India so that both the Government and the industry may take keener interest in these film festivals.

While commenting on the views of both Dilip Kumar and Hiten Chaudhary one is inclined to feel that their views are more subjective and as such do not offer a correct appreciation of facts. Dilip's views on co-production, for instance, do not seem to have any basis. Co-production should be welcomed as long as it is based on equality and not because of the countries involved in it. What is wrong if an Indian producer and American producer combine to make a picture about a story dealing with Americans and Indians? To say that such a story does not exist is to deny facts. Similarly, there can be co-production on a basis of equality

with England or with the Soviet Union.

Apart from co-productions, Dilip's views that it is not necessary to participate in every festival unless India has a picture worth being shown in it is also erroneous. Let the 'worth' of the picture be decided at the festivals themselves. True, we must send our best films; but if sometimes even the best of our films do not come upto the international standard, there is no reason for dismay. Let us be profited by the criticism of our pictures in such festivals as we are being profited by the praise showered on *Boot Polish*, *Do Bigha Zamin* and *Pathar Pancholi*. As to our delegates to such festivals, it is imperative that they should take the job seriously and behave like true representatives of our country.

A festival of Indian pictures will be held in the Soviet Union during the third week of September 1956. At this festival *Mirza Ghalib*, *Shree 420*, *Munna* and other pictures will be shown. Shri Sohrab Modi is expected to lead the Indian delegation which will comprise ten members.

Out of these festivals one thing has become very clear. In Europe and other Western countries only those Indian pictures which deal with contemporary life and depict present-day problems are in demand and receive critical encomiums.

Picture of the week

It is said that about 70 per cent of the total output of films every year are based on mythological themes. These mythological themes are already known to the audience and have great appeal in mofussil centres. The smaller the town the greater the appeal for such pictures.

These mythologicals made in artistic manner with stress on sublime human values can enrich our culture and have a significant value. Moreover, by interpreting mythology in

terms of contemporary problems, the creator of motion pictures can do social service as the old playwrights like K. P. Khadilkar did through plays like *Kichak Vadh*, which was recently broadcast by All India Radio.

But the producers who make these mythologicals do not have any such noble purpose or ambition. They make it only to cash on popular sentiments and resort to the camera tricks to cash in on miracles of the old. It is presumed that the success of mythological today depends more upon the miracles it incorporates than on any human drama inherent in the story. Jayant Desai's latest mythological *Basant Panchami* presents the popular tale of Mahasati Vrinda who is worshipped even today in every household in the form of the "Tulsi" plant. It is the story of an ardent devotee of God married to a Demon who was out to destroy the God. And thanks to her devotion, the Gods were powerless to destroy the Demon; thanks to her prayer, her demon-husband won every battle and became more and more arrogant. The demon in stead of appreciating his wife's help insulted her, harassed her and persecuted her. The Gods had to deceive her to kill the demon.

Had the story been told straight without the plethora of songs and comic interludes of Yashodhara and Radhakrishnan, but with emphasis on the moral and human appeal it would have been a success. The characterization of Vrinda in the film does not rise to any sublimity. Nirupa seems to be better at dancing than at portraying a difficult role! Of course, it is not her fault, it is the fault of the story itself. Hence the picture has become a series of supernatural incidents and though it is diverting and amusing in parts, it does not touch your heart.

The songs by Pradeep are by far its main attraction. Written with imagination and rendered with grace,

they hold your attention. Apart from these songs, the comedy of Radha Krishnan and his domineering wife is interesting. The productive values are average and Jayant Desai's direction is competent as usual. S. N. Tripathi as Jallander is rather poor and disappointing.

In fine, *Basant Panchami* is just the usual kind of stale mythological film.

Personality of the week

Waheeda Rehman did not have a particularly bright role in "C.I.D.," nor did her dancing talent find much scope in the picture. Yet her performance has created an excellent impression and she seems to be destined to earn further laurels. On her own admission, her role in *Pyasa* would make a significant contribution and establish her as an artiste.

Born in Madras in 1939, Waheeda looks fresh and charming. She is modest in life, and chaperoned by her mother she prefers not to talk about herself and her talent. She started learning dancing at the age of nine. She made her debut in films five years ago. But for one Telugu picture in which she played the lead, she has been content with playing dancing roles. Though she hails from the South, she speaks Hindustani with proper accent as is evident from her diction in "C. I. D."

Properly groomed, Waheeda may reach the top ladder of fame and would help to relieve the present star-shortage. Incidentally she has been signed by Kardar to act opposite Dilip Kumar in his new picture.

News of the week

Naseem has returned to Bombay with her mother. It is not yet known whether she would resume her film career again.

Rajinder Singh Bedi has been assigned the job of writing the story and screenplay of Gemini's Cinemascope film at a record price of Rs. 30,000.

CORRESPONDENCE

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

The Missionary In India.

The article on the above subject published in the Swatantra dated 11th August 1956 contains unwarranted assumptions and insinuations. The author's assertion that "even after a century the Indian Church is a Pickwickian affair" gives the impression that the author's view is that the British brought the Bible to India. If this is so, it is a travesty of history, for, every school boy knows that Christianity was brought to India by St. Thomas, the Apostle of Jesus, 2000 years ago. He states that 'the small number of Indians who embraced the new faith in the first phase did so through mixed motives. Mixed motives could only mean in this context the desire to please those in power for gaining favours. The first phase could only mean the period when St. Thomas was in India. Did the converts of this period join the new religion out of mixed motives? No, that would be manifestly absurd because, Hindu Rulers were ruling then. Then, what does the author mean?

Again, the author says that the Christians became vested interests of the new order and for this reason the converts became prize boys of the new regime i.e. the British regime. To say that the British looked to these men who must have been a handful for support against the ocean of the Indian population inhabiting this vast country, is ridiculous. The truth of the matter is that if the British held sway over this vast land for about one and a half centuries, it was with the good will of the whole population as evidenced by the fact that for a number of years the first resolution by the Indian National Congress in its annual sessions was the loyalty resolution to the British Government.

Then about the prize boys who got away with the big jobs and titles. Were

they all Christians? If the author had only examined the list of this category i.e. those who got big jobs and the titles of Knighthood, Dewan Bahdur etc., he could have found only a small number of Christians among them.

The author also quotes the instance of a Christian gentleman who declared that the Satyagrahis were worse than criminals. Why does the author make so much about this solitary instance? Evidently because he is a Christian. It is a pity that he has used this point to attack the Christian community while many members of other religious groups who supported the British regime are today receiving the open patronage of the Congress Government.

As if these are not sufficient, the author has also referred to the demand for a Christian State in Travancore on the score of Christians being in a majority in that State. I do not know the origin of this myth, but the truth is that even in Travancore, the Christians are only a minority. Whatever it is, it is a downright slander on the Christian community which is the bed rock of the Congress party in the State and actually had to its credit a Chief Minister at one time.

The suggestions made by the author for a new policy to control the activities of the missionaries can only result in making propagation of faith which is a right today, a crime.

The whole article is, in short, a frontal attack on the Christian community based not on facts but largely on the wild imagination of the author.

ANTHONY RAJ

Re. Fasts

Under Sec. 309 I. P. C. attempted suicide is an offence. I cannot understand how, when any person publicly announces that he is going to fast unto death and in pursuance thereof abstains from taking any nourishment, he can escape the application of this section. The mere fact of a big name should not deter the operation of the regular process of the law.

T. M. SRINIVASAN

Wooling The Voter

The General Elections are fast approaching and this has increased the tempo of Governmental activities for pleasing

the voter. About a month back a Folk Dance Festival was held in Tanjore: the Government does not, of course, forget the things dear even to the "Common man". In October, a team of 300 Madras "farmers" will travel by special train on a visit to the various Projects and also "places of historical interest." The term "farmer" is elastic and may even include an outsider, if only he is a *persona grata* with the "authorities" which term, in its turn may include even the President of a Taluk Congress Committee, if the latter has a pull with the ministry. Again, loans of 2000 rupees are to be granted to 50 persons of a particular community in the districts for improving their lands by sinking wells. The loans may even become irrecoverable, the value of the land offered as security being low, but, the Government is not seriously worried. The grantees of these loans and the "farmers" may be naturally expected to be grateful to the Government during the elections. These are only a few instances of the many that may be given illustrating the methods by which the ruling Party seeks to consolidate itself. The official news agencies and the propagandist machinery of Government recently strengthened in order to acquaint the "common man" with the "achievements" under the First Five Year Plan and with what the Government hopes to do during the Second Plan are all calculated, one thinks, to subserve the same objective. The "common man" will not be taken in by such blandishments.

R. S. SRINIVASACHARY

Capital Punishment

Mr. T. N. Ramalingam in his letter published in the Swatantra, dated 21st July, 1956, said "Murderers do not think of the sentence when they commit the act. They do it only because of the excitement of their emotions." I should like to disabuse his mind of his belief that all murders are committed like that. There is no doubt some murders are committed on the spur of the moment and are the results of emotional excitement. If the murder is proved to have been due to such provocation the accused is not generally given the death sentence. The extenuating circumstances under which the

act was committed are always taken into account by the judge.

As a matter of fact there are many cases where men who committed murders and pleaded guilty were let scot free or given some light sentence.

But the majority of murders are done with pre-meditation. There are professional murderers who while robbing a person kill him just to destroy the evidence. There are hardened criminals who relentlessly do away with children while robbing them. If such criminals are apprehended and their guilt is established beyond any reasonable doubt, I am strongly of the view that they must pay the extreme penalty.

Death sentence to such professional murderers will definitely act as a deterrent.

T. RAJAGOPALAN

(ii)

Much could be said for and against the abolition of Capital Punishment and even with equal vehemence of argument on either side. But to say that but for the provision of Capital Punishment murders would increase and that it acts as a deterrent is an argument without substance. Nobody denies the seriousness of the offence of murder and the criminal should be dealt with accordingly. It is alleged that this extreme punishment is meted out very rarely. But then what right has the State to deprive a person of his life? May be he deprived another of his life in a weak moment when he was a slave to his passions. Why not substitute life-long imprisonment instead of this barbaric execution—hanging the person by the neck till he is dead? I think the former punishment would be a harsher one in a sense. Even the most heinous criminal (for after all he is human and subject to human feelings) is sure to repent of his evil action. No person is a born criminal, circumstances make him so.

Is it not time this barbaric method is given up once for all. Let alone all other considerations, is Capital Punishment in accordance with the much boasted non-violent policies of India—with Asoka Chakra as our emblem looming large before our eyes every where?

PYARIJAN

FREEDOM TO PROPAGATE FAITH

By SATYAM

IN his article, "The Missionary in India," (Swatantra, Aug. 11, p. 9) Mr. L. N. S. has correctly enunciated measures to prevent the exposure of our people to the propaganda of some of the foreign agents who gain entrance into our country as preachers of the 'mild faith'.

Citizens of India are free to profess any religion. But to profess a religion is quite different from trying to propagate it. Even religious propagation may be allowed if it does not result in other serious consequences. A religious propagandist cannot but nurture a certain amount of hatred towards other faiths. To preach tolerance, and to say that all religions equally try to take to the Lord, had been only a fashion of the Faith, of late, which arose out of necessity, when all the different faiths found out they could not individually rule the whole world nor could any single religion annihilate all its sisters. But a sincere believer in one faith should think that all the other paths are Satanic in origin. Otherwise he could not justify his conduct in sticking to his faith and in fighting for it vigorously. When he knows, (as he believes) that his pagan neighbours are on the erring side and are going to be damned, yet if he says as a matter of courtesy that all religions are equal, he must be insincere either to his FAITH or to his FRIENDS. Thus when I try to propagate my faith I have to point out the deficiencies of the others and this may be overdone to such an extent that the other side may resent.

The Catholic Church

The double acting of the Roman Catholic Church is known throughout the world. When it is weak it comes

with a bowl asking for just treatment on a par with other religions and thus enjoys the fruits of a secular Government. When it is in power it does not allow any deviation from its set belief and thus saves with force all persons from hell-fire. Let us see how the principle of toleration preached by others was utilised by a Christian Evangelist. Here the paras of the Bible about people that did not accept Jesus as his saviour, were boastfully presented as an argument. "Your religion says that all faiths are equally efficient in reaching the God. But ours claims to be the only one. Thus while it does not matter for your faith even if you seek our Lord, yet surely you will be benefitted by an extra guarantee." It need not be said that people who think seriously in terms of religion will be offended by such propaganda-methods.

I have seen a number of pamphlets purporting to preach Christianity. In all these, the subject is dealt with in too naive a manner. For example, men are asked to take to Christianity because, as it puts it, "the Doomsday may enter any day like a thief." The reason is, in the Age of the Atom, the next moment everything may be annihilated. Under these circumstances, to postpone accepting Jesus as our saviour is too much of a risk. Any man, with a sense of dignity will say "Let me see what happens."

Objectionable Activities

Even when the Nagas rebelled we could smell the rats. The activities of the foreign missionaries in that tribal region were suspected. The Niyogi Committee has referred to

(Continued on page 27)



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THE HUMANITY OF TRADE

Far better that men come together for peaceful trade than meet on a battlefield.

By FRANK CHODOROV

WHEREVER two boys swap tops for marbles, that is the market place. The simple barter is in terms of human happiness no different from a trade transaction involving banking operations, insurance, ships, railroads, wholesale and retail establishments; for in any case the effect and purpose of trade is to make up a lack of satisfactions. The boy with a pocketful of marbles is handicapped in the enjoyment of life by his lack of tops, while the other is similarly discomfited by his need for marbles; both have a better time of it after the swap, while their respective surpluses before the swap are nuisances. In like manner, the Detroit worker who has helped to pile up a heap of automobiles in the warehouse is none the better off for his efforts until the product has been shipped to Brazil in exchange for his morning cup of coffee. Trade is nothing but the release of what one has in abundance in order to obtain some other thing he wants. It is as pertinent for the buyer to say "thank you" as for the seller.

The market place is not necessarily a specific site, although every trade must take place somewhere. It is more exactly a system of channeling goods or services from one worker to another, from fabricator to consumer, from where a superfluity exists to where there is a need. It is a method devised by man in his pursuit of happiness to diffuse satisfactions, and operating only by the human instinct of value. Its function is not only to transfer ownership from one person to another, but also to direct the current of human exertion; for the price-indicator on the chart of the market place registers the desires of people, and the intensity of these

desires, so that other people (looking to their own profit) may know how best to employ themselves.

Living without trade may be possible, but it would hardly be living; at best it would be mere existence. Until the market place appears, men are reduced to getting by with what they can find in nature in the way of food and raiment; nothing more. But the will to live is not merely a craving for existence; it is rather an urge to reach out in all directions for a fuller enjoyment of life, and it is by trade that this inner drive achieves some measure of fulfilment. The greater the volume and fluidity of market place transactions the higher the wage level of Society; and, in so far as things and services make for happiness, the higher the wage-level the greater the fund of happiness.

An Ancient Custom

The importance of the market place to the enjoyment of life is illustrated by a custom recorded by Franz Oppenheimer in *The State*. In ancient times, on days designated as holy, the market place and its approaches were held inviolable even by professional robbers; in fact, stepping out of character, these robbers acted as policemen for the trade routes, seeing to it that merchants and caravans were not molested. Why? Because they had accumulated a superfluity of loot of one kind, more than they could consume, and the easiest way of transmuting it into other satisfactions was through trade. Too much of anything is too much.

The market place serves not only to diffuse the abundances that human specialization makes possible, but it is also a distributor of the munificences of nature. For, in her inscru-

table way, nature has spread the raw materials by which humans live over the face of the globe; and unless some way were devised for distributing these raw materials, they would serve no human purpose. Thus, through the conduit of trade the fish of the sea reach the miner's table and fuel from the inland mine or well reaches the boiler of the fishing boat; tropical fruits are made available to northerners, whose iron mines, in the shape of tools, make production easier in the tropics. It is by trade that the far-flung warehouses of nature are made accessible to all the peoples of the world and life on this planet becomes that much more enjoyable.

Exchange of Ideas

We think of trade as the barter of tangible things simply because that is obvious. But a correlative of the exchange of things is the exchange

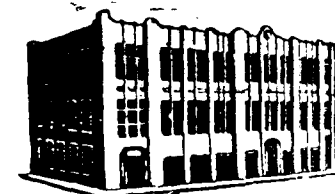
of ideas, of the knowledge and cultural accumulations of the parties to the transaction. In fact, embodied in the goods is the intelligence of the producers; the excellent woollens imported from England carry evidence of thought that has been given to the art of weaving, and Japanese silks arouse curiosity as to the ideas that went into their fabrication. We acquire knowledge of people through the goods we get from them. Aside from that correlative of trade, there is the fact that trading involves human contacts; and when humans meet, either physically or by means of communication, ideas are exchanged. "Visiting" is the oil that lubricates every market place operation.

It was only after Cuba and the Philippines were drawn into our trading orbit that interest in the Spanish language and customs was enlivened, and the interest increased in propor-

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tion to the volume of our trade with South America. As a consequence, Americans of the present generation are as familiar with Spanish dancing and music as their forefathers, under the influence of commercial contacts with Europe, were at home with the French minuet and the Viennese waltz. When ships started coming from Japan, they brought with them stories of an interesting people, stories that enriched our literature, broadened our art concepts, and added to our operatic repertoire.

Market place unifies Society

It is not only that trading in itself necessitates some understanding of the customs of the people one trades with, but that the cargoes have a way of arousing curiosity as to their source, and ships laden with goods are followed with others carrying explorers of ideas; the open port is a magnet for the curious. So, the tendency of trade is to break down the narrowness of provincialism, to liquidate the mistrust of ignorance. Society, then, in its most comprehensive sense, includes all who for the improvement of their several circumstances engage in trade with one another; its ideational character tends toward a blend of the heterogeneous cultures of the traders. The market place unifies Society.

The concentration of population determines the character of Society only because contiguity facilitates exchange. But contiguity is a relative matter, depending on the means for making contacts; the neutralization of time and space by mechanical means makes the whole world contiguous. The isolationism that breeds an ingrown culture, and a mistrust of outside cultures, melts away as faster planes bring goods and ideas from the great beyond. The perimeter of Society is not fixed by political frontiers but by the radius of its commercial contacts. All people who trade with one another are by that very act brought into community.

Trade, Target of War

The point is emphasized by the strategy of war. The first objective of a general staff is to destroy the market place mechanisms of the enemy; the destruction of his army is only incidental to the purpose. The army could well enough be left intact if his internal means of communication were destroyed, his ports of entry immobilized, so that specialized production, which depends on trade, could no longer be carried on; the people, reduced to primitive existence, thus lose the will to war and sue for peace. That is the general pattern of all wars. The more highly integrated the economy the stronger will be the nation in war, simply because of its ability to produce an abundance of both military implements and economic goods; on the other hand, if its ability to produce is interrupted, the more susceptible to defeat it is, because its people unaccustomed as they are to primitive conditions, are the more easily discouraged. There is no point to the argument as to whether "guns" or "butter" are more important in the prosecution of war.

It follows that any interference with the operation of the market place, however done, is analogous to an act of war. A tariff is such an act. When we are "protected" against Argentine beef, the effect (as intended) is to make beef harder to get, and that is exactly what an invading army would do. Since the duty does not diminish our desire for beef, we are compelled by the diminished supply to put out more labour to satisfy that desire; our range of possibilities is foreshortened, for we are faced with the choice of getting along with less beef or abstaining from the enjoyment of some other good. The absence of a plentitude of meat from the market place lowers the purchasing power of our labour. We are poorer, even as is a nation whose ports have been blockaded.—*The Freeman*

THE BRITISH ROAD TO SELF GOVERNMENT

By Dr. CHEDDI JAGAN

Deposed Premier of British Guiana

SUCCESSIVE British Governments have pronounced that "it is the declared policy of Her Majesty's Government to lead the colonial peoples to self government as quickly as possible."

Enunciating this idea of "voluntary abdication" and "gift of freedom", the Governor of British Guiana in a recent address to the Legislative Council said:—"The British, which in the ten or twelve years since the war has given peacefully, with continued friendship and mutual assistance, the full freedom of sovereign status to 467 millions—I think that is about exactly the figure—is now in West Africa, and Malaya and the West Indies, to mention only three areas, pushing forward the last stages towards a worthwhile self-governing nationhood for many million more."

"Voluntary Abdication"

I do not intend here to explode this myth of "voluntary abdication". Suffice it to say that the millions of India were "given" this "gift of freedom" only after the Naval Revolt and the mass demonstrations in the streets of Bombay, Calcutta and other principal cities; only after Sir Stafford Cripps on March 5, 1947 in the House of Commons argued for transfer of power on the grounds that to maintain British rule would have meant "a considerable reinforcement of troops" and that any alternative was "obviously impossible" when the additional troops were not available, "when we had not the power to carry it out."

Transfer of power to India and Pakistan inevitably meant freedom

for Burma and Ceylon. It also inevitably meant a clamour on the part of other colonial territories for similar rights.

This clamour has been met in two ways. In some colonies, there are "advances" in constitutions; in others, there is repression in one form or another—full-scale war, emergency rule by restrictions and barbed wire, by deportations and detentions.

Apologists for British Colonialism point to the "advances" in the constitutions of territories like the Gold Coast, Malaya, Jamaica, etc. as an indication of Britain's sincerity of a new era of "progressive" colonialism and explain away rule by emergency on the ground that it is the fault of the "difficult" leaders who do not believe in this sincerity, who resort to force, violence and terrorism, to achieve their ends.

In this article, I shall attempt to analyse constitutional "advance" in one colony, British Guiana in the light of the self-rule declaration of the British Government.

Prior to 1953, a crown-colony constitution provided for a single chamber legislature of 14 elected and 10 nominated and official members and an advisory Executive Council of eight elected, nominated and official members selected by the Governor. Experience has shown that the 1947-1953 Constitutional set-up, under which all power was in the hands of the Colonial Office and its appointee, the Governor, was a hopeless waste of time and money.

An "Advanced" Constitution

As a result, the Waddington Constitution (April 1953 to October 1953) provided for an elected majority in the Lower House of the Legislature and the Executive Council. This apparent liberality was conceded with two checks in mind; one, direct and the other, indirect. Provision was made for reserve and veto powers of the Governor and the delaying powers of the upper nominated house. Additionally it was anticipated that no one party could sufficiently develop by election time to capture a majority of the 24 seats, and thus select the six elected members (a majority) of the Executive Council. In fact, opinion on the eve of elections was a victory of not more than seven seats for the People's Progressive Party.

The P. P. P.'s victory of 18 out of 24 seats clearly upset the plans of the colonial constitution makers. Had the Party been permitted to remain in power beyond October 1953, it would have, in fulfilment of its election promises, exposed the constitutional weaknesses (checks) and the Governor. The latter, opposed as he was to most of those measures, would have had to use his veto power. It was to forestall this exposure, and not as the British Government put

it to prevent the establishment of a communist government, that the troops moved in during October 1953 and the P.P.P. Government was forced out.

Period of Marking Time

Towards the end of 1954, the Robertson Commission recommended an "indefinite period of marking time" to continue as long as the P.P.P. maintains "its present leadership and policies." What the Commission meant was that the marking time was to continue so long as the P.P.P. could win a majority at elections.

British Guiana is now to have a single-chamber Legislative Council of 12 elected, counter-balanced by 8 nominated and 4 official members and an Executive Council of 5 Elected Ministers counter-balanced by 4 officials and one nominated, with the Governor choosing the elected Ministers and sitting as Chairman, no doubt with a casting vote.

Why this farce? The Robertson Commission had observed that when the period of marking time came to an end, British Guiana should have the same Legislature (House of Assembly and State Council) as under the Waddington Constitution, but a

changed Executive Council (5 elected, 4 official and 1 nominated and not 6 elected, 3 official and 1 nominated as under the Waddington Constitution). In other words, the Robertson Commission wanted to give the elected, a majority in the House of Assembly but keep control in the hands of the Governor, nominated members and officials in the Executive Council.

Control in Legislature and Executive

The Colonial Secretary, Mr. Alan Lennox-Boyd and British Guiana's Governor, Sir Patrick Renison, have accepted the recommendations of the Robertson Commission for the Executive, but not for the Legislature. They want control on both the Legislative and Executive Councils. This is a full turn from the Waddington Constitution.

They want control of the Legislature also because they now hold the view from a proper and careful assessment of the situation that despite the split of the Burnham faction, the P.P.P. still can win from 14-16 seats on the basis of 24 constituencies. A P.P.P. government with an elected majority in the House of Assembly under the Robertson Constitution but with no real voice in the Executive Council would have been a serious embarrassment to the imperialists.

One might then well ask—why don't the imperialists continue with the indefinite period of marking time? The answer to this is three fold.

As the Governor himself observed, the period of marking time is "frustrating." Some who were supporting the dictatorial rule are now protesting. Almost all sections of the Guianese people are fed up with the puppet Legislature.

And then there is international

pressure. The Colonial liberation movements and anti-colonial world public opinion are growing day by day. Britain can hardly talk about free elections in Germany, when she denies them in British Guiana.

And last but not least, British imperialism wants Guiana's participation in the West Indian crown-colony federation. In his last Christmas broadcast, the Governor referred to the West Indian Federation and said it would be a disappointment, and a shame "if British Guiana was still without any form of representative Government which would decide whether or not to join."

While the farce of the Lennox-Boyd-Renison constitution can by no stretch of the imagination set up a representative government, nevertheless the world will believe that Guiana has an elected government. This will be accomplished very easily by manipulation under the "flexible" constitution. For the constitutional proposals provide for 12 elected, 4 official and no more than 9 nominated members. Assuming that 8 anti-federation members are elected, the Governor can appoint only 1 nominated member. In such a case, the Legislature will be made up of 12 elected, 4 official and 1 nominated. Such a government will no doubt be termed a "representative government," capable of deciding the federation issue.

In the light of the above analysis, it should be abundantly clear that British colonial policy is motivated not by high principles, but is calculated to move rather by convenience and expediency. Put through the acid test of British Guiana, where the issue has not been complicated by bloodshed, violence and terrorism, British colonial policy stands condemned.

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Short Story

JEALOUSY

By S. Krishnamoorthy

I RUN a music school. One day I had just returned from work when the servant came and told me someone wanted to see me. He said that the caller was an old man.

The stranger advanced towards me diffidently. He looked sixty, but I had a feeling that he was not as old as he seemed. Worry had stamped wrinkles on his face, and his eyes behind the unusually thick glasses gave the impression of a man in great sorrow.

I showed him a seat and asked him what he wanted. For a fraction of a minute he remained silent looking at me. He apologised for intruding into my privacy, and said that since he had come to me for a favour he had better tell me the whole story.

He had been working in some commercial firm. He had four children. Leela was the eldest. She was a beautiful girl and was intelligent for her age, but he could not give her formal education as her mother had died ten years ago and somebody had to keep the house and look after the boys.

Leela's marriage was to him an ever-present source of worry. He sometimes broke down to think how his young child of fifteen was bearing the household drudgery. He wished marriage would give her some of the happiness which she had missed in her childhood. But marriage was impossible without a dowry. With his petty income he could not save anything. It was just sufficient for a hand-to-mouth existence, and had got on without borrowing, merely

because no one was prepared to lend him anything.

It was at this stage that he had a visit from a young man one day. His name was Gopal Rao and he was occupying a good position in an office. Gopal Rao had seen Leela somewhere and had been taken up with her beauty. He offered to marry her.

The old man was overjoyed at this unlooked for opportunity. It was a good match, and Leela had every chance of happiness. But coming to brass tacks he found that Gopal Rao was not so idealistic as he had imagined and wanted dowry. Gopal Rao said he would be content with one thousand rupees though he would get more if he married any other girl. When the sad father explained to him his penniless condition, the would be bridegroom was disappointed.

The matter would have rested there, but the girl's father was unwilling to lose such a good offer. He begged Gopal Rao to agree to the marriage; he would somehow manage to give him the money within a year. The poor man had decided to work overtime in his firm and scrape enough to pay the dowry. The marriage took place and Leela went to her husband.

The old man did not mind the drudgery that fell to his lot in his relief that at last his daughter had a happy home. He laboured hard at his work to earn some extra money. But then, something happened which deprived him even of the pittance he had been earning. Business was dull

and there was retrenchment. He was chosen to be axed because of his weak eyes and failing health.

With three hungry children at home he could not remain idle. He was now working as a shopkeeper's assistant, of course, on a reduced salary. Saving money in the circumstances was out of the question.

One day about a year after the marriage, Gopal Rao came to the old man and demanded money. He would not pay heed to the tearful pleading of his father-in-law and sent him back his daughter.

"I have made a mess of my daughter's life," the old man moaned, wiping his watery eyes. "I have to beg a favour of you. I would not have come to you with this proposal had I not heard of your kindness. My daughter has some taste for music; if you will kindly spare your time and coach her, she will be provided with a means of supporting herself. I am not in a position to

pay you; that was why I felt diffident in approaching you."

"All right, send her to my school tomorrow", I said.

The old man hesitated. "You see, the girl's health is shattered by her husband's cruelty. She is shy and is afraid to come out lest she become a target of comment. I was going to suggest that if you would be kind enough to come to my house . . ."

"But it's not convenient for me," I replied. "I am sorry for your daughter, but as she has to face the realities of life someday alone, will it not be better she learnt to outgrow her shyness and gain self-confidence?"

"It's true. I cannot endure her moping in the house. If you could come to my house for a few days, and encourage her to come out, it would be helpful."

I agreed.

I was struck by Leela's beauty.

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She was eighteen, but she still looked tender and delicate as a child. The woman in her had not fully unfolded, but what a deal of misery had already fallen to her lot! I didn't wonder that Gopal Rao fell for her at first sight, but what intrigued me was how he had the heart to discard her for the sake of a thousand rupees.

The music lessons were a success. She was a good student. I was very much impressed with her promise and congratulated myself on my 'find'. I thought better of asking her to attend the school. She was like a fragile, little flower which can be blown down in a moment by an unkind wind. I decided not to expose her sensitive nature to the rude world with its inordinate relish for scandals. I could see she was devoted to her husband, and it grieved me that I was not in a position to restore her to the happiness she had enjoyed for one brief year.

It was about half past nine one night. I was returning home after giving lessons at Leela's. My residence was just outside the town and the half-mile-long road was deserted.

Just as I reached a lamp post, somebody suddenly stood before me and barred my way. I looked at him in surprise. He was a well-dressed,

hefty fellow, sporting a thick walking stick in his hand. I did not remember to have seen him before.

"Coming from Leela's house, I believe", he said somewhat grimly.

"Yes, but I don't see what business it has to do with you".

"You are giving lessons in music Nothing more, I hope . . ."

I could not understand what he was driving at. Vexed at his intrusion, I retorted, "I don't understand what you mean. I don't see what right you have to inquire about Leela or about me."

"Because I happen to be her husband."

For a moment I was too surprised to speak. The feeling I was next conscious of was one of revulsion. So this was the man who had made a wreck of Leela's life before it had begun.

"I wonder you're not ashamed to call yourself the husband of that girl. A cad, to throw out your wife because her father did not give you money . . ."

He did not allow me to finish. Coming closer he bellowed, "shut up! . . . I don't want all this stuff . . . come on, tell me the truth . . . you are not trying any nonsense with her?"

I understood, and looked up at him. In the dimness of the lamp I could see his eyes burning green with jealousy. "So he still cares for her", was the thought that flashed across my mind.

What I said subsequently was on an impulse of the moment. There was no time to consider the pros and cons and I decided to take the risk.

"No, . . ." I replied with elaborate casualness. "I am waiting for her to be well rid of you. Then . . . then . . . I shall marry her . . ."

"Want to marry her, you milksop!" he gnashed his teeth and flourished his big stick. I could hear it crashing against my head and a stifled moan escaped my lips. Then all was darkness.

When I came to my senses it was the evening of the following day. I understood I was in a hospital. I could see the anxious face of Leela's father behind the nurse. He heaved a sigh of relief on my opening my eyes. The nurse left him with me for a few minutes.

"I ran to your house this morning," he said, "Your servant directed me here. Who has done this to you?"

"Don't worry about it," I tried to smile. "What's the news? Has Leela's husband taken her back?"

The old man was surprised. "How do you know? That's what I came to tell you."

I smiled. Nothing else would have made him run up to my house. I said, "I can plainly read the relief in your eyes."

"This morning, Gopal Rao suddenly burst into my house. We were all too surprised to speak. Ordering Leela to pack up her things and follow him, he turned to me and said: 'I thought you were a decent fellow and would keep your word. I am disgusted with you. I don't see why Leela should suffer for your dishonesty. I am taking my wife home.'"

"I felt a worm but I am happy." He wiped the tears from his eyes.

"Cheer up, sir, all's well that ends well. Leela has gone back to her husband, which was what we wanted."

"Have you any idea who attacked you last night? It was a cruel blow. Have you any enemies in this town?"

"None at all," I replied. "It was quite unexpected; otherwise I should have had the presence of mind to run away. The fellow was drunk. I think it was a case of mistaken identity."

(Continued from page 17)

their objectionable activities in its report.

There is absolute freedom of Faith guaranteed to every citizen of India according to the constitution. And our people are tolerant and nobody has anything to complain about the conduct of Indian Christians. They have been law-abiding and patriotic and have contributed some important leaders to the nation. But to ask for a foreign missionary to spend his money as he likes in India and spread his religion without proper scrutiny or control is to ask for too much. No responsible government can tolerate or give to foreigners such dangerous privileges. One cannot understand why our Christian brethren should protest when the Government has been asked by a special Committee to deal with the activities of certain missionaries.

It is the duty of a responsible Government that the religious susceptibilities of people are not wounded so as to cause resentment and unrest. If any over-enthusiastic evangelist begins to talk ill about the other man's faith to establish the supremacy of his own religion, there is every need to check him before his propaganda endangers public tranquillity. While our Government was quick to check E. V. R. it is more considerate towards the minority faith. Let not this lenience be misused.

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FALLACY OF FEMININE FASHION

By Miss GOMATI RAMANI

FOR the apparel oft proclaims the woman, in these days of fashion parade, and beauty contests, Shakespeare would have rephrased his words as written above. A stroll in the shopping centre of the fashionable cities in the world, or a casual mixing in a social gathering of the elite, makes one wonder whether women are, by profession buyers of clothing or (after a cursory glance at their shining, chic, fineries) they have exhausted all the colours and shades of nature!

Fashion is nothing but one facet of irrationalism and is intrinsically connected to fancy. The most striking feature of modern women is their irrevocable trust and unalloyed pride in the display of their wrappings. Fashion is portrayed nowhere more lucidly and transparently, than in women's garments and in all the other ancillaries that go to make her person complete. 'Loud but not rich, flippant but not elegant', is the familiar panacea the modern Eve employs before stepping out of her house to attend an important soiree.

Style and Fashion are not synonymous, although most people use the words interchangeably. With reference to clothing, style is any distinctive mode of tailoring, while fashion is the style prevailing at any given time. A style is historical or evolutionary in the sense, it evolves slowly and reflects the people's way of life. Fashion is a chameleon, ever changing like the subtle colours of a rainbow, never is vogue long enough to reflect the basic tastes and habit. Frequent fashion changes artificially shorten the period during

which the style reigns supreme. Fashion is an offshoot of and a parasite on style. True, people grow tired of lack of variety. But fashion changes create a high rate of obsolescence for many types of goods. The classic examples that lend themselves invariably to change are women's clothing and jewellery, not to mention their other highly 'elastic' auxiliaries.

How do fashion and style affect society at large? By means of brands, trademark and distinctive styles, sellers of departmental stores try to sell more than their rivals or try to sell at a high price. Sellers also try to sell more frequently, by appealing to our cupidity and susceptibility. They try to distinguish a particular product in the minds of buyers and create a 'hallow' round their own goods and build up a monopoly market. Sellers incessantly emphasise on 'newness.' What is the result? Women are dissatisfied with what they have and feel restless unless they buy the new ones.

Women generally are prone to think of utility in terms of novelty.

Utility and Novelty

The gain goes either to the jeweller or to the cloth merchant. As a consequence the poor man at home runs into a deficit budget or sacrifices some of his small pleasures.

Women unconsciously provide an impetus for the industries that specialise in garments, millinery, and sandals. Roaring trade depends on 'elusive' fashion. Shops use *adapters* who are not true creators or designers, but whose prime duty is to evolve dresses and other items that

re new. These fashions which are remarked for the season in which they are current, must have at least one 'talking point,' recognisable by even the lowest form of intelligence as different from last season's fashions... a fashion that will make last year's dress look more dead than a dodo.

I have seen many women, flocking at the 'ever welcoming' shops of Mylapore or T'Nagar. If the assemblage is measured by diamonds and lace, one can well finance a part of our ambitious developmental plans! They buy and wear the sarees in vogue rather than the sarees they want; and explain it to one another before getting into their waiting cars, with the classic comment of exasperation: 'It is what everybody is wearing. The shops don't even show anything else.'

Thus fashion limits the genuine variety available to women and at the same time encourages spurious differentiation which impedes rational choice. And by taking women's minds off price, quality and workmanship, fashion encourages only wasteful buying. The woeful complaints of many a Mr. over this waste cannot be listed in *extenso*.

I would not be surprised (many may be pleased) if husbands and fathers who run the home, attribute this excessive number of clothing that women pile up, to 'design-piracy' of model shops and urge the passage of legislation similar to that in France, to prevent and punish the corruption in designs and advertisements of the so called 'new arrivals.' For it is these that make women clamour for frequent visits to their trusted exhibitors. It is but natural, that no man can console himself at the sight of so many 'never-used,' 'once-used' parcels of sarees, when every season he has to grant fresh

money for another spree of shopping by the ladies. But men being what they are would rather show a perfect *sang-froid* to these frailties, than create a row with their spouses and lose their evenings' peace.

A new picture, immediately gives birth to a new saree. One wonders, whether the painted screen stars ever buy the sarees and jewellery that have been sanctified by their own novel names! Perhaps they are only tacit observers of the mad rush at the shops, as they speed their way in fleeting automobiles. Film stars and film industry have given a fillip to the trade that depends on the whims and fancies of the purile folk; but they also indirectly help to strengthen the desire for variety and flexibility in women's dress, if not in men. This kind of 'adaptation' for demonstration registers only a transfer of funds from the house to the shop and usually evokes a sigh from the lord of the house when he tremblingly clutches the bill!

Fashion is a socio-economic phenomenon, closely related to women's ignorance and fostered by the lure of promised satisfaction, more apparent than real. By playing upon and reinforcing our (men included) ignorance, by providing the shadow instead of the substance of variety and choice, fashion intensifies and confuses our 'likes' and 'desires'—the two things which women cherish most. In this respect ignorance is bliss, in the sense women will naturally look 'new' in their attire, if they are not aware of the 'newness' displayed in neon signs in the non-too distant shops. Shakespeare was only referring to the worldly wisdom when he said,

"See'st thou not, I say,
what a deformed thief this fashion
is?"

POETRY AND PROSE

By C. L. R. SASTRI

"Lap me in soft Lydian airs
Married to immortal verse."

—MILTON, "L'Allegro."

IT is but a truism to say that there is an universal prejudice in favour of poetry, dating back probably to the very beginnings of time. The conjecture may not be highly fanciful that the primitive man was a poet to the marrow of his bones. It is possible that he even *talked* poetry, as Monsieur Jourdain talked prose all his life, without knowing it—warbling his native woodnotes wild, as it were, at the slightest provocation, or none. It was, as everyone knows, a pet theory of Lord Macaulay that as civilisation advances poetry declines. He meant it, I am sure, only as a generalisation, sweeping though it may appear to be on the surface; and the best way of treating generalisations, it needs hardly to be stressed, is not to take them too literally but to interpret them in their widest scope, in their broadest implications. We should not, in other words, drive them to their utmost consequences but should, like Locksley in Sir Walter Scott's *Ivanhoe*, "allow for the wind". If we treat the noble lord's dictum in this manner we shall, I have no doubt, have to admit that it has stood the test of time pretty well, indeed. Refinement, in the sense in which we usually understand that term, does not seem to make for the growth of poetic sentiment. It is, after all, a commonplace so banal as hardly to merit mention that we are so much immersed in affairs nowadays, so much bustling about filling the unforgiving minute, as Rudyard Kipling so picturesquely puts it, with sixty seconds' worth of distance run, that we have little inclination to dally with the Muses, to lose ourselves in airy nothings,

"To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Nearea's hair".

The Imaginative Faculty

Poetry connotes the imaginative faculty at its highest pitch. One comes to see that, amidst so many visible differences, the hearts of all things beat to a single tune: that there is unity amidst diversity. The whole world is bathed in beauty: whatever ugliness we find in it is only of our making. The beautiful is also good. The detection of beauty, of harmony, is the true function of the poet. As the late Mr. Jerome K. Jerome said:

"Man must learn beauty that he may understand God".

Or, as Keats wrote:

"Beauty is truth—truth beauty—
that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need
to know"

The same idea is expressed by Mr. Charles Whitley in the following memorable words:

"O Beauty", cries Gautier, "we have been created to love and worship thee, if we have found thee: to seek thee unceasingly in this world, if that good fortune has not been ours". All true poets feel themselves committed to this quest; some of the greatest have carried it beyond the limits of the visible world. In so doing they are following in the footsteps of the master musician, whose God-given life and golden accents tamed the fiercest beasts, checked the swiftest rivers, caused flowers to bloom about his feet, and when he descended to Hades, so charmed its monarch and inmates that Pluto restored his Eurydice, the wheel of Ixion paused, the stone of Sisyphus stood still. Tantalus forgot

his thirst, and even the Furies relented".

An Undercurrent Of Sympathy

There should be an undercurrent of sympathy in the poet's composition: it should run through his whole being like a refrain. God, in His infinite wisdom, has created men as well as mountains: microbes as well as men. The right thing for us to do is to regard every sentient thing with the utmost possible affection, to identify ourselves with it; and to subject all things to the same test. The test is not whether they are useful to us. Our own interest, I take leave to suggest, is verily the least part of it. It is the sheerest egoism to fancy that we are the be-all and end-all of God's creation. In God's eyes everything is of equal value. To judge things, therefore, by the standard of our own interests is to judge things ill. Herein comes the *raison d'être* of the poet's existence. He discerns harmonies where others discern only discords and surrenders himself to joy even in circumstances the most depressing. He, indeed, in a very real sense of the terms,

"finds tongues in the trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones,
and good in everything."

Not only must the poet, I submit, recognise beauty where it exists and give utterance to the thoughts that it stirs in him: which, after all, are (unless I am vastly mistaken) the same thoughts that it stirs in us, too, and of which we too would sing if we could. The poet, in fact, is not, I fancy, different from the rest of us except in the small (or large) detail of being able to lisp in numbers, for the numbers come. He finds the words, and the order of their occurrence, for the identical sensations that convulse us also, whereas, in us, they are, for all practical purposes, simply *imprisoned*, simply hermetically sealed. Coming back to my point, not only, I repeat, must the poet recognise beauty where it exists: he must also, I feel, understand, be

able to perceive, that things are inter-related, that, in the words of Francis Thompson, they

"To each other linked are,
That thou canst not stir a flower,
Without trembling of a star",

that, in short, there is a *democracy* of things. Nothing is independent of all else: it *cannot* exist without the others, it achieves its highest fulfilment only along with the others.

"The world is one; yes, all of it fits".

Poetry Is Everywhere

There is, really, no department of human activity earmarked, as it were, for poetry: poetry permeates every department of man's life. Not only may the poet draw inspiration from the high-lights of existence, from

"Old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago",

from women ravishing in their beauty, from

"The face that launched a thousand ships,
And burned the topless towers of Ilium".

He may, in my opinion, equally legitimately glean relevant hints from comparatively lowly things—or, rather, what *seem* to be lowly things—from, say, the "lesser celandine," or from the poor leech-gatherer "on the lonely moor"—in fact, from you and me and the next man. There is no order of precedence in these matters: there is no hierarchy of subjects for poetry: the wind bloweth where it listeth. As the late Mr. A. Clutton-Brock, referring to European and Chinese poets, says:

"European poets have the ambition to make an orchestra out of language; but the Chinese seem to play on a penny-whistle, and then, suddenly, with a shy smile, to draw the most wonderful thin music out of it. Anyone could do it, they seem to say; and they convince us that poetry is not a rare and exotic luxury, but something that happens in life itself, something one needs only to watch for and record . . . And for them there is no class of poetic events . . . Nothing is common or unclean to them."

Poetry is thus seen to be *immanent* in all things. And, just as poetry is immanent in all things, every man is a potential poet: one has only to set one's senses a-working, and one will detect beauty, or poetry, everywhere. There is a widespread notion that poetry requires a background of romance and that, as romance is supposed to be mostly a product of the imagination, the ordinary, commonplace things of life are not tinged with poetry. The notion, luckily, is a wrong one. Romance is not the exclusive property of the imagination. Life is full of romance if we only care to record it. To the hearing ear and the understanding heart it is the greatest romance of all. To quote from the late Mr. Clutton-Brock again:

"There are no incongruities and no separation of poetry and prose in life. All life trembles into beauty like leaves stirred by the wind; and it remains itself even while it trembles."

Prose

I am not a blind admirer of poetry; nor am I a blind detractor of prose. If anything, my partiality leans towards the side of prose. I am essentially prosaic; and am far more enchanted by the subtle rhythms of prose than by the comparatively glaring rhythms of poetry. The charm of poetry, if I may generalize, lies on the surface. The charm of prose is more deeply embedded. Good poetry is recognised as such—almost at once: good prose takes a little more time to be so identified. There have been many excellent poets: there have been only a very few excellent prose-writers.

Moreover, there are more faults engendered by a too profuse poetic temperament than by a prosaic one. Poetry exaggerates: a poet sees everything larger than it actually is. By soaring into too lofty regions we are apt to forget the earthy origin that is ours, and when the fall comes—as, sooner or later, it is bound to—it will be a terrible one, indeed. We may

be poets—some of us, that is—but it is always well to remember that we cannot, for ever, go through "life's fitful fever" by a series of high jumps but by honest, painful walking. We have to foot it even to Mount Pisgah, and the sooner we realise it the better it will be for us.

By writing in this fashion I do not imply that I have a rooted aversion to poetry: I imply only that I admire it—in moderation, that I admire it "this side idolatry." I certainly am not, for instance, in the same boat as Mr. Samuel Weller (senior). That worthy gentleman, my readers will no doubt recollect, disliked the very mention of the word, "poetry." It was anathema to him: it stood in the same relation to him as the Campbells did to Alan Breck Stewart in Robert Louis Stevenson's novel.

"Taint in poetry. Is it?" interposed his (Sam's) father.

"No, no," replied Sam.

"Very glad to hear it," said Mr. Weller. "Poetry's unnatural; no man ever talked poetry, 'cept a beadle on boxin' day, or Warren's blackin', or Rowland's oil, or some o' them low fellows; never let yourself down to talk poetry, my boy."

It is not, indeed, that I like poetry less but that I like prose more.

Not so easy

Most people, I am afraid, fancy that it is the easiest thing on earth to write prose, that, compared with poetry, 'it is chickens.' On the contrary, it is infinitely more difficult than composing poetry. There is a peculiar beauty that pertains to prose and, though a good many persons attempt it, very few really succeed in achieving it. Here, as elsewhere, many are called, but few chosen. A prose style should be seasoned like a violin; and for that purpose a long and arduous preparation is necessary. Most prose writers discovered their calling only late in life. Hazlitt is an illustrious instance; and his friend and admirer, Charles Lamb, did not come into his *Elia* vein very early in

his career either. It is the case with almost all eminent practitioners of "that other harmony," as Dryden terms it. As the late Sir Walter Raleigh remarks, in his own inimitable style, of Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*:

"It ought to be a comfort to men past middle age to find that Johnson, like Dryden, wrote his best prose in his latest years. Good poetry has been written by young, even by very young, men: the best prose is out of their reach . . . The best prose is rightly called pedestrian; at every step it must find a foothold on the ground of experience, firm enough to support its weight. It is more various than poetry, and richer in implied meanings; it assumes in the reader an old acquaintance with the facts of life, and keeps him in touch with them by a hundred quiet devices or irony, reminiscence and allusion. It is a commentary on the world; not a complete exposition of it. The breadth of the vision of poetry can be attained by one who looks on human life from a distance: only the scarred veterans

are fit to write a prose account of the battle."

A really good prose style is very difficult of acquisition: how difficult one has only to look at the classic example of Stevenson to realize. Stevenson, despite some belittling of him in certain quarters, is in the top-most class of English prose writers. But it is common knowledge how he struggled and struggled and only at long last mastered the art. According to his own candid confession he played the part of the 'sedulous ape' to many authors. But it paid him in the end. Thus it happens that prose-writers of the first class are miserably few. As Thoreau puts it:

"Great prose of equal elevation commands our respect more than great verse, since it implies a more permanent and level height, and a life pervaded with the grandeur of the thought. The poet only makes an irruption like a Parthian, and is off again, shooting while he retreats; but the prose-writer has conquered, like a Roman, and settled colonies."

LITERARY POSEURS

By G. S. BALAKRISHNAN

WHEN man groans under the tyranny of daily routine and life becomes stale and unprofitable, there comes to cheer him up the literary poseur with his pithy sayings and paradoxes. The conventional story loses its appeal when ennui sets in. One longs for excitement either in the form of an unexpected twist or surprise ending. Sometimes even this excitement is insufficient to rekindle the desire for living. When the natural instinct to live becomes extinct, an artificial liver of life or poseur appears and restores our sanity.

A poseur leads a very unnatural life just to impress others. He craves for publicity. He allows legends to

grow round his name. He first creates an imaginary personality and later on acts that role. Every action and gesture of his becomes theatrical. Every word of his is saturated with a compelling magic. He is thus always striving after effect like a successful comedian. The world hails the poseur even though it knows that he is deliberately acting a part. The toned-down nerves of man long for some intellectual diversion and the poseur provides it.

A poseur is usually gifted with a high degree of intelligence. His never-failing weapon is humour. Very often the poseur is a cynic. It is his realistic outlook as contrasted with the idealistic outlook of the ave-

OUR ROLE IN THE SUEZ CONFERENCE

By AZAAD

rage man that lends his sayings and writings a perennial charm. He is witty and wise. He looks at humanity without any preconceived notions. He does not have those cramping inhibitions that prevent many of us from expressing the unpleasant truth. He is not a literary buffoon drawing our attention by his intellectual grimaces and antics. His cap covers an original mind and his bells jingle the song of reality.

A poseur is supposed to suffer from the 'Jehovah Complex'. This is only a superficial reading of his personality. When he leaves the green room and removes his paint and mask, he is very often the most sympathetic of all human beings. For humour presupposes sympathy with humanity. A super human snob never succeeds in cracking a joke. To be humorous is to be human.

The most outstanding literary poseurs were Dr. Johnson, Mr. Bernard Shaw, Oscar Wilde and Byron. Dr. Johnson's success as a poseur was partly due to his physical size. A stout man has definitely some advantages over a fellow with lean and hungry looks. This is not to belittle the greatness of Johnson. His success was not merely due to brawn, his brain was also keen and alert. Knowing that a servile Scotchman was recording every utterance of his, he deliberately began to speak in epigrams. Some of his cynical statements could not have been shot at off hand even though he had an enviable quantity of grey matter. His definitions are the result of deep deliberation. Even his well known statement that 'none but a block-head ever writes except for money' has the ring of artificiality about it. Wilde had no doubt a wild passion for publicity. His life itself was a pose for which he had to pay dearly. He used to entertain his friends with his unorthodox remarks. That he used to

rehearse his conversation before appearing in public was an open secret to his friends. But still he did not become their laughing stock. For, they knew that it required genius to say what he said. It was not skill, but talent. Mr. Bernard Shaw was the most successful of all literary poseurs. He was a seasoned actor compared with the other amateurs in the field. He had perfected the art of posing. But his witty sayings lose their charm if read frequently. One even gets the impression that his ideation and imagination have serious limitations. He has a tendency to repeat himself. The kernel remains the same, but the cover is skillfully changed. He lacks the flashing brilliance of an Oscar Wilde. Switching back to our old simile, one will remember that restrained acting wins less applause than raving and ranting. Perhaps Shaw acted with admirable restraint and Wilde was guilty of over-acting. Byron cuts a very poor figure in the midst of the other poseurs. But he also tried to take the world by storm with his artificial remarks. Just after his marriage he told his wife, "Now you are my wife and that is enough to make me hate you. But if you were somebody else's wife, that would be enough to make me love you."

A literary poseur cannot be equated with a hypocrite. If one can tolerate the most primitive and artificial of literary forms, poetry, there is no reason why one should hate another type of artificial venture. Very often poetry is nothing but verbal jingling, that lulls the immature to hypnotic sleep. But the pithy sayings of the poseurs are the product of experience, experience standing for all their actions, feelings and emotions following an original mental bent. Literary poseurs provide the prosaic 'talk' of life with the chutney of Cynicism that makes it palatable.

THE Suez crisis which has been developing almost under our very noses furnishes an excellent instance of how political issues grow like the proverbial snowball, gathering not merely speed with time, but also a mass of extraneous considerations, calculated to obscure vision and distract opinion. In one view, the protagonists have been superseded by their seconds. In another view, the original bone of contention has been supplanted by a proximate pretext. For President Nasser's first motive in nationalising the Suez canal was both to salve his wounded vanity as well as to retaliate against the Western powers when they determined to halt their help to him. Now all the talk is about the assertion of Egypt's indefeasible sovereignty on which there can be no two opinions,—if the issue is considered *a priori*. But we know at the same time that it was seized upon as an afterthought, and is tantamount to the setting up of a kind of political or diplomatic alibi. For to the question why this doctrine of national sovereignty was not asserted earlier, there is no answer at all.

Again, all the friends of Egypt—and there are said to be seven hundred millions of them—have assumed that President Nasser's original move was both legal and peaceful and constitutional. But none of them is candid enough to admit that it was unilateral and, to that extent, provocative. If the claim is based on legal or constitutional grounds, it ought to follow that the assertion or vindication of it should be in accordance with legal or constitutional procedure. The most elementary indication of it is a formal despatch of notice. But, for prestige and spectacular reasons

it was deliberately avoided. Oddly enough it was Pandit Nehru himself who made an oblique reference to this aspect of Egypt's action, but he hastened to assure his client that he did not mean it in a critical or censorious spirit. Talk of using the profits of the Canal income for the construction of the Aswan Dam, for deepening the canal itself and for a variety of other laudable purposes reminds us chiefly of Mrs. Caudle's curtain lecture to poor Mr. Caudle of how she would have laid out the five shillings he had spent (without her consent or knowledge) in more advantageous ways. The chronic debtor is nothing if he is not imaginative; and President Nasser is in excellent company in indulging in Alnaschar visions of impending glory moving in a flood to spotlight him in the centre of the stage.

Egyptian Sovereignty

All these basic considerations are now hidden from public view. Only one question is pushed forward to the front, and it is the question of Egyptian Sovereignty. Two views of it are now being canvassed, and we may refer to them briefly to indicate the part which our own country's spokesmen have come to play in the crystallisation of one of them.

The Western proposal demands the revival of some sort of international authority with power to control the working of the canal without prejudice to the exercise of sovereignty by Egypt. Even if the waterway is conceded to belong to Egypt, since it is being used by a large number of Western nations as their life-line, the latter have a reasonable claim to share in the administration of it as contributaries to its importance. If Egypt recognises this claim

as fundamentally fair and just, it ought not to be difficult to devise a formula which would ensure the reconciliation of the now opposing points of view. In short, the Western proposal desires that the Canal should not be exploited in the interests of Egyptian national policy without reference to the wishes of the users of it. A voluntary recognition of the claims of other nations using the passage can never detract from the concept of national or political sovereignty of which so much is now being made.

Indian Formula

The Indian proposal which has already been blessed by the Egyptian President as acceptable to him reiterates the inviolability of Egyptian sovereignty in general and of its inalienability over the Suez canal in particular. It, however, provides at the same time for some sort of a board or authority (subject to the jurisdiction of the Egyptian government) for the administration of the canal on which some representatives of the users of the canal may also find a place. But this body has neither definite functions nor specific sanctions. The words 'advisory,' 'consultative,' 'liaison' and 'associative' are repeated in various contexts as if to emphasise that this body will have nothing but a Pickwickian existence and a supererogatory role to play. But the very fact that the Indian proposal visualises an authority on which foreign nationals will have a place is itself a tacit willingness to suffer an abridgement of sovereignty which destroys the major premise of the proposals.

For the truth about sovereignty is that it is indivisible. Any proposal that contemplates any sort of even a notional circumscription of it must be repugnant to its pristine purity. For instance, no sovereign nation has ever agreed to set up a committee of foreign importers to advise the Chancellor of the Exchequer of a sovereign country as to the principles on which

he should prepare the budget of the nation. It would quite patently be an intolerable intrusion of an outsider into the concerns of a free, independent and sovereign country. But when, however, such a body is agreed to, it is an equally frank recognition of exceptional conditions which qualify the notion of sovereignty without setting up a precedent. By way of analogy, we may cite the now almost universal demand for the pooling of atomic resources of the world under an international authority. The discoveries of science in this field are the unquestioned property of national and sovereign states. But it is recognised that, on account of their tremendous potentialities for evil, they could not be trusted in the hands of national groups who might be tempted to hold the entire world to ransom by an unscrupulous exploitation of them.

A Variation Of Medieval Castle

At first-sight, the analogy might not seem obvious. The atom bombs destroy; how, it may be asked, can a canal which is inert and inoffensive be a lethal weapon in any hands? It can be as dreaded as the bombs if it comes to be used in the interests of Egyptian national policy and, to that end, exploits the needs of the rest of the world. That sort of thing was no doubt common in the Middle Ages; enterprising barons constructed castles at strategic points of the highways, and surrounding themselves with armed bands of mercenaries blackmailed the community to pay tolls of various kinds which are enshrined in the laws and usages of the manorial system. *Mutatis mutandis*, the Suez Canal is a modern variant of the medieval baron's castle; and the world is being asked to accept such a position to its own ultimate undoing!

Such is the gist of the proposals which have come to be associated with our country. Mr. Menon has no doubt claimed the virtue of flexibility for his draft. If this means

anything at all, it ought to mean either that President Nasser does not intend to stand rigidly on his sovereign rights or that he is prepared to arm the new international body with some specific powers. Either of these courses would inevitably make a hash of the head and front of the Egyptian demand—namely an unqualified recognition of Sovereignty—as it were—in vacuo!

But at the moment, the gulf separating the protagonists is so wide as to be incapable of being bridged. The deadlock is complete and crushing, and has arisen from the clash of nationalism and internationalism, the latter of which is purposely confounded with colonialism. And that latter quiddity acts as the proverbial red rag to inflame and exacerbate popular hysteria springing from whipped up nationalism. President Nasser has graciously agreed to receive the deputation of the Western Powers. But in view of the state of feeling which now prevails, it should cause no surprise if he hears them courteously but sends them away empty-handed. Mr. Menon has hoped that somehow good would result from it; this has to be taken with the proverbial pinch of salt, for he had earlier declared that nothing less than his own draft proposals would satisfy his principal, viz., the Egyptian President.

Rationale Of Indian Policy

But without anticipating the outcome of the next move of the Western Powers in the event of the breakdown of the present talks, it may not be amiss if we consider the rationale behind our alignment with the minority of dissident powers in this conflict. A country's foreign policy is conditioned neither by pure altruism nor by grossly pusillanimous or materialistic considerations. Self-interest is the core of it however; and it is camouflaged under appealing exterior to gull the unwary and lull the over-watchful. The intransigence of

Egypt at the moment stems out of far deeper causes which the public may be pardoned for not understanding fully, but which leaders have no excuse to ignore or under-rate. Arab nationalism is a misnomer; it is a species of obscurantism which is trying to organise a new and vast *imperium* stretching from the gates of Gibraltar to the islands of the East Indies. In the consolidation of this mighty empire—shaped geographically like the *Crescent*—our preordained role is to be immolated to make an endless and extensive Islamic holiday. By a curious and unnoticed irony of fate, Pakistan and we are being driven to back the wrong sides. None of the ties of race, religion, geography, history, culture, economics are strengthened by our Quixotic (?) espousal of the Arab case. Pakistan which should have toed the Islamic line in the interests of the solidarity of the Millat has chosen to follow the lead of Britain and the Western Powers. Can it be that both of us—sundered fractions of what was till the other day an unbroken unity—are cutting off our noses to spite our own faces? Under the rallying cry of Islam in danger or Jihad for glory, we may count on Arab and Pakistani marching together, fighting together and dividing the spoils together. The very thought of such collaboration between the easy-going and Laodicean Hindu and the inflamed Islamite can only bring a smile of incredulity to our lips. Nothing but academic conceit or a tragic immaturity of spirit can justify our zest in hastening our own downfall by such incompatible and immiscible associations or alliances.

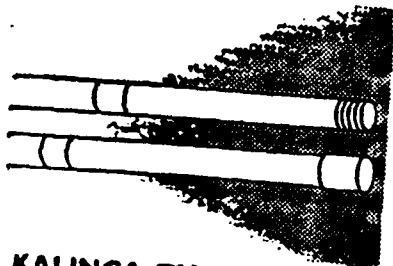
Nor have we raised our voice—said to be always for peace and *Panch Shila*—against the rampagings of the Egyptian Dictator. Egypt is still at war with Israel, as Mr. Krishna Menon took care to point out with more than a suspicion of complacency in his tone. For why has not this *ersatz* angel of peace minus only

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your mother where she has kept that blessed umbrella." And the wife will send some such message: "Tell your father that he did not bring it yesterday and perhaps he has kept it in the office." Children love to play this role of interpreters and messengers but after some time they get tired and plainly ask, "Why, mamma, don't you speak to father? Have you quarrelled with each other?!" Thereupon she says: "Who said we have quarrelled? See, we talk to each other." Such occasions provide the golden opportunity to patch up the misunderstanding and the couple resume talking to each other and feel ashamed that they should have quarrelled. Of course in some rare instances, the misunderstandings are never patched up, both adamantly stick to their standpoint and the result is permanent estrangement.

Perhaps husband-wife quarrels are inevitable and without them family life would become dull. But this scribe thinks that some of the conflicts arising out of trivial things could at least be avoided if both parties understood each other and made tactful approaches. For example, a wife should never tell a husband who has just returned from the office, tired and exhausted, about the mango-border-Adyar-thalappu saree which she has bought on credit. Couples when they are about to quarrel would do well to recall the resolution which they made when embarking upon the adventure of married life. In that momentous hour they excitedly told each other: "See, we have heard and read about husbands quarrelling with their wives and vice versa. At least we should be exceptions to the rule. People should say of us: 'We admire that couple. They are getting on perfectly well: no quarrel, no misunderstanding and no nagging ...'"

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PST. 163

THE GLAMOUR OF SOCIALISM

By VEN

THE glamour of the socialistic pattern of society and its *prima facie* humanitarian appeal may appear attractive at first. But a patient analysis of the implications and consequences of socialism in practice is sure to reveal its dangerous character from the standpoint of both political freedom and economic progress.

Socialism in its Marxist form (which is the only form in which it has materialised today on account of its embodiment in Soviet Russia, in her allies and satellites) destroys the economic and social basis of freedom and the dignity of the individual. By nationalising all industry and commerce and controlling all spheres of culture through indoctrination and punishment for free thought, the lives of citizens both in the economic and cultural affairs will be rendered absolutely dependent on official regulation. This is an environment in which personal freedom cannot survive. The State will absorb society, leaving no room for a free development of voluntary associations immune from governmental control. Independent political parties will not be allowed to arise or to function. A one-party, monolithic State, controlling all expression of thought and action and even emotional life will be the inevitable outcome of socialism in the Marxist form. This is abundantly demonstrated by the practice of Soviet Russia, her East European satellites and Communist China.

Stagnation in Economic Field

From the standpoint of economy, the socialist pattern of society will spell stagnation in the last resort. Bureaucracy will dominate every sphere and will stifle all inventiveness. A reign of red tape, conformity and timid imitation will dry up

the springs of discovery and new technological inventions with the result that productivity will lag behind and the national income will fall, bringing ultimately a condition of poverty for all except for the rulers. This state of affairs might be postponed for some years through a reign of terror and the enforcement of slave labour as in Soviet Russia and China but human nature will not stand it for any length of time. The extinction of incentives in a socialistic regime except those of honour and approval by the regime to which is attached an arbitrary level of comfort will sooner or later bring about a state of stagnation.

If the differences of economic classes are abolished by decree, (they have not done it yet either in Soviet Russia or in Red China), new classes of Party Rulers with an elaborate hierarchy of their own with the Supreme Ruler at the top like Hitler and Stalin will perforce emerge out of the necessities of the administrative situation. The new class with both economic and political power, with power both on everybody's income as well as on his peaceful day-to-day existence will prove more oppressive than the old capitalists ever were.

Further, prices will be arbitrarily fixed in the absence of a free and automatic market which will give more power to the rulers. Salaries, hours and conditions of work, holidays, medical relief and every amenity of life will be dependent on the ruling groups. Favourites at all levels will have some relief but justice in any satisfactory sense will be absent in such a regime. Power corrupts and absolute power will corrupt absolutely. This statement of Lord Acton is unfortunately true. We cannot say

that Gandhi and Nehru are above this frailty of human nature.

The experience of ages has proved that unlimited power in the hands of a monarch or other ruler is an unlimited evil. Hence Europe and America have developed democratic institutions with elaborate provisions for checks and balances and division of power between the different depositories of Governmental power—the judiciary, the executive and the legislature. The Indian Constitution is founded on their example and can be made a success only if we imbibe the spirit of Western democracy and concretise it in day-to-day work in government and parliament through conventions limiting the work of government. Free Economy and limited Government go together. All forms of mixed economy will come to grief in the end. There can be no equality between the Public Sector enjoying sovereignty and the private sector consisting of timid business men at the mercy of Government. The inevitable outcome sooner or later will be the extinction of the private sector.

Alliance with the West

Those who adopt this libertarian attitude will necessarily side with the Western Powers led by the Anglo-Americans in their conflict with the Soviet Communist Governments in Russia and China and the East European States under the control of Russia. There is a mortal enmity between the Communist bloc and the Free World. The Western Powers have no doubt their own defects. They are not sufficiently democratic. They still retain traces of their former imperialism. But being rational democracies with full civil liberties guaranteed to their citizens, their democratic way of life is continually being improved in the direction of greater equality and liberty. Even the Negroes are being treated better in America with every passing year.

In spite of the British bleeding India white during their former rule of two centuries, Indians have learnt a great deal from them. If we can make our independence good, it is due to the lessons learnt, however imperfectly, by our educated classes from their English masters in schools and courts and administrative offices, as well as in the army and the police. It is the English language that has cemented the people of this great sub-continent and has welded them into one Nation.

There is no third area of neutrality possible between the Western and Soviet blocs, in spite of our Prime Minister's vain endeavours in this matter. India is gradually being led more deeply into the heart of the Soviet Bloc and away from the Western Powers which is a great calamity. We have yet to learn the use of bombers, fighter planes, warships, submarines etc. For all this, instruction from the British is useful and necessary. It would be a mistake to break with the Western Powers and thereby to isolate ourselves.

It is precisely such isolation from the West that the Communist Party of India is working for under instructions from Moscow. The dispute regarding the Suez canal has been seized by the Communist Party of India to urge the people of India to join the chorus of condemnation of the British and praising President Nasser for his illegal act of nationalising the canal. He did it in a mass meeting like a mob ruler. He should have negotiated with the Powers concerned through his diplomatic staff. Instead he announced the decree before a howling mob like Hitler.

Menace of Pan-Islam

There is the further mischief of strengthening the Arab-Muslim States. Col. Nasser is an ambitious person. He is egging the Algerians on to fight the French with the ulterior object of some day annexing Algeria himself. He is strengthening

Pan-Arab sentiment by whipping up Arab resentment against Israel. He is smarting from the disgrace and defeat that the Egyptians sustained at the hands of the Israelis.

The Muslim world is hovering between Turkey, Pakistan and Egypt for its leadership. Whoever wins, the coming consolidation of Islam under a single federation or State from Morocco to Indonesia (as Jinnah hoped for) will become a menace to India. India is short-sighted in favouring the Muslim States as against the Europeans. In her own interests India should cultivate friendship with the Western nations beyond the Middle East to counteract the potential hostility of the Islamic States that is sure to come to the surface sooner or later. That is in their history and cultural psychology.

Meanwhile Pakistan's leaders are daily stirring up the hatred and hostility of the Pakistani people towards India. The so called independent State of Pak-held Kashmir seems about to take shape. Its mission fixed at birth is to invade India and provoke us to retaliate with arms. If we do so, we shall be immediately branded as aggressors and the Anglo-American friends of Pakistan will get the Security Council to declare India an aggressor and immediately thereon, the US arms and equipment donated to Pakistan will be used against India. The stipulation that they should not be used for aggressive purposes will have been successfully bypassed. Any child can see this plot clearly. But our leaders in diplomacy being saints cannot see it and are lulling the country into a sleep of false security.

Thus libertarian philosophy as applied to the condition of India suggests free economy, friendship with the Western States, precautions against pan-Islam and Pakistan and

active membership in the UNO as integral aspects of a many-sided policy to strengthen our nation and to preserve our independence.

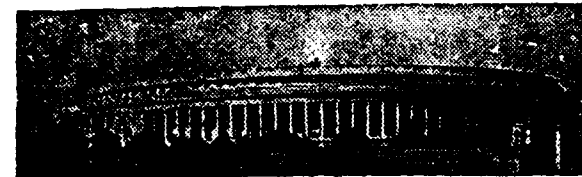
The opposite attitude of socialism will lead to friendship with Communist countries, coldness and hostility to the West, softness to Pakistan and Islamic imperialism and will weaken us, push us into the iron embraces of the Communist States and destroy our new found freedom.

SRIMATI LAXMIBAI HARIHAR



We deeply regret to report the death of Srimati Laxmibai Harihar, mother of Sri H. D. Rajah, M.P., at Bombay on August 23rd after a brief illness. Srimati Harihar who was 72 years old, leaves behind two other sons, Sri H. Ramayya, Assistant Manager, Bombay Telephones and Sri H. Sankaran, Branch Manager of the Vanguard Fire and General Insurance Co. Ltd. We offer our condolences to Sri Rajah, his brothers and the other members of his family on their bereavement.

NEW DELHI DIARY



By V. V. PRASAD

MARSHAL Kim Il Sung, Prime Minister of the Democratic People's Republic of Korea, commented on the personality cult in Russia, in response to my question sent to him by post. Marshal Kim Il Sung said: "In the last years of his life, Stalin was too conceited about his own role, and acted in violation of the Leninist principle of collective leadership, with the result that he caused severe damage to the work of the Party and the State."

The Marshal therefore thought that "it is quite reasonable that the Communist Party of the Soviet Union has exposed boldly the nature of his mistake, and fights to eradicate their consequences, while appreciating his immense merits."

Giving his assessment of the Twentieth Congress of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, the Marshal declared: "It is universally known that the Twentieth Congress convened last February not only manifested the fresh prospects for the further development of politics, economy, culture, science, etc. in the Soviet Union, but also drew conclusions of great practical significance in the interests of peace and progress, on the basis of a profound analysis of a series of questions of principle concerning the development of present-day international relations."

"As regards the cult of personality with reference to J. V. Stalin," said the North Korean Prime Minister, "I consider as entirely correct the critical attitude taken by the Twentieth Congress of the Communist Party

of the Soviet Union in regard to this problem. We Communists condemn the cult of personality as being contrary to Marxist-Leninist ideas and to the Leninist principle of collective leadership. This, however, does not mean that we ignore the role of the individual in history. Marxism-Leninism recognizes the important role of the leader in history."

The Marshal declared: "It is a well known fact that J. V. Stalin, made a great contribution to the international labour movement, played an important and historic part in the struggle for the triumph of socialist revolution in Russia, for the socialist construction in the Soviet Union and for the advocacy of Lenin's theories, and he earned high prestige among the people at home and abroad. In the last years of his life, however, he was too conceited about his own role, and acted in violation of the Leninist principle of collective leadership."

There is only one personality cult in India today and that is the personality cult of Jawaharlal Nehru. It has not been built up by Jawaharlal Nehru, but by his flatterers. Nehru just tolerated them at first but warmly welcomed them afterwards. Now he cannot get on without them. The same must have happened with Stalin who was no doubt a vain man, as Lenin pointed out in his will. If others did not feed his vanity, and if they did not assure him that he was the equal of the Sun and the Moon, he could not have developed into the

human monster he ultimately became.

Some of us in Delhi have the opportunity to watch at close quarters the working of the Government machinery. Nothing can be done in Delhi without a word from the Prime Minister. The building of the Arts and Crafts Society was going on at a slow pace for a couple of years or so. Suddenly the word went round that the Prime Minister had agreed to attend a performance of Sombhu Mitra's *Rakta Karabhi*. The whole thing was ready in a moment. When Bulganin and Khrushchev visited India, Nehru personally went to some of the barren road-islands, and got green grass planted there. Soon the work was accomplished.

Nothing will move in Delhi unless the Prime Minister personally intervenes. It is a terrible reflection on the Government, and is proof positive of its tremendous weakness. Nehru ought not to be happy about it. He was certainly not happy that he had to tell the public that over a dozen meetings of the Cabinet considered the S. R. C. question. But that is not to contradict either Deshmukh or Kunzru. What is amazing is the docile way in which Deshmukh agreed to be shut up by Maulana Azad, who was anxious that the Prime Minister should not continue to get the worst out of this constitutional controversy. I wonder whether Deshmukh consulted his Colaba constituency before he resigned from Parliament. Deshmukh resigned office with a bang, but re-entered an office with a whimper.

The Saraswati Samaj and the Gandharva Mahavidyalaya organized a Festival of Hindusthani Classical Music this year, as in previous years. The outstanding artist at the Festival was Kumar Gandharva, who was in very good form. There were also other great artists like Pannalal Ghosh, Hirabai Barodekar, Rahi-

muddin Khan Daggarr and Ravi Shankar.

In North India, music festivals begin at 9 p.m. and go on into the early hours of the morning. At about 1 or 2 a.m. half the audience is asleep, and the other half is having tea outside. The best musicians come last—about 4 a.m. By that time most of the listeners have had their two hours of sleep, and can shake themselves awake to enjoy the performance of the outstanding *Ustad*. Everybody in the audience then goes home by 6 or 7 a.m., and then rushes to his office at 10. This sort of Festival continues for three days, upsetting everybody's sleep and work.

All-night sittings were a relic of the feudal order, when the Mughal or the Zamindar and his coterie could afford to sleep the whole day and listen to music all night. Music Concerts in the North should begin at 6 p.m. and end at midnight. I know that it is painful to most music lovers to be denied the pleasure of listening to an early morning *raag* at 4 a.m., but that is the only way in which a musical audience can be built up. Otherwise, with the death of feudalism, concerts of Classical Music will also come to an end.

SALVATION?

When I recollect the past
Of my childhood and school days,
The pleasant memories ever last
I dance with exuberance of Joy!

When I survey the present
Of my career non-gazetted,
With paltry pay and pair of tots,
I sit sullen cursing the Lord!

When I think of the future
With prospects bleak and breeding
large,

My heart-searching renders a clue
To revolutionize to face my life!

—PANKAJA NARAYAN

PEDLAR'S PACK

MR. Krishna Menon is adding to his laurels in wholly unexpected ways. Having exhausted the diplomatic field, he has just now made a sortie into the rhetorical and grammatical sphere and has enriched the English language with a new phrase. Describing his proposals for 'the peaceful solution' of the Suez question, he called them as 'furnishing a carpet on which they and Egypt could walk and meet.' This is certainly overworking the carpet—whether it is the matter-of-fact one carried by politicians as a bag or the magic variety described in the Arabian Nights. The latter had merely to be sat on, and you were transported anywhere you liked. To bring a question 'on the carpet' is to take it up for consideration. Apparently this was what Mr. Menon must have had in mind. But to furnish a 'carpet on which people could walk and meet' is to be guilty of a fine derangement of epitaphs as Mrs. Malaprop would have put it.

This howler reminds me of another which the late Sadanand perpetrated in one of his leaders. A reader wrote to him pointing out the mistake and quoting from the Oxford Dictionary in support of his point. Sadanand was unabashed; he published the censorious letter, but added a foot-note announcing to the world at large that he had issued orders that his editorial department was not to submit tamely to the tyranny of English books of reference!

There has been general satisfaction that Sri Morarji Desai was enabled to break his fast.

Now all of us may sigh
At the breaking of the fast by Desai:—
But whether in relief or despair,
It's not for me to declare!

Mr. Frank Anthony has got into hot water for describing Mr. Lal Bahadur Sastri as a 'dear little chap.' The Speaker, like Lamb's Scotchman, could not understand the humour of it, while at the same time claiming that he

knew as much English as any one else. Mr. Jaipal Singh described as an 'Oxonian M.P.', came to the rescue of the misunderstood member with the *ipse dixit*: 'I assure you that so far as Oxford English is concerned, the expression is one of endearment.' We have heard of an Oxford accent but not of Oxford English so far! Mr. Lal Bahadur Shastri is Lilliputian in size, and there must have been an oblique glance at it in Mr. Anthony's *le mot juste*. Instead of laughing off such elementary exercises in entertaining others, the Lok Sabha seems determined to subject them to long-faced scrutiny. Which is a pity!

That the epithet is intended to be endearing may be proved in a decisive fashion. The husband of Queen Victoria, Prince Albert, called her in his private and privileged moments his 'little woman.' That ought to restore ruffled tempers, if any.

Mr. Alan Lennox-Boyd has stated that it is unnecessary to deal with Archbishop Makarios. He is confident of promoting a settlement without him.

Mr. Alan Lennox-Boyd
Says he can avoid
Archbishop Makarios
Since the situation is not now so precarious!

'Provision of More hoarders Urged'

Speaking in support of a private bill to prohibit the exhibition of posters, Dr. Sir A. Lakshmanaswamy Mudaliar, leader of the opposition in the Council said that the Corporation and municipalities could provide hoarders in sufficiently large numbers.—'The Hindu'.

This is another howler; for the word meant was Hoarding while the word actually used seems to have been hoarders—unless the culprit be the reporter. Hoarders are those interesting people who make profits during war-time. Surely the venerable and versatile leader of the Opposition was not pleading or praying for the increase of their tribe!

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SWATANTRA

(Issued Every Saturday)

Vol. XI. 22 September 1956 No. 34

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The SWATANTRA is a forum for liberal thought. Publication of an article in the Journal does not imply that the editor agrees with opinions expressed in it.

All communications should be addressed to the Editor, SWATANTRA, 2, Ramakrishna Mutt Road, Mylapore, Madras 4. Manuscripts for publication should be typewritten on one side of the paper only and must be accompanied by a stamped self-addressed envelope. The editor cannot accept responsibility for loss or damage. Unsigned articles are not published. The length of each article should not usually exceed two pages of the journal, the maximum allowed is 1,250 words.

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

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SWATANTRA

Vol. XI. SEPTEMBER 22 SATURDAY 1956 No. 34

PREVENT ONE-PARTY RULE

MR. JAYAPRAKASH NARAIN has written a letter to the Bombay meeting of the National Executive Committee of the Praja Socialist Party. The full text of the letter has been published in the press. It touches the vital spots of Indian politics and is of far reaching significance. The letter is couched in apologetic terms because Mr. Narain feels himself out of place in politics after his disavowal of any political leanings and his declared single-minded pursuit of the cause of Bhoodan to the exclusion of every other activity. He has become a kind of a religious recluse, and when called upon to participate in active politics he has got to respond in a sort of hole and corner manner, without appearing in public meetings or speaking to his followers face to face or even issuing press statements. He has to do it in an indirect and round-about way by writing a letter which has to be read on his behalf at the committee meeting. This kind of playing at politics creates a false atmosphere and detracts from the seriousness of the occasion and the earnestness of the participant. But this is an inevitable feature of the religious politics in which Mr. Narain has got himself involved.

Another disability from which Mr. Narain suffers is the incompatibility of his own declared ideal of non-party democracy with the advice which he tenders in his letter to his party men urging them to create a powerful opposition party in India so as to put an end to the one-party

rule now prevailing, in order to ensure the success of democracy in this country. If Mr. Narain is really for non-party democracy, whatever that term may mean, why does he take so much trouble to make a success of "parliamentary democracy" in India? Does he believe that his own ideal of non-party democracy can be accomplished only as a second further step after the successful taking of the first step in democracy which is parliamentary and which is based upon the functioning of an effective opposition party? If this is Mr. Narain's view, why does he not actively co-operate with the public and with his own party men in the launching of the preliminary first step which will pave the way, according to him, for the next step of "non-party democracy"?

If the first preliminary step is unnecessary for the achievement of non-party democracy, all the trouble that he now takes to build up an opposition to the Congress is mere wasted effort.

Coming to the merits of the "advice in a private manner," which Mr. Narain has tendered to his party, we are inclined to agree with him that there is a paramount need in India to-day to bring into being a real opposition party to the Congress which would be capable of displacing the Congress and stepping into its shoes and carrying on the administration. Unless and until such an opposition materialises in India, all talk of parliamentary democracy in

this country will be vitiated by un-reality and will, indeed, amount to a fraud on the public. To call one-party rule, as obtained in Nazi Germany or Fascist Italy or as still obtains in Communist Russia a democracy, creates derisive laughter and world opinion has already branded it totalitarian. But it passes our understanding why the one-party rule which has obtained in India during the last decade should not be branded as totalitarian.

It is true that there have not been the political mass murders that have characterised other totalitarian regimes. But the reason for this mildness is the political backwardness of the Indian people who have been habituated to the rule of absolute monarchs from times immemorial and to the persistent religious propaganda that has been carried on in this country for ages past, which has diverted popular interest from the affairs of this world to the affairs of the world to come after death and has thus made them indifferent to politics. The average Indian still acts on the maxim: "what does it matter to me whether Rama rules or Ravana rules?" The prevalence of this atmosphere of political indifference is the root cause of the toleration exhibited by the people towards the one-party rule established by the Congress.

All this has to be changed, and changed urgently, if India is to function as an equal and honoured member of the comity of nations; otherwise, we shall have to hang down our heads in shame as an inferior people. Why Pandit Nehru, who has shown the *panch shila* way to world peace, does not feel this sense of shame, which is inherent in the political set up which he dominates, is one of the mysteries which go to make up his complex personality. As to other Congress party men, most of whom have jumped into the band-waggon after the British left our shores, it may be mercifully conceded to them

that they are so short-sighted that they see only their own self interest and the interests of their relations, of those dear and near to them, and they cannot see the far ideals of democracy, of national self-respect, or of prosperity for the masses of the people.

We are beholden, therefore, to Mr. Jayaprakash Narain for the forceful manner in which he has drawn the attention of the people of India to the danger and the disgrace of the one-party rule that obtains in this country and to the need for an all out effort to put an end to this sorry state of affairs. Sometime ago, when he mooted the idea of a political alliance with the Communist party, democratic opinion in this country condemned it out of hand. But, Mr. Narain has now explained that his proposal of an alliance with the Communist as well as with other parties, does not presuppose any compromise of principles or of ideologies. It is not a joint-front by any means. It does not imply a coalition of parties, either before or after the elections. The proposal is just an electoral understanding so as to avoid three cornered or multi-cornered election contests. We welcome such an understanding wholeheartedly because it would avoid the tragedy of the last general elections in India, when a party which obtained only a minority of the votes was nevertheless enabled to secure a vast and overwhelming number of seats in the legislatures. If Mr. Narain's proposal materialises and averts a repetition of this tragedy, he would have rendered the most significant service to the people of India in modern times.

We would however suggest a slight modification of Mr. Narain's proposal. Mr. Narain confines his idea of an electoral understanding to the so-called leftist parties. We suggest that this restriction should be removed and the under-

standing should extend to all political parties, indeed, even to the Independents who may stand for elections without any party labels. When it is possible for Mr. Narain to reconcile himself to an agreement with the Communists, whom he so roundly condemns in his letter and whose words and promises he so deeply distrusts, we would ask why he should not come to similar agreements with others, branded "Right," who may be more honourable and trustworthy than the Communists. Indeed, his idea of defeating three cornered and multi-cornered contests at the elections will not work unless the understanding which he envisages covers the "Rightists" also. After all, the terminology of "Right" and "Left" has lost much of its meaning and significance. If the Jan Sangh and the Hindu Maha Sabha are con-

demned as rightist because of their religious predilections, should we not consider the Communists, whose ideology is not political but amounts to a kind of religious fanaticism, also rightists? Moreover, there may be parties whom it may be difficult to classify by Mr. Narain's standards definitely as belonging to the left or to the right. Again, we may have to deal at the elections with pseudo parties and pseudo candidates put up by the party in power so as to divide the voters and deliberately lead them on to three cornered contests. All these difficulties could be solved only if Mr. Narain's idea is further liberalised and we begin to think in terms of an all-party endeavour to meet the supreme national necessity of avoiding the present one party rule which is a blight on the people of India.

SIDELIGHTS ::

THE Government of India have banned the exhibition of films intended for sex education except through shows organised by medical institutions and other recognised bodies engaged in health or social education. The value of popular education through the medium of the cinema lies in the fact of its easy availability to the masses whom the medical and other technical institutions are unable to contact. The innumerable propaganda films on the Five Year Plan and other subjects which the Government desires to popularise are literally forced upon the public by compelling the cinema houses to include them as regular features in their shows. The justification for this exercise of force by the Government is the need to make the people take interest in the subjects. Sex education is one such important subject to which all modern States are paying urgent

attention. More misery is wrought in people's lives owing to the phenomenal ignorance now so prevalent upon the vital subject of sex, than by any other single cause. Ignorance on sex leads the young adolescents to shoulder the heavy burden of emotional repressions which work havoc on their physical and mental well being. Parental authority and religious teaching enforce upon the youth old fashioned ideas which have no justification in the findings of modern science. Films on sex education are usually made by competent authorities, well versed in modern discoveries in sexology, and the scientific information is conveyed to the popular mind in accurate and restrained language with no suggestion whatever of unhealthy prurency.

We are astonished at the allegation by the Government "that unregulated exploitation" had been

made of such films. Apparently the Government contemplates regulated exploitation of these films. The truth of the matter seems to be that Mrs. Grundies sitting in positions of power in Government offices are jealous of the opportunities now available to the younger generation of learning the truth about sex which these old women missed and consequently ruined their lives. The Government support this reactionary attitude by the funny argument that the importers of these films admit that they are unsuitable for exhibition to the mixed audiences of the cinema houses. We would like to ask who these importers are and what right they have to express an opinion upon such a highly technical subject as sex education. The government should have consulted the original makers of these films, if they needed any enlightenment, or they should have gone to the scientific men, to the experts in sexology, to the medical profession and to the physiologists if they really cared for proper advice. It is unbecoming of the Government to trot about the ignorant opinion of certain importers as their final authority. Let us hope the Government of India would revise their opinion on this all important matter and give the future generations of this country that chance for happiness which the present and past generations have so tragically missed.

The report of the Inquiry Committee appointed by the Government of India to investigate the events leading to the death of Netaji Subhash Chandra Bose is now before the public. We are afraid that this matter cannot be settled by the majority verdict of this report. There are people in India who wish to take advantage of the mystery surrounding Bose's death. They wish to exploit as a political weapon the possibility of some day Netaji Subhash Chandra Bose emerging out of his hiding and making a dramatic re-

entry in politics. These visionaries have no other chance of making themselves important. The wish is father to their thought and there is no more justification needed than their hard plight for supporting the view that Bose is still alive. One prominent advocate of this theory is said to have gone to the extent of asserting that he is in constant communication with the live Bose who is in hiding somewhere behind the snow-clad Himalayas. Indeed, this protagonist claims to have met Bose and fought side by side with him in the Korean war on the side of the Russians. To dramatise this episode, this believer in the Bose-is-alive theory, enacts a daily ritual in his house, where he keeps a room in mysterious isolation under lock and key. Once, every day, he takes his food inside that room where two leaves are spread on the floor and food is served on them for two persons. After the serving of the food, the gentleman locks himself in and when he gets out he brings out two empty leaves to be deposited in the dust bin. Whether there is a mysterious dweller in the secret room with whom he has his dinner or whether he himself eats up the food served for two, is a point which has not been cleared as yet and casts the spell of mystery in the whole area.

There is no need for all this heroics to establish the greatness of Subhash Chandra Bose who was great on his own rights. His real greatness was due to the courage with which he fought Mahatma Gandhi and the Congress High Command. He got elected to the Presidentship of the Tripura Congress in the teeth of Gandhi's opposition. Gandhi went out openly on an electioneering campaign against Bose with the slogan "Bose's victory will be my defeat." In spite of it, to the astonishment of India, Bose came out victorious and he did preside over the Congress in spite of his illness. The Gandhian forces declared an open war against the President, who

was finally dethroned and made to resign from the Presidentship. Then the Second World War came and while the Gandhians were quibbling and undecided as to which side to back up, Bose coolly escaped out of the country and joined the Axis Powers. Besides speaking over the radio in support of Hitler, he got together the Indians in South East Asia and improvised an army which conquered Malaya and Burma and invaded India. The remarkable feature of his army was that it was altogether free from the communal complex. Hindus and Muslims fought side by side as brothers in arms, forgetting their separate religions, conscious only of the fact that they were Indians. The greatest tribute that can be paid to the memory of Subhash Chandra Bose is the recognition of the possibility that, had his life been spared for a few more years, there would have been no division of India, no uprooting of millions of houses, no mass murders of Hindus and Muslims which constitute the darkest chapter in human history.

The shameful treatment meted out by Pandit Nehru to Mr. Suresh Chandra Bose, the brother of Subhash, when he threatened to write a minority report to the findings of the Netaji Enquiry Committee, shows that he and the Congress High Command have not yet grown out of the fear complex engendered during the classic war that Bose waged against them. They are now afraid of the ghost of Bose. It will be an interesting study in Psychology to watch what they will do if, per chance, Bose emerges one day out of an Ilushyan plane arrived from Moscow at the Palam air port. It would be like the dropping of a hydrogen bomb at the Congress headquarters. Bose's further progress would reproduce all the features of the triumphal procession that Napoleon led from Marsailles to Paris when he returned to France from Elba.

Mr. C. R. M. Rao has written an article in the *Eastern Economist* condemning the Bhoodan movement as "the greatest illusion of our time." He says that at the present rate of progress it should take the movement another five decades to complete the collection of land and as many centuries to redistribute it to the landless millions. "In that long run," he ruminates, "all of us would be dead and all our problems would cease to be." The great gulf between the aim and the achievement of the movement has resulted, according to this eminent economist, in the ebbing away of its prestige. The movement bears the impress of the personality of the leader, Mr. Bhave. Says Mr. Rao, "the Bhoodan movement today presents the pathetic picture of an old man, weak and weary of limbs, trudging along the pathless mazes of the vast expanse of the Indian countryside to a destination which is far more distant and difficult to reach than his naive optimism or fanatical determination would incline him to believe." A fantastic claim is made out that though the movement has failed in its objectives in India, it maintains its former prestige and promise outside the country owing to the change over of the objective to a spiritual rather than a material achievement. It is now a kind of a mental excursion into spiritualism and hence, it is argued, its success cannot be measured in material terms. The scope of the movement has now been widened so as to include other kinds of *dans* than Bhoodan. Fresh additions have been made of *Shramadan*, *Gramdan*, *Buddhidan*, *Koopadan*, *Sampathdan*, *Sarvaswadan* and, to crown all, *jeevadan*, *dan* of one's own life. The limit will be reached when the final addition is made of a *dan* of common sense and the whole rump is marched into the lunatic asylum.



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INDIA'S FOREIGN POLICY

By C. L. R. SASTRI

FOR some time past India has been the target of the most unbalanced vituperation from our trans-Atlantic friends, and though no one has a greater admiration for the land that has produced a George Washington and an Abraham Lincoln, I am loth to let the occasion pass without attempting some sort of riposte, however feeble it may be, to our self-appointed mentors.

The American, for instance, who wrote recently on the American view of Indian foreign policy deserves the courtesy of a rejoinder from an Indian if only because of his exemplary urbanity. If his article has a sting in it, it has to be perfectly fair to him, been well concealed. No one can allege that he is willing to wound but afraid to strike. His manner is so gentle, so suave, so polished that it cannot be contended that he is willing even to wound. It is a pity that, in the circumstances, he has chosen to hide his (not inconsiderable) light under the bushel of anonymity. It is certain that he is no Dulles or McCarthy—no Knowland or Radford. He contrives to present the American case (as he envisages it) against Pandit Nehru's foreign policy without being needlessly provocative. This is, indeed, tight-rope walking of the highest order, whatever *saeva indignatio* he harbours in his bosom against us being under the strictest possible control.

"Arbiter Elegantiarum"

Much, I am certain, can be said both for and against India's foreign policy. Some, no doubt, may be inclined to aver that India has no foreign policy worth mentioning; or, alternatively, that, if it has one, it does not know what it is. I am not among those who would take that

extreme view. India has a foreign policy. One thing, at any rate, is indisputable. Our Prime Minister, who is also our Foreign Minister, and who is universally credited with having a *penchant* for international affairs, has, from the very beginning, given the impression of attaching undue importance to his foreign policy. One criticism has, throughout, been that, in the process, matters of more domestic concern have had to go by default, his attention having been exclusively occupied with what goes on in other people's backyards. To a large extent, I must confess, this criticism is valid. Ours, as he has himself been emphasising in season and out, is an infant democracy. The corollary naturally follows that it would be more in the natural order of things if official interest were concentrated on indigenous problems instead of on

"What the Swede intends and what the French."

An infant democracy has its work cut out to fend for itself in an extremely competitive, not to say contentious, world. It cannot afford to spare any of its valuable time for settling the disputes of its intransigent neighbours, even if, for the sake of argument, it is conceded that it is one of its prerogatives to act as the *arbiter elegantiarum* in international squabbles. The point is important, and I could have wished that Pandit Nehru had taken note of it far oftener than he has given evidence of doing. The Biblical injunction that we would do well to strive to remove the beam in our own eye before attempting to eradicate the mote in the eyes of others remains as true today as it ever was.

That "Putrefying Albatross"

This criticism is, as I have admitted, fundamentally valid; but only, let me hasten to add, up to a point. In the present-day world it is difficult to shut oneself up in an ivory tower. With the passage of time the world is rapidly shrinking and one cannot help being interested in what is taking place outside one's own petty parish. Besides, there is such a thing as standing up (for all one is worth) for what are called the eternal verities: the phrase, "international morality," has, I trust, not yet lost its significance altogether. It is in this context that Pandit Nehru evinces so much interest in the international scene. Our country, having had the supreme good fortune of throwing off its foreign yoke, is justifiably concerned that those whose freedom is still "cribbed, cabined and confined" should emulate its noble example. He is concerned also with the sickening anachronism that while India has gained independence, its nationals in the other Commonwealth countries continue to suffer from their age-old disabilities. Further, there are some "foreign pockets" on our own soil which, partly, no doubt, from our own confounded lethargy, still remain to be liberated. Lastly, having himself, without any justification whatsoever, projected the Kashmir issue into the international forum, he has been, ever since, finding it increasingly difficult to extricate his Government from the complicated tangle—to unscramble a scrambled egg, in fact. However hard he may have tried, he has not succeeded in ridding himself of that "putrefying albatross" that, in a moment of misplaced large-heartedness, he so tightly clamped on his neck. That may yet prove to be his Waterloo—though, naturally, I am very reluctant to indulge in such a dismal foreboding. Even the most high-minded of politicians has to reap what he has sown: only, in this instance, as in many others, it is the

whole country that is, and has been reaping what he has sown.

"Stand and Deliver"

The chief point that our American critic has made is that Pandit Nehru's incessant reiteration of his foreign policy as that of the Good Samaritan *par excellence* on the international stage fails miserably if the acid test of Kashmir is applied to it. He asks, in effect, what happens to his (Pandit Nehru's) never-ceasing moral sermons to others if they are directed against himself in his treatment of the Kashmir problem. The implication, of course, is that it is an eminent case of the physician being enjoined to heal himself. The American thesis is that, in Kashmir, India is—more or less—the aggressor. If, by any chance, it does not go as far as that it goes, in all conscience, far enough in that direction. The writer wishes to hoist Pandit Nehru on his own petard, as it were. If, he inquires, the Korean and the Indo-China issues, for instance, ought not (as Pandit Nehru holds) to have been bedevilled to the extent of starting armed hostilities whose end, till the other day, had not been foreseeable, why should the Kashmir issue have been allowed to deteriorate to that extent. He is supremely confident that he has made out a cast-iron case against India's foreign policy: he has, in effect, asked Pandit Nehru to "stand and deliver."

Two Factors

The Kashmir issue, in the first place, is not on all fours with the other issues like Korea and Indo-China; and, even after admitting that Pandit Nehru has unnecessarily complicated a pellucidly clear issue, it is yet open to us to argue that it would not have become so complicated if the world had not been divided into two rival blocs and if the "cold war" between them had not assumed such impressive proportions. "The plot thickened" considerably owing to the existence of these two factors.

The Kashmir issue would, and could, have been solved long, long ago had America not elected to fish in troubled waters so assiduously. It is America that has made the gruel "thick and slab." It is America that has thrown a monkey-wrench into the whole machinery. With a political astigmatism unprecedented in human history it is America that has chosen to look at the issue from a totally wrong and biased angle.

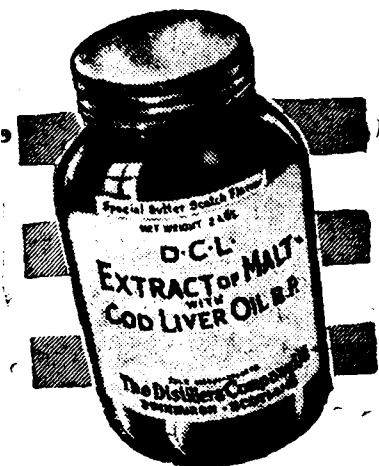
The writer of the aforementioned article attempts, with remarkable astuteness, to point out the fundamental paradox in our Prime Minister's foreign policy and imagines that he has succeeded in putting him in the wrong. That fundamental paradox, however, is to be detected in America's foreign policy, not in its Indian counterpart. America suffers from an *idée fixe*. In American eyes every political issue takes on a Communist tinge. America is engaged in

nothing less than a moral crusade: it is out to crush Communism wherever it suspects it. Communism is its Public Enemy Number One: it is its "King Charles's head." Thus it transpires that, *within twenty-four hours of the incident*, it contrives to persuade the Security Council to name North Korea as the aggressor in Korea: *in eight or nine years* it is still, for reasons best known to itself, not supposed, even after Pakistan's (belated) admission of its guilt, to have arrived at any fool-proof conclusion about who the aggressor had been in Kashmir. The anomaly, as regards Kashmir, is, as I have hinted, not in India's foreign policy: it is in America's, and I could wish that our American critic, who is astute enough when the occasion suits him, had been asute enough when it does not. He who lives in a glass house, it should be remembered, should not be the first to throw stones at others.

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V. S. SRINIVASA SASTRI

By N. SRINIVASAN

ON the 22nd September 1956 falls the 87th birthday of Sri V. S. Srinivasa Sastri, a great patriot, orator and statesman. His patriotism, his love of people, his scholarship, his mastery over the English and Sanskrit languages, his incomparable art of letter-writing, his inimitable style of orating, his realism in politics, his discipline and his gift as a teacher of youth are qualities which have left a permanent mark in the history of India. His name will ever remain green along with those of Gopala Krishna Gokhale, Lokamanya Tilak and Mahatma Gandhi.

V. S. Srinivasa Sastri was born on September 22, 1869, in Valangiman in Tanjore District (South India). He was the eldest son of Mr. Sankaranarayana Sastri. He was educated at Kumbakonam, where he secured his degree with distinction. Sastri started his life as a school-master. Then he became headmaster of a high school. But it became evident that his interest was more in politics than in education. He came across a pamphlet containing the preamble to the Constitution of 'The Servants of India Society'. The Preamble defined the aims and objects of the Society:—

The Servants of India Society will train men prepared to devote their lives to the cause of the country in a religious spirit, and will seek to promote, by all constitutional means, the national interest of the Indian people. Its members will direct their efforts, principally towards (1) creating among the people, by example and by precept, a deep and passionate love of the Motherland, seeking its highest fulfilment in service and sacrifice; (2) organizing the work of political education and agitation, basing it on a careful study of public questions and strengthening generally the public life of the

country; (3) promoting relations of cordial goodwill and co-operation among the different communities; (4) assisting educational movements, especially those for the education of women, the education of backward classes and industrial and scientific education; (5) helping forward the industrial development of the country; and (6) the elevation of the depressed class.

An appeal was added to the preamble:—

A sufficient number of our countrymen must now come forward to devote themselves to the cause in the spirit in which the religious work is undertaken. Public life must be spiritualised. Love of country must so fill the heart that all else shall appear as of little moment by its side. A fervent patriotism, which rejoices at every opportunity of sacrifice for the Motherland, a dauntless heart which refuses to be turned back from its object by difficulty or danger, a deep faith in the purpose of Providence which nothing can shake—equipped with these, the worker must start on his mission and reverently seek the joy which comes of spending oneself in the service of one's country.

The high ideals of the Servants of India Society inspired Sastri to resign his headmaster's job and join the Society.

Joins Servants of India Society

In 1905 he was a delegate to the Benares Session of the Indian National Congress of which Gokhale was the President. Sastri sent in his application for membership of the Society to Gokhale. In the course of his letter of application he said: "Six months ago I came across a pamphlet marked 'Private' and containing a prospectus of the *Servants of India Society*. Since then, I have had thoughts of joining it as a member. . . . I am a school-master in Triplicane with about 17 years' ser-

vice. I graduated B.A. in 1888 and I am now 37 years old. My age, I fear, may be against me, as I may not have many years more to give to the service of the country. Nor have I the confidence that I can do very much in the few years that lie before me. Such as I am, however, I offer myself and hope to be accepted. . . . I don't write this letter under an impulse of the moment, but the idea has been long in my mind, and it was for this purpose chiefly that I made up my mind to come here as a delegate."

Sastri was admitted member of the Society in 1907, and he served it till his death. Soon after the death of Gopala Krishna Gokhale, he was made the President of the Society, and was for some time the editor of *Servant of India*, the journal of the Society. As a member of a non-party organization, his valuable services were always available to the country and were very much appreciated. Sastri served as a member of the Imperial Legislative Council, as the Indian delegate to the Imperial Conference, the League of Nations, and the World Disarmament Conference in Washington. He was the first Agent-General of the Government of India in South Africa and was a member of the Commission which visited South Africa to negotiate an agreement with the Union Government on the status of Indian settlers there. He was the Vice-Chancellor of the Annamalai University for 5 years. He went to England to represent the case of Kenya Indians, attended the League of Nations in Geneva and was sworn in as a Privy Councillor.

His Lectures and Writings

His lectures on the *Ramayana*, on Primary Education Reforms, Constitutional Reforms, Freedom vs. Power, Liberals and Nationalists, Democracy and Truth, Value of Life, Education for Citizenship, Joys of Freedom, and Can a Politician be a Gentleman?,

are very interesting and stimulating.

His writings and publications on Home Rule, Passive Resistance Movement, The Christmas Spirit, Self-Government for India under the British Flag, the Congress-League Scheme, the Kenya Problem, the Rights and Duties of Indian Citizens, Deputations to the Dominions of Australia, New Zealand and Canada, the Future of Indian States, Mission to East Africa, the Conditions of Indian labour in Malaya, the Cape-town Agreement and Life of Gopala Krishna Gokhale, bear testimony to his vast education and scholarship.

Mahadev Desai in his note on Gandhi-Sastri friendship said: "There are very few men in our public life possessed of his (Sastri's) versatility and his wonderful mastery of the English language. Purists there are many, but none who has Sastri's mastery of the speech and the pen. What Johnson said of Burke may be truly said of Sastri. He is an extraordinary man. His stream of mind is perpetual."

The late C. F. Andrews, further moulding the bond of Gandhi-Sastri friendship, said: "The parting of the ways came after the war was over; for, when Gandhi adopted the non-co-operation policy towards the Government as a means of gaining redress for the things that had been done at Amritsar and elsewhere in the Punjab, Sastri refused to join him and then continued his co-operation with the Government. At first, Gandhi's followers began to clamour loudly against the followers of Sastri and refused even to give them a hearing on public platforms: but Gandhi, with great nobility of spirit entirely prohibited any such boycott of Sastri and spoke in the warmest terms possible of his love and friendship for the leader who differed from him."

Andrews further said: "In the later years, it is supremely interesting to

note that when Gandhi was very near death and a critical operation was immediately required, which might or might not prove fatal, the doctor asked him, before the operation, what friend he would wish to be with him and to receive any message he might wish to give before the operation was begun, Gandhi immediately asked for Sastri."

On the 22nd September 1939, his 70th birthday, Sastri wrote to Mahadev Desai: "Today I am seventy. In a small and unpretentious way, I have tried to be truthful. Success, however, has been little, failure colossal. In criticising the Mahatma, I have perhaps been a little outspoken, encouraged by his well-known love of candour and readiness to forgive. An old saying runs:

One should tell the true: one should tell the agreeable;

One should not tell the true if it is disagreeable;

And one should not tell the agreeable, if it is untrue;

This is the law."

Knowledge of Epics

Sastri's knowledge about the epics was profound. In one of his letters to a friend he wrote: "Gandhi's letter to me on the *Ramayana* is really in his best style. I was in South Africa at the time. In a speech to women in Travancore State, he had told them that Sita disobeyed her husband in following him to the forest, and that a husband's order could, therefore, be set aside, when there was sufficient cause. I wrote protesting against the obvious misreading of Valmiki. I had no objection to the teaching of disobedience, but to the citation of Sita as an authority for it. Sita pleaded with Rama for leave to accompany him, and went so far as to say 'How foolish was my father to give me to you!—who are but a woman in man's garb' This spirited exclamation, so entirely natural and honourable to a *Kshatriya* maiden, is seized upon by our

Panditry as an indictment against Sita's perversity of spirit. Anyway, Rama in the end yielded to her entreaty and gave her leave to share the trials of the forest."

His Eloquence

A London letter of the time spoke of Sastri when he represented India at the Imperial Conference in 1921, in the following terms:

Mr. Sastri's colleagues and friends, and—sacrilege though the suggestion may sound in the ears of some super-patriots—fellow-countrymen in general may rejoice at the manner in which he has imposed a dignified and public-spirited personality upon the members of the Imperial Conference. Though, technically, he is representing the Government of India, he is doing a great deal more. He speaks boldly and courageously, yet with a fine and supple courtesy, on behalf of his country as an Indian imbued with a most ardent patriotism. One of his colleagues at the conference (Sir Thomas Smart) has, I am told, dubbed him 'The Empire's silver tongued orator'. . . . At the conference, he created a sensation in all quarters by the energetic and firm exposition that he delivered of the views of India on the question of Imperial Citizenship and the status and disabilities of Indian communities.

Another London letter referred to the occasion when the Lord Chancellor paid a big compliment to Sastri which ran: "Sastri had a very fine reception at the Empire Parliamentary dinner the other night. His speech at the conclusion of the proceedings in response to the toast of India was received with acclamation, and was generously applauded. The *Evening Standard* comments that 'by common consent Mr. Sastri's speech was the best of the evening.' When he rose to speak, everyone, guest and host alike, rose to pay him courtesy."

Even Lord Chelmsford, while he was Viceroy, paid Mr. Sastri a very great compliment. He had said that Sastri was a fine speaker, both his manner and matter were fine and

that if he wanted advice, he would consult Sastri sooner than others.

Sastri was a man of principle, 'Do your duty even if you are not hopeful of success'. Writing to a friend about the Round Table Conference, he wrote "I am no more hopeful of the R. T. C. than you are. But one has got to go through it as though one had full faith. That is the inner meaning of Gokhale's teachings: 'We must serve through our failures, more fortunate people may serve through their success.'"

Sastri was no kill-joy in spite of the fact that he was a scholar and a statesman. In one of his addresses to students, he advised them to "be cheerful" and said: "I can tell you, friends, from my experience of many years in life that it is not wrong, even in this unhappy and miserable world, to pluck all the good cheer. Be centres of happiness and joy. If you can, you will so lighten labours that seem otherwise far too much oppressing. You will render bearable many miseries which else might call for words of infancy. Be good by all means. Be also kind and sociable and make yourself agreeable, have a cheerful atmosphere about you, so that you may make yourself most welcome even when there is trouble and where there is unhappiness."

Elucidating that political differences should not hinder friendship, Mahatma Gandhi in his letter to Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru said: "We have long become members of the same family and we remain such, in spite of grave political differences. I have the good fortune to enjoy such relations with several people. To take Sastri for instance, he and I differ in the political outlook as poles asunder, but the bond between him and me, that sprung up before we knew the political differences, has persisted and survived the fiery ordeals it had to go through."

Tributes To Sastri

When Sastri passed away in 1946, Gandhi in his message, said: "Death removed not only from us but from the world one of India's best sons. His Sanskrit learning was as great as, if not greater than, his English. I must not permit myself to say more save this that though we differed in politics, our hearts were one and I could never think that his patriotism was less than that of the tallest patriot. Sastri, the man lives, though his body is reduced to ashes."

Mrs. Sarojini Naidu in her telegraphic message said: "Death has stilled his golden voice, but time cannot destroy his golden words on India spoken to the world." Paying tributes to Sastri in the Council, Mr. N. V. Gadgil observed: "Mr. Sastri was a great statesman, a great patriot, a critic, frank but without bitterness, a scholar deep and brilliant but without arrogance, a statesman with vision but without vagueness. He was a great man with earnestness of purpose, sincerity in action, originality, imagination and above all, a great power of personel magnetism. Mr. Sastri was a statesman of exceptional calibre. Though he had virile and magnetic personality he was yet very humble and human. He impressed the whole world by his eloquence of speech and his sincerity in everything, including friendship. There had not been a greater man than Mr. Sastri who won the goodwill of both the people as well as the Government at the time and managed, ccaxed and inspired both for the better service of the whole world. His liberalism in politics and mastery of Tamil, Sanskrit and English languages had amplitude and depth far beyond the common man." It was very unfortunate that Mr. Sastri passed away before India attained independence. But the rich legacy that he has left behind will inspire his countrymen to do selfless national service.

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MAURICE SAVIN

By BARNETT D. CONLAN

IT is ten years since I first saw an exhibition of Maurice Savin. I was immediately struck by the unusual character of the paintings, and can remember, at that time, speaking with great enthusiasm to the owner of the gallery. These landscapes and compositions, with country scenes, were of a rare intimacy, which extended even to the stone walls and old roads that wound away across the hillside, past farmsteads and arable lands. It was a landscape of dream and, at the same

time, of the rough reality of peasant surroundings. I concluded that the artist had lived so close to the life of the countryside that he had come to depict its very essence, distilling it, as it were, from the memories of his early boyhood.

Savin was born in the south of France, in the Drome, a mountainous region between the Alps and the Mediterranean, near the valley of the Rhone. The son of a doctor at Valence, he came to adopt art, as a



The Salamander Tapestry

By Maurice Savin

profession, at an early age, and after the first war, in which he took an active part, and won distinction, he began to exhibit his paintings. There is a rustic simplicity in the figures of Savin's art that often recalls that of Breughel. Village festivals in which the peasants are seen dancing ponderously remind us of certain Flemish masters. Savin, however, is more subtle in his treatment of atmosphere, for he comes after the Impressionists, and obtains luminous and aerial effects that one does not find in the Flemish artists. He sees his subject 'en grand' and some of the early paintings which consist of peasant crowds contain as many as fifty figures or more. All these large canvasses are orchestrated with an uncommon sense of harmony. It is an art which depicts life in the open air, of the workers in the vineyards, of the harvesters in the fields. The colour scheme of russet browns, pale yellow ochres and saffron hues touched with occasional reds and light greens evokes the presence of summer suns, or the warm golden tones of the wine grown in the valley of the Rhone.

Drawn Towards Tapestry

It was perhaps in the nature of things that an artist like Savin should be drawn towards the art of tapestry. Ever since the days of the feudal chateaux and the building of the cathedrals tapestry has always been associated with the life of the French. In the case of Savin the simplicity of his work and its very subject matter lends itself naturally enough to the designing of tapestries. 'Haymaking'; 'Stag Hunting'; 'A rustic concert'; 'The Wine Press'; 'The Salamander'; 'The Boar Hunt'; 'Verdure' are the titles which, in his case, apply equally well to tapestry, to painting or to mural decorations. Of the latter he has executed quite a number, some of them attaining the size of fifty square metres. 'Work and Festivity in the Country' is the title of a tapestry of monumental

proportions commissioned by the Gobelin Manufactory. Later the artist received a second commission for a series of twelve large tapestries entitled 'The twelve months of the year.' Such huge compositions which required four years for their execution, do not seem to have interfered with his painting, nor for that matter with his production of ceramics, of which art he has now become a master. His collection of falence and ceramics which represent portraits or figures from the folk lore of his native province, stand out in a sort of rich counterpoint with the paintings and tapestries which decorate the studio, rooms and corridors of the artist's home. As Savin picks up one piece after another the different quality of falence or earthenware resounds with its particular note. They all convey a rustic appeal, a warmth of colour and a weighty simplicity which contrasts with the productions of the big city. They are there to remind us that genuine Art is something that matures slowly like fruit or corn or wine.

Deep Rustic Harmony

This deep rustic harmony that pervades all his work as it pervades Virgil's *Georgics* makes the sophisticated, abstract art of the moment to appear somewhat thin and tinny. France has still maintained many of the traditions of the countryside, although these are being gradually eliminated by transport and the machine. They are still to be found in all their freshness and vitality in the paintings of Maurice Savin which possess a mellow fruitfulness like Autumn itself.

And in the immense tapestries where he records the labours and festivities of life on the land, with the authentic feeling which we find in the celebrated treatise on agriculture written over three hundred years ago by Olivier de Serres, there

(Continued on page 26)

U. S. BIG, SMALL BUSINESSES INTERDEPENDENT

THE whole structure of the American economy is based upon the inter-dependence of big and small business, operating in a climate favourable to both. Not only are the individual enterprises that go to make up big and small business mutually dependent for successful operation, but the prosperity of the economy as a whole hinges upon this mutual interdependence.

The giants of the auto industry, such as General Motors and Chrysler, are successful and continue to grow because thousands of independently-owned and operated new-car dealers in every city, town and village of the United States act as a distribution outlet for their products.

One of these giants, General Motors, depends upon more than 21,000 suppliers, who furnish GM with materials, parts, components and services. Not all of these suppliers are small businesses, but GM estimates that 50 per cent of them employ less than 100 people, which brings half of them well within the category of small business. More than 48 percent of GM's income from sales goes to these suppliers. Many of these firms that act as direct suppliers to GM are in turn dependent upon thousands of other suppliers.

The same is true of other large U. S. industries, such as the big steel corporations, which employ thousands of workmen who produce steel beams used by small independent building contractors, and tin plate made into cans by small manufacturers. The cans are sold to packing-houses—many of which are small, independently-owned businesses—which fill the cans with their product and pass them on to thousands of small wholesalers. The wholesalers in turn sell their products to thou-

sands of small retailers, who finally pass the filled cans over the counter to the consumer.

Big defence contractors also depend upon small business in getting their products off the assembly line. The aviation industry as a whole includes 60,000 subcontracting firms, many of which are small, independently-owned enterprises.

Last autumn, General Electric, initiated a unique advertising campaign in a number of national industrial magazines. Each illustrated advertisement described the growth in techniques and production of a GE subcontractor and announced that the small firm's services were now available to other big industries. A caption over a boxed announcement asked: "Can Small Business Help You?" and the text read:

"Thousands of small businesses, like the (name of small firm) have furnished General Electric with practically every kind of skill and service as defence subcontractors and suppliers. If you have a manufacturing problem or have work available for subcontracting, please write us . . . We will be glad to suggest several small businesses who have done similar work for us and may be able to help you. Write to . . . General Electric . . ."

The preliminary report carried reprints of sample letters from various large manufacturers, requesting GE to put them in contact with small firms that could supply their needs.

Big business also serves small business by the nearly \$3 billion it spends on research each year. The resulting discoveries open up new frontiers of opportunity for small business, in manufacturing, merchandising and service.

In one sense, small business is the biggest business in the United States. As of June 30, 1955, there were 4,225,000 business enterprises in the United States. Almost 95 percent of them—4 million—were classified as small businesses. These 4 million small businesses account for nearly half the value of all goods and services produced in the United States.

The flexibility of small business, its ability to change pace—to switch on short notice from the production of one product to another—makes it an invaluable partner of the more rigidly constructed big enterprises. They complement each other, big and small business, to the obvious advantage of the economy as a whole.—USIS.

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 competitors' 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.

JUVENILE DELINQUENCY—A PARENTAL PROBLEM

By P. N. VOHRA

WHEN a child's behaviour fails to conform to accepted social norms or when his acts differ from the established cultural usages, he creates a case of juvenile delinquency. The study of juvenile delinquency legitimately belongs to criminology, its treatment to orthopsychiatry and social psychiatry, and its prevention to sociology and social work. Delinquency is a way of responding to the human situations; it involves the whole being—heredity, physical make-up, intelligence, habits of emotional response, life, history, inter-action with other human beings and with nature. In the West, juvenile delinquency has formed a major social and penological problem and regular attempts are made to counteract the causes which give birth to it. In India juvenile delinquency does exist, but so far, it has not been considered a threatening problem, except in a few states. Very few official and non-official surveys have been carried out about juvenile delinquency, number of juvenile delinquents, their habits and their responsive attitudes, and till very recently no data was available about it in India. But now it is known that juvenile delinquency prevails in India and is threatening expansion. The speed with which it is expanding shows that it will be a potential danger to society in the very near future. Big cities like Bombay, Calcutta and Madras are having increasing cases of juvenile delinquency and find the situation to be alarming. Juvenile courts are being expanded where they exist and steps are being taken to establish such courts where they do not exist.

Human Urges

Juvenile delinquency deals with the unacceptable behaviour of the child and of the under-aged. Before the effects of juvenile delinquency and the measures for its prevention are taken into consideration, the causes that tempt a juvenile to be a delinquent must be probed. Every child has the potentiality of becoming a delinquent. Like every adult he has selfish impulses which demand gratification and which are frustrated by our social codes. The child is in a continuous process of adjustment, of avoidance of inequilibrium or imbalance between the internal needs and urges and the external stimuli like home, school and housing. Acting on the utilitarian theory of seeking pleasure and avoiding pain, he learns to postpone immediate gratification of the primitive impulses and desires; and by and by he learns to accept the reality of situations. The child feels that in deferring fulfilment of desires he gets greater pleasure and for the attainment of that pleasure in the form of affection and warmth he accepts the authority of the mother and the social controls she places on him. This relationship, if it is on a sound footing, makes it easy for the growing child to form sound object relationship with other adults in later life. But if the child fails in so doing then maladjustment or a series of maladjustments follow which may result in a state of delinquency. So the child forms object relationships with the persons with whom he comes into contact immediately and they are normally his parents. It is the responsibility of the parents to give their full attention to their children with-

THE SUGAR FACTORY

WHERE SOUTH INDIA HAS ADVANTAGES OVER THE NORTH

By G. RAMCHANDER

Sugarcane is a tropical plant. It is a low yielder in the sub-tropical zone of our country viz. Uttar Pradesh and Bihar, where our sugar industry is now concentrated. This is the reason for Government's policy of giving assistance to new ventures to be started in the southern states and also for the proposal to shift some of the existing factories of U. P. and Bihar to the south. The All-India average yield of sugarcane is about 12.4 tons per acre though in the Peninsular India it is three to four times as much as it is in U. P. and Bihar.

OF the constituents of the soil, the three important ones that affect the sugar cane as all other plants in general are 1. Nitrogen, 2. Phosphoric acid and 3. Potash.

Nitrogenous constituents are responsible for increase in yields. Phosphoric acid in optimal quantities helps in processing in the factory, giving clearer juices, more compact filter press muds and lesser quantity of molasses. Its deficiency causes settling troubles. Symptoms like short and slender shoots, reduced tillering etc., are indications of deficiency of phosphoric acid. Phosphorous and orthophosphates play a fundamental role in the large number of enzyme reactions that depend on phosphorylation. In order to render higher applications of nitrogen effective, phosphoric acid has also to be increased.

Potash in the soil helps in the formation of sugar in the cane. Sugar cane grown on sandy loams deficient in potash contain lower percentages of sugar.

The analysis of the soils for these three ingredients in particular will help in assessing the deficiency of any of these that should be made good by organic manures and artificial fertilizers.

Sugar cane is easily susceptible to diseases. Great care is necessary to watch and take timely measures to nip them in the bud.

Insect pests are to be equally guarded against. These two are more rampant under conditions of dry cultivation.

Size Of Factory

An economic unit for a sugar factory is a plant crushing 800 tons of sugarcane per day for a minimum of 120 days, in a year. This means a total crush of 96,000 tons per annum usually between the months of December and the following April.

Taking an average yield of 20 tons, to the acre, we require 4,800 acres under sugarcane in an year. Adding another 50% for the practice of rotation, we require in all to support a factory crushing 96,000 tons of sugarcane per annum an acreage of 7,200 around a proposed sugar factory. If the yield could be doubled, the acreage could be halved.

The Site

In selecting the site for the establishment of the factory, the following are the main considerations.

(a) Nearness to a railway station so that a railway siding which is absolutely essential for conveying the heavy machinery could be taken.

(b) Nearness to the main road for cane transport.

(c) Nearness to a water source. A 600 ton sugar factory will require a daily supply of cold water of the order of 30 lakhs of gallons.

(d) Provision should be made for acquiring enough land for future extension of the factory to say 100 tons per day crushing capacity and for starting by-product industries like the distillery and Carbon Dioxide factory for the extraction of wax from press mud and a card board or paper manufacturing plant for surplus bagasse

utilization. Land must also be available for staff quarters. Taking all these into consideration an area of 50 to 60 acres will be the minimum requirement of land for the factory.

(e) Nearness to supply mains if hydro-electric power is available.

(f) Availability of labour. About 500 to 600 skilled and unskilled labourers will be required.

As regards the lay out of the factory enough accommodation should be provided for future extensions. The actual location of the various units is a matter to be left to the discretion of the erection engineer; but regard has to be paid to the comfort and convenience of the working personnel. For, with the awakening of the worker's consciousness, ease and facility to handle the various units should be thought of in their locations. I stress this for many a manipulating valve is located outside the reach of the attendant who has to climb up and down a number of pipes or windows to reach the wheel.

As regards the specifications of the actual plant and machinery, any sugar plant manufacturer will give a complete specification embodying the latest advances in techniques specially in continuous clarification and filtration of the cane juices.

By-products

The by-products of sugar manufacture are 1. Bagasse, 2. Press Mud, 3. Molasses.

It will be an advantage to think of the disposal of these by-products even in the initial stages. For, the disposal of molasses will be a problem though the other two products viz. press mud and bagasse will not present much of a difficulty.

The fibre portion of the cane after extraction of all the juice is called bagasse. At present in our country it is used as a fuel in the furnaces for raising steam for running the plant and for process heating. The fuel cost is a very big item in sugar manufacture. But for the fibre that

could be utilized for raising steam to run the heavy machinery used in this industry, the cost of sugar would have been very high. But, where alternate sources of power or fuel are easily and cheaply available, for instance, hydroelectric power or cheaper coal, then alone could bagasse be diverted for other industries. It could be used in the manufacture of card board and paper. It could be also used in the manufacture of Furfural and Alcohol. But these could only be of theoretical interest for us in the absence of cheaper fuels or power. It would be of interest to know that about 30% of the cane crushed will be bagasse and that three tons of bagasse has as much fuel value as a ton of cane.

Press Mud

This is the mud that results when juice is processed and filtered. This will be about 2% of the weight of cane. Press Mud is rich in phosphoric acid and it is usually returned to the soil. But it also contains a certain amount of wax which will not allow the soil bacteria to play their part efficiently in the utilization of the manure. Solvent extraction plants for the extraction of the crude wax are working in Ravalgaon and Vovvuru sugar factories and the refined wax competes favourably with the imported caruba waxes used in the manufacture of boot polishes.

Molasses

It is when we come to molasses, which is the final waste matter that results after all the possible sugar has been recovered, and which forms about 4% of the weight of cane crushed, that the real problem of the disposal of a by-product arises. If it is not utilised as a raw material in a by-product industry, its disposal creates problems. But when so used it becomes an interesting and a paying proposition.

Molasses contains besides a certain amount of sugar which cannot be recovered economically as such, potash which the cane has removed from the

MUSIC AND MOTION AS WAYS TO HEALTH

By MIMI SCHEIBLAUER

THE value of gymnastics for bodily health has been put beyond any shadow of doubt. We have come to recognise that they not only serve to prepare us for unusual exertions but that one of the best methods of maintaining our health is to limber up our joints for their daily efforts by morning exercises and to keep ourselves supple and hardy by all sorts of physical training. Nor are the therapeutic powers of gymnastics any longer called into question. Doctors prescribe them to restore resilience to limbs stiffened by illness, and to ease and liberate minds paralysed by shock. And the educationalist, for his part, sees in a thorough schooling of the body a means of training the young.

Obvious as the need for gymnastics and sport for one and all has now become, the position of music in human training and education still remains shrouded in doubt. While music is felt to be a comforter in spiritual need, while joy, when it overflows, often expresses itself in musical notes, and music, even in everyday life, is recognised as a true and cherished companion, yet it happens all too often that in times of great material need it is regarded as a superfluous luxury and set on one side.

From all this arises the fact that very many people fail to appreciate clearly the influence of music and its significance for the formation of mind and character; nor does everybody know what a great means to cultural good can be lost by the neglect of it. Otherwise it is certain that all responsible parents would take care that their children obtain,

in one form or another, musical instruction and undertaking.

It can at least be said that a growing interest in music is apparent in many places, and that many intellectual circles are turning their attention to the question of musical education. The impetus in this welcome direction was given in the first instance by the fundamental change in music-teaching which broke with the "art for art's sake" tradition of instruction and made music once more accessible to everyone. The starting point of this change, which will make itself more and more felt as time goes on, is to be found in the ideas of the Genevan music-teacher, Jaques-Dalcroze, who, in his method of rhythmic-musical training, leads the pupil to music by way of bodily motion.

Music And Movements

We know from our own earliest experience how our movements are affected by the influence of certain music; how stirring a good march is, how swinging and enlivening a Strauss waltz, how oppressive a funeral march. Experience has taught us too that we can only understand certain music fully and completely when, instead of simply listening to it, we may translate it into motion. From such observations any one can see that Jaques-Dalcroze, in his method of connecting bodily and musical rhythm, has hardly invented anything fundamentally new. The novelty of his work consists in the exploitation of this connection for the purpose of teaching music, and above all in the recognition that rhythm in its most varied forms, and

soil. When the molasses is sold to outside territories, after a period of time the soil becomes depleted of potash. Fortunately, our Indian soils are generally not deficient in potash. But even here one has to be very cautious while dealing with sandy loams.

Molasses forms the raw material for fermentation industries and its by-products. On fermenting we get alcohol and Carbon Dioxide. The former is recovered by distillation. The latter could be collected, purified to get rid of the odours and bottled in cylinders to be used as the soda water gas. Fermentation soda water gas is one of the purest obtainable in nature and it is a by-product of a by-product industry. Sometime back, a distillery was fermenting molasses just for its soda water gas and wasting the alcohol. It is an irony that in our country with a high production of molasses, recourse is had to coke for the manufacture of soda water gas.

Solidified carbon-di-oxide is the so-called dry ice, which could be used in refrigeration industry especially for the preservation of fruits, vegetables, meat and fish. Large quantities of these valuable foodstuffs get spoiled on account of the hot climate in our country. These could be well preserved and a portion of our food problem solved.

During the fermentation of molasses or rather the sugar in molasses into alcohol and carbon-di-oxide, we get a certain amount of yeast as the vat bottoms. It is actually the yeast that is the causative agent in the transformation of sugars. This yeast could be recovered and purified. It is also possible to suppress the alcohol formation almost completely and produce a crop of yeast cells and dry them, resulting in the so-called food yeast.

Yeast is a very good source of proteins and vitamins, the two essentials that are in short supply in our diet. As such it could be a good supplement both for men and cattle.

During ethyl alcohol distillation, we get a certain amount of higher alcohols, the so-called fusel oils, which are useful in cordite factories.

After the recovery of the alcohol in the stills, the spent molasses' solution, technically called the spent wash, is the one that is rich in potash. This could be recovered by incineration and returned to the soil from which the cane removed it.

Or the spent wash could be further fermented under certain conditions to yield methane gas, and a sludge rich in fertiliser ingredients. The gas could be used for domestic heating and lighting. The sludge is returned to the soil.

Thus the cycle gets completed. All the by-products and their by-products are completely utilised: thus it is economically beneficial and is a rational way of returning to mother earth all that was taken out in the form of plant foods.

When these by-product industries are worked in conjunction with the sugar factory, the greatest advantage lies in effecting economies in plant and personnel as duplication is avoided and the various final products will be cheap. We may, then, visualise, sugar as a by-product rather than the main product itself.

(Continued from page 18)

is the essence of the French genius in all its honest simplicity. It is this classic stability and harmony of theme which gives his work its attraction just now, when so much art depicts, not a healthy existence in the midst of nature but rather some form of insanity.

Savin has produced over a thousand paintings, three hundred pieces of faience or ceramic, 230 engravings and 33 large-size tapestries.

His real importance is, perhaps, not sufficiently recognized, at the moment; but, as time goes on he will be more and more esteemed as one of the most authentic of French artists.

especially in music, presents us with a wonderful method of training and education.

Experiments over a number of years with persons of the most varied ages and dispositions, and observations of normal and abnormal people, have given proof that there contain in the elements of music, in its rhythm and time, its form and dynamic power, unique possibilities for the education of the individual and the mass. And further, music of every age and style has its own educational effect corresponding to its individual nature.

It is of course true that these possibilities and effects can only be used rightly by those who have themselves come to understand them and have acquired sensitivity to them by personal experience. For this purpose, the school for rhythmic-musical education in Zurich (attached to the Conservatorium) provides courses for the training of teachers in rhythmic working principles as well as those for laymen and children.

Typical Instances

On the ways and means of educating by rhythm and music we shall give closer details later. Here, among accounts of Switzerland's curative resources, we can only touch on a few examples of the way in which rhythmic musical education helps its pupils and facilitates courses.

A big hall is full of people incapable of ordinary education. Many of them maintain a listless silence, as many others move restlessly here and there. From time to time half-human sounds are to be heard. Now suddenly comes the sound of simple and restful music, which by and by slips into a light-hearted dance melody, and at last fades out in restful notes again. And look, the vacant features change; they hold their

breath, open-mouthed, they listen; then the mass is set in motion, laughter is heard, and even those who are paralysed try to express themselves. Through the whole hall, like wave following wave, swelling and sinking in exact time to the music, goes an amazing swinging motion. The music sounds, and the atmosphere which was so dismal at first has changed into a mood of buoyancy and pleasure.

Another scene: In a special class of backward children a little girl has been sitting for weeks in apathetic immobility and torpor. In the first hour of rhythmic-musical work she continues to sit there in the same attitude, in the second she begins to listen, in the third her eyes begin to shine, she tries to clap. Her interest increases hourly, and after a short time she is the leader of her class and goes at the head of it, skipping and laughing.

An example from the work in mental homes: A group of patients, among them one suffering from severe catatonia, completely inhibited. In the first lessons he does not react at all, yet seems to be listening to the music. After weeks he lifts his head suddenly, shouts "No" with all his might and tries to go. From that point on, his progress is uninterrupted. Months later this patient jumps over a rope or crawls under it in accordance with the music, moves in rhythm with it and shows himself much eased and relieved after the lessons. The reaction to music and motion, not in this case alone, but in all the patients of the group, has been extraordinarily strong and good. Progress in their general condition has been evident in all the patients without exception, and this has been confirmed not only by the doctors and personnel but also by the patients themselves.

Deaf And Dumb Too

Easily the most interesting and revealing results of rhythmic-musical education are obtained with the deaf and dumb. These people, whose infirmity would seem to exclude them from the world of sound, are capable of experiencing music through the vibrations which each note produces; and, what is more, their sensitivity is greater and their reactions more intense than those of ordinary people. The vibrational sense is refined by years of careful work to such an extent that it can detect not only the duration and power of the note but even its pitch. At first the vibrations are transmitted where they are most strongly perceptible,

namely at the piano when the body is leaning against it and later through the hands on the tambourin. With time the sensitivity becomes so delicate that the deaf person, moved from the vibrating piano and without a tambourine, can still register the music through air and floor, and translate it into motion. Bodily interpretation of music is a source of great pleasure to the deaf and dumb. It liberates and lightens spirits which so often suffer from the feeling of being cut off and alone. He who has himself experienced the value of rhythmic-musical education will have no better wish for his fellows, sick and in health, than that more and more of them should come to experience it too.

MUSLIMS MUST LEARN TO LAUGH

By K. R. MALKANI

I must say Pandit Nehru's letter to the Muslim League President, Mr. Md. Ismail, and Sri K. M. Munshi's statement to the press, concerning Muslim agitation against "Religious Leaders," an American publication reproduced by Vidya Bhavan, Bombay, are extraordinary. How is it a Prime Minister's job to condemn some passages in the book as "very objectionable"? The book has been in circulation all over the world not excluding India—for the last 15 years. Did the book suddenly become objectionable only when it was re-published by the Vidya Bhavan. And Sri Munshi thoroughly humiliated himself by appearing in loin cloth and ashes and issuing a silly statement that he had "made it a policy to celebrate his (Mohammed's) birthday whenever he could." Sri Jagan Prasad Rawat, Deputy Police

Minister of U.P., told the Vidhan Sabha on Sept. 6 that Aligarh University students were on strike on August 30, 31 and Sept. 1. The demonstrators shouted *Pakistan Zindabad* and *Hindustan Murdabad*. They trampled an effigy of Sri Munshi under foot, before setting it on fire. Sri N. K. D. Vashisht M.L.A. (Cong.) alleged that they had also beaten *Gita* with shoes and burnt it.

Nature Of Demonstrations

Sri Rawat said that "teachers of Aligarh University were known to have directly and indirectly participated in these demonstrations. The Vice-Chancellor and failed to assist the authorities had

Now, saying about anybody

not—would be obviously wrong. But where were these Muslim leaders for these fifteen years? The Vidya Bhavan published this book six weeks ago. Did they approach the Bhavan in an effort to get the objected passages deleted? The way these people have gone about this business can only encourage people to read the stuff from sheer curiosity. Obviously the object was not to get the passages deleted but to raise a hue and cry to tell the world how oppressed Muslims were in India.

They even went to the extent of beating the *Gita* with shoes and burning it, and crying "*Hindustan Murdabad*." And yet neither Nehru nor Munshi, nor Maulana Azad and League President, Ismail, have condemned these overt expressions of treason. It is difficult to be angry with mad people; but then the only safe place for mad men is a suitable asylum. In this case Pakistan answers to their need. The Central Government should seriously consider the closing down of Aligarh University, another name for a factory of treason. The distinguished authors of "Religious Leaders" are not alone in their criticism of Mohammed. H. G. Wells after reiterating his opinion about Mohammed, writes: "It would throw all our history out of proportion if, out of an insincere deference to the possible Muslim readers, we were to present him in any other light." Mr. Davies' "World History" takes no better view of him. Even Will Durant (of "*Story of Philosophy*" and "*Story of Civilisation*" fame) says things I dare not reproduce for fear of being prosecuted in pro-Muslim India.

A Product Of His Time And Society

It is time Muslims realised that their Prophet was a product of his time and society. The times were rough and the society was even rou-

gher. Facts are matters of history and are sacred, why should they offend Muslims? By such blind worship, the Muslims have done little justice to their Prophet.

Nor are the facts one-sided. There is the better side of Mohammed. After all Mohammed was no ordinary man. For 26 years he remained in monogamous state with Khadija, a great thing in Arabia of those days. He freed many slaves. Men who knew him regarded him very highly. Obviously he had the qualities of leadership in an ample measure. He was a nation-builder. He built the Arab nation. He resorted to the doctrines of one Allah, one Prophet and one holy book on the lines of Jews and Christians, in a bid to make Arabs as strong and united as those people. And he succeeded. Nobody need ridicule the life and morals of Mohammed, because they were the product of his times and his social milieu. And Muslims need not take offence at every little bit of information about Mohammed which may not satisfy modern standards. Being racially a Hindu, and living among Hindus, the Indian Muslim is inevitably influenced by Hindu idealism. He is not prepared to see his Prophet suffer in comparison with the Hindu *Avatars*. When facts run counter to his ideas about his Prophet, he rejects those facts. But unfortunately for him one may do anything with facts save quarrel with them. It is good to laugh—more so to laugh at one self and at one's near and dear things. Something would be very much wrong with a people who would not laugh heartily at Aisha's retort to the aged Mohammed's suggestion to her to die first and be buried by the prophet himself, viz., that he would doubtless, on returning from her grave, instal a fresh bride in her place.

POETIC BEAUTY & POETIC TRUTH

By Y. S. R. CHANDRAN

MAN'S delight seems to lie as much in classifying as in acquiring knowledge. He wants to consolidate the empire of his experience, information and observation, into terse and aphoristic formulae or definitions. A definition perhaps has its origin in primarily being useful to the man for fixing up his own concept or fixing up very clearly before his own mind, certain salient aspects. Such being the case, a definition, found suitable to one, may not appear so to another; a definition cannot by its nature be all comprehensive; it has to be brief to be neat; and a definition, like a narrow compartment can accommodate a few aspects, barring out others not by any means un-important. If Arnold had explained his phrases at length, then it would have been no definition at all and it would have been yet another of his discourses.

The finished product of Art is the Cleopatra of ages, but if it is peeled off and peered into, the raw material that has gone into its make up, may fill us with disgust. The inventions of science can be enjoyed but not the science behind the inventions. The appeal of beauty is instantaneous but not so the technique behind beauty. Art may arrest man's attention and have the meed of his appreciation but not so the craft or the grammar at the back of it. An analysis of art, is perhaps more gruesome than the dissection of a human being. This sense of disgust is perfectly natural, since they appear to be as unrelated to each other, as the actor in the green-room to the actor on the boards, winning the plaudits of thousands.

Art and Ideas

Man has always been in a state of tremble; he is aquiver to express his

ideas. If gestures have been the language of the primitive man, art has become, for the enlightened man, the medium for the transmission of his nobler ideas. Art embodies itself in some sensuous material and the ideas taking shapes of beauty move us by an appeal to our emotions through senses. The medium in the case of sculpture has no importance; the artist is the master of the situation and can leave the impress of his personality upon an inert, passive stone. The painter, unlike the sculptor, meets with a material, in the choice of which, there is scope for the exercise of a sense of his discretion; he can select a colour suited to his concept and eliminate another which may spoil the image in his mind. A greater significance is attached to the medium in music where such of the words as have greater melody alone are preferred and the rest rejected. But the material nowhere assumes so much of importance as in poetry where the words used must be pregnant with meaning and soulful of the personality of the poet.

The emotions of experience and imagination cannot be the same. For instance father-hood and bachelor-hood are distinct phases in life; both have to be seen through if one wants to have a sense of the fullness of life. Imagination when enriched by experience can, therefore, meet the demands of art better.

A storehouse of Ideas

The mind is always stored with a number of ideas whose symbols are words. Our senses supply the mind with fresh material which may correct the concepts or ideas with new experience. But we cannot draw upon these concepts at will. A sight or a sound can evoke them; sometimes they may pass into the brain

without our being conscious; and thereafter, may have a life and growth of their own. In the case of gifted poets like Blake, gifted with a spontaneous imagination or a great inspiration, these concepts will come off in vivid emotional pictures. Sometimes, as in the case of Keats, mere imagery may do duty for imagination or interpretative power.

'Stop and consider, life is but a day

A fragile dew-drop on its perilous way.'

Thus, these concepts which are in the sub-conscious, find a steady orderly out-let in the case of the poet, while in the case of the insane there is a mutiny of concepts. But a genius is rich and spontaneous in thought. He lives in thought's wilderness and therein has the home of his imagination as maintained by Shelley.

Man by nature is an artist and the beauty of his thoughts is matched by an equal beauty of expression; it reveals itself in corresponding beauty of language. For the purpose of saying what he has to say in a pretty manner, he selects certain rhythms and makes systems of them and the different metres may be taken for different word patterns.

The physical beauty is subject to change; it is of short duration; and man's primary interest in life should be moral beauty. Pure ethics has its claim for recognition as highest and everlasting beauty at the hands of man. Moral beauty is, therefore, the only lasting beauty and no true art can by-pass it. In fact the more firmly it entwines itself around moral beauty, the greater its importance and claim for respect.

Poetry and Beauty

A poet is also a Platonist. Man has his animal brain which receives the impressions both from within and from without. The animal condition of man makes the impressions, received from within, imperfect and untrue, while those coming from

without, namely the soul of the outer world or the external universe, give us a glimpse of the Absolute and satisfy our notions of truth. The mind is thus a receiver of the impressions from the animal brain which are earthly and the universal soul of the external world which lend us a glimmering of the Divine and the True. The poet, receiving the impressions of both, becomes a poet of the universe, lives in perfect harmony of both and thus places himself in the position of a seer, having a sharper insight and rare interpretative magic. On a closer examination, it will be found, that beauty itself is a mental abstraction and is not interchangeable or identical with truth. Nature, either physical or human, is not all beautiful. A selective instinct has to come into play. The poet in a divine moment receives through his senses, flashes of the Absolute and he conveys in chosen language, what may be called either truth or beauty.

The most precious possession of man is morality and every endeavour of his becomes valuable in proportion to his ability to suggest the reality of the spirit, the Infinite. As long as we are on this earth, we should think of the truth and virtue, at least in the higher activity enshrined in Art. Poetry should be a link between the finite and the infinite and the earthly and the Absolute. It is not only difficult for poetry to be ethical but it is also not easy for it to steer clear of everything ethical. Poetry, while disclaiming all intentions to be didactic or moralistic, assumes a teaching office all the same. Grey's *Elegy*, though condemned by Wordsworth, is one of the poems most widely understood and reckoned great. The ideas of imagination fall with an ethical ring. A poet has after all to speak of something interesting to his fellow-creature, since he too is human like the rest and has no different descent either from a rock or an oak. What

indeed can be more interesting than a contemplation on or suggestion of the Divine? The poet, moving always on an exalted plane, treats the issues of life, with a sharpened perception and intense insight. Any theme taken up by him is so irradiated by the flame of his imagination, that the theme appears to be of no consequence. Yet the subject is not indifferent to him.

Function of Poetry

Poetry for poetry's sake can never strike a deep root; it exists on the surface and may yield a blossom which fades away the moment it has blown. It dies not because of the dreaded moral ideas but because it is dry, lacking the vitality of moral ideas; because it has not its tap-root deep down in the source of life and because it takes note of the ever changing human laws, suicidally neglecting the immutable laws of nature. No poem worth the name can exclude nature which is the soul of the Absolute; and in every poem the human element is always found on a back-ground of the cosmic elements. The poet achieves magnificence and immortality by his ability to fuse the two: to suggest the divine through the human and the imperishable through the sensuous.

There can never be an objectivity in art; man thinks of himself and his surroundings; and he can with the best of effort, never get out of himself. Poetry is a fusion-point of man's narrow self and the wider self of the universe. Poetry is an attempt at self-realisation by self-impression in the wider forces of nature; it is a self expression; or criticism or interpretation of life at its best. When we enter into a consideration of the ulterior ends, the value of poetic art, may be lowered, to some. But art can never live in an ivory tower of isolation; it must have meeting-points with the stream of life; in fact, it must present life not as it is, but transformed into something, by the iridescent play of the

poet's imagination. Then can art and life become parallel developments; one throws light on the other and one is understood and valued because of the other. The poet with his infinite suggestion, speaks to us of something wherein lurks the secret of all. The appeal of *Paradise Lost* lies in its sustained emotional tension and the poet's capacity to endow every word with a life, music and resonance.

"A criticism of Life"

The truth sought to be expressed in poetry, must not be the banalities or the trivialities of prosaic life. A select moment or crisis of life, spotlighting a glimpse of the eternal, it is that which surges through the animal sense of the poet, making him realise what is beyond his senses and leading him to burst into an expression that is indeed transcendental, because of its beauty of form and diction and the permanency and the eternity of the truth depicted. Thus poetry is a criticism of life according to the laws immutably fixed by poetic beauty and poetic truth. The perfection of an experience undergone finds a corresponding perfection in expression, and one cannot be distinguished from the other even as the lines cannot be separated from the smile. This experience finds an outlet in best words in best order; and the words selected are the words which alone can serve the purpose intended. 'Poetry then is the breath as the finer spirit of all knowledge', as Wordsworth says. Arnold, since besides being a critic, is also a poet of creditable achievement, has the gift of seeing more vividly and feeling more intensely. Even as it is necessary for us to enter into the mood of a poet to understand his poem, it is probably necessary for us to capture the mood in which he has given that definition of poetry. Thus identifying ourselves with Arnold's mood and attitude, we have to say—'Bravo—three cheers to you.—' His is a definition which cannot be improved upon; it yet holds the ground.

MY SUMMER IN JAPAN

By ANNAPURNA KASTURI

SINCE 1949 International Work Camp programmes and Seminars have been annual events in Japan. Participants from all over the world are welcomed to the Japanese capital by the Religious Society of Friends, more commonly known as the 'Quakers' who are the sponsors of these programmes. The Quaker ideal is to increase goodwill and understanding among men 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 their fellow men. The ideal of the seminar is to encourage free and frank discussions so that various groups are intellectually brought together in good fellowship.

This summer it was my good fortune to have been selected by the 'Quakers' 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 the South East Asian countries on my way to the land of the cherry blossoms.

Orientation Camp

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. Their 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 17-31, 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 threefold: (1) to level a valley and widen the playground 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 up on 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.

Lovely Evenings

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 souls of the dead who were believed to return to this world and to their families once a year. 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 'Quakers' feel that the Seminar along with manual work produces better results in bringing about closer international co-operation and understanding. The theme of the Seminar was "The Place of Youth in World Peace".

The Seminar was made up of the following: (1) lectures by eminent authorities dealing with various aspects of the control theme, (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.

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 that 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.

Unity in Diversity

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.

Post-war Japan

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 had more than regained her pre-war productive efficiency. Her railway transport is one of the best and the most efficient systems I have ever seen, and the trains are always on time, never a minute ahead or behind schedule. The net work of suburban and local trains in and around Tokyo operate most efficiently, with a train running every two or three minutes. Every village and town in Nippon is electrified, and Cinema and Television have 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 mix-masters, 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 is the fact that after her defeat in the war, and the tragic episodes of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, the Japanese 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 re-armament of Japan, though it must be admitted that there are still a few conservatives of the older generation who are imperialistic.

Reasons For Prosperity

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 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.

A great part of this rapid progress was due to the American occupation of Japan. But the occupation, however, has not been an un-mixed 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.

NEW ELECTRONIC BRAINS

Lockheed Aircraft Corporation, one of the largest U. S. aircraft manufacturers, reports that it has acquired two new "electronic brains," each of which can do the calculating work of 9,000 engineers. The newest calculators can do 27,000 mathematical operations a minute, which is 9,000 times faster than the old-style desk calculators.—USIS.

FILMS

By V. P. SATHE

THE paucity of theatres is said to be the greatest problem before the industry. If only we have 5000 theatres in India today, most of the problems confronting the trade would be automatically resolved. There is however one problem which would still remain unsolved.—the problem of stars. This problem is both economic and emotional.

Economically, the stars are a necessary evil except for producers like Shantaram and Raj Kapoor. And this evil has become worse since the South Indian producers have been luring the stars from Bombay at exorbitant prices. Thanks to the demand from South, during the last six months the star prices have gone up by hundred to hundred and fifty percent. A star who was demanding Rs. 50,000 a year ago is now asking for Rs. 1,25,000. Some of the stars are reported to have refused offers of even Rs. 1,75,000 per picture. The tragedy is that there are a dozen stars who are expected to work in about hundred and fifty pictures. Fortunately, Dilip, Raj and Nargis do not accept many contracts; but almost every other star has at least a dozen contracts and some of them like Ashok Kumar, have even twenty contracts. So apart from prices, the paucity of stars is bound to slow down the rate of production and thus increase the cost. Indeed, today at least every producer is working on 'deficit budgets' and it is hoped that these deficit budgets do not create a financial crisis, at a time when the revenue is going up and the business is at its best.

The star problem is also emotional. For, certain stars would not work with certain other stars and that also creates complications. Recently, a producer had to scrap his twenty days' shooting because his leading pair of stars fell out and one of them had to be replaced. Apart from economic considerations, emotional considerations weigh a great deal in casting and they create lots of complications for the producers. If only our stars keep their emotions to their private lives and act in films in a businesslike manner, then the producers would have no worry. Today, the producers have to pay the stars exorbitant salaries and besides have to keep them in good humour.

So even more than new picture-houses, the film industry needs a dozen new stars who will sweep the old-timers and create a new following. For that, the producers must launch a drive to discover new talent and bring to the fore every prospective star. New stars are as much necessary as new ideas and technique for the advance of the film industry.

Picture Of The Week

Motion pictures, it is said, are a composite art and it seldom bears the stamp of individuality. Kidar Sharma's pictures are an exception to this rule. His pictures bear the distinct mark of his individuality. Today there is perhaps no other producer or director whose individuality is so vividly manifest in his work as that of Kidar Sharma. As a result, Kidar Sharma's pictures lack objectivity; they are conceived, written, directed and presented from a purely subjective angle which is relished by some of his admirers but shunned by the majority of picture-goers.

Rangeen Ratan, Kidar Sharma's latest creation is no exception to this rule. From the first frame to the last fade-out, in every shot, in every gesture of the artiste, in every movement one sees Kidar Sharma's per-

sonality permeating the whole canvas of the photoplay. Under his direction even Mala Sinha acts just like Geeta Bali; every smile, gesture and expression of Mala, reminds one of Geeta in *Sohag Raat*. This is a revelation of the fact that both Geeta and Mala have been moulded in the same pattern by Kidar Sharma.

The choice of hilly background may be picturesque; but the mountains are a passion with Kidar Sharma. He always takes you to the heights of the mountains to recount his poetic drama of faith, beauty and love. But Kidar Sharma is perhaps not aware of the fact that between him and Madhok they have exploited the hills and the simple Pahari folks so often that they have lost all novelty and glamour for the picturegoers. Moreover, the present day audience prefers the plains to hills; it is more fascinated with the streets and people of cities like New Delhi, Calcutta and Bombay than with Kumaon Hills, however beautiful and mystic they may look. Even for rural atmosphere it prefers *Pather Pancholi* and *Do Bigha Zamin* to distant hills.

The story recounts the tragedy of an innocent girl who falls in love with a bad boy and the sad tale of a blind girl who waits for her husband to return. It has many moments of great poignancy and heart-appeal; yet, it fails to grip your attention. Also the purpose of the touring talkies and the mistress who uses the two youths to fetch girls for a brothel is so vague, so unconvincing and so disgusting that it does not fit in the pattern of the whole story. For a lay man the picture carries no conviction and he does not become subjectively attuned to the spirit of Kidar Sharma. That is the major weakness of this otherwise beautifully made film. The outdoors are again beautiful; the dialogue rich, the lyrics poetic and the music melodious. Who, except

Kidar Sharma, could utilize such beautiful lines of Meerabai, like *Ankhiyono snan kara ke Lai?* The acting is good; only, Geeta Bali should not have been cast in a boy's role. Such odd casting does not serve any purpose and it rather reflects on both the star and the director. Chand Usmani as the blind girl gives a brilliant performance; hers is also the best developed character and as a result she becomes the life and soul of the film. Shammi Kapoor and Tony, also give a good account of themselves.

If only Kidar Sharma who is still living in the old world realizes that the India of today needs a new outlook, then he would be able to attune himself to the present day reality and make pictures for today's audiences.

Personality Of The Week

Nanubhai Vakil who has just remade *Alamara* has been associated with the film industry for the last 30 years. It was in 1927 that he directed his first silent picture. A double graduate of Arts and Law, Nanubhai has always been known for making quickies. In the old silent days, he used to make a picture almost within three weeks.

When pictures began to talk, Nanubhai was working for Sagar. He made *Bulbule Baghdad*, *Maya Bazar* and two films on Mahabharath starring the popular pair, Zubeeda and Jal Merchant. Later with Zubeeda, he started his independent production under the banner of Mahalaxmi Cinetone and made *Nand-Ke-Lala* with Zubeeda as Radha and Shahu Modak as Krishna.

Though Nanubhai is mainly known as a producer of action pictures and costume dramas, it was he who first brought to screen a story by the great Hindi writer, Munshi Premchand. He produced and directed *Sevasadan*, based on Munshi Premchand's novel, with Zubeeda and Shahu Modak.

New Books

New Education: September 1956. Vol. VIII. No. 2.

We have received a copy of the September number of "New Education", a quarterly issued under the authority of the Director of Public Instruction, Madras. It contains interesting articles on various aspects of the new educational system like the teaching of social studies and the role of examinations. A comparative study of the educational activities of museums in advanced countries of the West and in India is made in a short article contributed by Mr. N. Shanmugam. The issue under review, carries notes and news of educational interest, a report on the organization of Madras State's stall in the All India Basic Education Exhibition (1956) and reviews of books. The journal is priced Re. 1. The high cost may stand in the way of it reaching the hands of many of our teachers and students for whom it is intended.

An Asian Speaks (Published by the Embassy of the Union of Burma, Washington).

In 1954, U-Nu, the then Prime Minister of Burma, paid an official visit to the U. S. A., on an invitation from the American President. During the period of more than two weeks in the States, the Burmese statesman visited Washington, New York and several other industrial and commercial centres, universities and similar institutions. He also addressed many groups of Americans and delivered a number of informal speeches in addition to some based on prepared notes.

The Washington embassy of the Union of Burma has done well in

collecting and publishing the more important American speeches of the former Prime Minister, which deal with various aspects of world politics as viewed by a leading Asian leader. The speeches on Asian-U. S. relations, the policy of Neutralism and Burma's economic and social development programme, published in this attractively produced booklet bring out in bold relief the aims and aspirations of New Burma. The publication will make Burma better known to the people of the U. S. A.

N. RAMANATHAN

Navaratna Ragamalika.—By Sangita Sastra Visarada Mysore Asthana Vidwan, Sri Vasudevacharya—Published by Kalakshetra, Adyar. pp. 139. Rs. 5-8-0.

The book contains nine pieces of *ragamalikas* or composite songs of various *ragas*—mostly composed by the author in Sanskrit and set to musical notation. The text of each is given in Nagari lipi followed by its transliteration and musical notation in Tamil. The meanings of the songs are given separately in the concluding section of the book as also brief notes on each piece. Jagatguru Sri Sankaracharya of Kamakoti Peetam has blessed the author's work in his *Srimukham*. A reproduction of the portrait of the well known trinity of Carnatic music by Sri L. S. Rajan finds a place in the book. Sri Thyagaraja *Pancharatnam*, (not to be mistaken for 5 songs composed by Sri Thyagaraja himself—these are five slokas on the great Savant) Sri Muthuswamy Deekshita Charitam and Sri Syama Sastry Charitam, which are special features of this series, could have given brief summaries of the lives of these great men.

What is in vogue generally as *Syamala Navaratna Malika*, composed by Sri Adi Sankaracharya, appears under a new name "*Matangi Stotram*" (Item 4) set to musical notation by the author.

The pieces, "*Narasimha Stotram*" in praise of Sri Narasimha of Kanakalli, No. 6, *Guru Stotra*, No. 7, *Rajaseervada*, No. 8 *Jayadana Pancharatnam*, composed in honour of the present Rajpramukh of Mysore and No. 9 *Dadhi Varma Stotra* would appeal more to Mysoreans than to others.

In fact, it is not in the fitness of things to have included items 7 or 8 in this series, side by side with *Pancharatna* on Sri Thyagaraja, who spurned all material wealth and refused to sing *Narasthuti*, vide his immortal song *Nidhi Sala Sukhama*.

Such text books devoted exclusively to *Ragamalikas* are still rare and the author's efforts are commendable. The selection of *Ragas* in the *Ragamalikas* are a testimony to the author's refined tastes. But one cannot help saying that without an ardent love of Sanskrit, and *Bhakthi*, these songs can hardly be enjoyed by common people. Most of the songs are of a devotional nature,

best enjoyed in the solitude of the home or *Bhajan Mandir*, and unsuited to modern musical audiences to whom traditional styles of music are increasingly proving wearisome.

One wonders whether this book could not be more moderately priced.

HARIHARA IYER.

'Samaj Kalyan'

We are in receipt of a copy of the first Annual Number of the Hindi monthly magazine, '*Samaj Kalyan*'. In addition to reviewing the progress of the various schemes and activities of the Central Social Welfare Board, the Number has introduced some special features in social welfare such as the role of Community Welfare services in slum improvement, the efficacy of non-institutional services for a country of India's size, Indian outlook on social welfare and training for social work. Of more direct human interest are the real life stories of individuals affected by various kinds of social problems and the manner in which they were rehabilitated to function as useful citizens of the country. This publication is almost the first attempt to publish in Hindi valuable literature on current social problems and welfare services.

SITTING ON A VOLCANO

By AZAAD

THE Himalayan belt of land which girdles and guards us on the north has, from time immemorial, been considered the heart of Hindustan. Our earliest racial memories, and our sweetest and saddest songs of innocence and experience are indissolubly associated with what we love to call our *Karmabhumi* or *Punyabhumi*. From Gandhara in the far west through the fertile plains of the five rivers, on to the snowclad peaks of Bhadri and Kedarnath which are the footstool of the Lord of ascetics until the spirit soars beyond the highest peaks of Gauri Shankar and Kanchan Cringa in the east, we traverse our classic ground, every point of which is hallowed with the world's choicest repertory of myth and legend, poetry and philosophy, the arts, crafts and ways of life which are reflected in other parts of the world as through a glass—darkly. But by a ghastly irony of fate, this same terrain has been nursing volcanic fires beneath the surface which have erupted now and then, and which have furrowed the once fair, young face of the Mother with the sorrows of a very Niobe condemned to see her children sundered and destroyed before her very eyes.

Not only nature but the malice of men has acted on us to our undoing, through processes of cosmic sweep and compulsive course, which have reduced our heroic efforts to save ourselves to a pre-ordained nullity. More than the Bihar earthquakes, which have recurred at uncertain intervals, the incursion of Islam has left behind it a permanent trail of fire and sword which is periodically renewed by unpredictable bloodbaths which seize and leave us with the violence of the monsoon, but without its life-giving properties.

Both before and after these outbursts, we indulge in our incorrigible habit of preening ourselves on our progress, culture and enlightenment and assure everybody in advance that our tolerance is patient and long-suffering like the earth, vast and abounding like the sea, chaste and pure like the heavens.

The Communal Virus

Emboldened by this sort of blanket assurance of inaction on our own part and the promise of immunity to the agent *provocateur* implicit in it, the anonymous but effective leaders of the Muslim community are ever on the *qui vive* for staging incidents. In the old British era, riots were engineered as often as it was felt necessary to puncture the national spirit or hamstring the progress of the political campaign. But when retreat became inevitable, the withdrawing enemy devised a permanent rear-guard to fight an eternal delaying action. With the concession of Pakistan, it was fondly hoped that the communal virus was permanently destroyed in the body politic; and that, henceforth at least, we might live our lives unaffected by any unnatural solicitude for what Mrs. Grundy, whether at home or abroad, might have to say about us. This fond expectation has proved in the sequel wholly illusory. We have cut off our nose, but the face continues to be spited to our manifest physical discomfort no less than to the exacerbation of our mental anguish. Following the exhortation of Christ, we agreed to cut off our right hand since it offended us; but we still remain out of heaven, while being gratuitously maimed into the bargain!

These reflections have been provoked by the recent recrudescence of communal frenzy in the U. P. and

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S. KRISHNASWAMI,
Secretary.

adjacent areas of the north. The cause of action arose many many years ago with the publication in America by two American authors named Thomas and Dana, of a book of biographies of religious leaders. Had they been merely doubting Thomases, the mischief might not have been so great; but there is ground for presuming that they must have been irreverent or censorious or both! The Prophet—peace to his followers as much as to him—has been the subject of much historical, hagiological and philosophical treatment. He has had his admirers and detractors—chiefly among the profane multitude outside the pale. So have all other founders of religion been the objects of miscellaneous attention at the hands of the reverential and the ribald, without however heads being broken.

But the reactions of the Muslim community to this ticklish situation have not been cheerful. They combine the most uncompromising detestation of idolatry with a near-defecation of Muhammad which is best conveyed in the now popular phrase of the personality cult. Adult thinking and dispassionate assessment of *pros and cons* are signalled by a readiness to consider all aspects of a problem. But a closed mind and liberal outlook are incompatible. It must be a very insecure foundation on which one's deepest faith is grounded when it gives way under the lightest, the softest and gentlest tread. In contrast to our touchy Muslim friends, we go to the other extreme and make even our cats and dogs divine. Nor do we put our over-crowded pantheon in glass-cases to be beheld from a distance. We fondle them, dandle them and not infrequently handle them, rating them for their failure to fulfil our hopes and longings. In fact abuse is a time-honoured means of securing a hearing from our *Ishta-devatas*! So, when *sot-distant* revolutionaries or bogus reformers exploit

God as the villain of the piece, with and without the capital, in the singular as well as in the plural, it is well understood among us as a not very elegant though not heinous way of passing the time.

But generally speaking, a measure of resentment at our idols being held up to ridicule is a natural enough reaction. The psychology behind it is analogous to that which must have overwhelmed Moses when he came to realise, too late, what a poor bargain he made when he exchanged a good enough horse for a gross of worthless shagreen spectacle cases! Even more than the fact that he has been had is the excruciating thought that you now know how others know that you have been had! We have the classic instance of Midas who published a decree that no reference should be made to ass's ears in his dominions. But he did not succeed in choking off furtive references to them even by his wife! In addition to this, there is in the present instance the consciousness that the person who is taking the liberty is one against whom we have other anterior and uncounted scores to settle. That accounts for the frenetic intensity of the outburst. The nursery rhyme about Dr. Fell illustrates the predicament to a nicety.

"I do not like thee, Dr. Fell

The reason why I cannot tell;

But this I know and know full

well,—

I do not like thee, Dr. Fell!"

And because fundamentally there can be no rapprochement between the poles, the sense of frustration takes typically destructive manifestations. An agreement to differ does not work because, unlike the poles, we Hindus and Muslims do not stay put, but are condemned to tread interminably on each other's toes.

Government's Action

But what disquiets me in the present lamentable episode is the panicky haste of the government in one case and the authorities in the other

to acknowledge *ex parte* the objectionable nature of the original reference, and thus implicitly to pronounce absolution on those who raised Cain all round them with such gay abandon. The petty pogroms that have taken place at Aligarh, Jabalpure, Dacca and other places could not be revoked, nor the authors of the mischief thereof ever likely to be brought to book. From the Prime Minister downwards, all those in authority have usurped the functions of a court of justice, by setting up an unwholesome precedent which would ultimately sap both law and order.

Besides the whole thing is typically undemocratic. The public is virtually held to ransom by a handful of determined roughs holding at its head a pistol loaded with obscurantism, and threatening to empty it promiscuously. No tyrant ever devised a more perfect gag to public opinion. It was an English publicist who declared: 'Facts are sacred, but opinion is free.' It has not been contended that in this instance there has been any misrepresentation or suppression of facts. So it is the sterilization of opinion that the minority is after. Even if it be winked at for reasons of policy, there is no knowing how it will corrode into other aspects of communal life and paralyse society itself in the last resort.

The Prime Minister has asseverated that the Muslim League in India is dead and that it is dying even in Pakistan. It is not the label but the stuff that matters. Scratch a Muslim, and you will probably find a Pakistani. Scratch a Hindu—in some cases you may have to scrub hard—and you will find the very antithesis of the Muslim. I have heard it said with inexcusable complacency that the Muslims of India are a negligible minority,—with their fangs drawn and exported to Pakistan, and that we can afford to take an indulgent view of their antics. Today it is a passage in a book; tomorrow it may

be any one of the old hatchets lying about unburied. It may be music before the mosque, another apple of discord. It is forgotten (by the way) that music historically flourished before mosques ever came to be thought of! If we are to practise the Nelson touch in every one of these issues in isolation, the totality of effect arising from a thousand surrenders would drown us in a sea of appeasement.

That the government is following a wrong psychology is indicated by a small but significant detail. A ukase has gone forth that the communal complexion of the victims should not be mentioned at all. This is well-meant but actually disastrous in its repercussions. For it gives wide room for wishful thinking and confirms in us our communal bias ten-fold. We derive vicious but vicarious satisfaction at the thought that perhaps all the victims were either wholly or predominantly Hindu or Muslim according to our personal predilection. This is to muddy our hearts and cloud our minds, and hasten our throwback into primitive savagery.

Is there then no way out? Rhetorically we may devise a variety of purple patches and escape clauses, rehash all the *Niti Satakas* and Upanishadic exhortations and promise ourselves to be good for ever after. But it would all be dishonest, not least because it would be unilateral. It takes two to kiss or quarrel; and unless there is some sort of a beginning in the arts of the good life from the other side as well, we must be resigned to these periodic ebullitions as human nature's recipe for regulating blood-pressure. The communities must learn not only to laugh with one another but also at one another. On that basis alone will it be possible for both, at some remote future, to enjoy laughing at each other's idols or ideals as well. For laughter is a solvent of all tensions, and the surest guarantee of human sanity!

PARIS WILL SOON HAVE AN INDIA HOUSE

By A. D. B.

THE Government of India have agreed in principle to build an India House in the *Cite Universitaire* of Paris. They are aware of its urgent necessity and are at present working out the practical aspects of the problem. This was revealed recently by Sardar Malik, India's Ambassador in France, at an India Day function in Paris University. He said the *Cite Universitaire* was among the most remarkable institutions he had seen during his travels in America, Europe or Asia.

What is the *Cite Universitaire*? Basically, it is a hundred acre park on the southern fringe of Paris which houses the twenty-six hostels (and four more under construction) of Paris University, with a total capacity of more than 5000. Of these 5000 student-residents, at least a third are foreigners. Twenty-two of these hostels are built by foreign governments or other foreign organisations (and three more are under construction) for the benefit of their students who, since Abelard in the twelfth century, have never ceased to be attracted by the intellectual renown of Paris.

Every one of these buildings here is inspired by a different idea about aesthetics of architecture and interior decoration, which makes of this garden-city a veritable international museum of architecture. The Hellenic Foundation has the famous Greek colonades, House of Cuban students has the graceful Spanish colonial style, whereas the Japan House and the House of Vietnam look like elegant pagodas. The Franco-Britannic College is an extremely imposing granite structure in the Elizabethan

style, House of Danish students is a very dainty house in red bricks, whereas the Swiss Foundation, very characteristically, is a stolid and utilitarian building, eternally supervised by the statue of the American hero of the French Revolution, Citizen Tom Paine. And when India House comes up, we shall, perhaps, have here a very important ambassador of Indian Architecture and Decoration.

Boon To Students

In the interior, these hostels set up a new high in student-lodgings. For the student in France, where housing shortage has become so chronic the *cite* provides what becomes an unbelievable luxury. A French student told me: "The *cite* gave me a room, all for myself, and so different from the dirty dormitories. A wash basin, a table, a cup-board, a reading lamp by bedside. . . I touched these things with a certain fear. . . it was so hard to believe I could use all this." The student in question was a 'philo' student. Had he been an artist he could have rented a studio on the top-floor of an hostel, and if a musician, he could easily have found a salon with a piano. For such rooms, running hot and cold water, showers and the services of the house-maid, the students pay a rent that is absurdly low by the French standards.

The *cite* provides good nutritive food, for a quarter of its price in a cheap restaurant, in the large dining halls of the *cite's International House* (all French students get subsidised meals at the student-restaurant, but the cooking in the *cite*-restaurant is

much better than in the other student-restaurant). He can get good snacks and coffee, quite cheap in its non-profit cafe. In the other wing of the *International House* he has a large theatre-cum-cinema house, where he gets the opportunity of going, at a price within his reach, to ballets and theatrical performances, and musical evenings, and to the films from various countries (*Do Bigha Zamin* was shown sometime back and was greatly acclaimed). He has here a 25,000 volume library of reference and text books to help him in the preparation for the examinations which here in France are more taxing than anywhere else in the world: The *cite* has its own well-equipped hospital where the French students get the treatment free (the French student has his health insurance paid by the government).

Inspired By Ideals Of World Friendship

The *cite* would be an admirable institution if it did nothing else but provide good lodgings and other amenities. But it aims much higher, for it is inspired by ideals of international friendship. I think the *cite* is the most significant, and surely the most enduring, example of that certain between-the-two-wars idealism, whose most spectacular and most ill-fated manifestation was the League of Nations. When I applied for admission to the *cite*, I was told that admission to the *cite* was not a right but a favour shown to the students who undertake to participate in the noble work of international *rapprochement*; and the other day when I renewed my tenancy with the *cite*, I undertook, in addition to paying my dues in time, respecting the hostel furniture etc., to give my co-operation to the *cite* in its work of international understanding.

How does the *cite* work to achieve its ideals? By bringing together the student elite of various countries. For example, when India House starts functioning here, its authorities will

be able to admit Indian students to only two-thirds the capacity of the House. To the other one-third will have to be admitted students from various countries. Raman from Madras shall be forced to live with Hans from Germany or Pedro from Argentina or Suliman from Egypt, and in obedience to the *cite* convention, to start using the second personal singular pronoun (which unlike *thou* in English is very common in French). The friendship developed will, it is supposed, be quite firm and shall outlive the periods of war, and, in fact, diminish such periods.

The Rector Branet explains this mission of the *cite* at the inaugural address at the Franco-Britannic College:

If I were permitted to interrupt a resident here come from Brittany,

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Provence or Lorraine, and speak to him as I would to my son, I would say, "Do you know why the cite is born? This foundation, no more than the others, is not a furnished hotel, and very well furnished at that, where you shall have the right to be a stranger to your neighbour. He is English. But he studies the same subjects as you do. Like you, he also thinks. He has, like you, the preoccupations of future, the cares and the joys. Try to understand them. He is different from you only in that he deserves to excite your curiosity and your interest. To the logic of the absolute, on which your thought is mostly nourished, he will bring a pronounced taste for the relative. If his pleasantry astonishes you, he has a practical sense of humour . . . Understand that the taste for the relative and the humour is often the mark of a cardinal virtue: Tolerance . . . And friendship is also a jolly thing . . ."

History Of The Cite

The benefactors of the cite are many. But it is, more than to any thing else, a monument to the imagination, idealism and the drive of a French Senator, and some time education minister, Andre Honnorat. After the first world war, he secured for the Paris University the vast military grounds around the *Montsourris Parc*, in southern Paris, when practically every one else wanted it. When the Paris University was reluctant to acquire it, because it was not quite sure if it could use the whole terrain by the fifteen-year deadline-set by the City of Paris for the completion of the task, Honnorat founded the *National Foundation for Development of the Cite Universitaire of Paris*, and undertook task on behalf of the Paris University. Such a task was evidently not to be achieved solely by donations from French citizens. He offered, therefore, to the foreign governments and other institutions a

very attractive plan: Free allotment of a plot of land, fully developed, in an area that is newer more airy, more elevated and more "academic" than any in Paris and invited them to build a hostel for the benefit for their students, in a garden and yet less than six minutes away from the Sorbonne. To serve as the nucleus for the numerous hostels that sprang up, to house the dining halls, the library, the assembly halls and the theatre he obtained grants from Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., for the magnificent *International House*. And today, about twenty five years from the time the first hostel sprang up, the cite has become an institution without parallel anywhere in the world.

In this garden-city of youth, so idyllic, shall come up soon (how soon?) the India House. This shall provide a real Indian Home for the Indian students here (at present about a hundred), and shall incidentally give the Group of Indian Students in Paris recognition as a Union of Indian Students. Meanwhile, the University of Paris goes on to build another cite *universitaire*, this time in a suburb, and with provision to house young student-couples.

BLOOD PRESERVATION ADVANCE

BOSTON—New techniques of preserving blood so that it may be preserved indefinitely, possibly for generations, has been reported here by Dr. Patrick L. Mollison, of London's Postgraduate Medical School, and Dr. Ivan W. Brown, Jr., of Duke University, North Carolina. They reported their work in mixing blood with glycerine and keeping the mixture at 80 centigrade degrees below zero. They told the joint session of the International Society of Blood Transfusion and the American Association of Blood Banks here that the technique seems to make possible blood preservation for future generations.

—USIS

PEDLAR'S PACK

SPEAKING at a gathering of medicoes at Kurnool, the Vice-Chancellor of the Madras University made one of his infrequent references to the prospects of the medical profession of which he is a distinguished ornament. He referred to the 'craze' for the acquisition of foreign degrees among our youth, and complained that both who could afford and those who could not, managed to go abroad with or without government scholarships. In his view, the time has come to shift the emphasis in favour of local post-graduate studies and degrees. He concluded by declaring that 'a more purposeful and purposive method' should be devised to control the movement of our medical graduates to foreign countries.

The truth about our medical studies is something very different and—distressing. The course has been steadily watered down, not so much by any attenuation of the studies, as by the recruitment of indifferent, mediocre material,—since admissions are controlled by an ingenious blend of passion, prejudice and patronage. The products of the new system are naturally enough found unfit for teaching responsibility without undergoing a post-graduate course, admission to which is again restricted in a still more ingenious manner. An applicant has to go through a new set of turnpikes and hurdles before he can get registered. The glamour attaching to foreign centres has now been transferred to metropolitan institutions in the state; and this automatically rules out a great body of promising practitioners gaining varied and rich experience in their jobs scattered in mofussil centres. If the Vice-Chancellor is really solicitous for the promotion of knowledge and learning in the field, he ought to scrap the present restrictive and vexatious rules of admission, and organise a sort of general entrance examination, corresponding to the preliminary or primary test which qualifies candidates in England for the F.R.C.S., and M.R.C.P. After all the G. P. is better situated to profit himself and the

community by going in for the higher post-graduate training than the purely bookish youth or the fortunate few who wangle admission to the course under present conditions.

It is in desperation that many young men go abroad, because they are deliberately shut out by the regulations now in force. If a secret ballot were taken among the medical fraternity in our midst, we will surely find the great majority opposed to the present system which is fast making a monopoly of the higher reaches of the medical profession,—and that not necessarily by the best of the practitioners! It is notorious that the medical profession even in England is organised on trade-union lines. In the name of etiquette or ethics, it is being ground down here by determined pressure groups whose primary preoccupations are not—professional. It is to be hoped that the Government of India which is responsible for the award of these scholarships in greater numbers will not succumb to the sophistries of such 'experts' who are generally adepts at the exciting pastime of hunting with the hound without having to run with the hare.

* * *

At a conference of the Speakers of all the states presided over by the Speaker of the Lok Sabha, it was decided, among other things, that the presiding officers should have the right of expunction of what they consider objectionable remarks by members.

**Our Speakers in conjunction
Have spoken in tones of unction,—
That it's their highest function
To exercise the right of expunction.**

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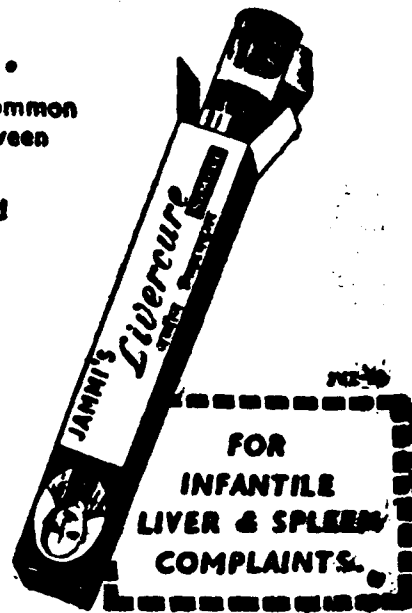
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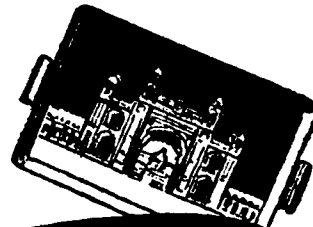
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(Issued Every Saturday)

Vol. XI. 29 September 1956 No. 35.

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SWATANTRA

Vol. XI. SEPTEMBER 29 SATURDAY 1956 No. 35

THE SOLAR COOKER

THIS is a major fraud perpetrated on the people of India. A Press statement from New Delhi dated September 22nd reads:

The Government of India have abandoned the idea of popularising the solar cooker in view of the very poor demand for it in the Indian market.

The National Physical Laboratory where the cooker was developed, did not attempt at a largescale production of it.

The Bombay firm has stopped production, while the Calcutta firm is also said to be following suit.

Foreign countries, however, seem to take interest in the solar cooker as the National Physical Laboratory is receiving inquiries about the process from countries like Egypt, Persia, Nigeria, the U. S., and Australia. Samples of the cooker have been sent to some of those countries.

The wording of this statement tries to hide up a tragicomedy by the powers that be at New Delhi. The Solar Cooker was claimed to be the first great achievement of the National Physical Laboratory established at a heavy cost to the people and with a great fanfare. Dr. K. S. Krishnan, the Director of the Laboratory, was widely advertised as the "inventor" of this contraption, which was claimed to work up a revolution in the domestic kitchen, not only of the people of India but of the whole world. Mr. M. L. Ghai, Assistant Director of the Laboratory, shared the honours of the "invention" with Dr. K. S. Krishnan. Fantastic claims were

set up that 1,100 degrees F. of white heat equivalent to 400 watts or half horse power of electric energy was generated by the sun-cooker and the housewife had in the sun cooker a God-send which would cook food with no running cost whatever, either in the shape of fuel charges or electric charges.

The statement now put out that the National Physical Laboratory did not undertake a large scale production of it is a deliberate falsehood. Basing their faith on the claims made by the scientists who adorn the top-most places in the Laboratory, the Government persuaded certain commercial firms in Bombay and Calcutta to invest their funds and to manufacture these sun-cookers, subject to the control of these scientists in regard not only to the specifications but to the prices also. Widespread distribution organisations were set up by private agencies in all the States and practically in all the districts. Large amounts of money were spent in printing literature concerning the Cooker and in conducting propaganda through advertisements in the press and by participating in exhibitions for popularising the sun-cooker. By imposition of Government prestige and by force of propaganda, quite a few individuals were persuaded to purchase these cookers. All the purchasers let themselves in for a terrific disillusionment. The cooker did not work. The scientific principle involved was very elementary and well known even to primitive people focussed the sun's ray

The Warriors.



a spark and light up a fire. It is upto the scientists to develop the technological application of the principle so as to yoke the Sun's energy to serve the domestic kitchen. This was a task obviously beyond the competence of Dr. K. S. Krishnan and the other worthies on whom the Government has loaded the highest scientific honours in their gift.

Instead of frankly acknowledging their mistake in having misplaced their confidence in the officials of the National Physical Laboratory, the press statement arraigns the people of India for not having bought the cooker in sufficient numbers. The press statement does not lay the blame at the door of the real culprits who designed a bad cooker and caused a terrific loss not only to the Government, who have financed the laboratories and paid them fat salaries, but also to the private individuals who spent their monies in manufacturing the cooker and distributing it, in advertising it, and also in buying up a few specimens which

proved to be a wash-out. The Government instead blame the "poor demand for it in the Indian market"!

In a further attempt to screen the offenders who feign Supreme in the National Physical Laboratory, the press statement mentions with surpassing naivete that, while the backward people of India are indifferent to the glorious achievement of our scientists, foreign countries have exhibited great interest in the "invention" and samples of the cooker have already been shipped to those countries. Would the Government of India vouchsafe to the people the information as to the reaction of the scientists of these foreign countries after they have received the cookers and tried them out? We expect that those replies would be conveyed in mono-syllables—"fake", "fraud." Let us hope that an enterprising member of the Lok Sabha will put the pertinent question and elicit information as to the loss the Government sustained in the sun-cooker scandal.

SIDELIGHTS ::

MR. Ashok Mehta has condemned out of hand the suggestion put forward by Mr. Jayaprakash Narain to work out electoral adjustments between political parties opposed to the Congress so that triangular and multi-angular contests may be avoided. With an air of superior wisdom, Mr. Mehta has declared that the proposal of Mr. Narain was "no ready incubator to hatch the eggs of the opposition prematurely." Mr. Mehta goes to the opposite extreme of awaiting indefinitely for what he calls "abiding alliances between like-minded parties." We would ask Mr. Mehta, if the parties are like-minded why should they be separate? Where is

the need for an alliance when identity is already achieved?

We would, however, agree with Mr. Mehta's condemnation of the Congress regime for creating a situation under which "big monopolists have become bigger and new monopolists are coming up." The latter half of Mr. Mehta's statement, that new monopolists are coming up, is quite evident to every impartial observer of the new set up in India. Certain persons have come by great wealth almost overnight by the simple device of jumping into the Congress bandwagon. The Congress party membership ticket has served as the open

sesame to immeasurable affluence, only the ticket holder should not mind the dubious paths which he would have to wend through to secure the licences and the permits which these paths lead up to. The Congress party men are the "new monopolists" referred to by Mr. Mehta.

What exactly Mr. Mehta means by saying that "big monopolists have become bigger" is not quite so clear. Normally speaking, the series of confiscatory measures adopted by the Congress Government with a view to ushering in the golden age of the socialistic pattern of society should have already denuded all these big monopolists of their bloated wealth. But there is no denying the fact that socialism has misfired in India. Instead of achieving an egalitarian society, we seem to have arrived at the state where the rich have become richer and the poor have become poorer. The bigger monopolists who were in favour with the former British rulers continue to be in favour with the "children of the revolution" who constitute the Congress Government. These monopolists know the ropes. They can achieve their objectives whichever party is in power. They can circumvent every measure adopted to put them down. They have their spies in all the Governmental offices. They know the files better than the Ministers. They can influence the Ministers to do anything for them. If a few Ministers prove recalcitrant, the monopolists can get the orders passed without the knowledge of these Ministers. Under the Congress rule, therefore, the monopolists may be dead in theory, but they live and fatten more and more in fact.

Take the question of land reform, for instance. Certain measures have been forced through the State legislatures under the slogan, "Land to the tiller." The tiller is a hungry person. He does not want land. He

wants food. He cannot eat the earth. Instead of giving him food and more amenities of life by increasing his wages, he is being saddled with a piece of land which he cannot cultivate without the help of capital, which he does not possess. The problem is not one of giving land to the tiller but making land more productive so that the tiller may earn more wages. There should have been enacted a law for minimum wages for the worker on land. This has not been done. Instead, the land worker is sought to be saddled with proprietary rights over land which he cannot enjoy.

There is another side to the land problem which justifies Mr. Mehta's apprehension that the monopolists are continuing to thrive under Congress rule. There are the bigger land holders who hold rights of ownership over extensive territories of land which they are not able to cultivate with any degree of efficiency. There is a crying need for the confiscation of the lands of the bigger owners and the re-distribution of such lands to others who can cultivate the lands more efficiently so that agriculture may be as thriving an industry in India as in other countries. There has been a proposal to fix an upper limit for land holdings. This sensible move, which has the support of all shades of political opinion in the country, has been cleverly shelved by the Congress party in power in all the States at the instance of the monopolists. There have been moves behind the curtain to give priority to the so-called "Fair Rent Bill" which impoverishes the smaller holder of land and postpones to the Greek Kalends the proposal to fix the upper limit in land holding which would have hit the monopolists. Every member of the Congress party, in the various State legislatures, is in this conspiracy to preserve the stranglehold of the bigger land holders on land. It is said that many of the legislators not owning formal allegi-

ance to the Congress have been bribed by the monopolists to join in this conspiracy and vote with the Congress on this issue. Mr. Mehta is entirely justified in his statement that the "big monopolists become bigger under the Congress party rule."

Pandit Nehru has become alarmed at Mr. J. P. Narain's attempt to form electoral adjustments to defeat the Congress at the forthcoming general elections. The Prime Minister has put forward a plea that electoral propaganda should be confined to "fundamental policy issues". He is decrying the mote in another's eye. The trouble is that the party in power, which he leads, is not based on any declared policies which may be taken as fundamental to that party. It shifts its policies with every passing wind. More than all, it revels in stealing the thunder of its political opponents. Fundamental policies on which the opposition parties erect their platforms are frequently stolen by Pandit Nehru. The slogan of the welfare State was given up by him in favour of the more decorative slogan of the Socialistic pattern of Society with a view especially to weaken the various socialist parties in the country by pretending as though he and his party are as good socialists as any other. Later, this socialistic pattern itself got abandoned in its turn so as to bloom into real socialism. This further change was intended to rope in the communist ideal to further strengthen the Congress. But the master stroke of genius which contributed to the political supremacy of his party was the victory parade, that the Prime Minister led through the length and breadth of India, of the Communist leaders, Bulganin and Krushchev. The rank and file of the Communist Party of India wondered if such cordiality could exist between the international leadership of the Communist Party and Pandit Nehru, whether

Pandit Nehru himself could not be very far from the ideology of the Communists. And, indeed, in the formulation of the Five Year Plans and, what is more to the point, in the propaganda which is a necessary accompaniment of the Five Year Plans, the objectives and the methods of the Congress and the Communist parties get inextricably mixed up. It may well prove to be that the cheers that welcomed comrades Bulganin and Krushchev during their tour of India were really the death knell of the Communist Party of India. There is no fundamental principle of policy to which Pandit Nehru and his party owe allegiance. And there is no fundamental principle of policy either, to which Pandit Nehru and the Congress party have not owed allegiance at sometime or other. It is mock heroics on the part of Pandit Nehru when he threw out his challenge to the opposition parties to fight him on fundamental policy issues when he himself owed no allegiance to such issues. His sneer at the opposition parties that they were like the ten lame men who cannot make one perfect man betrayed his intolerable arrogance which made it out that he was the perfect man while all others in the world were lame.

The Tamilnad North Boundary Protection Committee is conducting a satyagraha movement before the Madras Legislative Assembly premises. Already the leader of the movement, Mr. M. P. Sivagnana Gramani and over 200 volunteers from the border areas have been arrested. The organisers threaten to continue the satyagraha indefinitely until the Tamil speaking areas in the northern border of the Madras State, which have now been included within the boundaries of the Andhra State, are restored to Madras. It is regrettable that the Central Government, which held out promises of settling

this particular dispute without making it part and parcel of the general question of re-adjustment of State frontiers, have gone back on their original undertaking and have given room for this agitation. The Finance Minister, Mr. C. Subramaniam, in a statement in the Legislative Assembly, said that the Madras Government were quite aware of the seriousness of the problem and that they shared with the satyagrahis the feeling of disappointment at the failure of the Central Government to mete out justice to the Tamils. But he washed his hands clean of any further responsibility in the matter because the Madras Government had already done whatever it was possible to do under the circumstances, and it was now the turn of the Central Government to act. If the Central Government failed to take the necessary action it was up to the people to take further steps in the matter. The Finance Minister went to the extent of giving a *carte blanche* to all and sundry to lead deputations to the Central Government to plead the cause of the Tamils. This is an irresponsible statement from a responsible member of Government. The Government are there to administer the affairs of the people i.e. to govern. They must either govern or quit. They cannot, in any particular matter, throw up their hands in despair and say "we cannot do it, let the people do it, if they can." If the Government feel that a real injustice has been done to the people of this State by the Central Government in this particular matter, they should not merely make formal representations to the higher authority but they must follow it up with the necessary sanction by offering to resign on this issue. Only then, would the Central Government sit up and give due weight to the representations made by the State Government. Otherwise the Central Government are liable to treat the whole matter as an insignificant interlude

which is but a local manifestation of the linguistic fanaticism, now so unhappily prevalent in the whole country. That this dispute in regard to the northern border of the Madras State is not just a clamour for more territory, as is indulged in by other linguistic areas, but is a demand for justice and equity is a fact which has not yet been placed before the Central Government and the people of India. The responsibility for this failure rests squarely on the shoulders of the Madras Government.

SETHU

U. S. LABOUR LEADER LINKS SHORTER WORK WEEK TO AUTOMATION

LABOUR leader George Meany said that the purchasing power of workers must be maintained and their work week shortened before automation can be used on a full-scale basis without disrupting influences.

The president of the American Federation of Labour and Congress of Industrial Organisations (AFL-CIO) told a conference of research directors and union officials that these two points are paramount in discussing automation, the increased use of machines in industry.

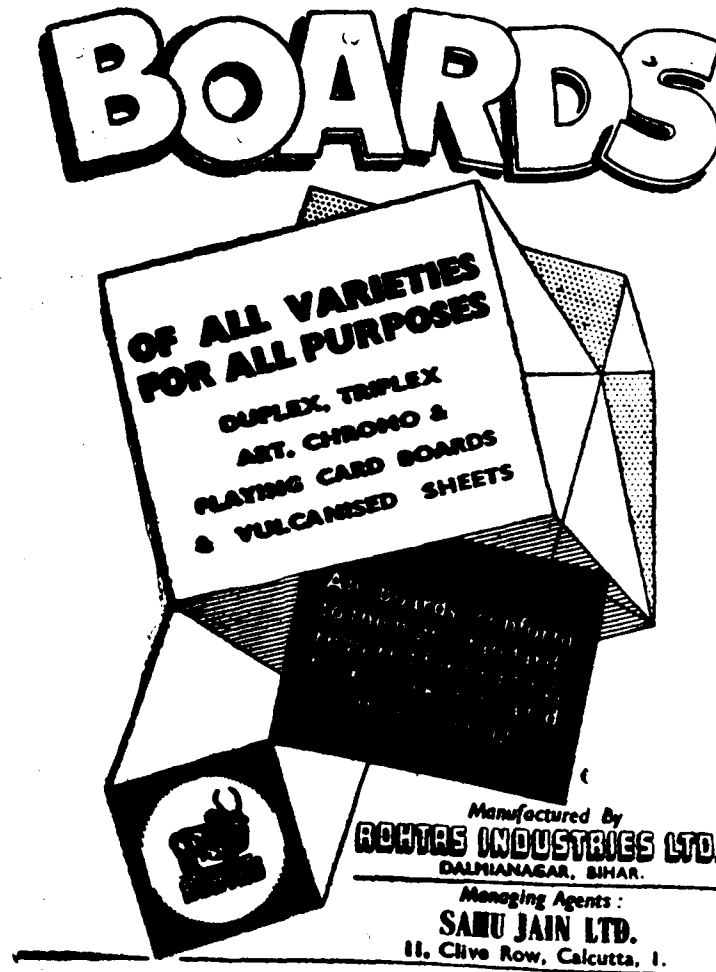
Meany said labour must lead, the way in insisting upon the two points for the protection of the economy, which he said, is dynamic because it gives workers the money to purchase the goods they manufacture.

He added that American labour traditionally has taken an "enlightened position" towards machinery replacing manpower. This position, he said, was premised on the theory that the introduction of more such machinery would not necessarily reduce the purchasing power of workers. Automation, he added, must not disturb this purchasing power if it is to avoid being "a curse to civilisation rather than a blessing."—USIS

C. S. RATHNASABAPATHY MUDALIAR

COIMBATORE'S BEST-LOVED CITIZEN

By NILKAN PERUMAL



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CONJEEVARAM Sadasiva Rathnasabapathy Mudaliar, who died on September 15th, was a unique and rare type of man in South India. His funeral was attended by the largest crowd ever seen at Coimbatore. The mourners felt in their hearts that they had lost a good and a great man. C. S. R. was the town's best loved citizen, and he was known and admired throughout South India. In private life, he was a banker, an industrialist and a businessman. But he gave of his best to the public: his fifty years of public life were crowded with brilliant achievements in civics and politics.

His ancestors had been in Coimbatore for one or two generations only, having gone there from Conjeevaram. His father had a home in the heart of the town, and a few acres of arable land, for sustenance. Rathnasabapathy was the eldest son. He had studied upto matriculation. At the age of twenty, he became a member of the Taluq Board as well as of the Municipality. As Taluq Board Chairman, his administration won the admiration of the late Sir P. Rajagopalachari, who was Revenue Member of the Madras Executive Council in the early 1920s. Then, as Municipal Chairman, he made history in Coimbatore. He held the position for fifteen long years.

Service To Citizens

Of all his services to his town, the bringing of drinking water and distributing it to the people at large through taps, is a measure every one remembers with gratitude. The scheme of getting water

for Coimbatore from the Siruvani Hills, twenty five miles away, was conceived in 1870, but none tackled it seriously. When Mudaliar attempted it in 1926, there was a hue and cry that the Municipality could not meet the heavy cost of thirty lakhs. His fellow city-fathers objected that the scheme would ruin the whole municipal structure, but Mudaliar was an incorrigible optimist, and he struck to his guns. When the work was commenced on the scheme, a tunnel had to be bored in the mountain and that took time. His critics took advantage of the delay and conducted a propaganda that the scheme was a failure. Mudaliar immediately laid on a side pipe line and brought the water into Coimbatore within three years, leaving the tunnelling to be finished later on. The citizens were surprised and their joy knew no bounds. Mudaliar was noted for his ceaseless industry. He never spared himself. He visited every nook and corner of his town, and could call by name every citizen! In matters relating to public health, sanitation and extensions of the city area, he took keen interest and Coimbatore could not be the big and important town that it is today, but for his foresight and his fine work as Municipal Chairman. His love of civic service made him stick to his Chairmanship steadfastly like a rock-lizard. Then, when he finally left it, he handed his responsibility to another fine man, the late Mr. S. N. Ponniah Gowder who succeeded him. They were close friends.

Mudaliar's service to the Coimbatore District Board were no less

quotable. He devoted a dozen years of his life to intense activity on this local body. During those years, Mudaliar neglected his personal life. He cared little as to what happened at home, to his properties or relatives. He spent his money like water, helping many causes and people in his town. At one time it seemed that he would run into bankruptcy because of his carelessness in personal affairs, and his younger brother Meenakshi Sundaram had to assume all family responsibility! But, unfortunately, the brother died in another year. Those were days when Municipal Chairmen and District Board Presidents, I mean some of them, were exploiting their official position. Money could be made in tons in such offices. I have in mind one District Board President in Tanjore, and a Municipal Chairman in Salem, who made a few lakhs for themselves. Mudaliar, if he wanted to, could have become a millionaire, but then, his hands were clean. It has been universally acknowledged that he was incorruptible.

Filled Many Offices

In the early 1940s, he founded a textile mill by floating a joint-stock company, with a capital of six lakhs of rupees. That mill had its ups and downs, but with the last war, it was firmly established in business. Meanwhile, he became a member of the Madras Legislative Council, and served as a legislator for a decade. He became in 1940 President of the Federation of Indian Chambers of Commerce in New Delhi. It was necessary for every holder of that office, to spend at least a lakh of rupees in a year, and Mudaliar spent it cheerfully.

Mudaliar turned out to be a speculator in his business. He was fond of doing everything in a big way. He made and lost money in lakhs, but losses never worried him. He was

always cool and calculating. He never lost his temper. Ever smiling, he met good luck as well as his losses calmly throughout. He suffered from diabetes, and heart trouble for thirty years. But he ate well and enjoyed all the pleasures of life immensely; but he never touched alcohol.

A Great Commoner

The popularity of Mudaliar was entirely due to his large-heartedness towards one and all. He would never give a negative answer to any one who approached him for help, and tried to do his best to satisfy every man in want. He gave little or a lot as circumstances would permit, but he gave freely. He would mix himself with the poor and the rich enthusiastically and the workers at his mill always had the satisfaction of his company in social functions in their homes. He gave them presents on such occasions. There was no trace of arrogance or impudence on his part, a feature we notice in most newly-rich folk. Anybody could see him at any time and he was free in his talk.

Mudaliar did not care for fame or name. When the Coimbatore people wanted to celebrate his 60th birthday, *Sashtiabdapurthi*, on a grand scale and collected a few lakhs for a memorial for the occasion in 1946, he would not permit any such demonstration of affection. Then, the citizens had to content themselves with a simple public meeting to felicitate him. Even so, when I told him last March that his seventy-first birthday should be marked by some public recognition he told me to be silent about the matter! "How do you know that my birthday falls on 9th of March?" he smilingly asked me. He kept it a secret always, I am told.

A great south Indian who dominated public life is now no more.

New Books

SPORT AND PASTIME

WE are in receipt of the brilliantly got up annual issue of *Sport and Pastime*.

The best way of saying the maximum in minimum words is to employ photographs and rightly does *Sport and Pastime* utilise this medium. The journal is flooded with pictures both in black and white and in colours. Some of the photographs have captured the great moments in actual life and are bound to please the readers. The pictures of the Russian Gymnasts in action deserve special mention.

The editorial, on 'Looking Back', is a comprehensive survey of the achievements of Indian sportsmen in out door and indoor stadia during the year.

Due assessment is made of the milestones of progress in our sports like the record breaking first wicket partnership of Roy and Mankad against the New Zealanders. India defeating Pakistan in the Indo-Pak athletic meet, Krishnan beating Drobny at Wimbledon and Nagaraj's achievement in the World Table Tennis championships at Tokyo.

The pictures relating to the New Zealand Cricketers herald a virtual invasion of photograph. The greatness of Miller is told in four pictures. The words,—"only the great can take it (the Test) up in their hands and alter its shape. Miller has indeed performed miracles with the bat and the ball and in fielding"—are deserving of the now retiring, greatest of the all-rounders, Keith Miller.

Then a series of portraits of leading sportsmen are given, some of them in colour—together with short foot-notes about the stars concerned. This series will go a long way in making the general public get acquainted with our leading figures in sports.

The Olympic Story and *National Games History* are told mainly through pictures and refer to the triumphal parade of our victories in Hockey from Amsterdam to Helsinki and on to Melbourne.

The section on films carries many portraits of our leading stars all in colour, and a leading article about the great film, *Pathar Panchali*.

However, the colour portraits do not convey the message they are intended to, because somehow the colour reproduction is not up to the mark. It would have been better if the portraits were all printed on art paper.

SNK.

"THE CURRENT:" 7th Birth Day Number. Price Re. 1.

THE 7th Birth Day Number of this popular Bombay weekly is a 64-page issue carrying special articles in addition to the usual features like reports from the Indian States, sports round up, women's affairs etc. In a leading article, Sri Morarji Desai writes on the vital necessity for a free press for the growth and maintenance of democracy. Sri S. K. Patil, President of the Bombay Pradesh Congress Committee, describes the part that the new bilingual Bombay State will play in shaping the future welfare State of India. The veteran South Indian Journalist, Mr. Pothan Joseph, records his impressions of Soviet Russia and Red China gathered during his recent tour of the two countries. He says that "the Communists after their ordeals of three decades have become a level-headed people proudly conscious of having survived a dangerous era, but still fearful of a capitalist conspiracy to enslave humanity." He concludes that "if no despot usurps power, Communism will last."

The editor, Mr. D. F. Karaka, tells of the battles that the current has waged since its inception for "INDEPENDENT ALWAYS, NEVER NEUTRAL" journalism. Lovers of democracy will be pained to read his account of the way in which the Railway Ministry has been trying to ban the sale of his journal in railway bookstalls. He says, quite correctly, that the action of the Railway Ministry is an affront to the dignity of the Fourth Estate, and should be resisted by all independent newspapers in the country.

Other interesting articles on Aarey Milk Colony, Koyna Hydro-electric Scheme, land reforms and State transport in Bombay, profusely illustrated with bright pictures, add to the attraction of this issue, and provide sumptuous reading matter. We wish the *Current* many more years of useful service.

N. RAMANATHAN

Peking Me Mere Teen Varsh (My three years in Peking) By Ko Ling. Price Re. 1. Published by Navachetan Press Ltd., Delhi. pp. 150.

THE trials and tribulations of the Chinese people during the period of their long struggle with the Japanese, serve as the backdrop to this book of reminiscences written by Ko Ling who left her Motherland with her husband and other members of her family when the Japanese occupied Peking and parts of Eastern China.

Even while in exile, Ko Ling had abundant faith in her country and people and knew that the Japanese occupation was only a brief interlude of misery and that the brave people of China would soon throw off the yoke of the foreign tyranny. After the end of the Second World War, Ko Ling returned to her native land and lived happily with her husband and other members of the family for three years in Peking, the "celestial city."

The book is mainly an interesting account of the every day life of the common people living in China. Ko Ling has portrayed their jokes and jealousies, loves and hates in a really authentic way. The book is a good introduction to the study of conditions in post-war China.

Cehatong Ki Phalwadi (The Umbrella Garden) By Maria Yen. Price Rs. 2-8-0. Navachetan Press Ltd., Delhi. pp. 318.

Student life in Red China forms the theme of this book. It tells of the efforts made by the Chinese Government in 1949 to canalise the energies of the young students to consolidate the gains of the Communist Revolution that put an end to the Kuomintang regime. In twelve chapters the authoress explains how the Universities and the educational authorities actively participated in spreading communism in China. One wonders whether it would not have been better for the leaders of China to have left the students alone and kept the educational institutions free from the contamination of political propaganda. Though the subject matter is sordid, the book is written in a racy style.

Mahabali Ki Patan. By Igor Gouzenko. Price Rs. 3. Navachetan Press Ltd., Delhi. pp. 462.

This is a good Hindi translation of Igor Gouzenko's novel, "The Fall of a Titan". The book consists of eight parts, each part having a number of chapters. Though the novel is bulky in size, the author has succeeded in retaining the interest of the original novel, mainly through his descriptive powers, fine narration and arresting style. The novel is bound to be popular among Hindi readers. One hopes that the publishing house will arrange to print more Hindi translations of novels and classics in foreign languages in order to enrich the literature of Hindi.

MRS. RAMALAKSHMI LAXMAN

FILMS

By V. P. SATHE

STALE awards were given away on the 20th September. The function itself proved to be a tame affair. To begin with Dr. Rajendra Prasad, the President, could not attend; and Pandit Nehru who deputized for him chose to be silent. The Prime Minister was perhaps too pre-occupied with the political issues to spare time to speak on films.

It was a great pity that Shri Satyajit Roy, the creator of *Pather Pancholi* and Shri V. Shantaram, the producer of *Jhanak Jhanak* were not present at the function to receive the awards. Even Dr. Keskar's speech was nothing new; it was a repetition of what he had said in Parliament and to the representatives of Indian Motion Picture Producers' Association a week ago in Bombay.

The awards themselves did not create much controversy though unlike in previous two years they were not announced till the 20th of September 1956. The recipients were not definite about their claims till the last hour. In fact, some of them could not make up their minds till the 19th whether to attend the function or not. The only surprise was the inclusion of *Shri Saibaba* for the All India certificate of merit when the picture had failed to get the silver medal for the regional language film. It is claimed that this picture was given preference because it happened to be the biography of a Saint who is worshipped by millions today. The point is whether this biography, full of legends and miracles, could be considered authentic. The non-inclusion of *Seema* in any awards caused no small surprise.

Had the Film Federation stuck to its original plan and celebrated the Silver Jubilee of the Talkie in Delhi along with the presentation of the awards, the function would have been more colourful. It was left to Raj Kapoor, Nargis and other stars to lend glamour and colour to the function which deserved to be better attended. Would it not be better to have this function at one of the film-capitals like Bombay, Calcutta and Madras by rotation so that the film people can mobilize in greater number to attend the function?

Picture of the week

Though every Indian picture has its quota of songs and dances, they cannot be called musicals. For, songs and dances are embellishments and never the principal attraction of the screen play. An exception to this rule is K. Amarnath's *Naya Andaz* which is designed on the lines of Hollywood musicals.

In *Naya Andaz*, the songs and dances—there are about a dozen of them—predominate; the story is just incidental and serves as a good excuse for the various songs and dances. For, it is the story of a composer who is out to make a name for himself and his love for the leading lady who sings and dances to his tunes. The dramatic conflict is provided first by the father who is opposed to his son's ambition and later by the theatre-boss who is jealous of his love affair with the heroine and uses every trick to discredit the composer, starts a rival show to separate him from his beloved. But love triumphs over all difficulties.

The story is not good or exciting; but it serves the purpose. For that matter, even the song and dance numbers are not very good or spectacular. The choreography is elementary and the music though pleasant, and tuneful, does not rise to the heights of popular hits. Though Shamsheed and Kishore sing well, the tunes that Nayyar chooses for this

picture are not very suitable for their voices. As a result, the music and songs are second-rate.

As to the dances, Meena Kumari is no dancer and though she has put life and verve in her movements, she fails to impress due to the poor composition of dances. Yet she looks alluring and beautiful and gives a charming portrayal. Kishore does not get much chance to show off his comic antics and Johnny Walker steals every scene from him. Kum Kum is lively and contributes a lively *cameo*. The actor who plays the Sikh taxi-driver also deserves special mention.

Production values are average with Buva's good camerawork. The direction by K. Amarnath is competent and credit must be given to him for giving us a second-rate but enjoyable entertainer in *Naya Andaz*.

Personality of the Week

Most of the prominent music directors of the pre-war days have now almost gone into oblivion. If the life of a star is five years, the life of a music director is said to be ten years. A happy exception to this rule is Anil Biswas who has been giving music for over two decades.

Anil's first tune that brought him into limelight twenty-one years ago was *Tumhe Muzke Prem Sikhaya* sung by Bibbo and Surendra in Mehboob's *Manmohan*. Since then, right upto *Aurat* Anil gave music for every picture directed by Mehboob. Later he joined Bombay Talkies and was responsible for that sensational hit *Kismet*. It was Anil's tune in *Pehli Nazar*, that brought Mukesh to the fore; and Anil's tune in *Anokha Pyar* put Lata on the top.

No wonder, Anil Biswas is today one of the most respected and revered music director who has a thorough knowledge of Western and Oriental music. He has studied the classical

as well as folk music of India; and he is one of the very few directors who has not succumbed to the temptation of introducing jazzy tunes in his score. Anil has been more insistent on classical base than any other music director.

Anil made motion picture history last week when he sang his latest tune on long-distance telephone call to Moscow. Anil is giving music for the first Indo-Russian co-production *Pardesi*; and he has already recorded four songs. Now with Producer-Director Abbas away in Moscow, he had completed the new tune which is to be sung by Lata and recorded on 24th September 1956. So to get the final consent from Abbas, he sang the tune on the telephone which Abbas and his associates approved from Moscow!

On hearing some of his latest tunes for *Pardesi* and for Mahesh Kaul's picture for Filmistan, one feels that Anil is still in his best form and that his music will continue to enrich our screen for many years to come.

News of the Week

To celebrate the Radium Jubilee (75th Week) of *Jhanak Jhanak* Shantaram has organized musical concerts at Liberty for 7 days at the usual cinema prices. Bade Ghulam Ali Khan, Khansaheb Amir Khan, Bismilla and Party, Siddeshwari Devi, Gangubai Hangal, Balgandharva, Kumar Gandharva, Begum Akhtri and Khansaheb Nissar Hussain are participating in these concerts.

Kishore Kumar is soon donning the mantle of producer. He is making a picture which M. V. Raman will direct and in which Madhubala will co-star. Raman is expected to direct one picture for Madhubala Ltd., starring the same pair, while Madhubala has been signed by Raman for his next production.

NEW DELHI DIARY

By V. V. PRASAD



PAKISTAN is gradually freeing itself from the tyranny of the Muslim League. Khan Abdul Gaffar Khan, who is the greatest mass leader in Pakistan, has explained during trial that the leaders of the Muslim League were not fighters for the freedom of their country. He pointed out that there was a conspiracy between the Muslim League and the British. "I do not believe that the leaders of the Muslim League ever served the people, or that they made any sacrifice for Islam or for the common people. They wanted Pakistan for their own selves and had succeeded in their objective," he declared.

Badshah Khan is the younger brother of Dr. Khan Saheb, and has been opposed to the idea of one unit for West Pakistan. He stood for a Pakhtoonistan, forming an integral part of Pakistan. This has been purposely misinterpreted by the Muslim League as a demand for an independent State.

Khan Abdul Ghaffar Khan had also offered to solve the Kashmir dispute with India on two occasions, but the Pakistan Government did not accept his offer. The late Mr. Liaquat Ali Khan had explained to two legislators that he did not want another *Qaide Azam*. The Muslim League leaders were really not interested in the solution of the Kashmir question, said Badshah Khan. "They were only interested in their ministerial chairs."

There is a gradual realisation among the masses of Pakistan that they have been betrayed by the Muslim League. It has taken nearly ten

years for the people of Pakistan to get rid of their incompetent and corrupt leaders of the Muslim League. Dr. Khan Saheb is the best administrator that Pakistan has today. He has been trying hard to effect a transition from the bad Government to a good Government. He is credited with the intention of bringing the younger element in the political leadership of Pakistan into responsible positions in that country. The best wishes of the people of India are ever with the people of Pakistan in their efforts to establish good Government in their country.

In an exclusive interview, Dr. Saifuddin Kitchlew told me: "There is no Kashmir issue any more. What is in your possession belongs to you and what is with me is mine. Now that Pakistan has aligned itself with the Western bloc completely, the question of plebiscite in Kashmir does not arise."

Dr. Kitchlew drew the attention of the Press to Pakistan's position in the world today. He pointed out that the foreign policy of Pakistan has led to a situation wherein none of its neighbours—neither India, nor Afghanistan, nor China nor Soviet Russia—could be described as "friendly" to Pakistan. That was the result of wrong policies adopted by the rulers of Pakistan.

Dr. Kitchlew also told the Pakistani Press that none of the countries of the Middle East regarded Pakistan as a friend, because of its support to the Dulles Plan at the London

Conference on Suez. Since then, of course, there have been changes in the Government of Pakistan, and a more satisfactory foreign policy is being evolved by the Suhrawardy Cabinet.

Bulgaria has been very much in the news in the capital this week-end. The new Minister, Mr. Daskalov, held one of the most colourful receptions in recent months to celebrate the Bulgarian National Day, which was attended, among others, by Vice-President Radhakrishnan. A new Indo-Bulgarian Friendship Society was formed with Dr. P. Subbarayan as President.

Speaking at the inaugural function of the Society, Mr. Daskalov gave an account of the progress made by his country during the past twelve years. Since the establishment of the People's Democracy in 1944, Bulgaria had grown from a backward agrarian country to a rapidly developing industrial nation. Her industrial production at present was 5.5 times that of the output of 1939. National income during this period had advanced by 50 per cent. Agriculture, which was in a rather primitive condition before liberation, had been completely re-organised on a co-operative basis, and thoroughly modernized with over 60 per cent mechanisation.

As far as cultural activities were concerned, Mr. Daskalov declared that the Government had succeeded in wiping out illiteracy completely from the people below 50 years of age. At various stages, from primary to specialized and technical education, the increases registered have been from two to six times.

It is heartening to find that Jaya Prakash Narayan has joined those who had been warning our country of the dangers of the personality cult. Mr. Ajoy Ghosh had joined our ranks some weeks ago. J. P. has called it "the pernicious cult of personality." J. P. has confirmed that the "cavalier

manner" against which Mr. C. D. Deshmukh feebly complained "is not just a fleeting symptom, but an indication of a fast-spreading disease, fear, adulation, power-maneuvres, arbitrariness—all the components of the cult are present and they should be a warning to all lovers of freedom."

In view of this realisation on the part of J. P., it is difficult to appreciate his unwillingness to fight the Congress Party at the elections in the most effective manner. If a common programme can be evolved, there is no reason why it should not form the basis for a joint election strategy. The Sarvodaya concept steers clear of the party system. What is needed is a Joint Election Board consisting of representatives of the P.S.P., and other parties, as well as of Independents, which should choose candidates solely on the basis of merit, irrespective of whether they belong to a particular party or not.

I was glad to see an excellent translation in Telugu of Ivan Olbracht's *Nikola Suhaj, the Robber*. More works of outstanding literary merit from all over the world are translated into Telugu than in any other Indian language except Bengali. Mr. Rentala Pitcheswara Rao has translated from the original in Czech, and his effort is perhaps the first translation from this language in Telugu.

There is a great literary tradition in Czechoslovakia, and it will be well worth our while to make the masterpieces of Czech literature available in our languages. Ivan Olbracht is one of the greatest modern writers of Czechoslovakia, and died only a few years ago. *Nikola Suhaj* is a novel about a legendary outlaw and friend of the poor, a kind of Robin Hood. Both Robin Hood and Nikola Suhaj loved freedom, and therefore took shelter in the forests, where tyrannical exploiters could not reach. They

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THE MRIDANGAM PLAYER

WHEN we were boys we played "musicians" and the part invariably assigned to me and the one I liked most was that of the *mridangam* vidwan. *Mridangam* as a stage property was hard to get and so also were other instruments generally featured in a South Indian concert.

Our stage was an improvised platform, made up of two or three tables or desks and it was assembled in a room as far away from the kitchen as possible because it was there grandma, our guardian and governess, worked and she was not exactly fond of plays, especially of the variety specialised in by us. She was fond of us, but she was too much of a puritan to understand dramas and such other new fangled ideas. She generally left us to our device so long as (i) we did not make too much noise to disturb her work and (ii) our neighbour, a regular killjoy, did not complain.

It was difficult, if not impossible, to carry on our entertainment under those stringent conditions for noise as it seemed to others is the *sine qua non* of our activities and it not only reached the kitchen creating violent reactions in the presiding deity there, but it overflowed into the neighbour's bedroom where it shook him from his afternoon siesta.

The neighbour, it was very unfortunate, was at home during the week-ends which was also the occasion when we children gathered in strength and planned our games. It was a delight to watch his reactions to our deliberations. There was anxiety and concern written large on his face and inwardly he said a prayer to himself that we might decide on anything but not on a music concert. As it happened, however, the concert was our favourite and there was no restriction on the number of persons who could participate in it.

We liked instrumental concerts more than vocal singing because our heroes were the *nadhaswara* vidwans, the flutists, the violinists and the *mridangam* and *ganjira* players. Usually we had two to play the *nadhaswaram* and they had any number of accompaniments, including the violin, the *mridangam* and the *ganjira*, not to speak of the *thavul*.

It was rather unorthodox, you might think, clubbing the *nadhaswaram* with violin and *mridangam*, but we liked it that way and children will be children. We fashioned the *nadhaswaram* by clipping the ends of thatched coconut leaves. They were small, of course, compared to the long instruments of the piper, but by applying them to our lips and extending our tiny arms as far as possible we could pass the test with flying colours. We sang into the *nadhaswarams* all the music that we knew and it was not much considering the fact that our knowledge generally did not extend beyond the first line of the song. There was a disadvantage in using the coconut leaf because our effort released so much saliva that our instruments soon became wet and had to be constantly replaced. This meant frequent dismantling of our thatched roof to the consternation of our neighbour who also happened to be our landlord.

It was easier to find a violin and it did not involve replacement so often. We picked up the hard fibre of plantain leaves which was sheared and thrown away and cut them into lengths suitable to us. We needed two pieces, one for the violin and the other for the bow. We rested the rod against our chest and ran the bow across it with the expertness of a born musician. There was, of course, a risk involved in this and many times the concert, when it was at its best, had to be stopped in the

middle because the fiddle had collapsed under the pressure of the bow.

The *mridangam* was not so easy to find and till the last it was the most dissatisfying instrument we had to handle. Since I was the recognised player of the *mridangam* the choice was left to me and I tried and experimented but success always eluded me. I began with an empty kerosene tin. It had the advantage of size and though I had to sit on it to beat it on both sides it was worth the trouble for two reasons: firstly it gave me a dominating position over the others and secondly the sound was terrific, so terrific in fact that it was ultimately its undoing. When my *mridangam* was on the air, so to speak, nothing else was heard above the din it created and it became a one-man concert. The *nadhaswara* vidwans and the violin player were alarmed for they were nowhere in the picture and their music was completely drowned by the *mridangam*. The ranks of the pipers were strengthened and more *nadhaswarams* were distributed, but they could not dislodge the supremacy of the drum.

In the end an appeal was made to me to cast away the kerosene tin and use a less disturbing instrument, but I flatly refused. They implored me on bended knees, but I would not yield. I felt proud at that moment and Hitler could not have been more at the height of his career. I was strong and I was aware of it. I sat on the tin, crossing my knees and picking my nails while all around me a storm was raging.

I could see by the corner of my eyes that hurried consultations were being held and that some of the participants were hurling angry words at me. One of them could be heard suggesting that the drum should be confiscated and that I should be barred from the concert. From the volume of answering shouts, it was plain that there was considerable support to this suggestion. I scented violence and began to think furiously.

Meanwhile, saner counsels seemed to have prevailed on the other side and a peace mission consisting of three members came to negotiate with me. I was told that I should give up the kerosene tin and in return I would be promoted to the ranks of the *nadhaswara* vidwans or if I preferred to stick to the *mridangam* I could choose a pillow, a fair selection of which they had brought with them. If I rejected both these alternatives they would have no other course open to them except to use violence which, as men wedded to peace, they hated to do.

So it was a question of peace or war. I was shaken a bit inside, but I dare not show it and I held my ground. I made it plain to them that I was entirely justified in having recourse to the kerosene tin since they could not give me anything better and having left the choice to me they should not complain if I chose the best available material. As for using the pillow, I said I would not do so under any circumstances for I considered it as an act of humiliation. The pillow would never make a sound and whoever heard of a *mridangam* that was silent. As regards the threat of violence, I said I would treat it with the contempt it deserved. After all, there was a higher authority (in this case, grandma) and if I could not get justice from them I would go to that tribunal.

The breakdown of parleys was announced to the general body of members on the other side and another conference was held to consider the next step. They were speaking in whispers now and I could not hear a word. I was tormented by doubt and a battle was going on in my mind. To retreat or not to retreat, that was the question. If I retreated I could avoid bloodshed, but I would lose face and I would have to use a pillow as a *mridangam*. When I thought of the pillow, all the tradition and spirit of the musician in me rebelled and advised me not to surrender.

What if I appealed to grandma? I knew I was her pet and she had always rescued me from trouble. She never worried about the laws of the game or the right and wrong of a question; to her I was always right and my enemies were her enemies. She did not believe in non-violence either, and she had no standard weapons which are customarily used in households all the world over to chastise children. She grabbed anything that came to her handy at the moment and though pretty old could wield them with tremendous force. So much so, when she was angry our disposal squad went into quick action and removed all potential weapons out of her sight and she would be left with her bare arms to give expression to her feelings.

But where was the certainty that grandma would uphold me in this instance? For one thing she hated noise and even the slightest sound irritated and annoyed her. For another she had always tried to please the neighbour who had let out the house at a concession to her and had helped her off and on with loans without interest. And the neighbour was not my friend. In fact I was the bone of disagreement between my grandma and the neighbour. He wanted that I should be sent to a hostel because he considered me an ill-bred and ill-disciplined boy and she stoutly defending me and declaring I was the apple of her eye. It was quite likely in the circumstances that grandma might uphold the objections of the neighbour to noise of all kinds and agree with the other party in dispossessing me of my *mridangam*.

While I was still cogitating, events had taken a swift course on the other side and before I could turn round to have a look at things I was overpowered by strong hands and taken prisoner. My territory was invaded.

the kerosene tin thrown outside the window with a crashing sound and there were shouts of joy which could only be made by victors. There was now no alternative left for me but to use my last weapon and that was to let out a yell which covered a radius of five miles at a modest estimate.

The result was electric. Grandma rushed from the kitchen with varied assortment of weapons in her hand, including a broomstick, the neighbour dashed to the room with reinforcements from the bridge party that had been in progress on the verandah and soon a crowd had collected in front of the house making wild guesses as to what had happened.

The first business of grandma was to protect her frontiers and so she issued orders to the neighbour to clear the crowd which was demanding news. The neighbour came out and read a bulletin which said that there had been a slight domestic commotion caused by the children quarrelling among themselves and that the situation was now under control. The crowd melted away disappointed, no doubt, for they had expected a murder or at least an attempt of murder and would have been pleased to see the police on the spot.

Inside, the old lady firmly took stock of the situation and restored order through measures which could only be termed savage. She did not spare anyone and in the general martial law which she declared, the division which separated me and the others was eliminated and all of us had a taste of the broomstick and the piece of firewood. She was particularly keen on making an exhibition of me, I suppose, for she showered her favours on me in such a way that for the next week I was in bed nursing my aching back and the bruises on my knees.

DR. IQBAL

By M. A. RASHEED

IQBAL was born in Sialkot (Punjab) in 1876. He came of Kashmiri Brahmin Stock which embraced Islam three hundred years ago. His family lineage goes back to the Sapru family of Kashmiri Brahmins. He graduated from the Government College at Lahore. He served as a Professor of Philosophy and Political Science at the Oriental College, Lahore, and later as Assistant Lecturer in English at the Government College, Lahore. Then he went to Europe on a study tour and visited different centres of education all over the continent. He studied law in London and worked in the London School of Political Science before returning to India as a barrister. He returned to the Lahore Government College as the Chief Lecturer in Philosophy. Later, he turned to the legal profession and was a barrister till the end of his life. Even amidst his professional activities he devoted himself to poetry and became famous in his life time. Most of his works have been translated into the different languages of the world.

Before Iqbal, Urdu poetry was a replica of the Persian and the technique used was old and narrow. Ghalib tried to revolutionize it, but Iqbal rejected it and adopted the English form. Iqbal's poetry is modern. His verses are musical and melodious. In him there is not the obscurity characteristic of Ghalib and other Urdu poets. He is lucid and clear.

In India very few people read Iqbal today, as he was an Urdu poet and his poetry is religious in outlook and the non-Muslims feel an aversion to him. But the message which he gave to the Muslims of India applies to all mankind. It is a Philosophy of life and existence. To restrict him to Islam is to do him injustice. Sir Tej

Bahadur Sapru said of him, "those people are doing injustice to Iqbal, who say that he was only an Urdu poet. To say this is to restrict his sphere of influence. It is true that he wrote much on Islamic Philosophy, Islamic glory and Islamic culture, but nobody says of Milton that he was a Christian poet or of Kalidasa that he was a Hindu poet. If he writes about the great deeds of Islamic history, or speaks about Islamic glory, there is no point that non-Muslims should not like him". His poetry is an echo of national patriotism and a love for the home land.

Four Phases

Iqbal's poetry can be divided into four distinct phases. The first phase represents the poet's search for truth and an appreciation of the beauty of nature. The poetry of this period is full of imagery and description. The poetry of the second phase is a reflection of the poet's national aspirations, representing an appreciation of the greatness of one's own country and a desire to raise it in the estimation of others.

The third phase is one of transition. During this period his poetry took a new turn. Instead of being nationalistic, it tended to become religious. He began to feel about this time that Islamic philosophy and culture alone had the requisites for a happy life.

According to Iqbal, the Muslims of India degenerated, by forgetting their culture. They became ignorant, illiterate, down trodden and poor. He attributed the decadence of Indian Muslims to the philosophy of self-denial and complete dependence on fate. He was of the view that the philosophy of self-renunciation had

produced inaction in them and had made them idle and slavish.

He says that the Muslims of India have lost faith in religion and God. He asks them to rebuild their faith and gain confidence in their lives.

"Unswerving faith, incessant action and world winning love,
Are the swords of men in the battle of life."

The Secret of Success

Further he proceeds to say that *self* is the secret of success in life and advises them to sink themselves in *self* and achieve success.

"Sink thyself in Self, this is the secret of life,

Disentangle yourself from the chains of night and day and become eternal."

He asks them to shape their lives in such a way that they will be able to assert their existence on earth. He says that one should be a master of his *self* and not a slave to it.

"Develop a steel like character in the matters of life,

And in the chamber of love become as soft as silk,

Pass away like a gust of wind through hills and deserts.

And become a sweet singing stream of a garden comes in way."

Such is the conception of Iqbal's *self*; one should adjust one's *self* with one's environment. Aloofness creates conflicts and dissipations in life. He warns Indian Muslims that if they do not heed his message in time they will be wiped out of the universe.

Iqbal derived his conception of *self* from Nietzsche, the German philosopher. He, however, criticised him for his atheism. He, therefore, modelled it to his own liking. Nietzsche, an atheist, did not believe in God; he substituted the *self* in its place. Iqbal, an orthodox Muslim, wanted to see his *self* supreme only under the subjugation of the divine will. But Nietzsche discarded the conception of God. According to

Iqbal *self* is the motive force of life. If it is kept alive the individual will survive and flourish, if it is left uncared for it dies away and the individual becomes a slave.

Philosophy and Mysticism

The fourth phase of Iqbal's poetry is a period of Philosophy and mysticism. The poetry of this period is the expression of the mystical soul; it is a rapture of his emotional heart of this period. Iqbal's philosophy is a denial of the material world and an assertion of the immortality of the infinite reality. It is a realisation of the transient nature of matter and the infinity of time. In his famous poem "The secrets of *self*", he says:

"You have not understood, ignorant man, the meaning of time,

How can you be aware of the secrets of eternal life,

What can you understand about the nature of time, bound in the chains of night and day,

If you want to understand time, understand it with God,

Now and then have born with the movement of time,

Life itself is a secret in the mystery of time,

You see the sun, if cannot be, as absolute as time,

Time is eternal, but it can never become eternal,

What are pleasure and pain, grief and joy, are but time,

And what is the glowing of the Sun and Moon, is but time,

Your idea that time is like space is wrong,

Your estimation of now and then is wrong,

You have flown away like scent from your heaven,

You have created a prison for thyself,

Time is ours, to which there is no origin, no end,

That which we have created for ourselves."

The philosophy of Iqbal follows that of Nietzsche. Nietzsche had a superman; Iqbal too had an ideal

man. Iqbal pictured his ideal in the imagery of a bird of prey like the vulture called *Shaheen* in Urdu. The bird hunts other birds and kills them. It will not prey on the catch of other birds or dead flesh. It does not mingle with other birds nor does it have any nest. It remains aloof, high in the sky. Iqbal appreciates the individuality of the bird. He says,

"Your abode is not on the domes of palatial mansions.

You are a *Shaheen* you should live on the precipice of hills."

Iqbal conceived his ideal man as one who will not beg nor will he bow before others, but will be subject to divine will. Nietzsche's superman is not of the ordinary type. He is above the fuss of ordinary people. The ordinary people are born to drudge and serve him. The superman is not subject to the rules and regulations of the day-to-day life. He is above all. To him there is no law, nor is he governed by any one. He requires leisure, disbelief and freedom. The superman is Godless. The main difference between the Philosophy of Nietzsche and of Iqbal lies in the fact that the former is an atheist and Iqbal is an orthodox Muslim and hence a theist.

Iqbal can be compared with Dante, Nietzsche and Goethe in the West and Jalaludin Rumi and Rabindranath Tagore in the East. He closely resembles Dante in his celestial poem, *Seira-obscura*. It is a journey through heaven. Though Iqbal's celestial poem, *Javeed Nama*, is also a journey through heaven, it is in reality a review of the ideologies of the greatest thinkers of the world. Dante's journey through heaven was for the purification of his own self but Iqbal's journey is a revelation of Oriental glory.

Iqbal closely resembles Tagore of the *Gitanjali*. The short poems of Iqbal compiled in *Bale-Gibreel* (The wing of Gabriel) has the tone and tenor of the hymns of *Gitanjali*. In both there is intensity of love and emotion, there is the surge of passion. But in Tagore there is calmness and patient endurance and complete surrender to the illimitable reality, whereas in Iqbal there is no such calmness or endurance but there is restlessness of the soul, firmness of love and individuality of self. In Tagore's poetry there is the touch of feminine beauty and in Iqbal's poetry there is the pride and arrogance of a male.

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THE WONDERFUL PLAN

Robert Zacks

THE odd, wild idea first came to Paul after the office luncheon given to Mr. McCready upon his retirement. Paul would never have had such a notion otherwise, because, after all, Mr. McCready put in 40 years of coming in to work each morning, plodding through the day, and wearily going home at night. And how much time had Paul put in? Four years, three as a bachelor and one year since he'd married Joan.

It was an occasion both sad and pleasant because there's something about the end of the trail on a job and the grayness of a man's hair that makes the younger men wince. Not that Mr. McCready felt that way. He went around, after cleaning out his desk, thanking each man and woman for the gold cigarette case they'd given him, his blue eyes twinkling with a real joy.

To Paul he said shortly, "It's something special to say good-bye to you, son. Because you're the newest and the youngest here. We're the beginning and the end, you might say."

"I hate seeing you leave," said Paul.

"Don't say that," said Mr. McCready. "Do you realize at last I can spend all day with my wife? Too bad it takes so long."

Later, going home, Paul brooded over how much he missed his own wife all day. He almost wished he were now retiring. While driving through heavy traffic in his somewhat battered old car, he mused upon the change marriage had worked in him. Before, he had amiably worked through the hours, and when the

day ended he filled his evenings pleasantly. Now even going in mornings to the job was a wrenching of spirit, a creating of loneliness and an ache, because he had to leave Joan.

Amazing, he thought in awe. Simply amazing.

Well, not exactly, he argued with himself as he drove into his street and parked the car. Joan was such a wonderful girl, so incredibly alive and sparkling and such fun, that by comparison the hours of work were an unfair punishment. A lump came into his throat as he looked out of the car window at the trim, split-level house they'd bought. Inside was contentment; inside was Joan with warmth, love and laughter; inside was the astonishing leather easychair she'd found for him that fitted his angular frame like a glove; inside was the prowling-thinking workroom Joan had planned with him in the basement.

It isn't fair, thought Paul with sudden wild yearning. Why can't I just stay home all day with her? We could have such fun . . .

It was at that moment, just as Joan came out on the porch to see what was keeping him in the car, that a wonderful idea came to Paul, an idea that sizzled through him with electric effect, making his eyes glitter and his heart pound. Why not, he thought, why not?

Joan, a slim girl with reddish-brown hair, put her hands on her hips. She called laughingly, "You've got the right house, mister. Or did you forget where you live?"

"Never," shouted Paul. He swung his long legs out of the car, slammed the door behind him and ran to her, sweeping her up in his arms. He kissed her exultantly. "Never in a million years."

Joan caught her breath in delight. She pulled back and stared at him and knew immediately, from the strangeness of his grin, from his wildness, that something unusual was afoot. Neighbours often watched with amusement from behind the nearby window blinds as they greeted each other, so she deferred questioning him until they were inside.

"Supper on the table," she said, "in a jiffy".

"I've got a great idea for you to ponder," said Paul, not releasing her from his strong arms.

She hastily kissed his nose, and firmly disengaged herself. "I've something pretty great for you to ponder, too," she said lightly. "But not here, onstage, before this sellout audience."

"I'll carry you over the threshold," said Paul, "and guess your weight, into the bargain."

"No!" shrieked Joan, but he scooped her up and lugged her inside, pretending to stagger breathlessly. He kicked the door shut behind him and they fell in a pleasant tangle on the couch.

"Keep away, you," she warned shyly.

"That's just it," said Paul, suddenly becoming serious. "I can't keep away. I don't want to keep away. I want to be with you every minute. And I'm going to," he added exultantly.

"What do you mean?" said Joan, startled.

"I've got a terrific idea," said Paul, seriously. "Let me explain it."

Joan put her arms around his neck, her eyes fixed on his face solemnly. Paul took out his pipe and slowly filled the bowl with tobacco, thinking. She waited patiently.

"You know, honey, I've been thinking how little time a married couple actually spend with each other. By the time I get home, eat, do things around the house, it's time to sleep. I spend most of Saturday taking care of small things that eat up our precious time, like paying bills or fixing things. Only on Sunday are we together, really together, for a few hours. And even then we either are visiting relatives or entertaining."

Joan's face was softly luminous. "I know what you mean."

"Do you know that when you compute it, I spend more time driving back and forth to work than being alone with you?" said Paul. "I figured it out in the car while coming home. Just listen to these figures I arrived at; each week I get about six to eight uncluttered hours with you. In a year that means we're together about 25 days, figuring 16 waking hours a day. If you add two weeks' vacation to that, we're actually together only about six full weeks a year. The rest of the year is spent in work, household duties, stuff like that."

Joan's smile was a sweet thing to see: "Darling, darling," she said happily. "I love you for that. But that's the way things are . . ."

"It doesn't have to be, though," said Paul. "I have a way to beat the system."

"What are you driving at?" said Joan wonderingly.

"I'll tell you," said Paul. "We have \$8,000 in the bank. If we were to cut our living expenses to the bone, I mean give up the car and things like that, we could live for nearly two years on that money." Paul's eyes were shining. He swallowed and plunged on. "I could quit my job and we could stay home together all day and live as if we were retired now. Instead of waiting till we were 65."

Joan said, "I . . ."

"Now wait, don't jump to conclu-

sions. It's crazy until you hear me out," cried Paul. "Imagine it, honey, all day together for nearly two years. Lounging around, listening to music. Taking long walks together. Picnics and swimming all summer. Ice skating and the fireplace in winter. Time for books and talk and love, without thinking about work the next day. I'd share all the housework with you, as if we were camping out."

"And when the time is up . . .?" said Joan, her face absorbed.

"Why, I'll find a job again," said Paul triumphantly. "Oh, it'll be a headache and a bad time then, for a while. But in those two years we'd have had the equivalent in being together of 20 years of living with a daily job to go to. Think of it, honey, it's like living 20 years longer, in terms of the hours we're together each week now."

He stopped, aware now of how close to crazy his speech was, and he stared anxiously at Joan.

Joan said, her eyes brilliant. "I'm with you. All the way. You can quit your job tomorrow."

Paul put down his pipe and they became sweetly entangled in each other's arms. After a while he released her and they sat wordlessly for a moment staring at each other.

Then Paul said, chokingly. "I'm so full of a . . . a sense of freedom I feel like I'll bust wide open any minute."

Joan uttered a laugh that was half a sob. "Don't bust here, please. Go out and yodel or something, while I get supper on the table."

"Oh, no," said Paul happily. "I'm going to spend every minute of those two years with you, those precious wonderful two years, beginning right now."

Joan called over her shoulder as she fled. "We'll still have to eat, you know. And tonight was my turn to cook. Go outside for 10 minutes, darling, so I

can set the table without you grabbing at me."

Full of restless joy, Paul got up and went outside. He stood there watching almost with a sort of joyful brooding, as to each house on the block came the tired, slowly walking husbands who had not stumbled across the golden hoard of time as he had. He watched each door open and close and it was a terribly sad thing to see because each of them would, in this evening ahead, have perhaps an hour, if that much, with the woman he loved. A dozen erosions of the evening would immediately begin and they would desperately try to dam up the trickles of minutes that were irreplaceable.

"I've beaten the system," thought Paul happily. "I've beaten it. All it takes is nerve."

He had to tell somebody. He just had to. He began to go down the street and at the corner drug store he stepped in, grinning with anticipation. They'd think he was crazy, and they'd shake their heads as they said so, but inside them all would be envy for his courage and a wistful wish that they, too, had enough strength to master the elusive will-o'-the-wisp: Time.

When Mr. Finley, the baldheaded druggist, turned and saw Paul, his stout face split in a tremendous grin. "Hah," said Mr. Finley, coming out from behind the counter and whacking Paul on the shoulder. "From the way your face is all lit up like a neon sign I'd say she's told you, eh? Congratulations, my boy, and the best. I'm sure whether it's a he or a she, it'll be a credit to both of you."

Paul stared at him, his smile suddenly concealed. A wave of crimson flooded his face. Mr. Finley looked hastily about the drug store, which was empty. "Don't you worry," he whispered. "I haven't told a soul. I'll leave that to you."

With great control, Paul said, "How'd you know?"

Mr. Finley looked astounded. "Me? Why, shucks, Dr. Howe does all his testing work through me. I'm connected with the laboratory. I sent him the report today."

A slow, silly grin came over Paul's face. He chuckled and turned and ran out of the store and down the quiet street. The blood was pounding in his temples. When he came to his own house he stared in through the side window.

Joan was seated at the kitchen table, her cheeks in her hands, staring into space, a look of worry on her face.

I love you, thought Paul deeply. You wonderful girl. I love you. I'll never forget, how you were willing to do this under these circumstances, not as long as I live. Never.

And now he would show his love for her.

He went around to the front door. He entered slowly, with feet dragging

and a shamed look on his face. Hearing him, Joan came from the kitchen. Now she was smiling brightly.

"Darling," she said lightly, "come and eat your first meal in freedom." She stopped, seeing his face. "What is it, dear?" she cried, going swiftly to him. "What's wrong?"

"I . . . I'm not sure now I want to do it," said Paul bitterly. He flung out his hands. "What's the matter with me, anyway? At first I was so hot on the idea. But as I sat out on the steps and thought about it I . . . well," he swallowed with difficulty. "I got a feeling I don't really want to do it. I'd rather be safe, and stick on the job. I . . . I'm sorry."

"Don't be," said Joan, relief in her eyes. "I understand."

As he held her, Paul knew she'd tell him about the baby later on. When all this was forgotten.

A CLOSE UP OF SRI PRAKASA

By CHANDRU

GOVERNORSHIPS in a free India are an anachronism which ought to be abolished. Many of the Governors in the present political set-up are ornamental figure heads who dance to the tune of the Chief Ministers. Even their appointments are subjected to the approval of the State chiefs. If this institution is kept up, it is because we have not yet got over the old values.

Sri Prakasa, who leaves Madras shortly, made himself very popular during his tenure as the provincial head. The first thing that he did after assumption of power was to invite the city editors to *Raj Bhavan*. From then on, he was assured of a good press. He has broken several records. He has made the largest number of speeches, travelled through

every nook and corner of the State and has been photographed both at work and play. When he visited the T. I. Cycle factory, he readily responded to the request to ride one of their Hercules machines; in the Madras Zoo he almost shook hands with a bison. Though he once expressed the idea that he was allergic to press photographs, he revelled in publicity and hardly a day passed when one of his pictures was not sent to Madras newspapers.

From Fourth Estate To Politics

Before coming down to Madras he had a good innings both in the official and non-official sphere. He gravitated to politics via journalism. At one time he was with the late Chintamani in *Leader*, later he switched on to Motilal's *Independent*. In the

first elections for the Central Assembly when he was put up as a candidate by Motilal, he was trounced by G. D. Birla. But he later careered to Delhi and was known as the "joker" of the Assembly. When Pakistan was ushered into existence, Nehru sent him down to Karachi as the Indian Ambassador. When Jinnah heard about his appointment, he seems to have remarked: "Sri Prakasa is such a simple fellow that he will not know even what is happening under his very nose."

His assignment at Karachi was like curate's egg good in parts. He ingratiated himself in the affections of the Hindus. But his Gandhi cap was a red rag for Muslims. Once, while his car was parked at a public place, Muslim hooligans pulled out the Indian flag from its bonnet. He made representations to the Pakistan authorities and an armed sentry was assigned to him thereafter. On another occasion, he was not permitted to place flowers at the foot of the statue of Gandhiji on the anniversary day of his assassination. He asked the panic ridden Hindus to stay put in Sind but almost the entire lot of them fled to India.

Later, Sri Prakasa was sent to Assam as Governor. After a while he was called back to Delhi where he

served his chief as Commerce Minister. His chief asset in office was his integrity. Once Nehru stated that Sri Prakasa was one of the most utterly honest people he had ever come across.

During his tenure as Madras Governor he was overshadowed by Rajaji in the first term. He never treaded on the corns of any Minister. When Kamaraj Nadar became the Chief Minister, he established cordial relationship with him. The parties at *Raj Bhavan* were always very popular. Sri Prakasa has been a widower for more than two decades and his charming daughter-in-law, Srimati Kamini Devi, played the hostess at *Raj Bhavan*. For a spell, Sri Prakasa's talented father, Babu Bhagavan Das came down and stayed at *Raj Bhavan*.

Accustomed to loneliness Sri Prakasa likes to be left alone. He is a great lover of books and a good writer in both English and Hindi. He has to his credit one outstanding book on Annie Besant under whose inspiration he started his political life.

In one of his expansive moments, Sri Prakasa stated that he wanted to be a teacher in the evening of his life. But Nehru has asked him to proceed to Bombay as Governor.

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A PARODY OF THE PRESS REPORT

By N. GANGA RAM

RIGHT from his high school days the present writer has read regularly his favourite newspaper. He has now become so familiar with the set, "stereo-typed" pattern of news-presentation that last Sunday he could himself dash off a press report with considerable ease. It is this report which has been reproduced below:

WELFARE OF LOVERS

Minister Defends Govt.'s Policy

New Delhi, Sept. 24.

Mr. C. Dushyanthappa, Union Minister for Love Affairs, disclosed in Parliament today that the Government had decided to allot Rs. 1 crore for expenditure on schemes aimed at encouraging lovers and love-making. He also indicated that the Government were contemplating comprehensive legislation for safeguarding the interests of lovers. The Minister was replying to the unexpected debate occasioned by the remark of a private member that the party in power was totally neglecting the welfare of lovers and that of late, the country had become a lover's hell. (A brief report on the debate has already appeared in these columns).

The Union Minister in his reply strongly protested against the member's allegation which he characterised as "uncharitable and wholly unfounded." The Government, he stated, were fully aware of the significant role love and love-making could play in generating happiness in under-developed countries with low living standards. In this connection he quoted the familiar saying, 'It is love that makes the world

go round', and said the inestimable value of a love-experience while young, could easily be understood. Apart from making them happy, it helped the young males and females move in close quarters and get an insight into the psychology of the other. Love-making promoted a sense of sympathy and understanding which later on in life facilitated the achievement of domestic harmony and peace. As the members knew very well, love-marriages served to eradicate the evil of dowry and promoted inter-caste alliances, the Minister said.

Role Of Parks

Continuing, Mr. Dushyanthappa observed that the Government had been taking various measures for encouraging love-making. "For the benefit of the House in general and the concerned member in particular, I should like to briefly mention here some of the steps taken by the Government. Everyone knows that parks are the ideal, traditional rendezvous of lovers and hence they greatly facilitate love-making. The laying out of more number of parks and the beautification and better up-keep of the existing parks are engaging the attention of the Government. Similarly, co-educational institutions play an important role in contributing to the cause of love-making and therefore, the Government propose to open more schools and colleges—co-educational, of course. It will be appreciated that this measure incidentally will serve the interests of higher education also."

The Minister next mentioned the

efforts of the Government to popularise love-making through the medium of books. He said that some of the excellent plays glorifying healthy and pure love were to be found in the classical literature. In order to make available large number of such works at moderate prices, the Government had requested the National Book Trust and the Southern Languages Trust to remember the love-plays (comedies) of Shakespeare and Kalidasa when preparing a list of books to be published or recommended.

"The visual appeal," the Minister said, "is the most powerful appeal. And we are grateful to the film industry for anticipating our policy and making pictures centering around love. The Government is working out a scheme which when implemented would enable bona fide lovers to obtain tickets at concessional rates. Of course, the Government would undertake to make good the loss incurred by theatre-managements in this regard."

Govt. Bill Soon

Mr. Dushyanthappa told the House that some days ago an Independent member, a good friend of his, approached him with a Bill which sought to regulate love-making. On his assurance that the Government would soon be introducing a comprehensive Bill to safeguard the interests of lovers, he decided not to pass it on to the Speaker. "There are two aspects of such a Bill. On the one hand, it should encourage love-making as much as possible in a healthy way and remove all obstacles preventing lovers from getting married. For example, the Bill should contain a clause which would penalise parents refusing to permit their sons/daughters to marry those whom they love. On the other hand, it should ensure that immoral practices are not committed under the pretext of love-making."

"Prema-Mahotsava"

The Minister said that arrangements were being made for a country-wide celebration of a *Prema-mahotsava* when there would be special meetings, plays, film-shows, broadcasts over the radio, essay competitions and the like.

Mr. Dushyanthappa admitted that there was truth in the observation made by an opposition member that the antipathy and disfavour shown towards girl-gazing and girl-chasing had somewhat affected the tempo of love-making in the country. "The House may be interested to know that last month the Government invited the French expert, M. Edouard Romeolaire, to study this situation and make his recommendations. A copy of the Romeolaire Report would be placed on the table of the House shortly and I may point out here that the Bill to which I referred to just now, is being modelled on the recommendations of M. Romeolaire."

Orangeby Report

Mr. Dushyanthappa referred to Mr. Paul Orangeby's Report on the administration and said that he had remarked therein that if the administrative machinery contained many frustrated lovers its efficiency would be impaired and to that extent the progress of the Plan would also be affected. "The successful implementation of the schemes for encouraging lovers for which Rs. 1 crore is to be set apart, would result in fewer numbers of frustrated lovers and suicides and also solve to some extent the problem of overcrowding in mental hospitals," the Minister hoped.

Concluding, the Minister revealed amidst laughter that he himself was a disappointed lover and hence the House could rest assured that he would do his best to save others from frustration in love.

The House at this stage adjourned for lunch.

HUMANITY

BY BALRAJ PURI

(Dogri—the language of the north western hilly areas of India, between the Punjab and Kashmir valley—has a rich tradition of melodious folk songs. Imbibing that spirit, Madhukar, a young Dogri poet, gives a lyrical and romantic expression to a philosophical idea—the role of man on the earth. There is, in fact, no idea more romantic and no story more adventurous than the saga of man. And rightly does Madhukar sing the song of the eternal struggle of humanity against nature, heaven and gods. The English version, given below, is a free rendering from the original in Dogri.)

An Eternal Song of Eternal Humanity!

Millions of floods have flooded the fields of skies;
Clouds have sung the song of destruction, millions of times;
Storms of darkness pitched their tents, time and again;
Yet, the gold of the rays of the sun is not tarnished!
And the flow of light continues undiminished!

The light is a symbol of life's continuity.

This is the eternal song of eternal Humanity.

Thunderbolts were thrown by angry heaven;
It also showered the rains of destruction;

And many a storm of death was unleashed;

The upright Himalayas of humanity didn't retreat!

The song of Truth's struggle is pure and sweet!

Lakes represent water of human effort and dignity.

This is the eternal song of eternal Humanity.

Innumerable rivers strike with all their might;

Yet, the lap of ocean hasn't ceased rearing up pearls!

The water isn't dried up in the ocean of love!

The oil isn't finished in the lamp of struggle!

Pearls of love are born in water salty."

This is the eternal song of eternal Humanity.

Rahu' of bad luck often came to dishearten;

Dark nights also tried to frighten;

Through darkness, stars of aspirations continued to smile!

The moonlight of Hope remains unblemished!

The rows of bowers of feeling haven't perished!

These flowers are the hope of humanity

This is the eternal song of eternal Humanity.

Autumn comes with all the blast and anger

To scare away the songs of koels and birds;

And to whip out the traces of spring in orchards;

But the fragrance and songs survive the onslaught!

The walls of sand fail to stop the waves!

The waves, propelled by water currents fierce and mighty.

This is the eternal song of eternal Humanity.

Mountains of starvation come to check its sway;

Jungles of misfortunes tried to block its way;

Pits of exploitation confused its flow;

But the flow of the Ganges of Humanity continues unabated!

Factors adverse couldn't diminish its glow!

This light is destined to wipe out the darkness.

This is the eternal song of eternal Humanity.

With immense fondness the Earth constructs picture after picture;

The anger of heaven strives to break them one after the other;

Lo! heaven gives in, but all pictures couldn't be broken.

The foundations of human hope remain unshaken!

This is a symbol of the light of hope.

This is an eternal song of eternal Humanity.

* Tears.

AMERICAN VIGNETTES

IN the U. S. A., until the first week in November, when the Presidential election will take place, Americans who like to call everyone, including their President, by first name and preferably by a nick-name, will be swearing by Ike, Adlai, Dick and Estes. In recent weeks, literally millions and millions of words have been written about them. Out of this ocean of material, is given the following account of the four men coming face to face in the ensuing elections.

The Presidential battle of 1956 gives American voters a choice between two men of vivid contrasts. Dwight D. Eisenhower, the Republican candidate, is a military man who grew up in a financially hard-pressed family in a small Kansas town, got his schooling at West Point, and turned to politics only after gaining fame in war. Adlai E. Stevenson, the Democratic candidate, is an Illinois lawyer who was born to financial security and social position, went to top flight private schools and gravitated naturally to politics as the field in which his ancestors had won fame.

Mr. Eisenhower is an extrovert, an out-of-doors man, who loves to fish and play golf. He was a football player at West Point. His favourite reading is Western stories. His hobbies are bridge and painting. Mr. Stevenson is known as an "intellectual," whose reading tastes run to History, Philosophy and the Classics. His favourite sports are tennis and horseback riding. He seems to have no other hobbies, unless you would so describe his love for reading and lively conversation.

The President is no polished orator. His speech is simple and direct, often confused in syntax. But he is generally credited with getting his message through to the people. Mr. Stevenson is a polished speaker, a mas-

ter of the clever phrase, the classical quotation. His speeches delight intellectuals, but politicians have accused him of talking over the heads of the masses of voters.

Physical Make-up

At 65, President Eisenhower, after serious illnesses in a year, is a lean 168 pounds. He is tall—5 feet 11 inches. He is noted for his broad grin, hearty laugh and quick temper. In any kind of contest—at golf, bridge, war or politics—he is intense, eager to win. At 56, Mr. Stevenson weighs 185 pounds, although he is two inches shorter than his opponent. He is noted for a sense of humour, but his is the humour of the subtle witticism. His reserved manner sometimes gives an impression of shyness. His approach to an enterprise tends to appear somewhat casual, rather than intense.

Even friends of the two are of different types. Mr. Eisenhower seems to prefer the active type, usually a business or military man, one who shares his interests in bridge and outdoor sports. Mr. Stevenson clings to the type of men he grew up among—the quieter, literary or legal types who prefer quiet conversation to competition. People who know both men doubt that Mr. Eisenhower and Mr. Stevenson would ever be close friends, even if next-door neighbours.

Yet there are points of likeness, too, in these rival candidates. Both Mr. Stevenson, who inherited money, and Mr. Eisenhower, who did not, are now accounted as men of substance. Mr. Stevenson's personal fortune is estimated at about half a million dollars. Mr. Eisenhower earned a similar amount from his book, *Crusade in Europe*. Both men own and enjoy farms—Mr. Eisenhower at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, and Mr. Stevenson at Libertyville, Illinois.

Also, in the four years since they last met in a political campaign, both rival candidates have shown great improvement as politicians. And, to some extent, their political viewpoints coincide—near the middle of the road. Neither is considered an extremist.

Contrasts

It is the contrasts, rather than the similarities, however, that can be expected to catch the voter's eyes in the campaign ahead. It is the differences between them that are likely to sway the voters' verdict. These differences have their origins far back in the Eisenhower and Stevenson family traces. Mr. Eisenhower's ancestors were German and Swiss. After coming to this country in the eighteenth century, they were mostly farmers, small tradesmen or preachers. Mr. Stevenson's ancestors came from England and Ireland, also in the eighteenth century. In the U. S. they accumulated financial substance and political fame. His grandfather, also named Adlai E. Stevenson, was Vice-President under Grover Cleveland.

In Abilene, Kansas, the future President grew up in a modest home crowded with six boys. His father, after an unsuccessful venture in a general store and a period in Texas as a railroad mechanic, was working in an Abilene creamery during the President's boyhood. There was always plenty to eat, but the life was one of frugality and hard work. The boys had to milk the family cow, raise a garden and do odd jobs to get spending money. They went to public schools until young Dwight, in competitive examinations, won an appointment to the U. S. Military Academy.

Mr. Stevenson's father, after managing mines in the West for the Hearst family and working on a Hearst newspaper in Los Angeles, settled down in the family seat of Bloomington, Illinois. There he managed 10,000 acres of farm land

spread over three States. Young Adlai grew up in a big, comfortable house in the best section of the town. His mother and his sister taught him at home until he entered public school at the age of nine. His family travelled widely, spending winter vacations in the South and summer vacations in Michigan. He spent one year studying in Lausanne, Switzerland. He also attended Choate preparatory school in Connecticut, then spent four years in Princeton. In 1918, he enlisted in the U. S. Naval Reserve unit at Princeton, but World War I ended before he saw action.

After graduation from Princeton, Mr. Stevenson studied law for two years at Harvard. He interrupted his law studies to spend a year and a half helping run a Bloomington newspaper in which his family had a financial interest. Then he went to Northwestern University to finish his law studies and entered an established law firm in Chicago.

Their Careers

Out of such diverse backgrounds, the candidates' careers developed in different directions. Mr. Eisenhower went on to the usual life of an Army officer. He fretted out World War I in the U. S. Then he went through the dreary round of routine assignments and slow promotions that was the normal fate of Army officers between the World Wars. He remained a Major for sixteen years, from 1920 to 1936. In September, 1941, Mr. Eisenhower distinguished himself in Army war games and won the notice of his superiors. This led to a series of command appointments—and a series of military triumphs in Africa and Europe. He wound up the war as Supreme Allied Commander in Europe and one of the world's most famous military figures. For the politicians, he was a marked man.

Mr. Stevenson, meanwhile, also was making his mark in Government service, but as a civilian. He first went to Washington in the early years of

the New Deal, serving as special counsel in the Agricultural Adjustment Administration and as assistant general counsel for the Federal Alcohol Control Administration. After two years in Washington, Mr. Stevenson returned to his Chicago law practice. But World War II brought him to Washington again, in 1941, as personal assistant to Frank Knox, Secretary of the Navy. In 1945 and 1946, Mr. Stevenson served in the State Department and played active roles in the early meetings of the United Nations.

Returning to Chicago in 1947, Mr. Stevenson saw politics beckoning. He wanted to run for the U. S. Senate, but found political pressure pushing him toward the Governorship instead. Friends won him the endorsement of Illinois' Democratic leadership and he was elected Governor by a plurality of 572,000 votes in 1948—when President Harry S. Truman carried Illinois by only 33,612. As Governor, Mr. Stevenson doubled State assistance to public schools, renovated the welfare system, began a 100-million-dollar road programme, removed the State police from political patronage and installed a merit system. He had his troubles too, but national leaders of the Democratic Party were looking him over as a presidential possibility.

Mr. Eisenhower's entry into politics came four years later than Mr. Stevenson's. After the war, he served as Army Chief of Staff, President of Columbia University, and military commander of North Atlantic Treaty Organization forces in Europe. Meanwhile, politicians' interest in him continued to grow. Then, in 1952, the paths of Mr. Eisenhower and Mr. Stevenson crossed. Both were virtually drafted to run for the Presidency. Mr. Eisenhower, who had rejected overtures from both parties as early as 1948, finally yielded in January, 1952, identified himself as a Republican, and announced that he would

accept that party's nomination if it were offered. He won the nomination on the first ballot of the Convention.

Mr. Stevenson held out until the middle of the 1952 Democratic Convention before yielding, then was nominated on the third ballot. In the November election that followed, Mr. Eisenhower defeated Mr. Stevenson with ease. After the 1952 election, Mr. Eisenhower worked his way slowly into his new role as President. Often he was frustrated and irked by Republicans who opposed many of his objectives in Congress. Finally he got the hang of his job, grew to like it and decided, despite its burdens and the condition of his health, to seek another term.

In the same four years, Mr. Stevenson made a world tour, travelled extensively in the U. S., cultivating politicians and learning their ways. Now Mr. Eisenhower and Mr. Stevenson face each other again in a campaign which emphasizes their differences. The American voters, next November, will choose between contrasts.

Nixon and Kefauver

For Vice-President—as for President—American voters this year are offered a choice between contrasts.

Vice-President Richard M. Nixon, the Republican candidate, draws his strongest political support from among businessmen and the so-called "conservatives" in his party. Senator Estes Kefauver, the Democratic candidate, has shown his greatest strength among farm and labour groups, and in the so-called "liberal" elements of his party.

Mr. Nixon is known as a "Party regular." During his six years in Congress as a Representative and as a Senator from California, Republican leaders usually could count upon his vote for party measures. Senator Kefauver, in 17 years in Congress,

often swung away from leaders in his own party. He offended Southern Democrats with his attitudes on racial issues, and angered party leaders in the big cities with a crime investigation that showed links between organized crime and Democratic political leaders in some areas.

For two years, 1951 and 1952, both candidates served in the Senate, and their voting records show them wide apart on many national issues. Mr. Nixon favoured a cut in soil-conservation payments to farmers; Mr. Kefauver was opposed to a reduction. Mr. Nixon backed the use of the injunction, under the Taft-Hartley Act, in the 1952 steel strike; Mr. Kefauver was against it. Mr. Nixon was for legislation giving control of tidelands oil to the States; Mr. Kefauver was not.

The rival candidates live in the same area of Washington, D.C. only a few blocks apart. Their children

attend the same public school. But the families are not close friends.

Senator Kefauver is 53 years old, a veteran in Tennessee and national politics—but he is now on a national ticket for the first time. Mr. Nixon is 43. He was considered something of a prodigy when he won the Vice-Presidency four years ago at 39. These are the differences that will help influence the voters in their choice in November. Both offer foreign aid. In many other respects, the candidates have great similarities. Both men are storekeepers' sons, brought up in small towns. Both worked to get through college, became lawyers, turned to politics. On international issues, the two often have agreed. For example, both opposed cuts in aid to Europe. Both also are vigorous and adroit campaigners. It is to these vice-presidential candidates that party leaders will look for some of the heaviest campaigning in the election contest ahead.

—P. G. Krishnayya's Service

ANOTHER POLITICAL PARTY

By Our Special Correspondent

The election manifesto of the People's Progressive Party was explained by its leader, Sri S. Chellaswamy, at a press conference held at the New Woodlands last Monday.

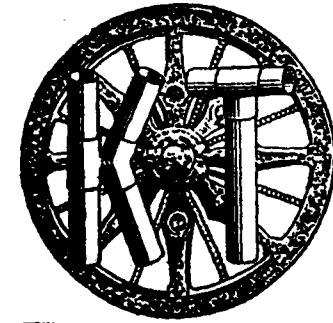
Sri Chellaswamy said that the Party was formed eight months ago and claimed that it had branches in almost all the districts of Madras State and in several areas of Kerala, Andhra and Maharashtra, with a membership of 30,000.

The immediate aim of the Party was not to capture power and form an alternative Government but to see that as many as the Party's candidates as possible secured seats in the Legislatures.

The 14-point election manifesto of the Party advocates full employment, national minimum wage, control of population, adoption of English as the *lingua franca*, abolition of the Rajya Sabha and introduction in its place of a Senate with equal representation to all States, rapid industrialisation of the South and the re-organisation of States on a linguistic basis.

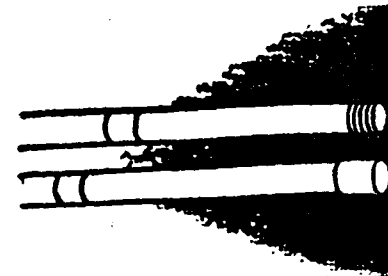
Answering questions put by pressmen, Sri Chellaswami said that his Party would not enter into any electoral pact or alliance with the other parties. Mr. Chellaswami is a new entrant into the political arena. His Party seems to be a one man show.

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PROFILE :

JOHN FOSTER DULLES

By C. G.

WHO is the world's best-hated man to-day—and why? Sounds owlishly pedagogic, doesn't it? Or perhaps you think it a case of inexcusable levity or a misplaced zeal for paradox? Any such impression would merely betray the defective nature of our general education. For it would show conclusively that we have not cared to go into the historical and philosophical implications of hatred as a motive force of human conduct. 'We have been drugged for generations with the notion that the universe is born out of love, is sustained by love and is to find its ultimate justification in love. As a matter of fact, all the evidence which history has to offer on the subject is overwhelmingly in favour of the proposition that hatred has furnished more potent sanctions than love. Christianity is the hatred of paganism; Islam is the hatred of idolatry. Republicanism is the hatred of monarchy, though it encourages a succession of uncrowned kings, while communism is the hatred of people with property. Due to a *faux pas*, it is said that the bodyguards of Sri Vishnu had to choose between ten lives as *Bhaktas* or three lives as enemies on earth by way of expiation; and the divine janitors are said to have preferred the three *anti-Vaishnavite avatars*. If this proves anything at all, it is the potency of hatred and its all-time superiority to love. To those who do not believe in old wives' tales and myths, I may offer the literary criterion of the noblest poetry being inspired by *saevo indignatio*.

We all know that love is uncritical

and catholic—it metamorphoses ugly ducklings into adorable swans. Its Magna Carta was formulated by the weak-minded poet who declared: 'Be good, sweet maid,—let who will, be clever'. This should partly explain why the world has always been distrustful of clever people. They call themselves intellectuals, nowadays without any advantage to themselves or to others! Johnson was called a good hater, and had more than his share of others' hatreds. So were such master-minds as Voltaire and Shaw, to take but two outstanding instances from the past and the present. Thus when you come to think of it, you will have to acknowledge that there are more things and people to hate in this world than to love. The work of love is slow and problematical, but that of hatred is quick and certain. And since mankind has been pretty much the same in essentials, every generation is well-stocked with the things and the people it can hate for the good of its soul.

Again people have been hated and also loved at the same time by different people. The post-war decade which we have struggled through produced as fine a crop of 'hate-ful' persons as in the palmy days of dictators and tyrants. There is the octogenarian, Syngman Rhee of Korea, leading a procession composed of Chiang Kai Shek, Ho Chi Minh, Chou en Lai, Mossadeq, Naguib and Nasser who have been hailed *chota* Hitlers; but their compensation has been the frenzied devotion of their own followers.

Dulles's Distinction

To be hated or to be unpopular all round, to incur the odium of different groups or interests or peoples at different times for different reasons seems at first a somewhat difficult feat to perform. And yet that has been the unique distinction of John Foster Dulles, the American Secretary of State. That the Russians and fellow-travellers all the world over should hate him—stands to reason; but he has been the target of the bitter hatred of his own countrymen. Humorists found savage delight in caricaturing and travestyng him. The gentlest of the opprobrious epithets applied to him has been 'stupid.' And yet this short, somewhat stumpy and almost phlegmatic figure has been walking over the largest accumulation of eggs on the ground, inevitably breaking not a few of them, but maintaining his own equilibrium with an *aplomb* which can only be described as inspired.

American politics are also subject to dynastic pressures, but they are not so much in evidence as they are in England. The core of New England society coalesced with the feudal interests which centred and still largely centre round the Negro question to bless or handicap American politics with a species of whig oligarchy, standing for privilege and prescription. Plutocracy often came to terms with it out of its abiding nervousness as to the stability of the oil, coal, iron and other related kingdoms which are running an *imperium* within the empire of American economy. There are honoured and venerable clans in American history, the scions of which in the present generation still reign without ruling. They are tucked away in banks, in business, in law and in the administration of the country. Mr. Dulles does not belong to any of these upper ten families of New York or Washington. All the more remarkable has been his rise to the highest

office in the State excluding the Presidency.

Expert on Foreign Policy

Mr. Dulles is one year older than Pandit Nehru, and was like him trained for the bar. But unlike Nehru he spent the best years of his life assisting in the evolution of America's bi-partisan foreign policy during the last thirty years, what time our own leader was languishing in jail or participating in revolutionary activities. During the long period of democratic ascendancy in America—from the days of President Roosevelt to those of Truman—Mr. Dulles built up at once the reputation of his legal firm and his standing as a high-up in the Republican party. He was the architect of the peace-treaty with Japan and is the author of a book which puts him in good company.

With the turn of the tide, he realised the dream of his life and became the right-hand man of President Eisenhower. When Truman handed over to 'Ike,' things were in a pretty bad mess in the American sphere of influence—in the Far East. There was an unfounded expectation that there would be an all-out effort to smash the communists and make the democracies safe for ever after. The slogans of Dulles punctuated the growth of world-hysteria as and when they were propounded. First of all it was the 'liberation' of the satellite countries of Eastern Europe; then it was the 'containment' of the communist empire within a periphery which was expected to be reduced with the inevitability of gradualness. Then we had 'massive retaliation,' 'negotiating from strength' and 'going up to the brink of the precipice.' From every one of these bellicose or fuliginous sentiments, he executed a series of masterly retreats with a view to indulge in an 'agonising re-appraisal' of the situation, at every stage.

Target of Universal Hate

The point of this round-up is that he has come to be hated by different groups at different times. The Koreans hated him for not leaving them alone—or not going the whole hog. The Chinese hate him as the spirit of capitalism embodied in an American form and for saving up Formosa like a rod in pickle to chastise them. We Indians came to hate him when he made a perfectly factual statement that Goa belonged to Portugal in a juridical and historical view. We took it quite improperly as an expression of approval of what Portugal was doing or refused to do about Goa! We also hate him—under proper national guidance, of course,—for being the inspirer of the Baghdad pact and for engineering American aid to Pakistan—our unacknowledged *bete noire*. The Arabs—they speak of an Arab world these days—hate him with a concentrated fury which probably may tote up to the destructive force of a small sized atom bomb! Why? America promised aid for the completion of the Aswan dam and then backed out. He stabbed us, bleated the redoubtable Nasser as partial and implied justification of nationalising the Suez Canal.

But from the 26th July onwards, poor Mr. Dulles has become as hateful a figure in Britain and France as he has been till then in other parts of the world. Nasser spoke for all of us when he confessed recently that he could not follow the involutions of the Dulles' policy. On whose side is he? He has given hostages to all shades and schools of opinion, and yet not one of them is sure that he is on their side. He has stood his ground in spite of ridicule from friends, which is often more insupportable than hatred from one's enemies. France is gnashing her teeth in impotent rage. The more undemonstrative English have thrown up their hands in utter despair.

The other odd thing about the present situation is that he has got no word of thanks from any of the sections which have been obstreperously clamouring for peace at any price. He has salvaged it up to date with a constancy which has been proof against the recriminations of friends and the reprobation of his foes. If, as the proverb says, a favourite has no friend, why is it that his unpopularity has not brought him any recognition of his virtues? Cast for the role of a villain by the exigencies of political dichotomy in the international field, he occupies a position of isolation today which has an element of grandeur about it. Theoretically speaking, he must get the plaudits of the entire world for playing a dangerous and thankless role with such quiet gallantry.

Even if it be argued that the Western powers have been driven by the weight of world opinion to forsake a series of untenable positions, it has still to be admitted that they rose to the occasion. Not sufficient credit has been claimed or given for the orientations in the Western attitude. The loss of prestige, if any, can only be temporary; hereafter with the lapse of time, the British and French view-points have every chance of appreciating in the international field. By the same token, the Egyptian President will have to climb down until he realises what the brass-tacks would amount to.

Whether Mr. Dulles was working according to a long-range plan, or—what seems more likely—improvising from day to day, is immaterial for the present purpose. There are enough indications to show that the Western nations were caught on the wrong foot by the Egyptian leader's action. Had the risk of nationalisation been taken into account by Eden or Dulles, it is certain that the question of aid for Aswan Dam would not have been disposed of in such a cavalier fashion. A few more months of Fabianism

might well have been tried out, the presidential elections might have been got out of the way, and then America would have had a longer interval in which to perfect a more vigorous and effective course of action.

Peace with Justice

But now that the milk has been spilt, the West under Mr. Dulles's leadership has come to the conclusion—heroic in the circumstances—that a war over the issue of the Suez Canal should be ruled out. This does not mean that the West is automatically submitting to the 'unilateral action' of the Egyptian nationalisation of the canal. Another salutary effect of the present situation is that it has placed Nasser on the defensive; as time goes on he will have to be more and more on the defensive. The Security Council may take six weeks or six months to dispose of the question. The longer the delay the better for the West! But during all that interregnum Egypt's gains from the nationalisation would be Pickwickian, or what is even more likely, Pyrrhic! The greatest need of Egypt is the sinews of war

which she hoped to gather by the simplest process of tearing a piece of paper. Others had tried the trick earlier, and found the results quite incommensurate to their expectations. Nasser's education is still to complete!

One great illusion has been shattered by Mr. Dulles's role in the present crisis. He is not merely *not the world's war-monger No. 1*, but he is today the sole bulwark against war. Nor does it mean that he has gone out of character. Far from it. At the end of the second session of the Users' Conference, he is said to have made an extempore speech drawing attention to a corollary of peace—namely that it should ensure justice as well. This is what the Security Council must now ensure. Otherwise, every street Arab may find that he can indulge in his petty misdemeanours under the immunity assured to him by a world-opinion which has grown callous to the moral issues in every struggle. Mr. Dulles may not have heard or read of the *Gita*. But one of the lessons which it teaches us is that peace without justice is worse than a life rooted in dishonour.

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(Continued from page 16)

took money from the rich and distributed it among the poor.

Nikola Suhaj, like Robin Hood, took upon himself the tribulations of all his people, and put up a one-man resistance against the cruel rulers of the country. He avenged them, but died a lone death because of his isolation. Writing about "bandits," Olbracht says:

"If the times are favourable and they have the devil's luck, they found ruling dynasties, but much more often their bodies swing from the gibbet and still more often they end with their heads in the moss, in a pool of blood, killed by a shot in the back. But they earn then a

glory greater than is accorded to kings. For those fallen ones were of their own kind: of the people of these mountains. They took upon themselves the suffering and the burden of all and succeeded in doing what the people of these mountains had never dared to do and yet what they so passionately longed for: to avenge wrongs, to destroy those who are their masters, to wrest from them their stolen fortunes and, what was of no use, to destroy with fire and iron, for the pleasure of it, for revenge, as a warning for the future and for fear of it. They are the children of dreams, of those who in history had never dared to revolt and who had never known the satisfaction of a common revenge."

The editor, Mr. D. F. Karaka, tells of the battles that the current has waged since its inception for "INDEPENDENT ALWAYS, NEVER NEUTRAL" journalism. Lovers of democracy will be pained to read his account of the way in which the Railway Ministry has been trying to ban the sale of his journal in railway bookstalls. He says, quite correctly, that the action of the Railway Ministry is an affront to the dignity of the Fourth Estate, and should be resisted by all independent newspapers in the country.

Other interesting articles on Aarey Milk Colony, Koyna Hydro-electric Scheme, land reforms and State transport in Bombay, profusely illustrated with bright pictures, add to the attraction of this issue, and provide sumptuous reading matter. We wish the *Current* many more years of useful service.

N. RAMANATHAN

Peking Me Mere Teen Varsh (My three years in Peking) By Ko Ling. Price Re. 1. Published by Navachetan Press Ltd., Delhi. pp. 150.

THE trials and tribulations of the Chinese people during the period of their long struggle with the Japanese, serve as the backdrop to this book of reminiscences written by Ko Ling who left her Motherland with her husband and other members of her family when the Japanese occupied Peking and parts of Eastern China.

Even while in exile, Ko Ling had abundant faith in her country and people and knew that the Japanese occupation was only a brief interlude of misery and that the brave people of China would soon throw off the yoke of the foreign tyranny. After the end of the Second World War, Ko Ling returned to her native land and lived happily with her husband and other members of the family for three years in Peking, the "celestial city."

The book is mainly an interesting account of the every day life of the common people living in China. Ko Ling has portrayed their jokes and jealousies, loves and hates in a really authentic way. The book is a good introduction to the study of conditions in post-war China.

Cehatong Ki Phalwadi (The Umbrella Garden) By Maria Yen. Price Rs. 2-8-0. Navachetan Press Ltd., Delhi. pp. 318.

Student life in Red China forms the theme of this book. It tells of the efforts made by the Chinese Government in 1949 to canalise the energies of the young students to consolidate the gains of the Communist Revolution that put an end to the Kuomintang regime. In twelve chapters the authoress explains how the Universities and the educational authorities actively participated in spreading communism in China. One wonders whether it would not have been better for the leaders of China to have left the students alone and kept the educational institutions free from the contamination of political propaganda. Though the subject matter is sordid, the book is written in a racy style.

Mahabali Ki Patan. By Igor Gouzenko. Price Rs. 3. Navachetan Press Ltd., Delhi. pp. 462.

This is a good Hindi translation of Igor Gouzenko's novel, "The Fall of a Titan". The book consists of eight parts, each part having a number of chapters. Though the novel is bulky in size, the author has succeeded in retaining the interest of the original novel, mainly through his descriptive powers, fine narration and arresting style. The novel is bound to be popular among Hindi readers. One hopes that the publishing house will arrange to print more Hindi translations of novels and classics in foreign languages in order to enrich the literature of Hindi.

MRS. RAMALAKSHMI LAXMAN

FILMS

By V. P. SATHE

STATE awards were given away on the 20th September. The function itself proved to be a tame affair. To begin with Dr. Rajendra Prasad, the President, could not attend; and Pandit Nehru who deputized for him chose to be silent. The Prime Minister was perhaps too pre-occupied with the political issues to spare time to speak on films.

It was a great pity that Shri Satyajit Roy, the creator of *Pather Pancholi* and Shri V. Shantaram, the producer of *Jhanak Jhanak* were not present at the function to receive the awards. Even Dr. Keskar's speech was nothing new; it was a repetition of what he had said in Parliament and to the representatives of Indian Motion Picture Producers' Association a week ago in Bombay.

The awards themselves did not create much controversy though unlike in previous two years they were not announced till the 20th of September 1956. The recipients were not definite about their claims till the last hour. In fact, some of them could not make up their minds till the 19th whether to attend the function or not. The only surprise was the inclusion of *Shri Saibaba* for the All India certificate of merit when the picture had failed to get the silver medal for the regional language film. It is claimed that this picture was given preference because it happened to be the biography of a Saint who is worshipped by millions today. The point is whether this biography, full of legends and miracles, could be considered authentic. The non-inclusion of *Seema* in any awards caused no small surprise.

Had the Film Federation stuck to its original plan and celebrated the Silver Jubilee of the Talkie in Delhi along with the presentation of the awards, the function would have been more colourful. It was left to Raj Kapoor, Nargis and other stars to lend glamour and colour to the function which deserved to be better attended. Would it not be better to have this function at one of the film-capitals like Bombay, Calcutta and Madras by rotation so that the film people can mobilize in greater number to attend the function?

Picture of the week

Though every Indian picture has its quota of songs and dances, they cannot be called musicals. For, songs and dances are embellishments and never the principal attraction of the screen play. An exception to this rule is K. Asanath's *Naya Andaz* which is designed on the lines of Hollywood musicals.

In *Naya Andaz*, the songs and dances—there are about a dozen of them—predominate; the story is just incidental and serves as a good excuse for the various songs and dances. For, it is the story of a composer who is out to make a name for himself and his love for the leading lady who sings and dances to his tunes. The dramatic conflict is provided first by the father who is opposed to his son's ambition and later by the theatre-boss who is jealous of his love affair with the heroine and uses every trick to discredit the composer, starts a rival show to separate him from his beloved. But love triumphs over all difficulties.

The story is not good or exciting; but it serves the purpose. For that matter, even the song and dance numbers are not very good or spectacular. The choreography is elementary and the music though pleasant, and tuneful, does not rise to the heights of popular hits. Though Shamsheed and Kishore sing well, the tunes that Nayyar chooses for this

picture are not very suitable for their voices. As a result, the music and songs are second-rate.

As to the dances, Meena Kumari is no dancer and though she has put life and verve in her movements, she fails to impress due to the poor composition of dances. Yet she looks alluring and beautiful and gives a charming portrayal. Kishore does not get much chance to show off his comic antics and Johnny Walker steals every scene from him. Kum Kum is lively and contributes a lively cameo. The actor who plays the Sikh taxi-driver also deserves special mention.

Production values are average with Buva's good camerawork. The direction by K. Amarnath is competent and credit must be given to him for giving us a second-rate but enjoyable entertainer in *Naya Andaz*.

Personality of the Week

Most of the prominent music directors of the pre-war days have now almost gone into oblivion. If the life of a star is five years, the life of a music director is said to be ten years. A happy exception to this rule is Anil Biswas who has been giving music for over two decades.

Anil's first tune that brought him into limelight twenty-one years ago was *Tumhe Muzke Prem Sikhaya* sung by Bibbo and Surendra in Mehboob's *Manmohan*. Since then, right upto *Aurat* Anil gave music for every picture directed by Mehboob. Later he joined Bombay Talkies and was responsible for that sensational hit *Kismet*. It was Anil's tune in *Pehli Nazar*, that brought Mukesh to the fore; and Anil's tune in *Anokha Pyar* put Lata on the top.

No wonder, Anil Biswas is today one of the most respected and revered music director who has a thorough knowledge of Western and Oriental music. He has studied the classical

as well as folk music of India; and he is one of the very few directors who has not succumbed to the temptation of introducing jazzy tunes in his score. Anil has been more insistent on classical base than any other music director.

Anil made motion picture history last week when he sang his latest tune on long-distance telephone call to Moscow. Anil is giving music for the first Indo-Russian co-production *Pardesi*; and he has already recorded four songs. Now with Producer-Director Abbas away in Moscow, he had completed the new tune which is to be sung by Lata and recorded on 24th September 1956. So to get the final consent from Abbas, he sang the tune on the telephone which Abbas and his associates approved from Moscow!

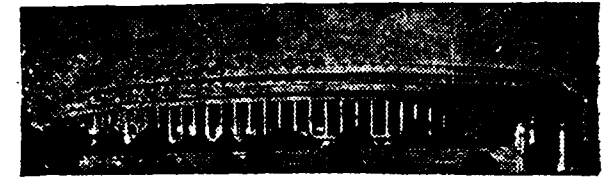
On hearing some of his latest tune for *Pardesi* and for Mahesh Kaul picture for Filmistan, one feels that Anil is still in his best form and that his music will continue to enrich our screen for many years to come.

News of the Week

To celebrate the Radium Jubilee (75th Week) of *Jhanak Jhanak* Shan-taram has organized musical concerts at Liberty for 7 days at the usual cinema prices. Bade Ghulam Ali Khan, Khansaheb Amir Khan, Bis-milla and Party, Siddeshwari Devi, Gangubai Hangal, Balgandharva, Kumar Gandharva, Begum Akhtri and Khansaheb Nissar Hussain are participating in these concerts.

Kishore Kumar is soon donning the mantle of producer. He is making a picture which M. V. Raman will direct and in which Madhubala will co-star. Raman is expected to direct one picture for Madhubala Ltd., starring the same pair, while Madhubala has been signed by Raman for his next production.

NEW DELHI DIARY



By V. V. PRASAD

PAKISTAN is gradually freeing itself from the tyranny of the Muslim League. Khan Abdul Gaffar Khan, who is the greatest mass leader in Pakistan, has explained during trial that the leaders of the Muslim League were not fighters for the freedom of their country. He pointed out that there was a conspiracy between the Muslim League and the British. "I do not believe that the leaders of the Muslim League ever served the people, or that they made any sacrifice for Islam or for the common people. They wanted Pakistan for their own selves and had succeeded in their objective," he declared.

Badshah Khan is the younger brother of Dr. Khan Saheb, and has been opposed to the idea of one unit for West Pakistan. He stood for a Pakh-toonisthan, forming an integral part of Pakistan. This has been purposely misinterpreted by the Muslim League as a demand for an independent State.

Khan Abdul Ghaffar Khan had also offered to solve the Kashmir dispute with India on two occasions, but the Pakistan Government did not accept his offer. The late Mr. Liaquat Ali Khan had explained to two legislators that he did not want another *Quide Azam*. The Muslim League leaders were really not interested in the solution of the Kashmir question, said Badshah Khan. "They were only interested in their ministerial chairs."

There is a gradual realisation among the masses of Pakistan that they have been betrayed by the Muslim League. It has taken nearly ten

years for the people of Pakistan to get rid of their incompetent and corrupt leaders of the Muslim League. Dr. Khan Saheb is the best administrator that Pakistan has today. He has been trying hard to effect a transition from the bad Government to a good Government. He is credited with the intention of bringing the younger element in the political leadership of Pakistan into responsible positions in that country. The best wishes of the people of India are ever with the people of Pakistan in their efforts to establish good Government in their country.

In an exclusive interview, Dr. Saifuddin Kitchlew told me: "There is no Kashmir issue any more. What is in your possession belongs to you and what is with me is mine. Now that Pakistan has aligned itself with the Western bloc completely, the question of plebiscite in Kashmir does not arise."

Dr. Kitchlew drew the attention of the Press to Pakistan's position in the world today. He pointed out that the foreign policy of Pakistan has led to a situation wherein none of its neighbours—neither India, nor Afghanistan, nor China nor Soviet Russia—could be described as "friendly" to Pakistan. That was the result of wrong policies adopted by the rulers of Pakistan.

Dr. Kitchlew also told the Pakistani Press that none of the countries of the Middle East regarded Pakistan as a friend, because of its support to the Dulles Plan at the London

Conference on Suez. Since then, of course, there have been changes in the Government of Pakistan, and a more satisfactory foreign policy is being evolved by the Suhrawardy Cabinet.

Bulgaria has been very much in the news in the capital this week-end. The new Minister, Mr. Daskalov, held one of the most colourful receptions in recent months to celebrate the Bulgarian National Day, which was attended, among others, by Vice-President Radhakrishnan. A new Indo-Bulgarian Friendship Society was formed with Dr. P. Subbarayan as President.

Speaking at the inaugural function of the Society, Mr. Daskalov gave an account of the progress made by his country during the past twelve years. Since the establishment of the People's Democracy in 1944, Bulgaria had grown from a backward agrarian country to a rapidly developing industrial nation. Her industrial production at present was 5.5 times that of the output of 1939. National income during this period had advanced by 50 per cent. Agriculture, which was in a rather primitive condition before liberation, had been completely re-organised on a co-operative basis, and thoroughly modernized with over 60 per cent mechanisation.

As far as cultural activities were concerned, Mr. Daskalov declared that the Government had succeeded in wiping out illiteracy completely from the people below 50 years of age. At various stages, from primary to specialized and technical education, the increases registered have been from two to six times.

It is heartening to find that Jaya Prakash Narayan has joined those who had been warning our country of the dangers of the personality cult. Mr. Ajoy Ghosh had joined our ranks some weeks ago. J. P. has called it "the pernicious cult of personality." J. P. has confirmed that the "cavalier

manner" against which Mr. C. D. Deshmukh feebly complained "is not just a fleeting symptom, but an indication of a fast-spreading disease, fear, adulation, power-manoevres, arbitrariness—all the components of the cult are present and they should be a warning to all lovers of freedom."

In view of this realisation on the part of J. P., it is difficult to appreciate his unwillingness to fight the Congress Party at the elections in the most effective manner. If a common programme can be evolved, there is no reason why it should not form the basis for a joint election strategy. The Sarvodaya concept steers clear of the party system. What is needed is a Joint Election Board consisting of representatives of the P.S.P., and other parties, as well as of Independents, which should choose candidates solely on the basis of merit, irrespective of whether they belong to a particular party or not.

I was glad to see an excellent translation in Telugu of Ivan Olbracht's *Nikola Suhaj, the Robber*. More works of outstanding literary merit from all over the world are translated into Telugu than in any other Indian language except Bengali. Mr. Rentala Pitcheswara Rao has translated from the original in Czech, and his effort is perhaps the first translation from this language in Telugu.

There is a great literary tradition in Czechoslovakia, and it will be well worth our while to make the masterpieces of Czech literature available in our languages. Ivan Olbracht is one of the greatest modern writers of Czechoslovakia, and died only a few years ago. *Nikola Suhaj* is a novel about a legendary outlaw and friend of the poor, a kind of Robin Hood. Both Robin Hood and Nikola Suhaj loved freedom, and therefore took shelter in the forests, where tyrannical exploiters could not reach. They

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THE MRIDANGAM PLAYER

WHEN we were boys we played "musicians" and the part invariably assigned to me and the one I liked most was that of the *mridangam* vidwan. *Mridangam* as a stage property was hard to get and so also were other instruments generally featured in a South Indian concert.

Our stage was an improvised platform, made up of two or three tables or desks and it was assembled in a room as far away from the kitchen as possible because it was there grandma, our guardian and governess, worked and she was not exactly fond of plays, especially of the variety specialised in by us. She was fond of us, but she was too much of a puritan to understand dramas and such other new fangled ideas. She generally left us to our device so long as (i) we did not make too much noise to disturb her work and (ii) our neighbour, a regular killjoy, did not complain.

It was difficult, if not impossible, to carry on our entertainment under those stringent conditions for noise as it seemed to others is the *sine qua non* of our activities and it not only reached the kitchen creating violent reactions in the presiding deity there, but it overflowed into the neighbour's bedroom where it shook him from his afternoon siesta.

The neighbour, it was very unfortunate, was at home during the week-ends which was also the occasion when we children gathered in strength and planned our games. It was a delight to watch his reactions to our deliberations. There was anxiety and concern written large on his face and inwardly he said a prayer to himself that we might decide on anything but not on a music concert. As it happened, however, the concert was our favourite and there was no restriction on the number of persons who could participate in it.

We liked instrumental concerts more than vocal singing because our heroes were the *nadhaswara* vidwans, the flutists, the violinists and the *mridangam* and *ganjira* players. Usually we had two to play the *nadhaswaram* and they had any number of accompaniments, including the violin, the *mridangam* and the *ganjira*, not to speak of the *thavul*.

It was rather unorthodox, you might think, clubbing the *nadhaswaram* with violin and *mridangam*, but we liked it that way and children will be children. We fashioned the *nadhaswaram* by clipping the ends of thatched coconut leaves. They were small, of course, compared to the long instruments of the piper, but by applying them to our lips and extending our tiny arms as far as possible we could pass the test with flying colours. We sang into the *nadhaswarams* all the music that we knew and it was not much considering the fact that our knowledge generally did not extend beyond the first line of the song. There was a disadvantage in using the coconut leaf because our effort released so much saliva that our instruments soon became wet and had to be constantly replaced. This meant frequent dismantling of our thatched roof to the consternation of our neighbour who also happened to be our landlord.

It was easier to find a violin and it did not involve replacement so often. We picked up the hard fibre of plantain leaves which was sheared and thrown away and cut them into lengths suitable to us. We needed two pieces, one for the violin and the other for the bow. We rested the rod against our chest and ran the bow across it with the expertness of a born musician. There was, of course, a risk involved in this and many times the concert, when it was at its best, had to be stopped in the

A PARODY OF THE PRESS REPORT

By N. GANGA RAM

RIGHT from his high school days the present writer has read regularly his favourite newspaper. He has now become so familiar with the set, "stereo-typed" pattern of news-presentation that last Sunday he could himself dash off a press report with considerable ease. It is this report which has been reproduced below:

WELFARE OF LOVERS

Minister Defends Govt.'s Policy

New Delhi, Sept. 24.

Mr. C. Dushyanthappa, Union Minister for Love Affairs, disclosed in Parliament today that the Government had decided to allot Rs. 1 crore for expenditure on schemes aimed at encouraging lovers and love-making. He also indicated that the Government were contemplating comprehensive legislation for safeguarding the interests of lovers. The Minister was replying to the unexpected debate occasioned by the remark of a private member that the party in power was totally neglecting the welfare of lovers and that of late, the country had become a lover's hell. (A brief report on the debate has already appeared in these columns).

The Union Minister in his reply strongly protested against the member's allegation which he characterised as "uncharitable and wholly unfounded." The Government, he stated, were fully aware of the significant role love and love-making could play in generating happiness in under-developed countries with low living standards. In this connection he quoted the familiar saying, 'It is love that makes the world

go round', and said the inestimable value of a love-experience while young, could easily be understood. Apart from making them happy, it helped the young males and females move in close quarters and get an insight into the psychology of the other. Love-making promoted a sense of sympathy and understanding which later on in life facilitated the achievement of domestic harmony and peace. As the members knew very well, love-marriages served to eradicate the evil of dowry and promoted inter-caste alliances, the Minister said.

Role Of Parks

Continuing, Mr. Dushyanthappa observed that the Government had been taking various measures for encouraging love-making. "For the benefit of the House in general and the concerned member in particular, I should like to briefly mention here some of the steps taken by the Government. Everyone knows that parks are the ideal traditional rendez-vous of lovers and hence they greatly facilitate love-making. The laying out of more number of parks and the beautification and better up-keep of the existing parks are engaging the attention of the Government. Similarly, co-educational institutions play an important role in contributing to the cause of love-making and therefore, the Government propose to open more schools and colleges—co-educational, of course. It will be appreciated that this measure incidentally will serve the interests of higher education also."

The Minister next mentioned the

efforts of the Government to popularise love-making through the medium of books. He said that some of the excellent plays glorifying healthy and pure love were to be found in the classical literature. In order to make available large number of such works at moderate prices, the Government had requested the National Book Trust and the Southern Languages Trust to remember the love-plays (comedies) of Shakespeare and Kalidasa when preparing a list of books to be published or recommended.

"The visual appeal," the Minister said, "is the most powerful appeal. And we are grateful to the film industry for anticipating our policy and making pictures centering around love. The Government is working out a scheme which when implemented would enable *bona fide* lovers to obtain tickets at concessional rates. Of course, the Government would undertake to make good the loss incurred by theatre-managements in this regard."

Govt. Bill Soon

Mr. Dushyanthappa told the House that some days ago an Independent member, a good friend of his, approached him with a Bill which sought to regulate love-making. On his assurance that the Government would soon be introducing a comprehensive Bill to safeguard the interests of lovers, he decided not to pass it on to the Speaker. "There are two aspects of such a Bill. On the one hand, it should encourage love-making as much as possible in a healthy way and remove all obstacles preventing lovers from getting married. For example, the Bill should contain a clause which would penalise parents refusing to permit their sons/daughters to marry those whom they love. On the other hand, it should ensure that immoral practices are not committed under the pretext of love-making."

"Prema-Mahotsava"

The Minister said that arrangements were being made for a country-wide celebration of a *Prema-mahotsava* when there would be special meetings, plays, film-shows, broadcasts over the radio, essay competitions and the like.

Mr. Dushyanthappa admitted that there was truth in the observation made by an opposition member that the antipathy and disfavour shown towards girl-gazing and girl-chasing had somewhat affected the tempo of love-making in the country. "The House may be interested to know that last month the Government invited the French expert, M. Edouard Romeolaire, to study this situation and make his recommendations. A copy of the Romeolaire Report would be placed on the table of the House shortly and I may point out here that the Bill to which I referred to just now, is being modelled on the recommendations of M. Romeolaire."

Orangeby Report

Mr. Dushyanthappa referred to Mr. Paul Orangeby's Report on the administration and said that he had remarked therein that if the administrative machinery contained many frustrated lovers its efficiency would be impaired and to that extent the progress of the Plan would also be affected. "The successful implementation of the schemes for encouraging lovers for which Rs. 1 crore is to be set apart, would result in fewer numbers of frustrated lovers and suicides and also solve to some extent the problem of overcrowding in mental hospitals," the Minister hoped.

Concluding, the Minister revealed amidst laughter that he himself was a disappointed lover and hence the House could rest assured that he would do his best to save others from frustration in love.

The House at this stage adjourned for lunch.

HUMANITY

BY BALRAJ PURI

(Dogri—the language of the north western hilly areas of India, between the Punjab and Kashmir valley—has a rich tradition of melodious folk songs. Imbibing that spirit, Madhukar, a young Dogri poet, gives a lyrical and romantic expression to a philosophical idea—the role of man on the earth. There is, in fact, no idea more romantic and no story more adventurous than the saga of man. And rightly does Madhukar sing the song of the eternal struggle of humanity against nature, heaven and gods. The English version, given below, is a free rendering from the original in Dogri.)

An Eternal Song of Eternal Humanity!

Millions of floods have flooded the fields of skies;
Clouds have sung the song of destruction, millions of times;
Storms of darkness pitched their tents, time and again;
Yet, the gold of the rays of the sun is not tarnished!
And the flow of light continues undiminished!

The light is a symbol of life's continuity.

This is the eternal song of eternal Humanity.

Thunderbolts were thrown by angry heaven;
It also showered the rains of destruction;

And many a storm of death was unleashed;
The upright Himalayas of humanity didn't retreat!

The song of Truth's struggle is pure and sweet!
Lakes represent water of human effort and dignity.

This is the eternal song of eternal Humanity.

Innumerable rivers strike with all their might;
Yet, the lap of ocean hasn't ceased rearing up pearls!

The water isn't dried up in the ocean of love!
The oil isn't finished in the lamp of struggle!

Pearls of love are born in water salty.*

This is the eternal song of eternal Humanity.

Rahu' of bad luck often came to dishearten;
Dark nights also tried to frighten;

Through darkness, stars of aspirations continued to smile!
The moonlight of Hope remains unblemished!

The rows of bowers of feeling haven't perished!
These flowers are the hope of humanity

This is the eternal song of eternal Humanity.

Autumn comes with all the blast and anger
To scare away the songs of koels and birds;

And to whip out the traces of spring in orchards;
But the fragrance and songs survive the onslaught!

The walls of sand fail to stop the waves!
The waves, propelled by water currents fierce and mighty.

This is the eternal song of eternal Humanity.

Mountains of starvation come to check its sway;
Jungles of misfortunes tried to block its way;

Pits of exploitation confused its flow;
But the flow of the Ganges of Humanity continues unabated!

Factors adverse couldn't diminish its glow!
This light is destined to wipe out the darkness.

This is the eternal song of eternal Humanity.

With immense fondness the Earth constructs picture after picture;
The anger of heaven strives to break them one after the other;

Lo! heaven gives in, but all pictures couldn't be broken.
The foundations of human hope remain unshaken!

This is a symbol of the light of hope.

This is an eternal song of eternal Humanity.

* Tears.

AMERICAN VIGNETTES

IN the U. S. A., until the first week in November, when the Presidential election will take place, Americans who like to call everyone, including their President, by first name and preferably by a nick-name, will be swearing by Ike, Adlai, Dick and Estes. In recent weeks, literally millions and millions of words have been written about them. Out of this ocean of material, is given the following account of the four men coming face to face in the ensuing elections.

The Presidential battle of 1956 gives American voters a choice between two men of vivid contrasts. Dwight D. Eisenhower, the Republican candidate, is a military man who grew up in a financially hard-pressed family in a small Kansas town, got his schooling at West Point, and turned to politics only after gaining fame in war. Adlai E. Stevenson, the Democratic candidate, is an Illinois lawyer who was born to financial security and social position, went to top flight private schools and gravitated naturally to politics as the field in which his ancestors had won fame.

Mr. Eisenhower is an extrovert, an out-of-doors man, who loves to fish and play golf. He was a football player at West Point. His favourite reading is Western stories. His hobbies are bridge and painting. Mr. Stevenson is known as an "intellectual," whose reading tastes run to History, Philosophy and the Classics. His favourite sports are tennis and horseback riding. He seems to have no other hobbies, unless you would so describe his love for reading and lively conversation.

The President is no polished orator. His speech is simple and direct, often confused in syntax. But he is generally credited with getting his message through to the people. Mr. Stevenson is a polished speaker, a mas-

ter of the clever phrase, the classical quotation. His speeches delight intellectuals, but politicians have accused him of talking over the heads of the masses of voters.

Physical Make-up

At 65, President Eisenhower, after serious illnesses in a year, is a lean 168 pounds. He is tall—5 feet 11 inches. He is noted for his broad grin, hearty laugh and quick temper. In any kind of contest—at golf, bridge, war or politics—he is intense, eager to win. At 56, Mr. Stevenson weighs 185 pounds, although he is two inches shorter than his opponent. He is noted for a sense of humour, but his is the humour of the subtle witticism. His reserved manner sometimes gives an impression of shyness. His approach to an enterprise tends to appear somewhat casual, rather than intense.

Even friends of the two are of different types. Mr. Eisenhower seems to prefer the active type, usually a business or military man, one who shares his interests in bridge and outdoor sports. Mr. Stevenson clings to the type of men he grew up among—the quieter, literary or legal types who prefer quiet conversation to competition. People who know both men doubt that Mr. Eisenhower and Mr. Stevenson would ever be close friends, even if next-door neighbours.

Yet there are points of likeness, too, in these rival candidates. Both Mr. Stevenson, who inherited money, and Mr. Eisenhower, who did not, are now accounted as men of substance. Mr. Stevenson's personal fortune is estimated at about half a million dollars. Mr. Eisenhower earned a similar amount from his book, *Crossade in Europe*. Both men own and enjoy farms—Mr. Eisenhower at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, and Mr. Stevenson at Libertyville, Illinois.

Also, in the four years since they last met in a political campaign, both rival candidates have shown great improvement as politicians. And, to some extent, their political viewpoints coincide—near the middle of the road. Neither is considered an extremist.

Contrasts

It is the contrasts, rather than the similarities, however, that can be expected to catch the voter's eyes in the campaign ahead. It is the differences between them that are likely to sway the voters' verdict. These differences have their origins far back in the Eisenhower and Stevenson family traces. Mr. Eisenhower's ancestors were German and Swiss. After coming to this country in the eighteenth century, they were mostly farmers, small tradesmen or preachers. Mr. Stevenson's ancestors came from England and Ireland, also in the eighteenth century. In the U. S. they accumulated financial substance and political fame. His grandfather, also named Adlai E. Stevenson, was Vice-President under Grover Cleveland.

In Abilene, Kansas, the future President grew up in a modest home crowded with six boys. His father, after an unsuccessful venture in a general store and a period in Texas as a railroad mechanic, was working in an Abilene creamery during the President's boyhood. There was always plenty to eat, but the life was one of frugality and hard work. The boys had to milk the family cow, raise a garden and do odd jobs to get spending money. They went to public schools until young Dwight, in competitive examinations, won an appointment to the U. S. Military Academy.

Mr. Stevenson's father, after managing mines in the West for the Hearst family and working on a Hearst newspaper in Los Angeles, settled down in the family seat of Bloomington, Illinois. There he managed 10,000 acres of farm land

spread over three States. Young Adlai grew up in a big, comfortable house in the best section of the town. His mother and his sister taught him at home until he entered public school at the age of nine. His family travelled widely, spending winter vacations in the South and summer vacations in Michigan. He spent one year studying in Lausanne, Switzerland. He also attended Choate preparatory school in Connecticut, then spent four years in Princeton. In 1918, he enlisted in the U. S. Naval Reserve unit at Princeton, but World War I ended before he saw action.

After graduation from Princeton, Mr. Stevenson studied law for two years at Harvard. He interrupted his law studies to spend a year and a half helping run a Bloomington newspaper in which his family had a financial interest. Then he went to Northwestern University to finish his law studies and entered an established law firm in Chicago.

Their Careers

Out of such diverse backgrounds, the candidates' careers developed in different directions. Mr. Eisenhower went on to the usual life of an Army officer. He fretted out World War I in the U. S. Then he went through the dreary round of routine assignments and slow promotions that was the normal fate of Army officers between the World Wars. He remained a Major for sixteen years, from 1920 to 1936. In September, 1941, Mr. Eisenhower distinguished himself in Army war games and won the notice of his superiors. This led to a series of command appointments—and a series of military triumphs in Africa and Europe. He wound up the war as Supreme Allied Commander in Europe and one of the world's most famous military figures. For the politicians, he was a marked man.

Mr. Stevenson, meanwhile, also was making his mark in Government service, but as a civilian. He first went to Washington in the early years of

the New Deal, serving as special counsel in the Agricultural Adjustment Administration and as assistant general counsel for the Federal Alcohol Control Administration. After two years in Washington, Mr. Stevenson returned to his Chicago law practice. But World War II brought him to Washington again, in 1941, as personal assistant to Frank Knox, Secretary of the Navy. In 1945 and 1946, Mr. Stevenson served in the State Department and played active roles in the early meetings of the United Nations.

Returning to Chicago in 1947, Mr. Stevenson saw politics beckoning. He wanted to run for the U. S. Senate, but found political pressure pushing him toward the Governorship instead. Friends won him the endorsement of Illinois' Democratic leadership and he was elected Governor by a plurality of 572,000 votes in 1948—when President Harry S. Truman carried Illinois by only 33,612. As Governor, Mr. Stevenson doubled State assistance to public schools, renovated the welfare system, began a 100-million-dollar road programme, removed the State police from political patronage and installed a merit system. He had his troubles too, but national leaders of the Democratic Party were looking him over as a presidential possibility.

Mr. Eisenhower's entry into politics came four years later than Mr. Stevenson's. After the war, he served as Army Chief of Staff, President of Columbia University, and military commander of North Atlantic Treaty Organization forces in Europe. Meanwhile, politicians' interest in him continued to grow. Then, in 1952, the paths of Mr. Eisenhower and Mr. Stevenson crossed. Both were virtually drafted to run for the Presidency. Mr. Eisenhower, who had rejected overtures from both parties as early as 1948, finally yielded in January, 1952, identified himself as a Republican, and announced that he would

accept that party's nomination if it were offered. He won the nomination on the first ballot of the Convention.

Mr. Stevenson held out until the middle of the 1952 Democratic Convention before yielding, then was nominated on the third ballot. In the November election that followed, Mr. Eisenhower defeated Mr. Stevenson with ease. After the 1952 election, Mr. Eisenhower worked his way slowly into his new role as President. Often he was frustrated and irked by Republicans who opposed many of his objectives in Congress. Finally he got the hang of his job, grew to like it and decided, despite its burdens and the condition of his health, to seek another term.

In the same four years, Mr. Stevenson made a world tour, travelled extensively in the U. S., cultivating politicians and learning their ways. Now Mr. Eisenhower and Mr. Stevenson face each other again in a campaign which emphasizes their differences. The American voters, next November, will choose between contrasts.

Nixon and Kefauver

For Vice-President—as for President—American voters this year are offered a choice between contrasts.

Vice-President Richard M. Nixon, the Republican candidate, draws his strongest political support from among businessmen and the so-called "conservatives" in his party. Senator Estes Kefauver, the Democratic candidate, has shown his greatest strength among farm and labour groups, and in the so-called "liberal" elements of his party.

Mr. Nixon is known as a "Party regular." During his six years in Congress as a Representative and as a Senator from California, Republican leaders usually could count upon his vote for party measures. Senator Kefauver, in 17 years in Congress,

great Tolstoy once picked up an urchin from the street and put him to work in his palatial house. The boy was given the best of rations, best of raiments under that palatial roof and yet one day he was found absconding. The boy left for the streets. Why? Tolstoy reasons it out that it was entirely due to the idle rich life the other inmates of the self-same house lived as noticed by the boy-servant. Contrasted with the life of the latter who had to live doing all the work and notwithstanding all the luxury heaped on him, the lazy living of the Tolstoy family raised an interrogation mark before him, why he alone should work? He, therefore, shunned all work. That urchin of Tolstoy has a lesson for us. The Haves have got to change their mode of living and mere dispossessing oneself of a fraction of his land does not touch even the fringe of the problem. *A slice of the loot recovered from a plunderer does not make the plunderer a better man.*

The Mannankatti dan and its kindred dans only tend to deepen the lines of demarcation already existing between man and man. They could never erase inequalities among men.

More Effective Measures

One should not run away with the idea that I am a 'Red' suggesting fire and sword to solve the problems confronting Society today. Far from that, I am neither Red except for my blood nor White except for my dhoti. I think it is better to perish without an inch of land, if at all one will perish for that reason, rather than to flourish a sword in hand or Gandhi cap on the head. All that is implied is that a compelling force from the seat of supreme authority and responsibility for the welfare of the people should move in the matter and do something. The voluntary dan should be substituted with compulsory dispossession.

Even the argument that the Mannankatti dan will create a con-

genial climate for necessary legislation at a later date cannot be accepted as it has now been long enough in our midst. How is it that no Pada yatras were made, no prayer meetings conducted and no orange juice sipped to create such a climate for the sanctimonious visitation of His Holiness the Prohibition? The reason is that in the case of the latter the Government wanted it and had it without waiting for any Pada yatras or Sirshasanams by anybody. A government with a similar intent on the agrarian muddle could have long ago, with the grit it showed for Prohibition enactment, done likewise for the former also. Is it after slowly and cautiously creating the so-called necessary climate among the burglars, dacoits, pirates, pindarees, thugs, marauders, hooligans, goondas, bandits, murderers and their tribe that the Government of this country, or of any other country for that matter, legislated against them? Legislation is called for only when the climate is hostile and it is a contradiction in terms to speak of necessary climate and legislation at the same breath. When the former has been created, the need for the latter vanishes.

We do not want legislation to prohibit us from walking on our heads even though the climate for such a legislation is prevalent. But at a time when some privileged people begin to ride on some other human heads, what the situation calls for is not a Pada yatra among the riders by some with incantations of *Sthotras* and *Srutis*, but, an unrelenting legislation preventing and punishing such inhuman vehicular vandalism.

Sermons Different from Laws

What is being adored and passed off as a dan is all patch-up work, stop-gap arrangement, hotch-potch, procrastinating the inevitable on the blind faith of the dumb masses, quoting scriptures and the like.

There is no Government run on the *Ten Commandments* or on the *Vedas* or *Gayatri* or *Sahasranamas*. These, of course, are, were and will be there; but, those spiritual strictures may or may not be heeded by the worldly folk. The mundane force to propel man in the right direction in a state said to be enjoying or suffering secular government is adequate, timely and suitable legislation. Sermons are different from laws; priests are no parliamentarians and moralising is no substitute for enforcement of enactments.

It is all nice to read that "a total sum of Rs. 8,19,545-6-8 has been donated till the end of June 56 through out India for the Sampattidan Yagna and "till June 30th 1956, 1,876 persons had offered *Jeevandan* for the reconstruction of man and society." But this 8 lakhs odd of *Sampattidan* trumpeted about to the public to further glorify the dan, is only a pittance when compared with the dans made by the public from time to time for some relief work or other. There are instances to show that some of the newspapers in this country have been able to collect tens of lakhs in less than a month's time for relief measures. The term, *Sampattidan*, may be an invention, but, what is implied in it has been in vogue from the earliest times.

If you think that a sum of Rs. 8 lakhs odd collected by an organised movement during the course of a few years from the whole country of India is a great achievement and sufficient reason to promote the movement, I wonder how you would feel when I tell you that the monthly amount of *hundi* collection in Palani temple is about 10 lakhs. No *Pada yatras*, no prayer meetings, no orange juice, no mass spinning, no exhibitionism of any kind; and yet, Rs. 10 lakhs every MONTH! Surely *Sri Andavaji* is a more miraculous man! *Sri Murukaji* is, of course, a better collector! And *Sri Guruvayurappaji's* achievement in

the field of *Sampattidan* is unequalled.

I have my own doubt as to what insignificant an extent these ever increasing dans could effect any vibration in the chord of our national economy! The intelligent economists are reticent about it. The agricultural experts are silent as to the consequences of sub-division and fragmentation of holdings, the inevitable concomitant of the dans and as to the possibilities or lack of it for the mechanisation of the farming industry. Perhaps, following the dans some *Ambar* ploughs may be invented sooner or later and I wonder which lucky guy stands to knock off a few lakhs.

I wonder why the ministers who fly to the *Dan Diety* now and then for *darshans* do not do something officially to reinforce the movement. Why are they doing only *Adharadan*—lip service; by *Adharadan* I don't mean what you mean, newly-weds . . . !!

I do not suggest demobilisation of the dan formations. Let the crusade be continued as a *Katha Kalakshepa*; let it not be a lullaby to send our government to sleep on the point at issue; let it not bamboozle a responsible government to the smug complacency that all is well with the land, the land-lords and the landless; let the people pin their love to the *Mannankatti dan* but not their hopes. For hopes they must look elsewhere.

ALTITUDE RECORD

GEORGETOWN, KENTUCKY—A research balloon launched by the University of Minnesota has landed here after being carried swiftly by high altitude winds. Its instruments indicate it set an altitude record of 143,000 feet. The record-making balloon flight was the first of a series planned by the university. They are designed to open a new area of cosmic ray studies and to discover new problems which might be involved in future space flight.—USIS

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YOUR LAUGHTER GIVES YOU AWAY

By SUBHASH J. RELE

FROM the earliest dawn of history laughter has been considered as essential to happiness. Laughter cannot be bought, begged or borrowed. The ability to laugh is instinctive. It is an inborn faculty. The ancients were convinced of the fact that there are few things more enviable than the gift of good laughter.

Why do we Laugh?

Various theories of laughter fail to illumine us to the extent we wish. Bergson was of the opinion that we laugh at human things; we laugh at animals as at other situations only because we find some human elements in them. In quite *staccato* sentences Voltaire noted that solemnity is a kind of disease. Those persons who find nothing in life to make them laugh, surely are a bit abnormal, for, a laughter is a release and a joy, a vital part of man's emotional repertoire. Schopenhauer said that laughter is merely 'a negation of pain' but then Schopenhauer was a pessimist. Mc Dougall's view is that we laugh in order that we may not weep. This is quite an incomplete explanation for this kind of laughter probably depends upon training and experience. Freud explains laughter as emanating from the unconscious region of the mind. He has stressed that sex is the strongest propulsive power in the human organism. Boris Sidis contends that we laugh in the overflowing abundance of our joy. Perhaps Thomas Hobbes has some definite views. He candidly maintains that we laugh because we are lacking in sympathy and have a 'sudden glory' in discovering 'some eminency' in ourselves by

comparisons with the infirmities of others. Sudden glory gives us pleasure which is expressed in the form of laughter.

Recently psychologists have stripped away some of the secrecy shrouding laughter. They, however, point out to us that there is more in laughter than meets the eye. Patients who consult a psychologist should not be greatly surprised if they are told funny stories by the doctors; and anyone who applies for an important job should not be startled if the personnel director turns the interview into a joke session. Psychologists are convinced that the way you respond to different types of humour reveals more about your character and personality than you would ever dream possible. You will find it hard to believe but in many countries business firms have been quick to employ this new principle as an aid to selecting men for important posts. Laughter is an uncannily penetrating clue to the inner cores and secrecies of a human personality. One's laughter, they say, is a real key to one's personality.

Key To Personality

Supposing a company is considering several men for the job of sales-manager. All have good qualifications but the question is, which is best suited temperamentally for this particular post. To determine this, the personnel director obtains each man's reaction to a list of jokes. How each applicant responds to these jokes indicates how well his personality fits the job. On the face of it this may seem rather far-fetched. But the fact is that this principle

works wonders as has been proved in exhaustive tests conducted by psychologists, R. B. Cattell and L. B. Luborsky, at the University of Illinois who have long believed that humour responses are significant because (i) individuals are consistent in their preference for certain kinds of humour (ii) the type of humour a man appreciates is linked with his innermost feelings and repressed desires.

Scientific research proves the importance of laughing. Laughter is prescribed by doctors as medicine, as an effective tonic. It gently massages the intestinal organs and improves digestion. It clears the brain of its mental cobwebs, warms the heart, stimulates circulation and makes work easier and life worth living. A doctor puts it quite bluntly, "A little laughter everyday, like a good sweat, is no bad thing." He explains that laughter is the ideal physical relaxer because by its nature it gets rid of tenseness of the muscles, particularly in the abdomen and chest. There is an Italian proverb that says, "Laughter creates good blood." And good blood in turn creates wholesome flesh. Lin Yutang rightly stresses that this troubled world of curs badly needs more laughter. "If all men have a large sense of humour," he says "there will be no more trouble in this world; and if all the countries are represented at foreign conferences by their best humorists there will be no more wars." Psychologists the world over are agreed that people who cannot laugh should be regarded with mistrust, since they rarely make good members of the community.

Effects of Laughter

The effects of laughter are most significant. "Laugh your worries away," is not an empty slogan. A happy face is an efficacious spirit raiser. Thorton says that if you want to keep the wrinkles out of your life, keep sunshine in your heart, then laugh at your ills and save doctor's

bills. One famous psychotherapist developed what might be called a healing technique of laughter. He encouraged his patients to laugh. By a cleverly devised series of stimuli, he was able to induce in them sheer side-splitting, rollicking laughter. His method wrought a miracle. Nervous, miserable people recaptured the capacity to laugh.

Another man, a Dutch medical student, worked out a scheme to wake people up laughing on the telephone. He told the idea to various Dutch hotels, where guests can ring him up to hear the latest joke. The idea was so popular that he found himself telling the same funny story 640 times a day, and now has to have his jokes recorded.

"HOUSE OF TOMORROW" UNVEILED IN NEW YORK CITY

A scale model of a one-family house, made of moulded plastic parts, with built-in coloured walls, flower-shaped wash basins and egg-shaped closets, was recently unveiled by Walt Disney at the Coliseum in New York City. A life-size model of the "House of Tomorrow" will be built in the Tomorrowland area of Disneyland at Anaheim, California. The New York model was a feature of Monsanto Chemical Company's exhibit at the Seventh National Plastics Exhibition.

The plastic house features moulded walls and floors similar in concept to plastic shells of boats. Around a central core having a kitchen and two bathrooms are four wings. By adding another core and other wings, the house can be enlarged or rearranged. Windows are made of plastic, but curtains are hung on rods as in any other house. The parts of the new house are made up of compound curves for strength.

The cost of the house, once it gets into production, will be approximately the same as that of a more traditional house of the same size.—USIS

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

Blind Politicians

The Southern Regional Educational Conference which discussed the question of medium of instruction in colleges is just over. The arguments put forth by the supporters of the regional language do not reveal much forethought or statesmanship regarding education. It is time people like Prof. Rathnaswamy and thoughtful parents rallied round Dr. Lakshmanaswamy in support of his wise suggestions for the retention of English in our universities. The regional language medium in schools is all right but English should be taught equally and thoroughly well and should begin earlier than the middle school stage.

The Conference rightly realises the fact that Hindi is as foreign to the South or in fact much more foreign than the English language. The South should insist on English being the official language along with the regional language. English will be a unifying factor when the States reorganisation becomes an established fact. Hindi can be learnt only as a third language.

Why should Hindi be thrust down the throats of the South Indians who have a much more ancient language with a richer tradition than Hindi? As is well known English is an international language and it will remain so to the end of time. English has also given us national awakening. Why should we cast it away because it happens to be the erstwhile ruler's mother-tongue? The North seems quite blind and adamant and it is better it leaves the South alone. We hope that our educationists will give more thoughts to this problem and recognise the merits of the case for the retention of English.

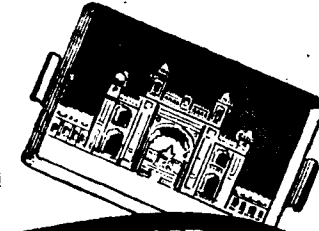
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PEDLAR'S PACK

PANDIT NEHRU'S progress through Saudi Arabia has been an unbroken triumph. In the land which has been famed throughout the world for cherishing one God, one Prophet and one Law, room at last has been found for the recognition of a second Prophet; for, our Prime Minister has been hailed as the Prophet of Peace. Barring Kashmir in our North, Assam in the East, Goa in the West, the conferment of this title on him must be pronounced singularly felicitous! Pandit Nehru claimed modestly for himself no more than the role of a pilgrim. But despatches have been silent as to whether any visit was made to Mecca. Arab youths are reported to have asked him to explain how we in this country have been able to achieve such wonderful progress in the last nine years. Clearly a case of distance lending enchantment to the view! For how should the schoolboys out there know that we are not yet self-sufficient either in regard to food or to clothing! The Prime Minister was apparently taken aback at the princely salary of more than Rs. 400 per mensem paid to cadets. It is a royal wage, doubtless distributed among the members of the royal family, and obviously made possible by royalties derived from oil! A state-banquet to the distinguished guest high-lighted the welcome. The Arab notables came dressed in their national, flowing robes and many rare delicacies were served.

Allah is great, but greater is oil
For thanks to it, the Arabs neither spin
nor toil:
But their present-day glory
Is greater than that of Solomon in
story!

Professor Haldane, the noted British scientist, gave an interview at Calcutta after returning from a conference of Japanese scientists who discussed atomic radiation. He was dressed in djibbah and Kurta, presumably to underline his composite admiration for Indians and Arabs. Commenting on the Suez situation, he is said to have declared that if Britain went to war with Egypt, he would

have to remain here and would be glad to do it.

In progressive Asiatic circles, however, hopes are entertained of the distinguished scientist organising an international brigade of septuagenarian intellectuals to offer Satyagraha at 10, Downing Street, London.

As a result of the London meetings of the Western powers, it has been decided to form a new body called the Co-operative Association of Suez Canal users—Cascu, for short. It is to be formally inaugurated on October 1, but it is understood that there would be no obligation that participating members should act in a particular way.

Cascu

Is born askew:

It can neither stand, sit nor move
But only Western disunity prove!

Mr. Suhrawardy, the leader of the Awami League, who has become the Prime Minister of Pakistan, has announced that he has taken ten portfolios himself.

A moulti, who does not wish to be identified, has pointed out that the Shariat, which has limited the number of one's wives to a maximum of four, has not specifically ruled out a plurality of portfolios as un-Islamic.

The Congress High Command is understood to have decided that at least one-third of the sitting members in all the legislatures belonging to the party should be replaced with a view to draw fresh blood.

The proportion of bad blood likely to be created by this decision is expected to be much higher.

With a view to step up food-production in the next two years, a new ministry has been set up with a minister and deputy-minister below cabinet rank.

There is much general satisfaction that the growth of ministers at least should thus outstrip all target figures!

LIBRA.

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SWATANTRA

(Issued Every Saturday)

Vol XI. 1 September 1956. No. 31.

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

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

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SWATANTRA

Vol. XI SEPTEMBER 1 SATURDAY 1956 No. 31

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THE MULTI-POINT SALES TAX

The merchants of Madras State, at their conference held on the 26th instant, voiced their powerful protest against the reprehensible methods adopted by the Government in collecting the sales tax. Merchants who discharge the important function of distribution of goods are a necessary element in society, and have to be treated with due consideration by every civilized Government. Under communism the merchants are classed along with the land lords and mill owners as members of the parasitic class of capitalists to whom no mercy should be shown. In Soviet Russia, all shops are run by the Government and all merchants get liquidated. In India, where we have not yet jumped into the Communist cauldron we have to make up our minds to behave decently towards the merchant community.

The sales tax is a revenue measure and should not be used as a means for effecting social transformation and the abolition of merchants as a class, preliminary to the taking over of the function of distribution by Government. But the fear of impending nationalisation of their interests has entered the hearts of all merchants because of the scant courtesy paid to them by the authorities and the high handed methods adopted by the minions of the Commercial Tax Department. The Government gives arbitrary powers to underlings of forcible entry into premises and inspection of records, confidential documents and stock. Elderly and respectable merchants are made to

cringe before youthful upstarts from the Department who have neither knowledge nor experience of the business over which they dominate. Apart from the economic losses to which the merchants are put by the bureaucrats there arises the fundamental problem of the assertion of the self-respect of the merchant. No Government with a sense of decency can treat lightly a situation like the one the Madras merchant is faced with. Why should a citizen who discharges a necessary function in society be made to shiver and be put to shame before an ignorant young officer. The preliminary requirement for the restoration of normal relationship between the Government and the merchant is the curtailment of the powers of departmental officials and the provision for appeals to the courts of law against the decisions of departmental heads.

The tax should be gathered at one point and not be indefinitely extended to any and every transaction where goods change hands. After all, the merchants are used by the Government as its agents, its servants without pay, to collect its taxes from the people who are the consumers and who are the ultimate tax payers. This honorary service the merchants are prepared to render to the Government in an efficient and thorough manner by collecting the tax at a single point. Such a change over from the multi-point tax to the single-point tax, we are assured, will not in any way reduce the amount of



The Third Madras State Anti-multi-point Sales Tax conference was held in the city under the auspices of the Tamil Nad Vartaka Kazhagam on August 26th. Picture shows the Mayor, Sri V. R. Ramnatha Iyer addressing the gathering.

the tax collected, while it will certainly simplify the machinery for the collection. The work of the merchants in drawing out the bills and keeping the records will also be very much lessened. The supervision by the Government will be less arduous. The only snag in the proposed change over will be that there will no longer be any use for the numerous staff now employed by the Commercial Tax Department. The Government will be faced with the problem of unemployment of some of its dependents. But it will be ridiculous to advance the argument of the unemployment of a few of its servants against the introduction of a far reaching measure which would afford relief to a large section of the people and would considerably simplify the process of tax collection.

We would urge upon the Government to consider the resolutions passed by the conference of the Madras merchants with sympathy. As a class, the merchants are non-political; but a glaring injustice, if it goes unredressed, naturally gathers political momentum. The attempt to undo the injustice against powerful opposition crystallises into a political force. The merchants are still

extending their hand of friendship to the Government and are offering their hearty co-operation in collecting the sales tax if only the Government would accede to their request and would levy the tax at a single point. But if the Government should persist in its attitude of harassing the merchants and continuing the present wasteful method they would be obliged to seek shelter in the opposition parties or, as a desperate measure, to form a special political group of their own to fight the imposition.

In this connection, we should congratulate Mr. S. Anantharamakrishnan, a leading industrialist of Madras, for his courage in supporting the popular cause. His forceful speech in inaugurating the Merchants' Conference was an eye opener in many respects. He thrilled the audience when he announced that he paid an amount of Rs. 40 lakhs annually to the Madras Government as sales tax but that the Government never consulted him in drawing up the schemes for tax collection. His active participation in the conference brought to the fore the question as to why the other industrialists and merchants, who had equally high stakes, fought shy of



A section of the vast gathering of businessmen who attended the conference.

open participation in the conference. Was it the fear of the Government pouncing upon the many weak points in the make up of these high personages that kept them back? It did them no credit that they made such an exhibition of their cowardice. They seem to live from hand to mouth and to bestow no thought on the gathering clouds of communism that will envelop and destroy them if they do not gather the courage to participate in the popular fight for freedom of enterprise that the Madras merchants are waging. Some of the bigger guys have so carefully adjusted their conduct that they appear to get on whatever be the change in the political set up. They know the ropes and, as individuals, they pull the proper wires to extricate themselves from difficulties and to achieve their immediate objectives. They do not bestow any thought upon the consequences of their short sighted policy upon the rest of the people. Selfishness may pay dividends for a while but ultimately it leads to isolation which spells destruction. Let them therefore wake up betimes and pull their full weight on the side of those who fight for popular liberties if they would save themselves and save

those whom they hold dear from impending catastrophe.

THE DEATH SENTENCE

The Lok Sabha will discuss the question of removal from the statute book of an obnoxious law when the unofficial motion on the abolition of capital punishment comes up for consideration on September 7th. There has been recently a heated controversy not only in this country but in Great Britain on the question of the death sentence.

Capital punishment remains as a relic of the barbaric age. Its abolition in several progressive countries of Europe has neither increased the number of murders nor encouraged homicidal tendencies among the hardened criminals.

In India we have adopted the Asoka Pillar of sarnath as the emblem of our State. Asoka did more than any other person, except probably Buddha himself, to spread the spirit of non-violence. We have a moral duty to implement the ideal of peace and mercy for which Asoka toiled and to cast off capital punishment which embodies the spirit of violence and cruelty.

SIDELIGHTS ::

IN breaking his historic fast Sri Morarji Desai has closely followed the lines, which we indicated that he would, in our editorial of last week. It gives us no pleasure to be able to say, "I told you so," after the occurrence of an event which has given pain to every Indian and has made every well wisher of India to hang down his head in shame. Although there was a certain amount of moral coercion in the fasts undertaken by Gandhi, the Mahatma took great care to prepare the public mind and to create a favourable and sympathetic atmosphere before undertaking his fasts. The result was that even those who did not agree with the objects that the Mahatma professed or the method he adopted to achieve those objects sympathised with him and recognised the transparent sincerity of his motives. But it has been given to Sri Morarji Desai, a professed follower of the Mahatma, to caricature the technique of the fast. The Chief Minister of Bombay undertook his fast in a bellicose mood. His aggressive purpose was transparent to the whole world. There was no humility about him. His words all through his fast and afterwards were replete with violence. It was tragic that not only did the fast not produce the atmosphere of peace in Ahmedabad, for which it was obviously intended, but even the very occasion of breaking the fast was characterised by police firing and death of a member of the audience. But the Chief Minister stuck to the role he has assigned to himself as the harbinger of forced peace. He pretended as though he had gained the object for which he went on fast and, of course, he received numerous congratulatory messages, telegrams, rose garlands and bouquets on the occasion of his

drinking the orange juice. Congressmen vied with one another in heaping laurels on the shoulders of their patron. It was a sickening sight, the exhibition of one's relations and friends participating in congratulatory ceremonials when the need and the propriety of such a celebration is questioned by the public.

The farce of the fast that Sri Morarji Desai enacted amounts to a fraud on the public which did not approve of his objective or his method. There was no sympathy for him exhibited either at Ahmedabad or anywhere else in the rest of the country, except probably in the narrow circles of his relations and party men. Indeed, the very fact of his having gone on the fast is doubtful. If he fasted for eight full days, as he said he did, how did it happen that at the end of such an ordeal he appeared so alert and agile and walked briskly to his meeting place and delivered a long speech for 40 minutes? It is a feat impossible of performance even by younger people with stronger constitution. Alarming medical bulletins were published about the serious condition of the fasting Chief Minister in his advanced age. Sri Desai's deportment belied the medical bulletins. Did he really fast or was the fast part of his many pretences to which the public is getting accustomed?

Whatever Sri Desai's pretences may be in regard to other matters, he certainly does not pretend to have consideration for the comfort or the welfare of the people whom he rules over with an iron hand. A press report says that having failed to hold

a peaceful meeting at Ahmedabad before he broke his fast, he took occasion, after breaking his fast, to address a crowd of his admirers at the railway station before boarding the train to Bombay. The report reads "the departure of the Gujerat mail scheduled at 9.45 p.m. was delayed by twenty five minutes during which Sri Desai addressed the gathering present". To delay a mail train for about half an hour just because a Minister takes it into his head to harangue his admirers is an atrocity which can be perpetrated only under a totalitarian set up. The half hour by which the train was delayed must be multiplied by five hundred, which is about the number of passengers travelling by the mail train, to arrive at the number of man hours wasted in order to satisfy the whims of Morarjibai. Besides, account has to be taken of the time wasted by the railway staff at Ahmedabad and at all intermediate stations up to Bombay owing to the half-hour hold up of the mail train. Account has also to be taken of the inconvenience caused to passengers and to the railway staff at the intervening junctions where other trains have to meet the Mail and exchange passengers and the delay caused to many other local trains which will have to be held up to allow the mail to overtake them. We do not suppose the Chief Minister even paused to calculate the amount of inconvenience and damage he was causing to people by his wilful action. Even if he had he would not have cared. There is such complete cleavage in India between the Minister and the people, between the ruler and the ruled.

An official statement issued at New Delhi asserts that the Indian Railways purchased Rs. 77 lakhs worth of hand spun and hand woven

khadi cloth during 1955-56 which was more than $7\frac{1}{2}$ times the value of khadi purchased during the previous year when only Rs. 10 lakhs was spent for the purpose. This announcement makes it appear that employees of the Railways have all suddenly imbibed the Gandhian doctrine and have become converts to the creed of hand spinning and hand weaving. It is nothing of the kind. The truth is now quite plain to everybody. The ruling party in India is obliged to pay homage to the philosophy of charka and hand spinning which Gandhi advocated because only by so doing can they invoke the spirit of Gandhi to charm the voters to vote for the Congress. Such invocation is possible only by patronising khadi. By heavy money grants out of the public exchequer, and by paying a series of subsidies for every step in the process of its production, quite a large quantity of khadi is being actually produced. But there are no buyers. This subsidised production is coarse and unfit for human wear. Since ordinary people refuse to purchase it even after reducing the price by allowing substantial discounts, the Government attempts to dump the cloth on its employees, especially those in menial service as attendants at Governmental offices, postmen, railway employees etc. These poor underpaid manual workers have no option but to wear the uniforms supplied to them by the Government, however coarse and flimsy the material of the uniforms may be and however uncomfortable the wearing of khadi may be to them. It is a hardship which these voiceless creatures have to put up with, even as they have to put up with the several cuts that have been effected in their salaries and even as they have to put up with the soaring prices of all commodities that have signalled the ushering in of the Second Five Year Plan.



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“BEWARE OF CHILDREN”

IN my wanderings in this city of bungalows and garden houses many things have caught my fancy, but nothing more than the warning boards on the gates of some of these palatial residences which bear the legend: “Beware of dogs.” The intention is to scare away intruders, beggars and unwelcome visitors, but since it is in the nature of dogs not to make any distinction among those on whom they bestow their attention it has ordinarily proved a double-edged weapon, keeping away desirable as well as undesirable callers.

To obviate this hardship on legitimate visitors, some of the lords of these mansions have tactfully removed the dogs from sight, leaving the warning boards as they are and thus opening the gates to friends and dear and near relatives. This has been their undoing, for whatever you may have against the Madras beggar one thing is certain, that he is not lacking in intelligence.

He saw through the game and where there were only a few adventurous spirits every day straying into dangerous regions, there were now swarms of these specimens of humanity, who treated the warning board as a huge joke as those of us who commit nuisance on the roadside are apt to mock at the notice on the wall in front threatening us with dire penalties for breach of civic regulations. It then became necessary for some of the owners to employ *gurkhas* who served their masters better than dogs.

I had thought the problem had been satisfactorily solved and the “Beware of dogs” sign ceased to interest me, but imagine my surprise when recently I found a variation in it in one of the many houses which had flaunted it. I could not believe I had read it correctly, possibly my glasses were at fault. I peered closer at the gate and re-read the board again.

read it correctly, possibly my glasses were at fault. I peered closer at the gate and re-read the board again.

There was no mistake. It was there in bold letters: “BEWARE OF CHILDREN.” I walked up and down the road furiously thinking and wondering whether the man who displayed the sign was trying to pull somebody’s legs, or was a publisher of a book of that title, a pious missionary or just a simple eccentric. I went back to the house and scrutinised the notice for any clue that would help to clear my doubts, but I found none. I scaled the massive iron gates, and perched on them, had a panoramic view of the garden and the verandah of the house, but there was no sign of life.

The mystery deepened. I retired to the road and took counsel with myself. I argued the pros and cons of making an attempt to go to the bottom of this intriguing and puzzling notice board. I am not a brave man ordinarily and courage is not one of my virtues. I am not a coward, but I do not court danger and I would rather take a circuitous route and waste time and energy if it could mean avoiding trouble. But I have an overpowering curiosity and this more than makes up lack of physical courage.

And it is this curiosity which won in the battle whether I should trust myself in uncharted oceans where anything may happen to me, where I may have even to sacrifice my life at the altar of science and research. Once the decision was made, I became active. I planned my entry into the house and mapped out the area of investigation meticulously and with an eye for detail which would have received encomiums from a Sherlock Holmes or a Sexton Blake. I approached the gate stealthily, watching my step and making sure there was no one on the road noticing the proceedings. I opened the

gate just wide enough to let me pass and once safely inside the ground assumed the air of a property owner who had come on a purchasing mission. I had not gone a few steps when the blow fell and disaster overtook me.

It is not easy to recollect that experience, for remembrance is like a nightmare and the body shakes with apprehension and the mind is agitated and trembling with all manner of forebodings. I would not, however, like to forget it, for it revealed to me the resourcefulness of human nature and the extraordinary lengths to which it would go to protect itself.

I have said that during my preliminary investigation I had discovered that the place had an air of emptiness, and after I had discreetly broken into the compound I had not expected the situation to change, at least till I reached what I conceived to be the danger zone, namely, the house itself. In this I was mistaken and had miscalculated.

Before I could realise what had happened I was mobbed by an army of children of all ages and sizes. They came from all parts of the house and the garden as though they had lain in wait for me and in never ending array or so it seemed to me at the time. They pounced on me like trained circus artistes with this difference that they whistled and made queer noises in the course of their operations, a vocal recording of their immense joy in their work.

I was like Gulliver in Lilliput, but unlike him I was not sleeping, but standing and very much alive. While there was a frontal assault by a group of disciplined soldiers who pushed me back, another team which had been deployed to the rear pushed me forward. I was surrounded on the flanks too where my arms were extended and tested by being pulled about. It seemed to be a combined operation and the little things which put their dirty hands into my coat pockets and fondled the buttons had all the appearance of commandos.

It must be one of these which had decided to explore the upper regions of my anatomy. He, a bright boy as I would have been willing to certify under different circumstances, called for a human ladder and volunteers were not wanting. He quickly climbed on the shoulders of his comrades and adjusting his height to my own walked over to my head. He found the place where the head is joined to the trunk a convenient site for camping and dangling his tiny legs on either side of the neck he made himself comfortable. He proceeded to investigate my headgear, a Gandhi cap, which seemed to excite him greatly. He pulled it out and displayed it to the demonstrators with great flourish and there was tremendous cheering and whoops of joy at the sight of this trophy and there were more resounding cheers and applause as the toddler tried to put the cap on his small head and his face completely vanished into it. He re-emerged from the hideout and threw the cap to the mob below where it circulated from hand to hand and finally disappeared.

Meanwhile, the dismantling process on the ground had gone on apace and by the time I had managed to edge myself slowly towards the verandah I was semi-naked. My coat had been purloined, its contents distributed among the victors, my shirt was in tatters, the parts of the body which it was intended to protect being bare, my dhoti, which had come fresh from the dhoby that morning, was unrecognisable and had been trampled upon and the wrist watch and the rings which had adorned my hand were now objects of curiosity in other hands.

My retreat being blocked, I had no other alternative but to move forward and, as I indicated, it was not an easy thing to do. And when I did succeed in reaching shore (in this instance the verandah) in the condition I have described I was greeted by a tall, fair and lean gentleman who was armed

with two babies on either waist. He smiled and it was unfortunate that I could not reciprocate his gesture for the feeling uppermost in me was murder and murderers do not smile.

He continued to smile and waved me on to a sofa. I could not very well refuse the offer of a seat for I was thoroughly exhausted and tired and was near to fainting. I sat and then looked at him. The proceedings hitherto had been marked by the entire absence of dialogue and he broke the ice by remarking sweetly: "Won't you like a cup of coffee"? That was exactly what I wanted, for nothing infuses courage and energy in me as a cup of coffee, but I was too angry and proud to say yes. But he took my acquiescence for granted and shouted to his wife for the beverage.

The verandah was crowded with the young victors who though they stood at a distance in deference to the presence of an adult, namely, the owner of the house, did not show the slightest sign of losing interest in the activities of their victim. Actually, the coffee was brought by one of them and while it was halfway through to its destination there was a minor civil war, the girl who was carrying it being mobbed by two young fellows who wanted to taste what the coffee was like. In the process the coffee was spilled and there was an uproar, everybody shouting and hurling charges at the other. It degenerated into utter chaos when the lady of the house emerged from her seclusion and seizing hold of two children nearest to her, beat them on their backs. The howl set up by the assaulted parties had enough volume to drown the noise of a bomb explosion.

Coffee, or whatever there was left in the cup, reached me in the meantime and after I had refreshed myself, my power of speech returned to me and amidst the din and confusion I asked my benefactor. "Is this the way you normally received visitors and is this the significance of the notice

board which you have thoughtfully put up at the gate?"

Before he could reply, he tried to unburden himself of the two babies at the waist and to drive away the other two who clung to his dhoti on either side of him, but without success. For as soon as he put down one child on the floor and moved to get the other off his body, the one which had been deprived of its resting place managed to climb into it and it was like a see-saw game which he finally gave up.

"I am a big family man", he said, "and these are my children", pointing out to the horde which had engaged itself in pillage and plunder a short while ago. "You are surprised that one man should have such a big family. Well, the gods are cynical sometimes, it seems. In some places they shower wealth and deny them children to enjoy them and in others they shower children, but not the wealth to sustain them. I belong to the latter category. Everytime my wife delivers, she delivers in twos and threes, so much so that the total for five years is a round dozen.

"When the point of suffering reaches a limit beyond which it cannot be worse, then you cease to worry and leave things to drift and you don't care what happens and you lose all control over things, and most important, over your large brood. My children have become unmanageable and they have a way with visitors which has pained me and caused me many sleepless nights. I thought of a way out, to protect people who come to see me and the idea struck me that by asking them to beware of children I could forewarn them and at the same time prevent trespass and unauthorised entry by beggars and others. I am glad your scientific curiosity has prompted you to brave the rigours of the warm reception which awaits anyone who dares to disregard the stern warning at the gate."

FILMS

By V. P. SATHE

ALL the delegates who went to Karlovy Vary to attend the International film festival have returned. Out of them Dilip Kumar has expressed strong views on the need for the proper choice of delegates who would be well equipped to answer even the most awkward questions and also the need for the correct pictures to represent India. Hiten Chaudhary who attended the Cannes, Berlin and Karlovy Vary festivals says that there is great interest in Europe for Indian films; but the Indian films that attract attention in international sphere are those that present contemporary life.

It would be worthwhile if persons like Dilip and Hiten submitted their report and suggestions to the Ministry of Information and Broadcasting as well as to the Film Federation of India so that both the Government and the industry may take keener interest in these film festivals.

While commenting on the views of both Dilip Kumar and Hiten Chaudhary one is inclined to feel that their views are more subjective and as such do not offer a correct appreciation of facts. Dilip's views on co-production, for instance, do not seem to have any basis. Co-production should be welcomed as long as it is based on equality and not because of the countries involved in it. What is wrong if an Indian producer and American producer combine to make a picture about a story dealing with Americans and Indians? To say that such a story does not exist is to deny facts. Similarly, there can be co-production on a basis of equality

with England or with the Soviet Union.

Apart from co-productions, Dilip's views that it is not necessary to participate in every festival unless India has a picture worth being shown in it is also erroneous. Let the 'worth' of the picture be decided at the festivals themselves. True, we must send our best films; but if sometimes even the best of our films do not come upto the international standard, there is no reason for dismay. Let us be profited by the criticism of our pictures in such festivals as we are being profited by the praise showered on *Boot Polish*, *Do Bigha Zamin* and *Pathar Pancholi*. As to our delegates to such festivals, it is imperative that they should take the job seriously and behave like true representatives of our country.

A festival of Indian pictures will be held in the Soviet Union during the third week of September 1956. At this festival *Mirza Ghalib*, *Shree 420*, *Munna* and other pictures will be shown. Shri Sohrab Modi is expected to lead the Indian delegation which will comprise ten members.

Out of these festivals one thing has become very clear. In Europe and other Western countries only those Indian pictures which deal with contemporary life and depict present-day problems are in demand and receive critical encomiums.

Picture of the week

It is said that about 70 per cent of the total output of films every year are based on mythological themes. These mythological themes are already known to the audience and have great appeal in mofussil centres. The smaller the town the greater the appeal for such pictures.

These mythologicals made in artistic manner with stress on sublime human values can enrich our culture and have a significant value. Moreover, by interpreting mythology in

terms of contemporary problems, the creator of motion pictures can do social service as the old playwrights like K. P. Khadilkar did through plays like *Kichak Vadh*, which was recently broadcast by All India Radio.

But the producers who make these mythologicals do not have any such noble purpose or ambition. They make it only to cash on popular sentiments and resort to the camera tricks to cash in on miracles of the old. It is presumed that the success of mythological today depends more upon the miracles it incorporates than on any human drama inherent in the story. Jayant Desai's latest mythological *Basant Panchami* presents the popular tale of Mahasati Vrinda who is worshipped even today in every household in the form of the "Tulsi" plant. It is the story of an ardent devotee of God married to a Demon who was out to destroy the God. And thanks to her devotion, the Gods were powerless to destroy the Demon; thanks to her prayer, her demon-husband won every battle and became more and more arrogant. The demon in stead of appreciating his wife's help insulted her, harassed her and persecuted her. The Gods had to deceive her to kill the demon.

Had the story been told straight without the plethora of songs and comic interludes of Yashodhara and Radhakrishnan, but with emphasis on the moral and human appeal it would have been a success. The characterization of Vrinda in the film does not rise to any sublimity. Nirupa seems to be better at dancing than at portraying a difficult role! Of course, it is not her fault, it is the fault of the story itself. Hence the picture has become a series of supernatural incidents and though it is diverting and amusing in parts, it does not touch your heart.

The songs by Pradeep are by far its main attraction. Written with imagination and rendered with grace,

they hold your attention. Apart from these songs, the comedy of Radha Krishnan and his domineering wife is interesting. The productive values are average and Jayant Desai's direction is competent as usual. S. N. Tripathi as Jallander is rather poor and disappointing.

In fine, *Basant Panchami* is just the usual kind of stale mythological film.

Personality of the week

Waheeda Rehman did not have a particularly bright role in "C.I.D.," nor did her dancing talent find much scope in the picture. Yet her performance has created an excellent impression and she seems to be destined to earn further laurels. On her own admission, her role in *Pyasa* would make a significant contribution and establish her as an artiste.

Born in Madras in 1939, Waheeda looks fresh and charming. She is modest in life, and chaperoned by her mother she prefers not to talk about herself and her talent. She started learning dancing at the age of nine. She made her debut in films five years ago. But for one Telugu picture in which she played the lead, she has been content with playing dancing roles. Though she hails from the South, she speaks Hindustani with proper accent as is evident from her diction in "C. I. D."

Properly groomed, Waheeda may reach the top ladder of fame and would help to relieve the present star-shortage. Incidentally she has been signed by Kardar to act opposite Dilip Kumar in his new picture.

News of the week

Naseem has returned to Bombay with her mother. It is not yet known whether she would resume her film career again.

Rajinder Singh Bedi has been assigned the job of writing the story and screenplay of Gemini's Cinemascope film at a record price of Rs. 30,000.

CORRESPONDENCE

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

The Missionary In India.

The article on the above subject published in the Swatantra dated 11th August 1956 contains unwarranted assumptions and insinuations. The author's assertion that "even after a century the Indian Church is a Pickwickian affair" gives the impression that the author's view is that the British brought the Bible to India. If this is so, it is a travesty of history, for, every school boy knows that Christianity was brought to India by St. Thomas, the Apostle of Jesus, 2000 years ago. He states that 'the small number of Indians who embraced the new faith in the first phase did so through mixed motives. Mixed motives could only mean in this context the desire to please those in power for gaining favours. The first phase could only mean the period when St. Thomas was in India. Did the converts of this period join the new religion out of mixed motives? No, that would be manifestly absurd because, Hindu Rulers were ruling then. Then, what does the author mean?

Again, the author says that the Christians became vested interests of the new order and for this reason the converts became prize boys of the new regime i.e. the British regime. To say that the British looked to these men who must have been a handful for support against the ocean of the Indian population inhabiting this vast country, is ridiculous. The truth of the matter is that if the British held sway over this vast land for about one and a half centuries, it was with the good will of the whole population as evidenced by the fact that for a number of years the first resolution by the Indian National Congress in its annual sessions was the loyalty resolution to the British Government.

Then about the prize boys who got away with the big jobs and titles. Were

they all Christians? If the author had only examined the list of this category i.e. those who got big jobs and the titles of Knighthood, Dewan Bahdur etc., he could have found only a small number of Christians among them.

The author also quotes the instance of a Christian gentleman who declared that the Satyagrahis were worse than criminals. Why does the author make so much about this solitary instance? Evidently because he is a Christian. It is a pity that he has used this point to attack the Christian community while many members of other religious groups who supported the British regime are today receiving the open patronage of the Congress Government.

As if these are not sufficient, the author has also referred to the demand for a Christian State in Travancore on the score of Christians being in a majority in that State. I do not know the origin of this myth, but the truth is that even in Travancore, the Christians are only a minority. Whatever it is, it is a downright slander on the Christian community which is the bed rock of the Congress party in the State and actually had to its credit a Chief Minister at one time.

The suggestions made by the author for a new policy to control the activities of the missionaries can only result in making propagation of faith which is a right today, a crime.

The whole article is, in short, a frontal attack on the Christian community based not on facts but largely on the wild imagination of the author.

ANTHONY RAJ

Re. Fasts

Under Sec. 309 I. P. C. attempted suicide is an offence. I cannot understand how, when any person publicly announces that he is going to fast unto death and in pursuance thereof abstains from taking any nourishment, he can escape the application of this section. The mere fact of a big name should not deter the operation of the regular process of the law.

T. M. SRINIVASAN

Wooling The Voter

The General Elections are fast approaching and this has increased the tempo of Governmental activities for pleasing

the voter. About a month back a Folk Dance Festival was held in Tanjore: the Government does not, of course, forget the things dear even to the "Common man". In October, a team of 300 Madras "farmers" will travel by special train on a visit to the various Projects and also "places of historical interest." The term "farmer" is elastic and may even include an outsider, if only he is a *persona grata* with the "authorities" which term, in its turn may include even the President of a Taluk Congress Committee, if the latter has a pull with the ministry. Again, loans of 2000 rupees are to be granted to 50 persons of a particular community in the districts for improving their lands by sinking wells. The loans may even become irrecoverable, the value of the land offered as security being low, but, the Government is not seriously worried. The grantees of these loans and the "farmers" may be naturally expected to be grateful to the Government during the elections. These are only a few instances of the many that may be given illustrating the methods by which the ruling Party seeks to consolidate itself. The official news agencies and the propagandist machinery of Government recently strengthened in order to acquaint the "common man" with the "achievements" under the First Five Year Plan and with what the Government hopes to do during the Second Plan are all calculated, one thinks, to subserve the same objective. The "common man" will not be taken in by such blandishments.

R. S. SRINIVASACHARY

Capital Punishment

Mr. T. N. Ramalingam in his letter published in the Swatantra, dated 21st July, 1956, said "Murderers do not think of the sentence when they commit the act. They do it only because of the excitement of their emotions." I should like to disabuse his mind of his belief that all murders are committed like that. There is no doubt some murders are committed on the spur of the moment and are the results of emotional excitement. If the murder is proved to have been due to such provocation the accused is not generally given the death sentence. The extenuating circumstances under which the

act was committed are always taken into account by the judge.

As a matter of fact there are many cases where men who committed murders and pleaded guilty were let scot free or given some light sentence.

But the majority of murders are done with pre-meditation. There are professional murderers who while robbing a person kill him just to destroy the evidence. There are hardened criminals who relentlessly do away with children while robbing them. If such criminals are apprehended and their guilt is established beyond any reasonable doubt, I am strongly of the view that they must pay the extreme penalty.

Death sentence to such professional murderers will definitely act as a deterrent.

T. RAJAGOPALAN

(ii)

Much could be said for and against the abolition of Capital Punishment and even with equal vehemence of argument on either side. But to say that but for the provision of Capital Punishment murders would increase and that it acts as a deterrent is an argument without substance. Nobody denies the seriousness of the offence of murder and the criminal should be dealt with accordingly. It is alleged that this extreme punishment is meted out very rarely. But then what right has the State to deprive a person of his life? May be he deprived another of his life in a weak moment when he was a slave to his passions. Why not substitute life-long imprisonment instead of this barbaric execution—hanging the person by the neck till he is dead? I think the former punishment would be a harsher one in a sense. Even the most heinous criminal (for after all he is human and subject to human feelings) is sure to repent of his evil action. No person is a born criminal, circumstances make him so.

Is it not time this barbaric method is given up once for all. Let alone all other considerations, is Capital Punishment in accordance with the much boasted non-violent policies of India—with Asoka Chakra as our emblem looming large before our eyes every where?

PYARIJAN

FREEDOM TO PROPAGATE FAITH

By SATYAM

IN his article, "The Missionary in India," (Swatantra, Aug. 11, p. 9) Mr. L. N. S. has correctly enunciated measures to prevent the exposure of our people to the propaganda of some of the foreign agents who gain entrance into our country as preachers of the 'mild faith'.

Citizens of India are free to profess any religion. But to profess a religion is quite different from trying to propagate it. Even religious propagation may be allowed if it does not result in other serious consequences. A religious propagandist cannot but nurture a certain amount of hatred towards other faiths. To preach tolerance, and to say that all religions equally try to take to the Lord, had been only a fashion of the Faith, of late, which arose out of necessity, when all the different faiths found out they could not individually rule the whole world nor could any single religion annihilate all its sisters. But a sincere believer in one faith should think that all the other paths are Satanic in origin. Otherwise he could not justify his conduct in sticking to his faith and in fighting for it vigorously. When he knows, (as he believes) that his pagan neighbours are on the erring side and are going to be damned, yet if he says as a matter of courtesy that all religions are equal, he must be insincere either to his FAITH or to his FRIENDS. Thus when I try to propagate my faith I have to point out the deficiencies of the others and this may be overdone to such an extent that the other side may resent.

The Catholic Church

The double acting of the Roman Catholic Church is known throughout the world. When it is weak it comes

with a bowl asking for just treatment on a par with other religions and thus enjoys the fruits of a secular Government. When it is in power it does not allow any deviation from its set belief and thus saves with force all persons from hell-fire. Let us see how the principle of toleration preached by others was utilised by a Christian Evangelist. Here the paras of the Bible about people that did not accept Jesus as his saviour, were boastfully presented as an argument. "Your religion says that all faiths are equally efficient in reaching the God. But ours claims to be the only one. Thus while it does not matter for your faith even if you seek our Lord, yet surely you will be benefitted by an extra guarantee." It need not be said that people who think seriously in terms of religion will be offended by such propaganda-methods.

I have seen a number of pamphlets purporting to preach Christianity. In all these, the subject is dealt with in too naive a manner. For example, men are asked to take to Christianity because, as it puts it, "the Doomsday may enter any day like a thief." The reason is, in the Age of the Atom, the next moment everything may be annihilated. Under these circumstances, to postpone accepting Jesus as our saviour is too much of a risk. Any man, with a sense of dignity will say "Let me see what happens."

Objectionable Activities

Even when the Nagas rebelled we could smell the rats. The activities of the foreign missionaries in that tribal region were suspected. The Niyogi Committee has referred to

(Continued on page 27)



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THE HUMANITY OF TRADE

Far better that men come together for peaceful trade than meet on a battlefield.

By FRANK CHODOROV

WHEREVER two boys swap tops for marbles, that is the market place. The simple barter is in terms of human happiness no different from a trade transaction involving banking operations, insurance, ships, railroads, wholesale and retail establishments; for in any case the effect and purpose of trade is to make up a lack of satisfactions. The boy with a pocketful of marbles is handicapped in the enjoyment of life by his lack of tops, while the other is similarly discomfited by his need for marbles; both have a better time of it after the swap, while their respective surpluses before the swap are nuisances. In like manner, the Detroit worker who has helped to pile up a heap of automobiles in the warehouse is none the better off for his efforts until the product has been shipped to Brazil in exchange for his morning cup of coffee. Trade is nothing but the release of what one has in abundance in order to obtain some other thing he wants. It is as pertinent for the buyer to say "thank you" as for the seller.

The market place is not necessarily a specific site, although every trade must take place somewhere. It is more exactly a system of channeling goods or services from one worker to another, from fabricator to consumer, from where a superfluity exists to where there is a need. It is a method devised by man in his pursuit of happiness to diffuse satisfactions, and operating only by the human instinct of value. Its function is not only to transfer ownership from one person to another, but also to direct the current of human exertion; for the price-indicator on the chart of the market place registers the desires of people, and the intensity of these

desires, so that other people (looking to their own profit) may know how best to employ themselves.

Living without trade may be possible, but it would hardly be living; at best it would be mere existence. Until the market place appears, men are reduced to getting by with what they can find in nature in the way of food and raiment; nothing more. But the will to live is not merely a craving for existence; it is rather an urge to reach out in all directions for a fuller enjoyment of life, and it is by trade that this inner drive achieves some measure of fulfilment. The greater the volume and fluidity of market place transactions the higher the wage level of Society; and, in so far as things and services make for happiness, the higher the wage-level the greater the fund of happiness.

An Ancient Custom

The importance of the market place to the enjoyment of life is illustrated by a custom recorded by Franz Oppenheimer in *The State*. In ancient times, on days designated as holy, the market place and its approaches were held inviolable even by professional robbers; in fact, stepping out of character, these robbers acted as policemen for the trade routes, seeing to it that merchants and caravans were not molested. Why? Because they had accumulated a superfluity of loot of one kind, more than they could consume, and the easiest way of transmuting it into other satisfactions was through trade. Too much of anything is too much.

The market place serves not only to diffuse the abundances that human specialization makes possible, but it is also a distributor of the munificences of nature. For, in her inscru-

table way, nature has spread the raw materials by which humans live over the face of the globe; and unless some way were devised for distributing these raw materials, they would serve no human purpose. Thus, through the conduit of trade the fish of the sea reach the miner's table and fuel from the inland mine or well reaches the boiler of the fishing boat; tropical fruits are made available to northerners, whose iron mines, in the shape of tools, make production easier in the tropics. It is by trade that the far-flung warehouses of nature are made accessible to all the peoples of the world and life on this planet becomes that much more enjoyable.

Exchange of Ideas

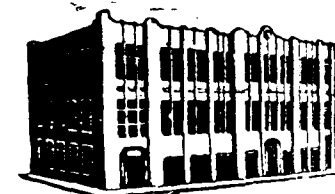
We think of trade as the barter of tangible things simply because that is obvious. But a correlative of the exchange of things is the exchange

of ideas, of the knowledge and cultural accumulations of the parties to the transaction. In fact, embodied in the goods is the intelligence of the producers; the excellent woollens imported from England carry evidence of thought that has been given to the art of weaving, and Japanese silks arouse curiosity as to the ideas that went into their fabrication. We acquire knowledge of people through the goods we get from them. Aside from that correlative of trade, there is the fact that trading involves human contacts; and when humans meet, either physically or by means of communication, ideas are exchanged. "Visiting" is the oil that lubricates every market place operation.

It was only after Cuba and the Philippines were drawn into our trading orbit that interest in the Spanish language and customs was enlivened, and the interest increased in propor-

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tion to the volume of our trade with South America. As a consequence, Americans of the present generation are as familiar with Spanish dancing and music as their forefathers, under the influence of commercial contacts with Europe, were at home with the French minuet and the Viennese waltz. When ships started coming from Japan, they brought with them stories of an interesting people, stories that enriched our literature, broadened our art concepts, and added to our operatic repertoire.

Market place unifies Society

It is not only that trading in itself necessitates some understanding of the customs of the people one trades with, but that the cargoes have a way of arousing curiosity as to their source, and ships laden with goods are followed with others carrying explorers of ideas; the open port is a magnet for the curious. So, the tendency of trade is to break down the narrowness of provincialism, to liquidate the mistrust of ignorance. Society, then, in its most comprehensive sense, includes all who for the improvement of their several circumstances engage in trade with one another; its ideational character tends toward a blend of the heterogeneous cultures of the traders. The market place unifies Society.

The concentration of population determines the character of Society only because contiguity facilitates exchange. But contiguity is a relative matter, depending on the means for making contacts; the neutralization of time and space by mechanical means makes the whole world contiguous. The isolationism that breeds an ingrown culture, and a mistrust of outside cultures, melts away as faster planes bring goods and ideas from the great beyond. The perimeter of Society is not fixed by political frontiers but by the radius of its commercial contacts. All people who trade with one another are by that very act brought into community.

Trade, Target of War

The point is emphasized by the strategy of war. The first objective of a general staff is to destroy the market place mechanisms of the enemy; the destruction of his army is only incidental to the purpose. The army could well enough be left intact if his internal means of communication were destroyed, his ports of entry immobilized, so that specialized production, which depends on trade, could no longer be carried on; the people, reduced to primitive existence, thus lose the will to war and sue for peace. That is the general pattern of all wars. The more highly integrated the economy the stronger will be the nation in war, simply because of its ability to produce an abundance of both military implements and economic goods; on the other hand, if its ability to produce is interrupted, the more susceptible to defeat it is, because its people unaccustomed as they are to primitive conditions, are the more easily discouraged. There is no point to the argument as to whether "guns" or "butter" are more important in the prosecution of war.

It follows that any interference with the operation of the market place, however done, is analogous to an act of war. A tariff is such an act. When we are "protected" against Argentine beef, the effect (as intended) is to make beef harder to get, and that is exactly what an invading army would do. Since the duty does not diminish our desire for beef, we are compelled by the diminished supply to put out more labour to satisfy that desire; our range of possibilities is foreshortened, for we are faced with the choice of getting along with less beef or abstaining from the enjoyment of some other good. The absence of a plentitude of meat from the market place lowers the purchasing power of our labour. We are poorer, even as is a nation whose ports have been blockaded.—*The Freeman*

THE BRITISH ROAD TO SELF GOVERNMENT

By Dr. CHEDDI JAGAN

Deposed Premier of British Guiana

SUCCESSIVE British Governments have pronounced that "it is the declared policy of Her Majesty's Government to lead the colonial peoples to self government as quickly as possible."

Enunciating this idea of "voluntary abdication" and "gift of freedom", the Governor of British Guiana in a recent address to the Legislative Council said:—"The British, which in the ten or twelve years since the war has given peacefully, with continued friendship and mutual assistance, the full freedom of sovereign status to 467 millions—I think that is about exactly the figure—is now in West Africa, and Malaya and the West Indies, to mention only three areas, pushing forward the last stages towards a worthwhile self-governing nationhood for many million more."

"Voluntary Abdication"

I do not intend here to explode this myth of "voluntary abdication". Suffice it to say that the millions of India were "given" this "gift of freedom" only after the Naval Revolt and the mass demonstrations in the streets of Bombay, Calcutta and other principal cities; only after Sir Stafford Cripps on March 5, 1947 in the House of Commons argued for transfer of power on the grounds that to maintain British rule would have meant "a considerable reinforcement of troops" and that any alternative was "obviously impossible" when the additional troops were not available, "when we had not the power to carry it out."

Transfer of power to India and Pakistan inevitably meant freedom

for Burma and Ceylon. It also inevitably meant a clamour on the part of other colonial territories for similar rights.

This clamour has been met in two ways. In some colonies, there are "advances" in constitutions; in others, there is repression in one form or another—full-scale war, emergency rule by restrictions and barbed wire, by deportations and detentions.

Apologists for British Colonialism point to the "advances" in the constitutions of territories like the Gold Coast, Malaya, Jamaica, etc. as an indication of Britain's sincerity of a new era of "progressive" colonialism and explain away rule by emergency on the ground that it is the fault of the "difficult" leaders who do not believe in this sincerity, who resort to force, violence and terrorism, to achieve their ends.

In this article, I shall attempt to analyse constitutional "advance" in one colony, British Guiana in the light of the self-rule declaration of the British Government.

Prior to 1953, a crown-colony constitution provided for a single chamber legislature of 14 elected and 10 nominated and official members and an advisory Executive Council of eight elected, nominated and official members selected by the Governor. Experience has shown that the 1947-1953 Constitutional set-up, under which all power was in the hands of the Colonial Office and its appointee, the Governor, was a hopeless waste of time and money.

An "Advanced" Constitution

As a result, the Waddington Constitution (April 1953 to October 1953) provided for an elected majority in the Lower House of the Legislature and the Executive Council. This apparent liberality was conceded with two checks in mind; one, direct and the other, indirect. Provision was made for reserve and veto powers of the Governor and the delaying powers of the upper nominated house. Additionally it was anticipated that no one party could sufficiently develop by election time to capture a majority of the 24 seats, and thus select the six elected members (a majority) of the Executive Council. In fact, opinion on the eve of elections was a victory of not more than seven seats for the People's Progressive Party.

The P. P. P.'s victory of 18 out of 24 seats clearly upset the plans of the colonial constitution makers. Had the Party been permitted to remain in power beyond October 1953, it would have, in fulfilment of its election promises, exposed the constitutional weaknesses (checks) and the Governor. The latter, opposed as he was to most of those measures, would have had to use his veto power. It was to forestall this exposure, and not as the British Government put

it to prevent the establishment of a communist government, that the troops moved in during October 1953 and the P.P.P. Government was forced out.

Period of Marking Time

Towards the end of 1954, the Robertson Commission recommended an "indefinite period of marking time" to continue as long as the P.P.P. maintains "its present leadership and policies." What the Commission meant was that the marking time was to continue so long as the P.P.P. could win a majority at elections.

British Guiana is now to have a single-chamber Legislative Council of 12 elected, counter-balanced by 8 nominated and 4 official members and an Executive Council of 5 Elected Ministers counter-balanced by 4 officials and one nominated, with the Governor choosing the elected Ministers and sitting as Chairman, no doubt with a casting vote.

Why this farce? The Robertson Commission had observed that when the period of marking time came to an end, British Guiana should have the same Legislature (House of Assembly and State Council) as under the Waddington Constitution, but a

changed Executive Council (5 elected, 4 official and 1 nominated and not 6 elected, 3 official and 1 nominated as under the Waddington Constitution). In other words, the Robertson Commission wanted to give the elected, a majority in the House of Assembly but keep control in the hands of the Governor, nominated members and officials in the Executive Council.

Control in Legislature and Executive

The Colonial Secretary, Mr. Alan Lennox-Boyd and British Guiana's Governor, Sir Patrick Renison, have accepted the recommendations of the Robertson Commission for the Executive, but not for the Legislature. They want control on both the Legislative and Executive Councils. This is a full turn from the Waddington Constitution.

They want control of the Legislature also because they now hold the view from a proper and careful assessment of the situation that despite the split of the Burnham faction, the P.P.P. still can win from 14-16 seats on the basis of 24 constituencies. A P.P.P. government with an elected majority in the House of Assembly under the Robertson Constitution but with no real voice in the Executive Council would have been a serious embarrassment to the imperialists.

One might then well ask—why don't the imperialists continue with the indefinite period of marking time? The answer to this is three fold.

As the Governor himself observed, the period of marking time is "frustrating." Some who were supporting the dictatorial rule are now protesting. Almost all sections of the Guianese people are fed up with the puppet Legislature.

And then there is international

pressure. The Colonial liberation movements and anti-colonial world public opinion are growing day by day. Britain can hardly talk about free elections in Germany, when she denies them in British Guiana.

And last but not least, British imperialism wants Guiana's participation in the West Indian crown-colony federation. In his last Christmas broadcast, the Governor referred to the West Indian Federation and said it would be a disappointment, and a shame "if British Guiana was still without any form of representative Government which would decide whether or not to join."

While the farce of the Lennox-Boyd-Renison constitution can by no stretch of the imagination set up a representative government, nevertheless the world will believe that Guiana has an elected government. This will be accomplished very easily by manipulation under the "flexible" constitution. For the constitutional proposals provide for 12 elected, 4 official and no more than 9 nominated members. Assuming that 8 anti-federation members are elected, the Governor can appoint only 1 nominated member. In such a case, the Legislature will be made up of 12 elected, 4 official and 1 nominated. Such a government will no doubt be termed a "representative government," capable of deciding the federation issue.

In the light of the above analysis, it should be abundantly clear that British colonial policy is motivated not by high principles, but is calculated to move rather by convenience and expediency. Put through the acid test of British Guiana, where the issue has not been complicated by bloodshed, violence and terrorism, British colonial policy stands condemned.

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Short Story

JEALOUSY

By S. Krishnamoorthy

I RUN a music school. One day I had just returned from work when the servant came and told me someone wanted to see me. He said that the caller was an old man.

The stranger advanced towards me diffidently. He looked sixty, but I had a feeling that he was not as old as he seemed. Worry had stamped wrinkles on his face, and his eyes behind the unusually thick glasses gave the impression of a man in great sorrow.

I showed him a seat and asked him what he wanted. For a fraction of a minute he remained silent looking at me. He apologised for intruding into my privacy, and said that since he had come to me for a favour he had better tell me the whole story.

He had been working in some commercial firm. He had four children. Leela was the eldest. She was a beautiful girl and was intelligent for her age, but he could not give her formal education as her mother had died ten years ago and somebody had to keep the house and look after the boys.

Leela's marriage was to him an ever-present source of worry. He sometimes broke down to think how his young child of fifteen was bearing the household drudgery. He wished marriage would give her some of the happiness which she had missed in her childhood. But marriage was impossible without a dowry. With his petty income he could not save anything. It was just sufficient for a hand-to-mouth existence, and had got on without borrowing, merely

because no one was prepared to lend him anything.

It was at this stage that he had a visit from a young man one day. His name was Gopal Rao and he was occupying a good position in an office. Gopal Rao had seen Leela somewhere and had been taken up with her beauty. He offered to marry her.

The old man was overjoyed at this unlooked for opportunity. It was a good match, and Leela had every chance of happiness. But coming to brass tacks he found that Gopal Rao was not so idealistic as he had imagined and wanted dowry. Gopal Rao said he would be content with one thousand rupees though he would get more if he married any other girl. When the sad father explained to him his penniless condition, the would be bridegroom was disappointed.

The matter would have rested there, but the girl's father was unwilling to lose such a good offer. He begged Gopal Rao to agree to the marriage; he would somehow manage to give him the money within a year. The poor man had decided to work overtime in his firm and scrape enough to pay the dowry. The marriage took place and Leela went to her husband.

The old man did not mind the drudgery that fell to his lot in his relief that at last his daughter had a happy home. He laboured hard at his work to earn some extra money. But then, something happened which deprived him even of the pittance he had been earning. Business was dull

and there was retrenchment. He was chosen to be axed because of his weak eyes and failing health.

With three hungry children at home he could not remain idle. He was now working as a shopkeeper's assistant, of course, on a reduced salary. Saving money in the circumstances was out of the question.

One day about a year after the marriage, Gopal Rao came to the old man and demanded money. He would not pay heed to the tearful pleading of his father-in-law and sent him back his daughter.

"I have made a mess of my daughter's life," the old man moaned, wiping his watery eyes. "I have to beg a favour of you. I would not have come to you with this proposal had I not heard of your kindness. My daughter has some taste for music; if you will kindly spare your time and coach her, she will be provided with a means of supporting herself. I am not in a position to

pay you; that was why I felt diffident in approaching you."

"All right, send her to my school tomorrow", I said.

The old man hesitated. "You see, the girl's health is shattered by her husband's cruelty. She is shy and is afraid to come out lest she become a target of comment. I was going to suggest that if you would be kind enough to come to my house . . ."

"But it's not convenient for me," I replied. "I am sorry for your daughter, but as she has to face the realities of life someday alone, will it not be better she learnt to outgrow her shyness and gain self-confidence?"

"It's true. I cannot endure her moping in the house. If you could come to my house for a few days, and encourage her to come out, it would be helpful."

I agreed.

I was struck by Leela's beauty.

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She was eighteen, but she still looked tender and delicate as a child. The woman in her had not fully unfolded, but what a deal of misery had already fallen to her lot! I didn't wonder that Gopal Rao fell for her at first sight, but what intrigued me was how he had the heart to discard her for the sake of a thousand rupees.

The music lessons were a success. She was a good student. I was very much impressed with her promise and congratulated myself on my 'find'. I thought better of asking her to attend the school. She was like a fragile, little flower which can be blown down in a moment by an unkind wind. I decided not to expose her sensitive nature to the rude world with its inordinate relish for scandals. I could see she was devoted to her husband, and it grieved me that I was not in a position to restore her to the happiness she had enjoyed for one brief year.

It was about half past nine one night. I was returning home after giving lessons at Leela's. My residence was just outside the town and the half-mile-long road was deserted.

Just as I reached a lamp post, somebody suddenly stood before me and barred my way. I looked at him in surprise. He was a well-dressed,

hefty fellow, sporting a thick walking stick in his hand. I did not remember to have seen him before.

"Coming from Leela's house, I believe", he said somewhat grimly.

"Yes, but I don't see what business it has to do with you".

"You are giving lessons in music Nothing more, I hope . . ."

I could not understand what he was driving at. Vexed at his intrusion, I retorted, "I don't understand what you mean. I don't see what right you have to inquire about Leela or about me."

"Because I happen to be her husband."

For a moment I was too surprised to speak. The feeling I was next conscious of was one of revulsion. So this was the man who had made a wreck of Leela's life before it had begun.

"I wonder you're not ashamed to call yourself the husband of that girl. A cad, to throw out your wife because her father did not give you money . . ."

He did not allow me to finish. Coming closer he bellowed, "shut up! . . . I don't want all this stuff . . . come on, tell me the truth . . . you are not trying any nonsense with her?"

I understood, and looked up at him. In the dimness of the lamp I could see his eyes burning green with jealousy. "So he still cares for her", was the thought that flashed across my mind.

What I said subsequently was on an impulse of the moment. There was no time to consider the pros and cons and I decided to take the risk.

"No, . . ." I replied with elaborate casualness. "I am waiting for her to be well rid of you. Then . . . then . . . I shall marry her . . ."

"Want to marry her, you milksop!" he gnashed his teeth and flourished his big stick. I could hear it crashing against my head and a stifled moan escaped my lips. Then all was darkness.

When I came to my senses it was the evening of the following day. I understood I was in a hospital. I could see the anxious face of Leela's father behind the nurse. He heaved a sigh of relief on my opening my eyes. The nurse left him with me for a few minutes.

"I ran to your house this morning," he said, "Your servant directed me here. Who has done this to you?"

"Don't worry about it," I tried to smile. "What's the news? Has Leela's husband taken her back?"

The old man was surprised. "How do you know? That's what I came to tell you."

I smiled. Nothing else would have made him run up to my house. I said, "I can plainly read the relief in your eyes."

"This morning, Gopal Rao suddenly burst into my house. We were all too surprised to speak. Ordering Leela to pack up her things and follow him, he turned to me and said: 'I thought you were a decent fellow and would keep your word. I am disgusted with you. I don't see why Leela should suffer for your dishonesty. I am taking my wife home.'"

"I felt a worm but I am happy." He wiped the tears from his eyes.

"Cheer up, sir, all's well that ends well. Leela has gone back to her husband, which was what we wanted."

"Have you any idea who attacked you last night? It was a cruel blow. Have you any enemies in this town?"

"None at all," I replied. "It was quite unexpected; otherwise I should have had the presence of mind to run away. The fellow was drunk. I think it was a case of mistaken identity."

(Continued from page 17)

their objectionable activities in its report.

There is absolute freedom of Faith guaranteed to every citizen of India according to the constitution. And our people are tolerant and nobody has anything to complain about the conduct of Indian Christians. They have been law-abiding and patriotic and have contributed some important leaders to the nation. But to ask for a foreign missionary to spend his money as he likes in India and spread his religion without proper scrutiny or control is to ask for too much. No responsible government can tolerate or give to foreigners such dangerous privileges. One cannot understand why our Christian brethren should protest when the Government has been asked by a special Committee to deal with the activities of certain missionaries.

It is the duty of a responsible Government that the religious susceptibilities of people are not wounded so as to cause resentment and unrest. If any over-enthusiastic evangelist begins to talk ill about the other man's faith to establish the supremacy of his own religion, there is every need to check him before his propaganda endangers public tranquillity. While our Government was quick to check E. V. R. it is more considerate towards the minority faith. Let not this lenience be misused.

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FALLACY OF FEMININE FASHION

By Miss GOMATI RAMANI

FOR the apparel oft proclaims the woman, in these days of fashion parade, and beauty contests, Shakespeare would have rephrased his words as written above. A stroll in the shopping centre of the fashionable cities in the world, or a casual mixing in a social gathering of the elite, makes one wonder whether women are, by profession buyers of clothing or (after a cursory glance at their shining, chic, fineries) they have exhausted all the colours and shades of nature!

Fashion is nothing but one facet of irrationalism and is intrinsically connected to fancy. The most striking feature of modern women is their irrevocable trust and unalloyed pride in the display of their wrappings. Fashion is portrayed nowhere more lucidly and transparently, than in women's garments and in all the other ancillaries that go to make her person complete. 'Loud but not rich, flippant but not elegant', is the familiar panacea the modern Eve employs before stepping out of her house to attend an important soiree.

Style and Fashion are not synonymous, although most people use the words interchangeably. With reference to clothing, style is any distinctive mode of tailoring, while fashion is the style prevailing at any given time. A style is historical or evolutionary in the sense, it evolves slowly and reflects the people's way of life. Fashion is a chameleon, ever changing like the subtle colours of a rainbow, never is vogue long enough to reflect the basic tastes and habit. Frequent fashion changes artificially shorten the period during

which the style reigns supreme. Fashion is an offshoot of and a parasite on style. True, people grow tired of lack of variety. But fashion changes create a high rate of obsolescence for many types of goods. The classic examples that lend themselves invariably to change are women's clothing and jewellery, not to mention their other highly 'elastic' auxiliaries.

How do fashion and style affect society at large? By means of brands, trademark and distinctive styles, sellers of departmental stores try to sell more than their rivals or try to sell at a high price. Sellers also try to sell more frequently, by appealing to our cupidity and susceptibility. They try to distinguish a particular product in the minds of buyers and create a 'hallow' round their own goods and build up a monopoly market. Sellers incessantly emphasise on 'newness.' What is the result? Women are dissatisfied with what they have and feel restless unless they buy the new ones.

Women generally are prone to think of utility in terms of novelty.

Utility and Novelty

The gain goes either to the jeweller or to the cloth merchant. As a consequence the poor man at home runs into a deficit budget or sacrifices some of his small pleasures.

Women unconsciously provide an impetus for the industries that specialise in garments, millinery, and sandals. Roaring trade depends on 'elusive' fashion. Shops use *adapters* who are not true creators or designers, but whose prime duty is to evolve dresses and other items that

re new. These fashions which are remarked for the season in which they are current, must have at least one 'talking point,' recognisable by even the lowest form of intelligence as different from last season's fashions... a fashion that will make last year's dress look more dead than a dodo.

I have seen many women, flocking at the 'ever welcoming' shops of Mylapore or T'Nagar. If the assemblage is measured by diamonds and lace, one can well finance a part of our ambitious developmental plans! They buy and wear the sarees in vogue rather than the sarees they want; and explain it to one another before getting into their waiting cars, with the classic comment of exasperation: 'It is what everybody is wearing. The shops don't even show anything else.'

Thus fashion limits the genuine variety available to women and at the same time encourages spurious differentiation which impedes rational choice. And by taking women's minds off price, quality and workmanship, fashion encourages only wasteful buying. The woeful complaints of many a Mr. over this waste cannot be listed in *extenso*.

I would not be surprised (many may be pleased) if husbands and fathers who run the home, attribute this excessive number of clothing that women pile up, to 'design-piracy' of model shops and urge the passage of legislation similar to that in France, to prevent and punish the corruption in designs and advertisements of the so called 'new arrivals.' For it is these that make women clamour for frequent visits to their trusted exhibitors. It is but natural, that no man can console himself at the sight of so many 'never-used,' 'once-used' parcels of sarees, when every season he has to grant fresh

money for another spree of shopping by the ladies. But men being what they are would rather show a perfect *sang-froid* to these frailties, than create a row with their spouses and lose their evenings' peace.

A new picture, immediately gives birth to a new saree. One wonders, whether the painted screen stars ever buy the sarees and jewellery that have been sanctified by their own novel names! Perhaps they are only tacit observers of the mad rush at the shops, as they speed their way in fleeting automobiles. Film stars and film industry have given a fillip to the trade that depends on the whims and fancies of the purile folk; but they also indirectly help to strengthen the desire for variety and flexibility in women's dress, if not in men. This kind of 'adaptation' for demonstration registers only a transfer of funds from the house to the shop and usually evokes a sigh from the lord of the house when he tremblingly clutches the bill!

Fashion is a socio-economic phenomenon, closely related to women's ignorance and fostered by the lure of promised satisfaction, more apparent than real. By playing upon and reinforcing our (men included) ignorance, by providing the shadow instead of the substance of variety and choice, fashion intensifies and confuses our 'likes' and 'desires'—the two things which women cherish most. In this respect ignorance is bliss, in the sense women will naturally look 'new' in their attire, if they are not aware of the 'newness' displayed in neon signs in the non-too distant shops. Shakespeare was only referring to the worldly wisdom when he said,

"See'st thou not, I say,
what a deformed thief this fashion
is?"

POETRY AND PROSE

By C. L. R. SASTRI

"Lap me in soft Lydian airs
Married to immortal verse."

—MILTON, "L'Allegro."

IT is but a truism to say that there is an universal prejudice in favour of poetry, dating back probably to the very beginnings of time. The conjecture may not be highly fanciful that the primitive man was a poet to the marrow of his bones. It is possible that he even *talked* poetry, as Monsieur Jourdain talked prose all his life, without knowing it—warbling his native woodnotes wild, as it were, at the slightest provocation, or none. It was, as everyone knows, a pet theory of Lord Macaulay that as civilisation advances poetry declines. He meant it, I am sure, only as a generalisation, sweeping though it may appear to be on the surface; and the best way of treating generalisations, it needs hardly to be stressed, is not to take them too literally but to interpret them in their widest scope, in their broadest implications. We should not, in other words, drive them to their utmost consequences but should, like Locksley in Sir Walter Scott's *Ivanhoe*, "allow for the wind". If we treat the noble lord's dictum in this manner we shall, I have no doubt, have to admit that it has stood the test of time pretty well, indeed. Refinement, in the sense in which we usually understand that term, does not seem to make for the growth of poetic sentiment. It is, after all, a commonplace so banal as hardly to merit mention that we are so much immersed in affairs nowadays, so much bustling about filling the unforgiving minute, as Rudyard Kipling so picturesquely puts it, with sixty seconds' worth of distance run, that we have little inclination to dally with the Muses, to lose ourselves in airy nothings,

"To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Nearea's hair".

The Imaginative Faculty

Poetry connotes the imaginative faculty at its highest pitch. One comes to see that, amidst so many visible differences, the hearts of all things beat to a single tune: that there is unity amidst diversity. The whole world is bathed in beauty: whatever ugliness we find in it is only of our making. The beautiful is also good. The detection of beauty, of harmony, is the true function of the poet. As the late Mr. Jerome K. Jerome said:

"Man must learn beauty that he may understand God".

Or, as Keats wrote:

"Beauty is truth—truth beauty—
that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need
to know"

The same idea is expressed by Mr. Charles Whitley in the following memorable words:

"O Beauty", cries Gautier, "we have been created to love and worship thee, if we have found thee: to seek thee unceasingly in this world, if that good fortune has not been ours". All true poets feel themselves committed to this quest; some of the greatest have carried it beyond the limits of the visible world. In so doing they are following in the footsteps of the master musician, whose God-given life and golden accents tamed the fiercest beasts, checked the swiftest rivers, caused flowers to bloom about his feet, and when he descended to Hades, so charmed its monarch and inmates that Pluto restored his Eurydice, the wheel of Ixion paused, the stone of Sisyphus stood still. Tantalus forgot

his thirst, and even the Furies relented".

An Undercurrent Of Sympathy

There should be an undercurrent of sympathy in the poet's composition: it should run through his whole being like a refrain. God, in His infinite wisdom, has created men as well as mountains: microbes as well as men. The right thing for us to do is to regard every sentient thing with the utmost possible affection, to identify ourselves with it; and to subject all things to the same test. The test is not whether they are useful to us. Our own interest, I take leave to suggest, is verily the least part of it. It is the sheerest egoism to fancy that we are the be-all and end-all of God's creation. In God's eyes everything is of equal value. To judge things, therefore, by the standard of our own interests is to judge things ill. Herein comes the *raison d'être* of the poet's existence. He discerns harmonies where others discern only discords and surrenders himself to joy even in circumstances the most depressing. He, indeed, in a very real sense of the terms,

"finds tongues in the trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones,
and good in everything."

Not only must the poet, I submit, recognise beauty where it exists and give utterance to the thoughts that it stirs in him: which, after all, are (unless I am vastly mistaken) the same thoughts that it stirs in us, too, and of which we too would sing if we could. The poet, in fact, is not, I fancy, different from the rest of us except in the small (or large) detail of being able to lisp in numbers, for the numbers come. He finds the words, and the order of their occurrence, for the identical sensations that convulse us also, whereas, in us, they are, for all practical purposes, simply *imprisoned*, simply hermetically sealed. Coming back to my point, not only, I repeat, must the poet recognise beauty where it exists: he must also, I feel, understand, be

able to perceive, that things are inter-related, that, in the words of Francis Thompson, they

"To each other linked are,
That thou canst not stir a flower,
Without trembling of a star",

that, in short, there is a *democracy* of things. Nothing is independent of all else: it *cannot* exist without the others, it achieves its highest fulfilment only along with the others.

"The world is one; yes, all of it fits".

Poetry Is Everywhere

There is, really, no department of human activity earmarked, as it were, for poetry: poetry permeates every department of man's life. Not only may the poet draw inspiration from the high-lights of existence, from

"Old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago",

from women ravishing in their beauty, from

"The face that launched a thousand ships,
And burned the topless towers of Ilium".

He may, in my opinion, equally legitimately glean relevant hints from comparatively lowly things—or, rather, what *seem* to be lowly things—from, say, the "lesser celandine," or from the poor leech-gatherer "on the lonely moor"—in fact, from you and me and the next man. There is no order of precedence in these matters: there is no hierarchy of subjects for poetry: the wind bloweth where it listeth. As the late Mr. A. Clutton-Brock, referring to European and Chinese poets, says:

"European poets have the ambition to make an orchestra out of language; but the Chinese seem to play on a penny-whistle, and then, suddenly, with a shy smile, to draw the most wonderful thin music out of it. Anyone could do it, they seem to say; and they convince us that poetry is not a rare and exotic luxury, but something that happens in life itself, something one needs only to watch for and record . . . And for them there is no class of poetic events . . . Nothing is common or unclean to them."

Poetry is thus seen to be *immanent* in all things. And, just as poetry is immanent in all things, every man is a potential poet: one has only to set one's senses a-working, and one will detect beauty, or poetry, everywhere. There is a widespread notion that poetry requires a background of romance and that, as romance is supposed to be mostly a product of the imagination, the ordinary, commonplace things of life are not tinged with poetry. The notion, luckily, is a wrong one. Romance is not the exclusive property of the imagination. Life is full of romance if we only care to record it. To the hearing ear and the understanding heart it is the greatest romance of all. To quote from the late Mr. Clutton-Brock again:

"There are no incongruities and no separation of poetry and prose in life. All life trembles into beauty like leaves stirred by the wind; and it remains itself even while it trembles."

Prose

I am not a blind admirer of poetry; nor am I a blind detractor of prose. If anything, my partiality leans towards the side of prose. I am essentially prosaic; and am far more enchanted by the subtle rhythms of prose than by the comparatively glaring rhythms of poetry. The charm of poetry, if I may generalize, lies on the surface. The charm of prose is more deeply embedded. Good poetry is recognised as such—almost at once: good prose takes a little more time to be so identified. There have been many excellent poets: there have been only a very few excellent prose-writers.

Moreover, there are more faults engendered by a too profuse poetic temperament than by a prosaic one. Poetry exaggerates: a poet sees everything larger than it actually is. By soaring into too lofty regions we are apt to forget the earthy origin that is ours, and when the fall comes—as, sooner or later, it is bound to—it will be a terrible one, indeed. We may

be poets—some of us, that is—but it is always well to remember that we cannot, for ever, go through "life's fitful fever" by a series of high jumps but by honest, painful walking. We have to foot it even to Mount Pisgah, and the sooner we realise it the better it will be for us.

By writing in this fashion I do not imply that I have a rooted aversion to poetry: I imply only that I admire it—in moderation, that I admire it "this side idolatry." I certainly am not, for instance, in the same boat as Mr. Samuel Weller (senior). That worthy gentleman, my readers will no doubt recollect, disliked the very mention of the word, "poetry." It was anathema to him: it stood in the same relation to him as the Campbells did to Alan Breck Stewart in Robert Louis Stevenson's novel.

"Taint in poetry. Is it?" interposed his (Sam's) father.

"No, no," replied Sam.

"Very glad to hear it," said Mr. Weller. "Poetry's unnatural; no man ever talked poetry, 'cept a beadle on boxin' day, or Warren's blackin', or Rowland's oil, or some o' them low fellows; never let yourself down to talk poetry, my boy."

It is not, indeed, that I like poetry less but that I like prose more.

Not so easy

Most people, I am afraid, fancy that it is the easiest thing on earth to write prose, that, compared with poetry, 'it is chickens.' On the contrary, it is infinitely more difficult than composing poetry. There is a peculiar beauty that pertains to prose and, though a good many persons attempt it, very few really succeed in achieving it. Here, as elsewhere, many are called, but few chosen. A prose style should be seasoned like a violin; and for that purpose a long and arduous preparation is necessary. Most prose writers discovered their calling only late in life. Hazlitt is an illustrious instance; and his friend and admirer, Charles Lamb, did not come into his *Elia* vein very early in

his career either. It is the case with almost all eminent practitioners of "that other harmony," as Dryden terms it. As the late Sir Walter Raleigh remarks, in his own inimitable style, of Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*:

"It ought to be a comfort to men past middle age to find that Johnson, like Dryden, wrote his best prose in his latest years. Good poetry has been written by young, even by very young, men: the best prose is out of their reach . . . The best prose is rightly called pedestrian; at every step it must find a foothold on the ground of experience, firm enough to support its weight. It is more various than poetry, and richer in implied meanings; it assumes in the reader an old acquaintance with the facts of life, and keeps him in touch with them by a hundred quiet devices or irony, reminiscence and allusion. It is a commentary on the world; not a complete exposition of it. The breadth of the vision of poetry can be attained by one who looks on human life from a distance: only the scarred veterans

are fit to write a prose account of the battle."

A really good prose style is very difficult of acquisition: how difficult one has only to look at the classic example of Stevenson to realize. Stevenson, despite some belittling of him in certain quarters, is in the top-most class of English prose writers. But it is common knowledge how he struggled and struggled and only at long last mastered the art. According to his own candid confession he played the part of the 'sedulous ape' to many authors. But it paid him in the end. Thus it happens that prose-writers of the first class are miserably few. As Thoreau puts it:

"Great prose of equal elevation commands our respect more than great verse, since it implies a more permanent and level height, and a life pervaded with the grandeur of the thought. The poet only makes an irruption like a Parthian, and is off again, shooting while he retreats; but the prose-writer has conquered, like a Roman, and settled colonies."

LITERARY POSEURS

By G. S. BALAKRISHNAN

WHEN man groans under the tyranny of daily routine and life becomes stale and unprofitable, there comes to cheer him up the literary poseur with his pithy sayings and paradoxes. The conventional story loses its appeal when ennui sets in. One longs for excitement either in the form of an unexpected twist or surprise ending. Sometimes even this excitement is insufficient to rekindle the desire for living. When the natural instinct to live becomes extinct, an artificial liver of life or poseur appears and restores our sanity.

A poseur leads a very unnatural life just to impress others. He craves for publicity. He allows legends to

grow round his name. He first creates an imaginary personality and later on acts that role. Every action and gesture of his becomes theatrical. Every word of his is saturated with a compelling magic. He is thus always striving after effect like a successful comedian. The world hails the poseur even though it knows that he is deliberately acting a part. The toned-down nerves of man long for some intellectual diversion and the poseur provides it.

A poseur is usually gifted with a high degree of intelligence. His never-failing weapon is humour. Very often the poseur is a cynic. It is his realistic outlook as contrasted with the idealistic outlook of the ave-

OUR ROLE IN THE SUEZ CONFERENCE

By AZAAD

rage man that lends his sayings and writings a perennial charm. He is witty and wise. He looks at humanity without any preconceived notions. He does not have those cramping inhibitions that prevent many of us from expressing the unpleasant truth. He is not a literary buffoon drawing our attention by his intellectual grimaces and antics. His cap covers an original mind and his bells jingle the song of reality.

A poseur is supposed to suffer from the 'Jehovah Complex'. This is only a superficial reading of his personality. When he leaves the green room and removes his paint and mask, he is very often the most sympathetic of all human beings. For humour presupposes sympathy with humanity. A super human snob never succeeds in cracking a joke. To be humorous is to be human.

The most outstanding literary poseurs were Dr. Johnson, Mr. Bernard Shaw, Oscar Wilde and Byron. Dr. Johnson's success as a poseur was partly due to his physical size. A stout man has definitely some advantages over a fellow with lean and hungry looks. This is not to belittle the greatness of Johnson. His success was not merely due to brawn, his brain was also keen and alert. Knowing that a servile Scotchman was recording every utterance of his, he deliberately began to speak in epigrams. Some of his cynical statements could not have been shot at off hand even though he had an enviable quantity of grey matter. His definitions are the result of deep deliberation. Even his well known statement that 'none but a block-head ever writes except for money' has the ring of artificiality about it. Wilde had no doubt a wild passion for publicity. His life itself was a pose for which he had to pay dearly. He used to entertain his friends with his unorthodox remarks. That he used to

rehearse his conversation before appearing in public was an open secret to his friends. But still he did not become their laughing stock. For, they knew that it required genius to say what he said. It was not skill, but talent. Mr. Bernard Shaw was the most successful of all literary poseurs. He was a seasoned actor compared with the other amateurs in the field. He had perfected the art of posing. But his witty sayings lose their charm if read frequently. One even gets the impression that his ideation and imagination have serious limitations. He has a tendency to repeat himself. The kernel remains the same, but the cover is skillfully changed. He lacks the flashing brilliance of an Oscar Wilde. Switching back to our old simile, one will remember that restrained acting wins less applause than raving and ranting. Perhaps Shaw acted with admirable restraint and Wilde was guilty of over-acting. Byron cuts a very poor figure in the midst of the other poseurs. But he also tried to take the world by storm with his artificial remarks. Just after his marriage he told his wife, "Now you are my wife and that is enough to make me hate you. But if you were somebody else's wife, that would be enough to make me love you."

A literary poseur cannot be equated with a hypocrite. If one can tolerate the most primitive and artificial of literary forms, poetry, there is no reason why one should hate another type of artificial venture. Very often poetry is nothing but verbal jingling, that lulls the immature to hypnotic sleep. But the pithy sayings of the poseurs are the product of experience, experience standing for all their actions, feelings and emotions following an original mental bent. Literary poseurs provide the prosaic 'talk' of life with the chutney of Cynicism that makes it palatable.

THE Suez crisis which has been developing almost under our very noses furnishes an excellent instance of how political issues grow like the proverbial snowball, gathering not merely speed with time, but also a mass of extraneous considerations, calculated to obscure vision and distract opinion. In one view, the protagonists have been superseded by their seconds. In another view, the original bone of contention has been supplanted by a proximate pretext. For President Nasser's first motive in nationalising the Suez canal was both to salve his wounded vanity as well as to retaliate against the Western powers when they determined to halt their help to him. Now all the talk is about the assertion of Egypt's indefeasible sovereignty on which there can be no two opinions,—if the issue is considered *a priori*. But we know at the same time that it was seized upon as an afterthought, and is tantamount to the setting up of a kind of political or diplomatic alibi. For to the question why this doctrine of national sovereignty was not asserted earlier, there is no answer at all.

Again, all the friends of Egypt—and there are said to be seven hundred millions of them—have assumed that President Nasser's original move was both legal and peaceful and constitutional. But none of them is candid enough to admit that it was unilateral and, to that extent, provocative. If the claim is based on legal or constitutional grounds, it ought to follow that the assertion or vindication of it should be in accordance with legal or constitutional procedure. The most elementary indication of it is a formal despatch of notice. But, for prestige and spectacular reasons

it was deliberately avoided. Oddly enough it was Pandit Nehru himself who made an oblique reference to this aspect of Egypt's action, but he hastened to assure his client that he did not mean it in a critical or censorious spirit. Talk of using the profits of the Canal income for the construction of the Aswan Dam, for deepening the canal itself and for a variety of other laudable purposes reminds us chiefly of Mrs. Caudle's curtain lecture to poor Mr. Caudle of how she would have laid out the five shillings he had spent (without her consent or knowledge) in more advantageous ways. The chronic debtor is nothing if he is not imaginative; and President Nasser is in excellent company in indulging in Alnaschar visions of impending glory moving in a flood to spotlight him in the centre of the stage.

Egyptian Sovereignty

All these basic considerations are now hidden from public view. Only one question is pushed forward to the front, and it is the question of Egyptian Sovereignty. Two views of it are now being canvassed, and we may refer to them briefly to indicate the part which our own country's spokesmen have come to play in the crystallisation of one of them.

The Western proposal demands the revival of some sort of international authority with power to control the working of the canal without prejudice to the exercise of sovereignty by Egypt. Even if the waterway is conceded to belong to Egypt, since it is being used by a large number of Western nations as their life-line, the latter have a reasonable claim to share in the administration of it as contributaries to its importance. If Egypt recognises this claim

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as fundamentally fair and just, it ought not to be difficult to devise a formula which would ensure the reconciliation of the now opposing points of view. In short, the Western proposal desires that the Canal should not be exploited in the interests of Egyptian national policy without reference to the wishes of the users of it. A voluntary recognition of the claims of other nations using the passage can never detract from the concept of national or political sovereignty of which so much is now being made.

Indian Formula

The Indian proposal which has already been blessed by the Egyptian President as acceptable to him reiterates the inviolability of Egyptian sovereignty in general and of its inalienability over the Suez canal in particular. It, however, provides at the same time for some sort of a board or authority (subject to the jurisdiction of the Egyptian government) for the administration of the canal on which some representatives of the users of the canal may also find a place. But this body has neither definite functions nor specific sanctions. The words 'advisory,' 'consultative,' 'liaison' and 'associative' are repeated in various contexts as if to emphasise that this body will have nothing but a Pickwickian existence and a supererogatory role to play. But the very fact that the Indian proposal visualises an authority on which foreign nationals will have a place is itself a tacit willingness to suffer an abridgement of sovereignty which destroys the major premise of the proposals.

For the truth about sovereignty is that it is indivisible. Any proposal that contemplates any sort of even a notional circumscription of it must be repugnant to its pristine purity. For instance, no sovereign nation has ever agreed to set up a committee of foreign importers to advise the Chancellor of the Exchequer of a sovereign country as to the principles on which

he should prepare the budget of the nation. It would quite patently be an intolerable intrusion of an outsider into the concerns of a free, independent and sovereign country. But when, however, such a body is agreed to, it is an equally frank recognition of exceptional conditions which qualify the notion of sovereignty without setting up a precedent. By way of analogy, we may cite the now almost universal demand for the pooling of atomic resources of the world under an international authority. The discoveries of science in this field are the unquestioned property of national and sovereign states. But it is recognised that, on account of their tremendous potentialities for evil, they could not be trusted in the hands of national groups who might be tempted to hold the entire world to ransom by an unscrupulous exploitation of them.

A Variation Of Medieval Castle

At first-sight, the analogy might not seem obvious. The atom bombs destroy; how, it may be asked, can a canal which is inert and inoffensive be a lethal weapon in any hands? It can be as dreaded as the bombs if it comes to be used in the interests of Egyptian national policy and, to that end, exploits the needs of the rest of the world. That sort of thing was no doubt common in the Middle Ages; enterprising barons constructed castles at strategic points of the highways, and surrounding themselves with armed bands of mercenaries blackmailed the community to pay tolls of various kinds which are enshrined in the laws and usages of the manorial system. *Mutatis mutandis*, the Suez Canal is a modern variant of the medieval baron's castle; and the world is being asked to accept such a position to its own ultimate undoing!

Such is the gist of the proposals which have come to be associated with our country. Mr. Menon has no doubt claimed the virtue of flexibility for his draft. If this means

September 1 1956

anything at all, it ought to mean either that President Nasser does not intend to stand rigidly on his sovereign rights or that he is prepared to arm the new international body with some specific powers. Either of these courses would inevitably make a hash of the head and front of the Egyptian demand—namely an unqualified recognition of Sovereignty—as it were—in vacuo!

But at the moment, the gulf separating the protagonists is so wide as to be incapable of being bridged. The deadlock is complete and crushing, and has arisen from the clash of nationalism and internationalism, the latter of which is purposely confounded with colonialism. And that latter quiddity acts as the proverbial red rag to inflame and exacerbate popular hysteria springing from whipped up nationalism. President Nasser has graciously agreed to receive the deputation of the Western Powers. But in view of the state of feeling which now prevails, it should cause no surprise if he hears them courteously but sends them away empty-handed. Mr. Menon has hoped that somehow good would result from it; this has to be taken with the proverbial pinch of salt, for he had earlier declared that nothing less than his own draft proposals would satisfy his principal, viz., the Egyptian President.

Rationale Of Indian Policy

But without anticipating the outcome of the next move of the Western Powers in the event of the breakdown of the present talks, it may not be amiss if we consider the rationale behind our alignment with the minority of dissident powers in this conflict. A country's foreign policy is conditioned neither by pure altruism nor by grossly pusillanimous or materialistic considerations. Self-interest is the core of it however; and it is camouflaged under appealing exterior to gull the unwary and lull the over-watchful. The intransigence of

Egypt at the moment stems out of far deeper causes which the public may be pardoned for not understanding fully, but which leaders have no excuse to ignore or under-rate. Arab nationalism is a misnomer; it is a species of obscurantism which is trying to organise a new and vast *imperium* stretching from the gates of Gibraltar to the islands of the East Indies. In the consolidation of this mighty empire—shaped geographically like the *Crescent*—our preordained role is to be immolated to make an endless and extensive Islamic holiday. By a curious and unnoticed irony of fate, Pakistan and we are being driven to back the wrong sides. None of the ties of race, religion, geography, history, culture, economics are strengthened by our Quixotic (?) espousal of the Arab case. Pakistan which should have toed the Islamic line in the interests of the solidarity of the Millat has chosen to follow the lead of Britain and the Western Powers. Can it be that both of us—sundered fractions of what was till the other day an unbroken unity—are cutting off our noses to spite our own faces? Under the rallying cry of Islam in danger or Jihad for glory, we may count on Arab and Pakistani marching together, fighting together and dividing the spoils together. The very thought of such collaboration between the easy-going and Laodicean Hindu and the inflamed Islamite can only bring a smile of incredulity to our lips. Nothing but academic conceit or a tragic immaturity of spirit can justify our zest in hastening our own downfall by such incompatible and immiscible associations or alliances.

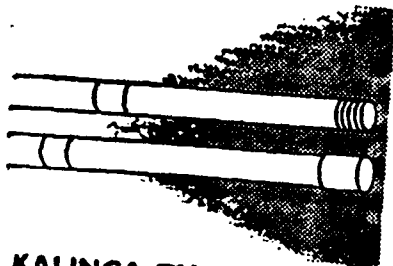
Nor have we raised our voice—said to be always for peace and *Panch Shila*—against the rampagings of the Egyptian Dictator. Egypt is still at war with Israel, as Mr. Krishna Menon took care to point out with more than a suspicion of complacency in his tone. For why has not this *ersatz* angel of peace minus only

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your mother where she has kept that blessed umbrella." And the wife will send some such message: "Tell your father that he did not bring it yesterday and perhaps he has kept it in the office." Children love to play this role of interpreters and messengers but after some time they get tired and plainly ask, "Why, mamma, don't you speak to father? Have you quarrelled with each other?!" Thereupon she says: "Who said we have quarrelled? See, we talk to each other." Such occasions provide the golden opportunity to patch up the misunderstanding and the couple resume talking to each other and feel ashamed that they should have quarrelled. Of course in some rare instances, the misunderstandings are never patched up, both adamantly stick to their standpoint and the result is permanent estrangement.

Perhaps husband-wife quarrels are inevitable and without them family life would become dull. But this scribe thinks that some of the conflicts arising out of trivial things could at least be avoided if both parties understood each other and made tactful approaches. For example, a wife should never tell a husband who has just returned from the office, tired and exhausted, about the mango-border-Adyar-thalappu saree which she has bought on credit. Couples when they are about to quarrel would do well to recall the resolution which they made when embarking upon the adventure of married life. In that momentous hour they excitedly told each other: "See, we have heard and read about husbands quarrelling with their wives and vice versa. At least we should be exceptions to the rule. People should say of us: 'We admire that couple. They are getting on perfectly well: no quarrel, no misunderstanding and no nagging ...'"

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PST. 163

THE GLAMOUR OF SOCIALISM

By VEN

THE glamour of the socialistic pattern of society and its *prima facie* humanitarian appeal may appear attractive at first. But a patient analysis of the implications and consequences of socialism in practice is sure to reveal its dangerous character from the standpoint of both political freedom and economic progress.

Socialism in its Marxist form (which is the only form in which it has materialised today on account of its embodiment in Soviet Russia, in her allies and satellites) destroys the economic and social basis of freedom and the dignity of the individual. By nationalising all industry and commerce and controlling all spheres of culture through indoctrination and punishment for free thought, the lives of citizens both in the economic and cultural affairs will be rendered absolutely dependent on official regulation. This is an environment in which personal freedom cannot survive. The State will absorb society, leaving no room for a free development of voluntary associations immune from governmental control. Independent political parties will not be allowed to arise or to function. A one-party, monolithic State, controlling all expression of thought and action and even emotional life will be the inevitable outcome of socialism in the Marxist form. This is abundantly demonstrated by the practice of Soviet Russia, her East European satellites and Communist China.

Stagnation in Economic Field

From the standpoint of economy, the socialist pattern of society will spell stagnation in the last resort. Bureaucracy will dominate every sphere and will stifle all inventiveness. A reign of red tape, conformity and timid imitation will dry up

the springs of discovery and new technological inventions with the result that productivity will lag behind and the national income will fall, bringing ultimately a condition of poverty for all except for the rulers. This state of affairs might be postponed for some years through a reign of terror and the enforcement of slave labour as in Soviet Russia and China but human nature will not stand it for any length of time. The extinction of incentives in a socialistic regime except those of honour and approval by the regime to which is attached an arbitrary level of comfort will sooner or later bring about a state of stagnation.

If the differences of economic classes are abolished by decree, (they have not done it yet either in Soviet Russia or in Red China), new classes of Party Rulers with an elaborate hierarchy of their own with the Supreme Ruler at the top like Hitler and Stalin will perforce emerge out of the necessities of the administrative situation. The new class with both economic and political power, with power both on everybody's income as well as on his peaceful day-to-day existence will prove more oppressive than the old capitalists ever were.

Further, prices will be arbitrarily fixed in the absence of a free and automatic market which will give more power to the rulers. Salaries, hours and conditions of work, holidays, medical relief and every amenity of life will be dependent on the ruling groups. Favourites at all levels will have some relief but justice in any satisfactory sense will be absent in such a regime. Power corrupts and absolute power will corrupt absolutely. This statement of Lord Acton is unfortunately true. We cannot say

that Gandhi and Nehru are above this frailty of human nature.

The experience of ages has proved that unlimited power in the hands of a monarch or other ruler is an unlimited evil. Hence Europe and America have developed democratic institutions with elaborate provisions for checks and balances and division of power between the different depositories of Governmental power—the judiciary, the executive and the legislature. The Indian Constitution is founded on their example and can be made a success only if we imbibe the spirit of Western democracy and concretise it in day-to-day work in government and parliament through conventions limiting the work of government. Free Economy and limited Government go together. All forms of mixed economy will come to grief in the end. There can be no equality between the Public Sector enjoying sovereignty and the private sector consisting of timid business men at the mercy of Government. The inevitable outcome sooner or later will be the extinction of the private sector.

Alliance with the West

Those who adopt this libertarian attitude will necessarily side with the Western Powers led by the Anglo-Americans in their conflict with the Soviet Communist Governments in Russia and China and the East European States under the control of Russia. There is a mortal enmity between the Communist bloc and the Free World. The Western Powers have no doubt their own defects. They are not sufficiently democratic. They still retain traces of their former imperialism. But being rational democracies with full civil liberties guaranteed to their citizens, their democratic way of life is continually being improved in the direction of greater equality and liberty. Even the Negroes are being treated better in America with every passing year.

In spite of the British bleeding India white during their former rule of two centuries, Indians have learnt a great deal from them. If we can make our independence good, it is due to the lessons learnt, however imperfectly, by our educated classes from their English masters in schools and courts and administrative offices, as well as in the army and the police. It is the English language that has cemented the people of this great sub-continent and has welded them into one Nation.

There is no third area of neutrality possible between the Western and Soviet blocs, in spite of our Prime Minister's vain endeavours in this matter. India is gradually being led more deeply into the heart of the Soviet Bloc and away from the Western Powers which is a great calamity. We have yet to learn the use of bombers, fighter planes, warships, submarines etc. For all this, instruction from the British is useful and necessary. It would be a mistake to break with the Western Powers and thereby to isolate ourselves.

It is precisely such isolation from the West that the Communist Party of India is working for under instructions from Moscow. The dispute regarding the Suez canal has been seized by the Communist Party of India to urge the people of India to join the chorus of condemnation of the British and praising President Nasser for his illegal act of nationalising the canal. He did it in a mass meeting like a mob ruler. He should have negotiated with the Powers concerned through his diplomatic staff. Instead he announced the decree before a howling mob like Hitler.

Menace of Pan-Islam

There is the further mischief of strengthening the Arab-Muslim States. Col. Nasser is an ambitious person. He is egging the Algerians on to fight the French with the ulterior object of some day annexing Algeria himself. He is strengthening

Pan-Arab sentiment by whipping up Arab resentment against Israel. He is smarting from the disgrace and defeat that the Egyptians sustained at the hands of the Israelis.

The Muslim world is hovering between Turkey, Pakistan and Egypt for its leadership. Whoever wins, the coming consolidation of Islam under a single federation or State from Morocco to Indonesia (as Jinnah hoped for) will become a menace to India. India is short-sighted in favouring the Muslim States as against the Europeans. In her own interests India should cultivate friendship with the Western nations beyond the Middle East to counteract the potential hostility of the Islamic States that is sure to come to the surface sooner or later. That is in their history and cultural psychology.

Meanwhile Pakistan's leaders are daily stirring up the hatred and hostility of the Pakistani people towards India. The so called independent State of Pak-held Kashmir seems about to take shape. Its mission fixed at birth is to invade India and provoke us to retaliate with arms. If we do so, we shall be immediately branded as aggressors and the Anglo-American friends of Pakistan will get the Security Council to declare India an aggressor and immediately thereon, the US arms and equipment donated to Pakistan will be used against India. The stipulation that they should not be used for aggressive purposes will have been successfully bypassed. Any child can see this plot clearly. But our leaders in diplomacy being saints cannot see it and are lulling the country into a sleep of false security.

Thus libertarian philosophy as applied to the condition of India suggests free economy, friendship with the Western States, precautions against pan-Islam and Pakistan and

active membership in the UNO as integral aspects of a many-sided policy to strengthen our nation and to preserve our independence.

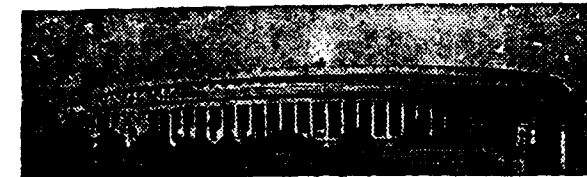
The opposite attitude of socialism will lead to friendship with Communist countries, coldness and hostility to the West, softness to Pakistan and Islamic imperialism and will weaken us, push us into the iron embraces of the Communist States and destroy our new found freedom.

SRIMATI LAXMIBAI HARIHAR



We deeply regret to report the death of Srimati Laxmibai Harihar, mother of Sri H. D. Rajah, M.P., at Bombay on August 23rd after a brief illness. Srimati Harihar who was 72 years old, leaves behind two other sons, Sri H. Ramayya, Assistant Manager, Bombay Telephones and Sri H. Sankaran, Branch Manager of the Vanguard Fire and General Insurance Co. Ltd. We offer our condolences to Sri Rajah, his brothers and the other members of his family on their bereavement.

NEW DELHI DIARY



By V. V. PRASAD

MARSHAL Kim Il Sung, Prime Minister of the Democratic People's Republic of Korea, commented on the personality cult in Russia, in response to my question sent to him by post. Marshal Kim Il Sung said: "In the last years of his life, Stalin was too conceited about his own role, and acted in violation of the Leninist principle of collective leadership, with the result that he caused severe damage to the work of the Party and the State."

The Marshal therefore thought that "it is quite reasonable that the Communist Party of the Soviet Union has exposed boldly the nature of his mistake, and fights to eradicate their consequences, while appreciating his immense merits."

Giving his assessment of the Twentieth Congress of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, the Marshal declared: "It is universally known that the Twentieth Congress convened last February not only manifested the fresh prospects for the further development of politics, economy, culture, science, etc. in the Soviet Union, but also drew conclusions of great practical significance in the interests of peace and progress, on the basis of a profound analysis of a series of questions of principle concerning the development of present-day international relations."

"As regards the cult of personality with reference to J. V. Stalin," said the North Korean Prime Minister, "I consider as entirely correct the critical attitude taken by the Twentieth Congress of the Communist Party

of the Soviet Union in regard to this problem. We Communists condemn the cult of personality as being contrary to Marxist-Leninist ideas and to the Leninist principle of collective leadership. This, however, does not mean that we ignore the role of the individual in history. Marxism-Leninism recognizes the important role of the leader in history."

The Marshal declared: "It is a well known fact that J. V. Stalin, made a great contribution to the international labour movement, played an important and historic part in the struggle for the triumph of socialist revolution in Russia, for the socialist construction in the Soviet Union and for the advocacy of Lenin's theories, and he earned high prestige among the people at home and abroad. In the last years of his life, however, he was too conceited about his own role, and acted in violation of the Leninist principle of collective leadership."

There is only one personality cult in India today and that is the personality cult of Jawaharlal Nehru. It has not been built up by Jawaharlal Nehru, but by his flatterers. Nehru just tolerated them at first but warmly welcomed them afterwards. Now he cannot get on without them. The same must have happened with Stalin who was no doubt a vain man, as Lenin pointed out in his will. If others did not feed his vanity, and if they did not assure him that he was the equal of the Sun and the Moon, he could not have developed into the

human monster he ultimately became.

Some of us in Delhi have the opportunity to watch at close quarters the working of the Government machinery. Nothing can be done in Delhi without a word from the Prime Minister. The building of the Arts and Crafts Society was going on at a slow pace for a couple of years or so. Suddenly the word went round that the Prime Minister had agreed to attend a performance of Sombhu Mitra's *Rakta Karabhi*. The whole thing was ready in a moment. When Bulganin and Khrushchev visited India, Nehru personally went to some of the barren road-islands, and got green grass planted there. Soon the work was accomplished.

Nothing will move in Delhi unless the Prime Minister personally intervenes. It is a terrible reflection on the Government, and is proof positive of its tremendous weakness. Nehru ought not to be happy about it. He was certainly not happy that he had to tell the public that over a dozen meetings of the Cabinet considered the S. R. C. question. But that is not to contradict either Deshmukh or Kunzru. What is amazing is the docile way in which Deshmukh agreed to be shut up by Maulana Azad, who was anxious that the Prime Minister should not continue to get the worst out of this constitutional controversy. I wonder whether Deshmukh consulted his Colaba constituency before he resigned from Parliament. Deshmukh resigned office with a bang, but re-entered an office with a whimper.

The Saraswati Samaj and the Gandharva Mahavidyalaya organized a Festival of Hindusthani Classical Music this year, as in previous years. The outstanding artist at the Festival was Kumar Gandharva, who was in very good form. There were also other great artists like Pannalal Ghosh, Hirabai Barodekar, Rahi-

muddin Khan Daggarr and Ravi Shankar.

In North India, music festivals begin at 9 p.m. and go on into the early hours of the morning. At about 1 or 2 a.m. half the audience is asleep, and the other half is having tea outside. The best musicians come last—about 4 a.m. By that time most of the listeners have had their two hours of sleep, and can shake themselves awake to enjoy the performance of the outstanding *Ustad*. Everybody in the audience then goes home by 6 or 7 a.m., and then rushes to his office at 10. This sort of Festival continues for three days, upsetting everybody's sleep and work.

All-night sittings were a relic of the feudal order, when the Mughal or the Zamindar and his coterie could afford to sleep the whole day and listen to music all night. Music Concerts in the North should begin at 6 p.m. and end at midnight. I know that it is painful to most music lovers to be denied the pleasure of listening to an early morning *raag* at 4 a.m., but that is the only way in which a musical audience can be built up. Otherwise, with the death of feudalism, concerts of Classical Music will also come to an end.

SALVATION?

When I recollect the past
Of my childhood and school days,
The pleasant memories ever last
I dance with exuberance of Joy!

When I survey the present
Of my career non-gazetted,
With paltry pay and pair of tots,
I sit sullen cursing the Lord!

When I think of the future
With prospects bleak and breeding
large,

My heart-searching renders a clue
To revolutionize to face my life!

—PANKAJA NARAYAN

PEDLAR'S PACK

MR. Krishna Menon is adding to his laurels in wholly unexpected ways. Having exhausted the diplomatic field, he has just now made a sortie into the rhetorical and grammatical sphere and has enriched the English language with a new phrase. Describing his proposals for 'the peaceful solution' of the Suez question, he called them as 'furnishing a carpet on which they and Egypt could walk and meet.' This is certainly overworking the carpet—whether it is the matter-of-fact one carried by politicians as a bag or the magic variety described in the Arabian Nights. The latter had merely to be sat on, and you were transported anywhere you liked. To bring a question 'on the carpet' is to take it up for consideration. Apparently this was what Mr. Menon must have had in mind. But to furnish a 'carpet on which people could walk and meet' is to be guilty of a fine derangement of epitaphs as Mrs. Malaprop would have put it.

This howler reminds me of another which the late Sadanand perpetrated in one of his leaders. A reader wrote to him pointing out the mistake and quoting from the Oxford Dictionary in support of his point. Sadanand was unabashed; he published the censorious letter, but added a foot-note announcing to the world at large that he had issued orders that his editorial department was not to submit tamely to the tyranny of English books of reference!

There has been general satisfaction that Sri Morarji Desai was enabled to break his fast.

Now all of us may sigh

At the breaking of the fast by Desai:—
But whether in relief or despair,
It's not for me to declare!

Mr. Frank Anthony has got into hot water for describing Mr. Lal Bahadur Sastri as a 'dear little chap.' The Speaker, like Lamb's Scotchman, could not understand the humour of it, while at the same time claiming that he

knew as much English as any one else. Mr. Jaipal Singh described as an 'Oxonian M.P.', came to the rescue of the misunderstood member with the *ipse dixit*: 'I assure you that so far as Oxford English is concerned, the expression is one of endearment.' We have heard of an Oxford accent but not of Oxford English so far! Mr. Lal Bahadur Shastri is Lilliputian in size, and there must have been an oblique glance at it in Mr. Anthony's *le mot juste*. Instead of laughing off such elementary exercises in entertaining others, the Lok Sabha seems determined to subject them to long-faced scrutiny. Which is a pity!

That the epithet is intended to be endearing may be proved in a decisive fashion. The husband of Queen Victoria, Prince Albert, called her in his private and privileged moments his 'little woman.' That ought to restore ruffled tempers, if any.

Mr. Alan Lennox-Boyd has stated that it is unnecessary to deal with Archbishop Makarios. He is confident of promoting a settlement without him.

Mr. Alan Lennox-Boyd
Says he can avoid
Archbishop Makarios

Since the situation is not now so precarious!

'Provision of More hoarders Urged'

Speaking in support of a private bill to prohibit the exhibition of posters, Dr. Sir A. Lakshmanaswamy Mudaliar, leader of the opposition in the Council said that the Corporation and municipalities could provide hoarders in sufficiently large numbers.—'The Hindu'.

This is another howler; for the word meant was Hoarding while the word actually used seems to have been hoarders—unless the culprit be the reporter. Hoarders are those interesting people who make profits during war-time. Surely the venerable and versatile leader of the Opposition was not pleading or praying for the increase of their tribe!

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SWATANTRA

(Issued Every Saturday)

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The SWATANTRA is a forum for liberal thought. Publication of an article in the Journal does not imply that the editor agrees with opinions expressed in it.

All communications should be addressed to the Editor, SWATANTRA, 2, Ramakrishna Mutt Road, Mylapore, Madras 4. Manuscripts for publication should be typewritten on one side of the paper only and must be accompanied by a stamped self-addressed envelope. The editor cannot accept responsibility for loss or damage. Unsigned articles are not published. The length of each article should not usually exceed two pages of the journal, the maximum allowed is 1,250 words.

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

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SWATANTRA

Vol. XI. SEPTEMBER 22 SATURDAY 1956 No. 34

PREVENT ONE-PARTY RULE

MR. JAYAPRAKASH NARAIN has written a letter to the Bombay meeting of the National Executive Committee of the Praja Socialist Party. The full text of the letter has been published in the press. It touches the vital spots of Indian politics and is of far reaching significance. The letter is couched in apologetic terms because Mr. Narain feels himself out of place in politics after his disavowal of any political leanings and his declared single-minded pursuit of the cause of Bhoodan to the exclusion of every other activity. He has become a kind of a religious recluse, and when called upon to participate in active politics he has got to respond in a sort of hole and corner manner, without appearing in public meetings or speaking to his followers face to face or even issuing press statements. He has to do it in an indirect and round-about way by writing a letter which has to be read on his behalf at the committee meeting. This kind of playing at politics creates a false atmosphere and detracts from the seriousness of the occasion and the earnestness of the participant. But this is an inevitable feature of the religious politics in which Mr. Narain has got himself involved.

Another disability from which Mr. Narain suffers is the incompatibility of his own declared ideal of non-party democracy with the advice which he tenders in his letter to his party men urging them to create a powerful opposition party in India so as to put an end to the one-party

rule now prevailing, in order to ensure the success of democracy in this country. If Mr. Narain is really for non-party democracy, whatever that term may mean, why does he take so much trouble to make a success of "parliamentary democracy" in India? Does he believe that his own ideal of non-party democracy can be accomplished only as a second further step after the successful taking of the first step in democracy which is parliamentary and which is based upon the functioning of an effective opposition party? If this is Mr. Narain's view, why does he not actively co-operate with the public and with his own party men in the launching of the preliminary first step which will pave the way, according to him, for the next step of "non-party democracy"?

If the first preliminary step is unnecessary for the achievement of non-party democracy, all the trouble that he now takes to build up an opposition to the Congress is mere wasted effort.

Coming to the merits of the "advice in a private manner," which Mr. Narain has tendered to his party, we are inclined to agree with him that there is a paramount need in India to-day to bring into being a real opposition party to the Congress which would be capable of displacing the Congress and stepping into its shoes and carrying on the administration. Unless and until such an opposition materialises in India, all talk of parliamentary democracy in

this country will be vitiated by un-reality and will, indeed, amount to a fraud on the public. To call one-party rule, as obtained in Nazi Germany or Fascist Italy or as still obtains in Communist Russia a democracy, creates derisive laughter and world opinion has already branded it totalitarian. But it passes our understanding why the one-party rule which has obtained in India during the last decade should not be branded as totalitarian.

It is true that there have not been the political mass murders that have characterised other totalitarian regimes. But the reason for this mildness is the political backwardness of the Indian people who have been habituated to the rule of absolute monarchs from times immemorial and to the persistent religious propaganda that has been carried on in this country for ages past, which has diverted popular interest from the affairs of this world to the affairs of the world to come after death and has thus made them indifferent to politics. The average Indian still acts on the maxim: "what does it matter to me whether Rama rules or Ravana rules?" The prevalence of this atmosphere of political indifference is the root cause of the toleration exhibited by the people towards the one-party rule established by the Congress.

All this has to be changed, and changed urgently, if India is to function as an equal and honoured member of the comity of nations; otherwise, we shall have to hang down our heads in shame as an inferior people. Why Pandit Nehru, who has shown the *panch shila* way to world peace, does not feel this sense of shame, which is inherent in the political set up which he dominates, is one of the mysteries which go to make up his complex personality. As to other Congress party men, most of whom have jumped into the band-waggon after the British left our shores, it may be mercifully conceded to them

that they are so short-sighted that they see only their own self interest and the interests of their relations, of those dear and near to them, and they cannot see the far ideals of democracy, of national self-respect, or of prosperity for the masses of the people.

We are beholden, therefore, to Mr. Jayaprakash Narain for the forceful manner in which he has drawn the attention of the people of India to the danger and the disgrace of the one-party rule that obtains in this country and to the need for an all out effort to put an end to this sorry state of affairs. Sometime ago, when he mooted the idea of a political alliance with the Communist party, democratic opinion in this country condemned it out of hand. But, Mr. Narain has now explained that his proposal of an alliance with the Communist as well as with other parties, does not presuppose any compromise of principles or of ideologies. It is not a joint-front by any means. It does not imply a coalition of parties, either before or after the elections. The proposal is just an electoral understanding so as to avoid three cornered or multi-cornered election contests. We welcome such an understanding wholeheartedly because it would avoid the tragedy of the last general elections in India, when a party which obtained only a minority of the votes was nevertheless enabled to secure a vast and overwhelming number of seats in the legislatures. If Mr. Narain's proposal materialises and averts a repetition of this tragedy, he would have rendered the most significant service to the people of India in modern times.

We would however suggest a slight modification of Mr. Narain's proposal. Mr. Narain confines his idea of an electoral understanding to the so-called leftist parties. We suggest that this restriction should be removed and the under-

standing should extend to all political parties, indeed, even to the Independents who may stand for elections without any party labels. When it is possible for Mr. Narain to reconcile himself to an agreement with the Communists, whom he so roundly condemns in his letter and whose words and promises he so deeply distrusts, we would ask why he should not come to similar agreements with others, branded "Right," who may be more honourable and trustworthy than the Communists. Indeed, his idea of defeating three cornered and multi-cornered contests at the elections will not work unless the understanding which he envisages covers the "Rightists" also. After all, the terminology of "Right" and "Left" has lost much of its meaning and significance. If the Jan Sangh and the Hindu Maha Sabha are con-

demned as rightist because of their religious predilections, should we not consider the Communists, whose ideology is not political but amounts to a kind of religious fanaticism, also rightists? Moreover, there may be parties whom it may be difficult to classify by Mr. Narain's standards definitely as belonging to the left or to the right. Again, we may have to deal at the elections with pseudo parties and pseudo candidates put up by the party in power so as to divide the voters and deliberately lead them on to three cornered contests. All these difficulties could be solved only if Mr. Narain's idea is further liberalised and we begin to think in terms of an all-party endeavour to meet the supreme national necessity of avoiding the present one party rule which is a blight on the people of India.

SIDELIGHTS ::

THE Government of India have banned the exhibition of films intended for sex education except through shows organised by medical institutions and other recognised bodies engaged in health or social education. The value of popular education through the medium of the cinema lies in the fact of its easy availability to the masses whom the medical and other technical institutions are unable to contact. The innumerable propaganda films on the Five Year Plan and other subjects which the Government desires to popularise are literally forced upon the public by compelling the cinema houses to include them as regular features in their shows. The justification for this exercise of force by the Government is the need to make the people take interest in the subjects. Sex education is one such important subject to which all modern States are paying urgent

attention. More misery is wrought in people's lives owing to the phenomenal ignorance now so prevalent upon the vital subject of sex, than by any other single cause. Ignorance on sex leads the young adolescents to shoulder the heavy burden of emotional repressions which work havoc on their physical and mental well being. Parental authority and religious teaching enforce upon the youth old fashioned ideas which have no justification in the findings of modern science. Films on sex education are usually made by competent authorities, well versed in modern discoveries in sexology, and the scientific information is conveyed to the popular mind in accurate and restrained language with no suggestion whatever of unhealthy prurency.

We are astonished at the allegation by the Government "that unregulated exploitation" had been

made of such films. Apparently the Government contemplates regulated exploitation of these films. The truth of the matter seems to be that Mrs. Grundies sitting in positions of power in Government offices are jealous of the opportunities now available to the younger generation of learning the truth about sex which these old women missed and consequently ruined their lives. The Government support this reactionary attitude by the funny argument that the importers of these films admit that they are unsuitable for exhibition to the mixed audiences of the cinema houses. We would like to ask who these importers are and what right they have to express an opinion upon such a highly technical subject as sex education. The government should have consulted the original makers of these films, if they needed any enlightenment, or they should have gone to the scientific men, to the experts in sexology, to the medical profession and to the physiologists if they really cared for proper advice. It is unbecoming of the Government to trot about the ignorant opinion of certain importers as their final authority. Let us hope the Government of India would revise their opinion on this all important matter and give the future generations of this country that chance for happiness which the present and past generations have so tragically missed.

The report of the Inquiry Committee appointed by the Government of India to investigate the events leading to the death of Netaji Subhash Chandra Bose is now before the public. We are afraid that this matter cannot be settled by the majority verdict of this report. There are people in India who wish to take advantage of the mystery surrounding Bose's death. They wish to exploit as a political weapon the possibility of some day Netaji Subhash Chandra Bose emerging out of his hiding and making a dramatic re-

entry in politics. These visionaries have no other chance of making themselves important. The wish is father to their thought and there is no more justification needed than their hard plight for supporting the view that Bose is still alive. One prominent advocate of this theory is said to have gone to the extent of asserting that he is in constant communication with the live Bose who is in hiding somewhere behind the snow-clad Himalayas. Indeed, this protagonist claims to have met Bose and fought side by side with him in the Korean war on the side of the Russians. To dramatise this episode, this believer in the Bose-is-alive theory, enacts a daily ritual in his house, where he keeps a room in mysterious isolation under lock and key. Once, every day, he takes his food inside that room where two leaves are spread on the floor and food is served on them for two persons. After the serving of the food, the gentleman locks himself in and when he gets out he brings out two empty leaves to be deposited in the dust bin. Whether there is a mysterious dweller in the secret room with whom he has his dinner or whether he himself eats up the food served for two, is a point which has not been cleared as yet and casts the spell of mystery in the whole area.

There is no need for all this heroics to establish the greatness of Subhash Chandra Bose who was great on his own rights. His real greatness was due to the courage with which he fought Mahatma Gandhi and the Congress High Command. He got elected to the Presidentship of the Tripura Congress in the teeth of Gandhi's opposition. Gandhi went out openly on an electioneering campaign against Bose with the slogan "Bose's victory will be my defeat." In spite of it, to the astonishment of India, Bose came out victorious and he did preside over the Congress in spite of his illness. The Gandhian forces declared an open war against the President, who

was finally dethroned and made to resign from the Presidentship. Then the Second World War came and while the Gandhians were quibbling and undecided as to which side to back up, Bose coolly escaped out of the country and joined the Axis Powers. Besides speaking over the radio in support of Hitler, he got together the Indians in South East Asia and improvised an army which conquered Malaya and Burma and invaded India. The remarkable feature of his army was that it was altogether free from the communal complex. Hindus and Muslims fought side by side as brothers in arms, forgetting their separate religions, conscious only of the fact that they were Indians. The greatest tribute that can be paid to the memory of Subhash Chandra Bose is the recognition of the possibility that, had his life been spared for a few more years, there would have been no division of India, no uprooting of millions of houses, no mass murders of Hindus and Muslims which constitute the darkest chapter in human history.

The shameful treatment meted out by Pandit Nehru to Mr. Suresh Chandra Bose, the brother of Subhash, when he threatened to write a minority report to the findings of the Netaji Enquiry Committee, shows that he and the Congress High Command have not yet grown out of the fear complex engendered during the classic war that Bose waged against them. They are now afraid of the ghost of Bose. It will be an interesting study in Psychology to watch what they will do if, per chance, Bose emerges one day out of an Ilushyan plane arrived from Moscow at the Palam air port. It would be like the dropping of a hydrogen bomb at the Congress headquarters. Bose's further progress would reproduce all the features of the triumphal procession that Napoleon led from Marsailles to Paris when he returned to France from Elba.

Mr. C. R. M. Rao has written an article in the *Eastern Economist* condemning the Bhoodan movement as "the greatest illusion of our time." He says that at the present rate of progress it should take the movement another five decades to complete the collection of land and as many centuries to redistribute it to the landless millions. "In that long run," he ruminates, "all of us would be dead and all our problems would cease to be." The great gulf between the aim and the achievement of the movement has resulted, according to this eminent economist, in the ebbing away of its prestige. The movement bears the impress of the personality of the leader, Mr. Bhave. Says Mr. Rao, "the Bhoodan movement today presents the pathetic picture of an old man, weak and weary of limbs, trudging along the pathless mazes of the vast expanse of the Indian countryside to a destination which is far more distant and difficult to reach than his naive optimism or fanatical determination would incline him to believe." A fantastic claim is made out that though the movement has failed in its objectives in India, it maintains its former prestige and promise outside the country owing to the change over of the objective to a spiritual rather than a material achievement. It is now a kind of a mental excursion into spiritualism and hence, it is argued, its success cannot be measured in material terms. The scope of the movement has now been widened so as to include other kinds of *dans* than Bhoodan. Fresh additions have been made of *Shramadan*, *Gramdan*, *Buddhidan*, *Koopadan*, *Sampathdan*, *Sarvaswadan* and, to crown all, *jeevadan*, *dan* of one's own life. The limit will be reached when the final addition is made of a *dan* of common sense and the whole rump is marched into the lunatic asylum.



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INDIA'S FOREIGN POLICY

By C. L. R. SASTRI

FOR some time past India has been the target of the most unbalanced vituperation from our trans-Atlantic friends, and though no one has a greater admiration for the land that has produced a George Washington and an Abraham Lincoln, I am loth to let the occasion pass without attempting some sort of riposte, however feeble it may be, to our self-appointed mentors.

The American, for instance, who wrote recently on the American view of Indian foreign policy deserves the courtesy of a rejoinder from an Indian if only because of his exemplary urbanity. If his article has a sting in it, it has to be perfectly fair to him, been well concealed. No one can allege that he is willing to wound but afraid to strike. His manner is so gentle, so suave, so polished that it cannot be contended that he is willing even to wound. It is a pity that, in the circumstances, he has chosen to hide his (not inconsiderable) light under the bushel of anonymity. It is certain that he is no Dulles or McCarthy—no Knowland or Radford. He contrives to present the American case (as he envisages it) against Pandit Nehru's foreign policy without being needlessly provocative. This is, indeed, tight-rope walking of the highest order, whatever *saeva indignatio* he harbours in his bosom against us being under the strictest possible control.

"Arbiter Elegantiarum"

Much, I am certain, can be said both for and against India's foreign policy. Some, no doubt, may be inclined to aver that India has no foreign policy worth mentioning; or, alternatively, that, if it has one, it does not know what it is. I am not among those who would take that

extreme view. India *has* a foreign policy. One thing, at any rate, is indisputable. Our Prime Minister, who is also our Foreign Minister, and who is universally credited with having a *penchant* for international affairs, has, from the very beginning, given the impression of attaching undue importance to his foreign policy. One criticism has, throughout, been that, in the process, matters of more domestic concern have had to go by default, his attention having been exclusively occupied with what goes on in other people's backyards. To a large extent, I must confess, this criticism is valid. Ours, as he has himself been emphasising in season and out, is an infant democracy. The corollary naturally follows that it would be more in the natural order of things if official interest were concentrated on indigenous problems instead of on

"What the Swede intends and what the French."

An infant democracy has its work cut out to fend for itself in an extremely competitive, not to say contentious, world. It cannot afford to spare any of its valuable time for settling the disputes of its intransigent neighbours, even if, for the sake of argument, it is conceded that it is one of its prerogatives to act as the *arbiter elegantiarum* in international squabbles. The point is important, and I could have wished that Pandit Nehru had taken note of it far oftener than he has given evidence of doing. The Biblical injunction that we would do well to strive to remove the beam in our own eye before attempting to eradicate the mote in the eyes of others remains as true today as it ever was.

That "Putrefying Albatross"

This criticism is, as I have admitted, fundamentally valid; but only, let me hasten to add, up to a point. In the present-day world it is difficult to shut oneself up in an ivory tower. With the passage of time the world is rapidly shrinking and one cannot help being interested in what is taking place outside one's own petty parish. Besides, there is such a thing as standing up (for all one is worth) for what are called the eternal verities: the phrase, "international morality," has, I trust, not yet lost its significance altogether. It is in this context that Pandit Nehru evinces so much interest in the international scene. Our country, having had the supreme good fortune of throwing off its foreign yoke, is justifiably concerned that those whose freedom is still "cribbed, cabined and confined" should emulate its noble example. He is concerned also with the sickening anachronism that while India has gained independence, its nationals in the other Commonwealth countries continue to suffer from their age-old disabilities. Further, there are some "foreign pockets" on our own soil which, partly, no doubt, from our own confounded lethargy, still remain to be liberated. Lastly, having himself, without any justification whatsoever, projected the Kashmir issue into the international forum, he has been, ever since, finding it increasingly difficult to extricate his Government from the complicated tangle—to unscramble a scrambled egg, in fact. However hard he may have tried, he has not succeeded in ridding himself of that "putrefying albatross" that, in a moment of misplaced large-heartedness, he so tightly clamped on his neck. That may yet prove to be his Waterloo—though, naturally, I am very reluctant to indulge in such a dismal foreboding. Even the most high-minded of politicians has to reap what he has sown: only, in this instance, as in many others, it is the

whole country that is, and has been reaping what he has sown.

"Stand and Deliver"

The chief point that our American critic has made is that Pandit Nehru's incessant reiteration of his foreign policy as that of the Good Samaritan *par excellence* on the international stage fails miserably if the acid test of Kashmir is applied to it. He asks, in effect, what happens to his (Pandit Nehru's) never-ceasing moral sermons to others if they are directed against himself in his treatment of the Kashmir problem. The implication, of course, is that it is an eminent case of the physician being enjoined to heal himself. The American thesis is that, in Kashmir, India is—more or less—the aggressor. If, by any chance, it does not go as far as that it goes, in all conscience, far enough in that direction. The writer wishes to hoist Pandit Nehru on his own petard, as it were. If, he inquires, the Korean and the Indo-China issues, for instance, ought not (as Pandit Nehru holds) to have been bedevilled to the extent of starting armed hostilities whose end, till the other day, had not been foreseeable, why should the Kashmir issue have been allowed to deteriorate to that extent. He is supremely confident that he has made out a cast-iron case against India's foreign policy: he has, in effect, asked Pandit Nehru to "stand and deliver."

Two Factors

The Kashmir issue, in the first place, is not on all fours with the other issues like Korea and Indo-China; and, even after admitting that Pandit Nehru has unnecessarily complicated a pellucidly clear issue, it is yet open to us to argue that it would not have become so complicated if the world had not been divided into two rival blocs and if the "cold war" between them had not assumed such impressive proportions. "The plot thickened" considerably owing to the existence of these two factors.

The Kashmir issue would, and could, have been solved long, long ago had America not elected to fish in troubled waters so assiduously. It is America that has made the gruel "thick and slab." It is America that has thrown a monkey-wrench into the whole machinery. With a political astigmatism unprecedented in human history it is America that has chosen to look at the issue from a totally wrong and biased angle.

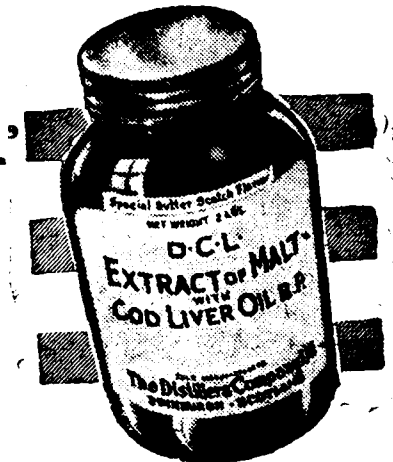
The writer of the aforementioned article attempts, with remarkable astuteness, to point out the fundamental paradox in our Prime Minister's foreign policy and imagines that he has succeeded in putting him in the wrong. That fundamental paradox, however, is to be detected in America's foreign policy, not in its Indian counterpart. America suffers from an *idée fixe*. In American eyes every political issue takes on a Communist tinge. America is engaged in

nothing less than a moral crusade: it is out to crush Communism wherever it suspects it. Communism is its Public Enemy Number One: it is its "King Charles's head." Thus it transpires that, *within twenty-four hours of the incident*, it contrives to persuade the Security Council to name North Korea as the aggressor in Korea: *in eight or nine years* it is still, for reasons best known to itself, not supposed, even after Pakistan's (belated) admission of its guilt, to have arrived at any fool-proof conclusion about who the aggressor had been in Kashmir. The anomaly, as regards Kashmir, is, as I have hinted, not in India's foreign policy: it is in America's, and I could wish that our American critic, who is astute enough when the occasion suits him, had been asute enough when it does not. He who lives in a glass house, it should be remembered, should not be the first to throw stones at others.

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V. S. SRINIVASA SASTRI

By N. SRINIVASAN

ON the 22nd September 1956 falls the 87th birthday of Sri V. S. Srinivasa Sastri, a great patriot, orator and statesman. His patriotism, his love of people, his scholarship, his mastery over the English and Sanskrit languages, his incomparable art of letter-writing, his inimitable style of orating, his realism in politics, his discipline and his gift as a teacher of youth are qualities which have left a permanent mark in the history of India. His name will ever remain green along with those of Gopala Krishna Gokhale, Lokamanya Tilak and Mahatma Gandhi.

V. S. Srinivasa Sastri was born on September 22, 1869, in Valangiman in Tanjore District (South India). He was the eldest son of Mr. Sankaranarayana Sastri. He was educated at Kumbakonam, where he secured his degree with distinction. Sastri started his life as a school-master. Then he became headmaster of a high school. But it became evident that his interest was more in politics than in education. He came across a pamphlet containing the preamble to the Constitution of 'The Servants of India Society'. The Preamble defined the aims and objects of the Society:—

The Servants of India Society will train men prepared to devote their lives to the cause of the country in a religious spirit, and will seek to promote, by all constitutional means, the national interest of the Indian people. Its members will direct their efforts, principally towards (1) creating among the people, by example and by precept, a deep and passionate love of the Motherland, seeking its highest fulfilment in service and sacrifice; (2) organizing the work of political education and agitation, basing it on a careful study of public questions and strengthening generally the public life of the

country; (3) promoting relations of cordial goodwill and co-operation among the different communities; (4) assisting educational movements, especially those for the education of women, the education of backward classes and industrial and scientific education; (5) helping forward the industrial development of the country; and (6) the elevation of the depressed class.

An appeal was added to the preamble:—

A sufficient number of our countrymen must now come forward to devote themselves to the cause in the spirit in which the religious work is undertaken. Public life must be spiritualised. Love of country must so fill the heart that all else shall appear as of little moment by its side. A fervent patriotism, which rejoices at every opportunity of sacrifice for the Motherland, a dauntless heart which refuses to be turned back from its object by difficulty or danger, a deep faith in the purpose of Providence which nothing can shake—equipped with these, the worker must start on his mission and reverently seek the joy which comes of spending oneself in the service of one's country.

The high ideals of the Servants of India Society inspired Sastri to resign his headmaster's job and join the Society.

Joins Servants of India Society

In 1905 he was a delegate to the Benares Session of the Indian National Congress of which Gokhale was the President. Sastri sent in his application for membership of the Society to Gokhale. In the course of his letter of application he said: "Six months ago I came across a pamphlet marked 'Private' and containing a prospectus of the *Servants of India Society*. Since then, I have had thoughts of joining it as a member. . . . I am a school-master in Triplicane with about 17 years' ser-

vice. I graduated B.A. in 1888 and I am now 37 years old. My age, I fear, may be against me, as I may not have many years more to give to the service of the country. Nor have I the confidence that I can do very much in the few years that lie before me. Such as I am, however, I offer myself and hope to be accepted. . . . I don't write this letter under an impulse of the moment, but the idea has been long in my mind, and it was for this purpose chiefly that I made up my mind to come here as a delegate."

Sastri was admitted member of the Society in 1907, and he served it till his death. Soon after the death of Gopala Krishna Gokhale, he was made the President of the Society, and was for some time the editor of *Servant of India*, the journal of the Society. As a member of a non-party organization, his valuable services were always available to the country and were very much appreciated. Sastri served as a member of the Imperial Legislative Council, as the Indian delegate to the Imperial Conference, the League of Nations, and the World Disarmament Conference in Washington. He was the first Agent-General of the Government of India in South Africa and was a member of the Commission which visited South Africa to negotiate an agreement with the Union Government on the status of Indian settlers there. He was the Vice-Chancellor of the Annamalai University for 5 years. He went to England to represent the case of Kenya Indians, attended the League of Nations in Geneva and was sworn in as a Privy Councillor.

His Lectures and Writings

His lectures on the *Ramayana*, on Primary Education Reforms, Constitutional Reforms, Freedom vs. Power, Liberals and Nationalists, Democracy and Truth, Value of Life, Education for Citizenship, Joys of Freedom, and Can a Politician be a Gentleman?,

are very interesting and stimulating.

His writings and publications on Home Rule, Passive Resistance Movement, The Christmas Spirit, Self-Government for India under the British Flag, the Congress-League Scheme, the Kenya Problem, the Rights and Duties of Indian Citizens, Deputations to the Dominions of Australia, New Zealand and Canada, the Future of Indian States, Mission to East Africa, the Conditions of Indian labour in Malaya, the Cape-town Agreement and Life of Gopala Krishna Gokhale, bear testimony to his vast education and scholarship.

Mahadev Desai in his note on Gandhi-Sastri friendship said: "There are very few men in our public life possessed of his (Sastri's) versatility and his wonderful mastery of the English language. Purists there are many, but none who has Sastri's mastery of the speech and the pen. What Johnson said of Burke may be truly said of Sastri. He is an extraordinary man. His stream of mind is perpetual."

The late C. F. Andrews, further moulding the bond of Gandhi-Sastri friendship, said: "The parting of the ways came after the war was over; for, when Gandhi adopted the non-co-operation policy towards the Government as a means of gaining redress for the things that had been done at Amritsar and elsewhere in the Punjab, Sastri refused to join him and then continued his co-operation with the Government. At first, Gandhi's followers began to clamour loudly against the followers of Sastri and refused even to give them a hearing on public platforms: but Gandhi, with great nobility of spirit entirely prohibited any such boycott of Sastri and spoke in the warmest terms possible of his love and friendship for the leader who differed from him."

Andrews further said: "In the later years, it is supremely interesting to

note that when Gandhi was very near death and a critical operation was immediately required, which might or might not prove fatal, the doctor asked him, before the operation, what friend he would wish to be with him and to receive any message he might wish to give before the operation was begun, Gandhi immediately asked for Sastri."

On the 22nd September 1939, his 70th birthday, Sastri wrote to Mahadev Desai: "Today I am seventy. In a small and unpretentious way, I have tried to be truthful. Success, however, has been little, failure colossal. In criticising the Mahatma, I have perhaps been a little outspoken, encouraged by his well-known love of candour and readiness to forgive. An old saying runs:

One should tell the true: one should tell the agreeable;

One should not tell the true if it is disagreeable;

And one should not tell the agreeable, if it is untrue;

This is the law."

Knowledge of Epics

Sastri's knowledge about the epics was profound. In one of his letters to a friend he wrote: "Gandhi's letter to me on the *Ramayana* is really in his best style. I was in South Africa at the time. In a speech to women in Travancore State, he had told them that Sita disobeyed her husband in following him to the forest, and that a husband's order could, therefore, be set aside, when there was sufficient cause. I wrote protesting against the obvious misreading of Valmiki. I had no objection to the teaching of disobedience, but to the citation of Sita as an authority for it. Sita pleaded with Rama for leave to accompany him, and went so far as to say 'How foolish was my father to give me to you!—who are but a woman in man's garb' This spirited exclamation, so entirely natural and honourable to a *Kshatriya* maiden, is seized upon by our

Panditry as an indictment against Sita's perversity of spirit. Anyway, Rama in the end yielded to her entreaty and gave her leave to share the trials of the forest."

His Eloquence

A London letter of the time spoke of Sastri when he represented India at the Imperial Conference in 1921, in the following terms:

Mr. Sastri's colleagues and friends, and—sacrilege though the suggestion may sound in the ears of some super-patriots—fellow-countrymen in general may rejoice at the manner in which he has imposed a dignified and public-spirited personality upon the members of the Imperial Conference. Though, technically, he is representing the Government of India, he is doing a great deal more. He speaks boldly and courageously, yet with a fine and supple courtesy, on behalf of his country as an Indian imbued with a most ardent patriotism. One of his colleagues at the conference (Sir Thomas Smart) has, I am told, dubbed him 'The Empire's silver tongued orator'. . . . At the conference, he created a sensation in all quarters by the energetic and firm exposition that he delivered of the views of India on the question of Imperial Citizenship and the status and disabilities of Indian communities.

Another London letter referred to the occasion when the Lord Chancellor paid a big compliment to Sastri which ran: "Sastri had a very fine reception at the Empire Parliamentary dinner the other night. His speech at the conclusion of the proceedings in response to the toast of India was received with acclamation, and was generously applauded. The *Evening Standard* comments that 'by common consent Mr. Sastri's speech was the best of the evening.' When he rose to speak, everyone, guest and host alike, rose to pay him courtesy."

Even Lord Chelmsford, while he was Viceroy, paid Mr. Sastri a very great compliment. He had said that Sastri was a fine speaker, both his manner and matter were fine and

that if he wanted advice, he would consult Sastri sooner than others.

Sastri was a man of principle, 'Do your duty even if you are not hopeful of success'. Writing to a friend about the Round Table Conference, he wrote "I am no more hopeful of the R. T. C. than you are. But one has got to go through it as though one had full faith. That is the inner meaning of Gokhale's teachings: 'We must serve through our failures, more fortunate people may serve through their success.'"

Sastri was no kill-joy in spite of the fact that he was a scholar and a statesman. In one of his addresses to students, he advised them to "be cheerful" and said: "I can tell you, friends, from my experience of many years in life that it is not wrong, even in this unhappy and miserable world, to pluck all the good cheer. Be centres of happiness and joy. If you can, you will so lighten labours that seem otherwise far too much oppressing. You will render bearable many miseries which else might call for words of infancy. Be good by all means. Be also kind and sociable and make yourself agreeable, have a cheerful atmosphere about you, so that you may make yourself most welcome even when there is trouble and where there is unhappiness."

Elucidating that political differences should not hinder friendship, Mahatma Gandhi in his letter to Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru said: "We have long become members of the same family and we remain such, in spite of grave political differences. I have the good fortune to enjoy such relations with several people. To take Sastri for instance, he and I differ in the political outlook as poles asunder, but the bond between him and me, that sprung up before we knew the political differences, has persisted and survived the fiery ordeals it had to go through."

Tributes To Sastri

When Sastri passed away in 1946, Gandhi in his message, said: "Death removed not only from us but from the world one of India's best sons. His Sanskrit learning was as great as, if not greater than, his English. I must not permit myself to say more save this that though we differed in politics, our hearts were one and I could never think that his patriotism was less than that of the tallest patriot. Sastri, the man lives, though his body is reduced to ashes."

Mrs. Sarojini Naidu in her telegraphic message said: "Death has stilled his golden voice, but time cannot destroy his golden words on India spoken to the world." Paying tributes to Sastri in the Council, Mr. N. V. Gadgil observed: "Mr. Sastri was a great statesman, a great patriot, a critic, frank but without bitterness, a scholar deep and brilliant but without arrogance, a statesman with vision but without vagueness. He was a great man with earnestness of purpose, sincerity in action, originality, imagination and above all, a great power of personel magnetism. Mr. Sastri was a statesman of exceptional calibre. Though he had virile and magnetic personality he was yet very humble and human. He impressed the whole world by his eloquence of speech and his sincerity in everything, including friendship. There had not been a greater man than Mr. Sastri who won the goodwill of both the people as well as the Government at the time and managed, ccaxed and inspired both for the better service of the whole world. His liberalism in politics and mastery of Tamil, Sanskrit and English languages had amplitude and depth far beyond the common man." It was very unfortunate that Mr. Sastri passed away before India attained independence. But the rich legacy that he has left behind will inspire his countrymen to do selfless national service.

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MAURICE SAVIN

By BARNETT D. CONLAN

IT is ten years since I first saw an exhibition of Maurice Savin. I was immediately struck by the unusual character of the paintings, and can remember, at that time, speaking with great enthusiasm to the owner of the gallery. These landscapes and compositions, with country scenes, were of a rare intimacy, which extended even to the stone walls and old roads that wound away across the hillside, past farmsteads and arable lands. It was a landscape of dream and, at the same

time, of the rough reality of peasant surroundings. I concluded that the artist had lived so close to the life of the countryside that he had come to depict its very essence, distilling it, as it were, from the memories of his early boyhood.

Savin was born in the south of France, in the Drome, a mountainous region between the Alps and the Mediterranean, near the valley of the Rhone. The son of a doctor at Valence, he came to adopt art, as a



The Salamander Tapestry

By Maurice Savin

profession, at an early age, and after the first war, in which he took an active part, and won distinction, he began to exhibit his paintings. There is a rustic simplicity in the figures of Savin's art that often recalls that of Breughel. Village festivals in which the peasants are seen dancing ponderously remind us of certain Flemish masters. Savin, however, is more subtle in his treatment of atmosphere, for he comes after the Impressionists, and obtains luminous and aerial effects that one does not find in the Flemish artists. He sees his subject 'en grand' and some of the early paintings which consist of peasant crowds contain as many as fifty figures or more. All these large canvasses are orchestrated with an uncommon sense of harmony. It is an art which depicts life in the open air, of the workers in the vineyards, of the harvesters in the fields. The colour scheme of russet browns, pale yellow ochres and saffron hues touched with occasional reds and light greens evokes the presence of summer suns, or the warm golden tones of the wine grown in the valley of the Rhone.

Drawn Towards Tapestry

It was perhaps in the nature of things that an artist like Savin should be drawn towards the art of tapestry. Ever since the days of the feudal chateaux and the building of the cathedrals tapestry has always been associated with the life of the French. In the case of Savin the simplicity of his work and its very subject matter lends itself naturally enough to the designing of tapestries. 'Haymaking'; 'Stag Hunting'; 'A rustic concert'; 'The Wine Press'; 'The Salamander'; 'The Boar Hunt'; 'Verdure' are the titles which, in his case, apply equally well to tapestry, to painting or to mural decorations. Of the latter he has executed quite a number, some of them attaining the size of fifty square metres. 'Work and Festivity in the Country' is the title of a tapestry of monumental

proportions commissioned by the Gobelin Manufactory. Later the artist received a second commission for a series of twelve large tapestries entitled 'The twelve months of the year.' Such huge compositions which required four years for their execution, do not seem to have interfered with his painting, nor for that matter with his production of ceramics, of which art he has now become a master. His collection of falence and ceramics which represent portraits or figures from the folk lore of his native province, stand out in a sort of rich counterpoint with the paintings and tapestries which decorate the studio, rooms and corridors of the artist's home. As Savin picks up one piece after another the different quality of falence or earthenware resounds with its particular note. They all convey a rustic appeal, a warmth of colour and a weighty simplicity which contrasts with the productions of the big city. They are there to remind us that genuine Art is something that matures slowly like fruit or corn or wine.

Deep Rustic Harmony

This deep rustic harmony that pervades all his work as it pervades Virgil's *Georgics* makes the sophisticated, abstract art of the moment to appear somewhat thin and tinny. France has still maintained many of the traditions of the countryside, although these are being gradually eliminated by transport and the machine. They are still to be found in all their freshness and vitality in the paintings of Maurice Savin which possess a mellow fruitfulness like Autumn itself.

And in the immense tapestries where he records the labours and festivities of life on the land, with the authentic feeling which we find in the celebrated treatise on agriculture written over three hundred years ago by Olivier de Serres, there

(Continued on page 26)

U. S. BIG, SMALL BUSINESSES INTERDEPENDENT

THE whole structure of the American economy is based upon the inter-dependence of big and small business, operating in a climate favourable to both. Not only are the individual enterprises that go to make up big and small business mutually dependent for successful operation, but the prosperity of the economy as a whole hinges upon this mutual interdependence.

The giants of the auto industry, such as General Motors and Chrysler, are successful and continue to grow because thousands of independently-owned and operated new-car dealers in every city, town and village of the United States act as a distribution outlet for their products.

One of these giants, General Motors, depends upon more than 21,000 suppliers, who furnish GM with materials, parts, components and services. Not all of these suppliers are small businesses, but GM estimates that 50 per cent of them employ less than 100 people, which brings half of them well within the category of small business. More than 48 percent of GM's income from sales goes to these suppliers. Many of these firms that act as direct suppliers to GM are in turn dependent upon thousands of other suppliers.

The same is true of other large U. S. industries, such as the big steel corporations, which employ thousands of workmen who produce steel beams used by small independent building contractors, and tin plate made into cans by small manufacturers. The cans are sold to packing-houses—many of which are small, independently-owned businesses—which fill the cans with their product and pass them on to thousands of small wholesalers. The wholesalers in turn sell their products to thou-

sands of small retailers, who finally pass the filled cans over the counter to the consumer.

Big defence contractors also depend upon small business in getting their products off the assembly line. The aviation industry as a whole includes 60,000 subcontracting firms, many of which are small, independently-owned enterprises.

Last autumn, General Electric, initiated a unique advertising campaign in a number of national industrial magazines. Each illustrated advertisement described the growth in techniques and production of a GE subcontractor and announced that the small firm's services were now available to other big industries. A caption over a boxed announcement asked: "Can Small Business Help You?" and the text read:

"Thousands of small businesses, like the (name of small firm) have furnished General Electric with practically every kind of skill and service as defence subcontractors and suppliers. If you have a manufacturing problem or have work available for subcontracting, please write us . . . We will be glad to suggest several small businesses who have done similar work for us and may be able to help you. Write to . . . General Electric . . ."

The preliminary report carried reprints of sample letters from various large manufacturers, requesting GE to put them in contact with small firms that could supply their needs.

Big business also serves small business by the nearly \$3 billion it spends on research each year. The resulting discoveries open up new frontiers of opportunity for small business, in manufacturing, merchandising and service.

In one sense, small business is the biggest business in the United States. As of June 30, 1955, there were 4,225,000 business enterprises in the United States. Almost 95 percent of them—4 million—were classified as small businesses. These 4 million small businesses account for nearly half the value of all goods and services produced in the United States.

The flexibility of small business, its ability to change pace—to switch on short notice from the production of one product to another—makes it an invaluable partner of the more rigidly constructed big enterprises. They complement each other, big and small business, to the obvious advantage of the economy as a whole.—USIS.

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 competitors' 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.

JUVENILE DELINQUENCY—A PARENTAL PROBLEM

By P. N. VOHRA

WHEN a child's behaviour fails to conform to accepted social norms or when his acts differ from the established cultural usages, he creates a case of juvenile delinquency. The study of juvenile delinquency legitimately belongs to criminology, its treatment to orthopsychiatry and social psychiatry, and its prevention to sociology and social work. Delinquency is a way of responding to the human situations; it involves the whole being—heredity, physical make-up, intelligence, habits of emotional response, life, history, inter-action with other human beings and with nature. In the West, juvenile delinquency has formed a major social and penological problem and regular attempts are made to counteract the causes which give birth to it. In India juvenile delinquency does exist, but so far, it has not been considered a threatening problem, except in a few states. Very few official and non-official surveys have been carried out about juvenile delinquency, number of juvenile delinquents, their habits and their responsive attitudes, and till very recently no data was available about it in India. But now it is known that juvenile delinquency prevails in India and is threatening expansion. The speed with which it is expanding shows that it will be a potential danger to society in the very near future. Big cities like Bombay, Calcutta and Madras are having increasing cases of juvenile delinquency and find the situation to be alarming. Juvenile courts are being expanded where they exist and steps are being taken to establish such courts where they do not exist.

Human Urges

Juvenile delinquency deals with the unacceptable behaviour of the child and of the under-aged. Before the effects of juvenile delinquency and the measures for its prevention are taken into consideration, the causes that tempt a juvenile to be a delinquent must be probed. Every child has the potentiality of becoming a delinquent. Like every adult he has selfish impulses which demand gratification and which are frustrated by our social codes. The child is in a continuous process of adjustment, of avoidance of inequilibrium or imbalance between the internal needs and urges and the external stimuli like home, school and housing. Acting on the utilitarian theory of seeking pleasure and avoiding pain, he learns to postpone immediate gratification of the primitive impulses and desires; and by and by he learns to accept the reality of situations. The child feels that in deferring fulfilment of desires he gets greater pleasure and for the attainment of that pleasure in the form of affection and warmth he accepts the authority of the mother and the social controls she places on him. This relationship, if it is on a sound footing, makes it easy for the growing child to form sound object relationship with other adults in later life. But if the child fails in so doing then maladjustment or a series of maladjustments follow which may result in a state of delinquency. So the child forms object relationships with the persons with whom he comes into contact immediately and they are normally his parents. It is the responsibility of the parents to give their full attention to their children with-

THE SUGAR FACTORY

WHERE SOUTH INDIA HAS ADVANTAGES OVER THE NORTH

By G. RAMCHANDER

Sugarcane is a tropical plant. It is a low yielder in the sub-tropical zone of our country viz. Uttar Pradesh and Bihar, where our sugar industry is now concentrated. This is the reason for Government's policy of giving assistance to new ventures to be started in the southern states and also for the proposal to shift some of the existing factories of U. P. and Bihar to the south. The All-India average yield of sugarcane is about 12.4 tons per acre though in the Peninsular India it is three to four times as much as it is in U. P. and Bihar.

OF the constituents of the soil, the three important ones that affect the sugar cane as all other plants in general are 1. Nitrogen, 2. Phosphoric acid and 3. Potash.

Nitrogenous constituents are responsible for increase in yields. Phosphoric acid in optimal quantities helps in processing in the factory, giving clearer juices, more compact filter press muds and lesser quantity of molasses. Its deficiency causes settling troubles. Symptoms like short and slender shoots, reduced tillering etc., are indications of deficiency of phosphoric acid. Phosphorous and orthophosphates play a fundamental role in the large number of enzyme reactions that depend on phosphorylation. In order to render higher applications of nitrogen effective, phosphoric acid has also to be increased.

Potash in the soil helps in the formation of sugar in the cane. Sugar cane grown on sandy loams deficient in potash contain lower percentages of sugar.

The analysis of the soils for these three ingredients in particular will help in assessing the deficiency of any of these that should be made good by organic manures and artificial fertilizers.

Sugar cane is easily susceptible to diseases. Great care is necessary to watch and take timely measures to nip them in the bud.

Insect pests are to be equally guarded against. These two are more rampant under conditions of dry cultivation.

Size Of Factory

An economic unit for a sugar factory is a plant crushing 800 tons of sugarcane per day for a minimum of 120 days, in a year. This means a total crush of 96,000 tons per annum usually between the months of December and the following April.

Taking an average yield of 20 tons, to the acre, we require 4,800 acres under sugarcane in an year. Adding another 50% for the practice of rotation, we require in all to support a factory crushing 96,000 tons of sugarcane per annum an acreage of 7,200 around a proposed sugar factory. If the yield could be doubled, the acreage could be halved.

The Site

In selecting the site for the establishment of the factory, the following are the main considerations.

(a) Nearness to a railway station so that a railway siding which is absolutely essential for conveying the heavy machinery could be taken.

(b) Nearness to the main road for cane transport.

(c) Nearness to a water source. A 600 ton sugar factory will require a daily supply of cold water of the order of 30 lakhs of gallons.

(d) Provision should be made for acquiring enough land for future extension of the factory to say 100 tons per day crushing capacity and for starting by-product industries like the distillery and Carbon Dioxide factory for the extraction of wax from press mud and a card board or paper manufacturing plant for surplus bagasse

utilization. Land must also be available for staff quarters. Taking all these into consideration an area of 50 to 60 acres will be the minimum requirement of land for the factory.

(e) Nearness to supply mains if hydro-electric power is available.

(f) Availability of labour. About 500 to 600 skilled and unskilled labourers will be required.

As regards the lay out of the factory enough accommodation should be provided for future extensions. The actual location of the various units is a matter to be left to the discretion of the erection engineer; but regard has to be paid to the comfort and convenience of the working personnel. For, with the awakening of the worker's consciousness, ease and facility to handle the various units should be thought of in their locations. I stress this for many a manipulating valve is located outside the reach of the attendant who has to climb up and down a number of pipes or windows to reach the wheel.

As regards the specifications of the actual plant and machinery, any sugar plant manufacturer will give a complete specification embodying the latest advances in techniques specially in continuous clarification and filtration of the cane juices.

By-products

The by-products of sugar manufacture are 1. Bagasse, 2. Press Mud, 3. Molasses.

It will be an advantage to think of the disposal of these by-products even in the initial stages. For, the disposal of molasses will be a problem though the other two products viz. press mud and bagasse will not present much of a difficulty.

The fibre portion of the cane after extraction of all the juice is called bagasse. At present in our country it is used as a fuel in the furnaces for raising steam for running the plant and for process heating. The fuel cost is a very big item in sugar manufacture. But for the fibre that

could be utilized for raising steam to run the heavy machinery used in this industry, the cost of sugar would have been very high. But, where alternate sources of power or fuel are easily and cheaply available, for instance, hydroelectric power or cheaper coal, then alone could bagasse be diverted for other industries. It could be used in the manufacture of card board and paper. It could be also used in the manufacture of Furfural and Alcohol. But these could only be of theoretical interest for us in the absence of cheaper fuels or power. It would be of interest to know that about 30% of the cane crushed will be bagasse and that three tons of bagasse has as much fuel value as a ton of cane.

Press Mud

This is the mud that results when juice is processed and filtered. This will be about 2% of the weight of cane. Press Mud is rich in phosphoric acid and it is usually returned to the soil. But it also contains a certain amount of wax which will not allow the soil bacteria to play their part efficiently in the utilization of the manure. Solvent extraction plants for the extraction of the crude wax are working in Ravalgaon and Vovvuru sugar factories and the refined wax competes favourably with the imported caruba waxes used in the manufacture of boot polishes.

Molasses

It is when we come to molasses, which is the final waste matter that results after all the possible sugar has been recovered, and which forms about 4% of the weight of cane crushed, that the real problem of the disposal of a by-product arises. If it is not utilised as a raw material in a by-product industry, its disposal creates problems. But when so used it becomes an interesting and a paying proposition.

Molasses contains besides a certain amount of sugar which cannot be recovered economically as such, potash which the cane has removed from the

MUSIC AND MOTION AS WAYS TO HEALTH

By MIMI SCHEIBLAUER

THE value of gymnastics for bodily health has been put beyond any shadow of doubt. We have come to recognise that they not only serve to prepare us for unusual exertions but that one of the best methods of maintaining our health is to limber up our joints for their daily efforts by morning exercises and to keep ourselves supple and hardy by all sorts of physical training. Nor are the therapeutic powers of gymnastics any longer called into question. Doctors prescribe them to restore resilience to limbs stiffened by illness, and to ease and liberate minds paralysed by shock. And the educationalist, for his part, sees in a thorough schooling of the body a means of training the young.

Obvious as the need for gymnastics and sport for one and all has now become, the position of music in human training and education still remains shrouded in doubt. While music is felt to be a comforter in spiritual need, while joy, when it overflows, often expresses itself in musical notes, and music, even in everyday life, is recognised as a true and cherished companion, yet it happens all too often that in times of great material need it is regarded as a superfluous luxury and set on one side.

From all this arises the fact that very many people fail to appreciate clearly the influence of music and its significance for the formation of mind and character; nor does everybody know what a great means to cultural good can be lost by the neglect of it. Otherwise it is certain that all responsible parents would take care that their children obtain,

in one form or another, musical instruction and undertaking.

It can at least be said that a growing interest in music is apparent in many places, and that many intellectual circles are turning their attention to the question of musical education. The impetus in this welcome direction was given in the first instance by the fundamental change in music-teaching which broke with the "art for art's sake" tradition of instruction and made music once more accessible to everyone. The starting point of this change, which will make itself more and more felt as time goes on, is to be found in the ideas of the Genevan music-teacher, Jaques-Dalcroze, who, in his method of rhythmic-musical training, leads the pupil to music by way of bodily motion.

Music And Movements

We know from our own earliest experience how our movements are affected by the influence of certain music; how stirring a good march is, how swinging and enlivening a Strauss waltz, how oppressive a funeral march. Experience has taught us too that we can only understand certain music fully and completely when, instead of simply listening to it, we may translate it into motion. From such observations any one can see that Jaques-Dalcroze, in his method of connecting bodily and musical rhythm, has hardly invented anything fundamentally new. The novelty of his work consists in the exploitation of this connection for the purpose of teaching music, and above all in the recognition that rhythm in its most varied forms, and

soil. When the molasses is sold to outside territories, after a period of time the soil becomes depleted of potash. Fortunately, our Indian soils are generally not deficient in potash. But even here one has to be very cautious while dealing with sandy loams.

Molasses forms the raw material for fermentation industries and its by-products. On fermenting we get alcohol and Carbon Dioxide. The former is recovered by distillation. The latter could be collected, purified to get rid of the odours and bottled in cylinders to be used as the soda water gas. Fermentation soda water gas is one of the purest obtainable in nature and it is a by-product of a by-product industry. Sometime back, a distillery was fermenting molasses just for its soda water gas and wasting the alcohol. It is an irony that in our country with a high production of molasses, recourse is had to coke for the manufacture of soda water gas.

Solidified carbon-di-oxide is the so-called dry ice, which could be used in refrigeration industry especially for the preservation of fruits, vegetables, meat and fish. Large quantities of these valuable foodstuffs get spoiled on account of the hot climate in our country. These could be well preserved and a portion of our food problem solved.

During the fermentation of molasses or rather the sugar in molasses into alcohol and carbon-di-oxide, we get a certain amount of yeast as the vat bottoms. It is actually the yeast that is the causative agent in the transformation of sugars. This yeast could be recovered and purified. It is also possible to suppress the alcohol formation almost completely and produce a crop of yeast cells and dry them, resulting in the so-called food yeast.

Yeast is a very good source of proteins and vitamins, the two essentials that are in short supply in our diet. As such it could be a good supplement both for men and cattle.

During ethyl alcohol distillation, we get a certain amount of higher alcohols, the so-called fusel oils, which are useful in cordite factories.

After the recovery of the alcohol in the stills, the spent molasses' solution, technically called the spent wash, is the one that is rich in potash. This could be recovered by incineration and returned to the soil from which the cane removed it.

Or the spent wash could be further fermented under certain conditions to yield methane gas, and a sludge rich in fertiliser ingredients. The gas could be used for domestic heating and lighting. The sludge is returned to the soil.

Thus the cycle gets completed. All the by-products and their by-products are completely utilised: thus it is economically beneficial and is a rational way of returning to mother earth all that was taken out in the form of plant foods.

When these by-product industries are worked in conjunction with the sugar factory, the greatest advantage lies in effecting economies in plant and personnel as duplication is avoided and the various final products will be cheap. We may, then, visualise, sugar as a by-product rather than the main product itself.

(Continued from page 18)

is the essence of the French genius in all its honest simplicity. It is this classic stability and harmony of theme which gives his work its attraction just now, when so much art depicts, not a healthy existence in the midst of nature but rather some form of insanity.

Savin has produced over a thousand paintings, three hundred pieces of faience or ceramic, 230 engravings and 33 large-size tapestries.

His real importance is, perhaps, not sufficiently recognized, at the moment; but, as time goes on he will be more and more esteemed as one of the most authentic of French artists.

especially in music, presents us with a wonderful method of training and education.

Experiments over a number of years with persons of the most varied ages and dispositions, and observations of normal and abnormal people, have given proof that there contain in the elements of music, in its rhythm and time, its form and dynamic power, unique possibilities for the education of the individual and the mass. And further, music of every age and style has its own educational effect corresponding to its individual nature.

It is of course true that these possibilities and effects can only be used rightly by those who have themselves come to understand them and have acquired sensitivity to them by personal experience. For this purpose, the school for rhythmic-musical education in Zurich (attached to the Conservatorium) provides courses for the training of teachers in rhythmic working principles as well as those for laymen and children.

Typical Instances

On the ways and means of educating by rhythm and music we shall give closer details later. Here, among accounts of Switzerland's curative resources, we can only touch on a few examples of the way in which rhythmic musical education helps its pupils and facilitates courses.

A big hall is full of people incapable of ordinary education. Many of them maintain a listless silence, as many others move restlessly here and there. From time to time half-human sounds are to be heard. Now suddenly comes the sound of simple and restful music, which by and by slips into a light-hearted dance melody, and at last fades out in restful notes again. And look, the vacant features change; they hold their

breath, open-mouthed, they listen; then the mass is set in motion, laughter is heard, and even those who are paralysed try to express themselves. Through the whole hall, like wave following wave, swelling and sinking in exact time to the music, goes an amazing swinging motion. The music sounds, and the atmosphere which was so dismal at first has changed into a mood of buoyancy and pleasure.

Another scene: In a special class of backward children a little girl has been sitting for weeks in apathetic immobility and torpor. In the first hour of rhythmic-musical work she continues to sit there in the same attitude, in the second she begins to listen, in the third her eyes begin to shine, she tries to clap. Her interest increases hourly, and after a short time she is the leader of her class and goes at the head of it, skipping and laughing.

An example from the work in mental homes: A group of patients, among them one suffering from severe catatonia, completely inhibited. In the first lessons he does not react at all, yet seems to be listening to the music. After weeks he lifts his head suddenly, shouts "No" with all his might and tries to go. From that point on, his progress is uninterrupted. Months later this patient jumps over a rope or crawls under it in accordance with the music, moves in rhythm with it and shows himself much eased and relieved after the lessons. The reaction to music and motion, not in this case alone, but in all the patients of the group, has been extraordinarily strong and good. Progress in their general condition has been evident in all the patients without exception, and this has been confirmed not only by the doctors and personnel but also by the patients themselves.

Deaf And Dumb Too

Easily the most interesting and revealing results of rhythmic-musical education are obtained with the deaf and dumb. These people, whose infirmity would seem to exclude them from the world of sound, are capable of experiencing music through the vibrations which each note produces; and, what is more, their sensitivity is greater and their reactions more intense than those of ordinary people. The vibrational sense is refined by years of careful work to such an extent that it can detect not only the duration and power of the note but even its pitch. At first the vibrations are transmitted where they are most strongly perceptible,

namely at the piano when the body is leaning against it and later through the hands on the tambourin. With time the sensitivity becomes so delicate that the deaf person, moved from the vibrating piano and without a tambourine, can still register the music through air and floor, and translate it into motion. Bodily interpretation of music is a source of great pleasure to the deaf and dumb. It liberates and lightens spirits which so often suffer from the feeling of being cut off and alone. He who has himself experienced the value of rhythmic-musical education will have no better wish for his fellows, sick and in health, than that more and more of them should come to experience it too.

MUSLIMS MUST LEARN TO LAUGH

By K. R. MALKANI

I must say Pandit Nehru's letter to the Muslim League President, Mr. Md. Ismail, and Sri K. M. Munshi's statement to the press, concerning Muslim agitation against "Religious Leaders," an American publication reproduced by Vidya Bhavan, Bombay, are extraordinary. How is it a Prime Minister's job to condemn some passages in the book as "very objectionable"? The book has been in circulation all over the world not excluding India—for the last 15 years. Did the book suddenly become objectionable only when it was re-published by the Vidya Bhavan. And Sri Munshi thoroughly humiliated himself by appearing in loin cloth and ashes and issuing a silly statement that he had "made it a policy to celebrate his (Mohammed's) birthday whenever he could." Sri Jagan Prasad Rawat, Deputy Police

Minister of U.P., told the Vidhan Sabha on Sept. 6 that Aligarh University students were on strike on August 30, 31 and Sept. 1. The demonstrators shouted *Pakistan Zindabad* and *Hindustan Murdabad*. They trampled an effigy of Sri Munshi under foot, before setting it on fire. Sri N. K. D. Vashisht M.L.A. (Cong.) alleged that they had also beaten *Gita* with shoes and burnt it.

Nature Of Demonstrations

Sri Rawat said that "teachers of Aligarh University were known to have directly and indirectly participated in these demonstrations. The Vice-Chancellor and failed to assist the authorities had

Now, saying about anybody

not—would be obviously wrong. But where were these Muslim leaders for these fifteen years? The Vidya Bhavan published this book six weeks ago. Did they approach the Bhavan in an effort to get the objected passages deleted? The way these people have gone about this business can only encourage people to read the stuff from sheer curiosity. Obviously the object was not to get the passages deleted but to raise a hue and cry to tell the world how oppressed Muslims were in India.

They even went to the extent of beating the *Gita* with shoes and burning it, and crying "*Hindustan Murdabad*." And yet neither Nehru nor Munshi, nor Maulana Azad and League President, Ismail, have condemned these overt expressions of treason. It is difficult to be angry with mad people; but then the only safe place for mad men is a suitable asylum. In this case Pakistan answers to their need. The Central Government should seriously consider the closing down of Aligarh University, another name for a factory of treason. The distinguished authors of "Religious Leaders" are not alone in their criticism of Mohammed. H. G. Wells after reiterating his opinion about Mohammed, writes: "It would throw all our history out of proportion if, out of an insincere deference to the possible Muslim readers, we were to present him in any other light." Mr. Davies' "World History" takes no better view of him. Even Will Durant (of "*Story of Philosophy*" and "*Story of Civilisation*" fame) says things I dare not reproduce for fear of being prosecuted in pro-Muslim India.

A Product Of His Time And Society

It is time Muslims realised that their Prophet was a product of his time and society. The times were rough and the society was even rou-

gher. Facts are matters of history and are sacred, why should they offend Muslims? By such blind worship, the Muslims have done little justice to their Prophet.

Nor are the facts one-sided. There is the better side of Mohammed. After all Mohammed was no ordinary man. For 26 years he remained in monogamous state with Khadija, a great thing in Arabia of those days. He freed many slaves. Men who knew him regarded him very highly. Obviously he had the qualities of leadership in an ample measure. He was a nation-builder. He built the Arab nation. He resorted to the doctrines of one Allah, one Prophet and one holy book on the lines of Jews and Christians, in a bid to make Arabs as strong and united as those people. And he succeeded. Nobody need ridicule the life and morals of Mohammed, because they were the product of his times and his social milieu. And Muslims need not take offence at every little bit of information about Mohammed which may not satisfy modern standards. Being racially a Hindu, and living among Hindus, the Indian Muslim is inevitably influenced by Hindu idealism. He is not prepared to see his Prophet suffer in comparison with the Hindu *Avatars*. When facts run counter to his ideas about his Prophet, he rejects those facts. But unfortunately for him one may do anything with facts save quarrel with them. It is good to laugh—more so to laugh at one self and at one's near and dear things. Something would be very much wrong with a people who would not laugh heartily at Aisha's retort to the aged Mohammed's suggestion to her to die first and be buried by the prophet himself, viz., that he would doubtless, on returning from her grave, instal a fresh bride in her place.

POETIC BEAUTY & POETIC TRUTH

By Y. S. R. CHANDRAN

MAN'S delight seems to lie as much in classifying as in acquiring knowledge. He wants to consolidate the empire of his experience, information and observation, into terse and aphoristic formulae or definitions. A definition perhaps has its origin in primarily being useful to the man for fixing up his own concept or fixing up very clearly before his own mind, certain salient aspects. Such being the case, a definition, found suitable to one, may not appear so to another; a definition cannot by its nature be all comprehensive; it has to be brief to be neat; and a definition, like a narrow compartment can accommodate a few aspects, barring out others not by any means un-important. If Arnold had explained his phrases at length, then it would have been no definition at all and it would have been yet another of his discourses.

The finished product of Art is the Cleopatra of ages, but if it is peeled off and peered into, the raw material that has gone into its make up, may fill us with disgust. The inventions of science can be enjoyed but not the science behind the inventions. The appeal of beauty is instantaneous but not so the technique behind beauty. Art may arrest man's attention and have the meed of his appreciation but not so the craft or the grammar at the back of it. An analysis of art, is perhaps more gruesome than the dissection of a human being. This sense of disgust is perfectly natural, since they appear to be as unrelated to each other, as the actor in the green-room to the actor on the boards, winning the plaudits of thousands.

Art and Ideas

Man has always been in a state of tremble; he is aquiver to express his

ideas. If gestures have been the language of the primitive man, art has become, for the enlightened man, the medium for the transmission of his nobler ideas. Art embodies itself in some sensuous material and the ideas taking shapes of beauty move us by an appeal to our emotions through senses. The medium in the case of sculpture has no importance; the artist is the master of the situation and can leave the impress of his personality upon an inert, passive stone. The painter, unlike the sculptor, meets with a material, in the choice of which, there is scope for the exercise of a sense of his discretion; he can select a colour suited to his concept and eliminate another which may spoil the image in his mind. A greater significance is attached to the medium in music where such of the words as have greater melody alone are preferred and the rest rejected. But the material nowhere assumes so much of importance as in poetry where the words used must be pregnant with meaning and soulful of the personality of the poet.

The emotions of experience and imagination cannot be the same. For instance father-hood and bachelor-hood are distinct phases in life; both have to be seen through if one wants to have a sense of the fullness of life. Imagination when enriched by experience can, therefore, meet the demands of art better.

A storehouse of Ideas

The mind is always stored with a number of ideas whose symbols are words. Our senses supply the mind with fresh material which may correct the concepts or ideas with new experience. But we cannot draw upon these concepts at will. A sight or a sound can evoke them; sometimes they may pass into the brain

without our being conscious; and thereafter, may have a life and growth of their own. In the case of gifted poets like Blake, gifted with a spontaneous imagination or a great inspiration, these concepts will come off in vivid emotional pictures. Sometimes, as in the case of Keats, mere imagery may do duty for imagination or interpretative power.

'Stop and consider, life is but a day

A fragile dew-drop on its perilous way.'

Thus, these concepts which are in the sub-conscious, find a steady orderly out-let in the case of the poet, while in the case of the insane there is a mutiny of concepts. But a genius is rich and spontaneous in thought. He lives in thought's wilderness and therein has the home of his imagination as maintained by Shelley.

Man by nature is an artist and the beauty of his thoughts is matched by an equal beauty of expression; it reveals itself in corresponding beauty of language. For the purpose of saying what he has to say in a pretty manner, he selects certain rhythms and makes systems of them and the different metres may be taken for different word patterns.

The physical beauty is subject to change; it is of short duration; and man's primary interest in life should be moral beauty. Pure ethics has its claim for recognition as highest and everlasting beauty at the hands of man. Moral beauty is, therefore, the only lasting beauty and no true art can by-pass it. In fact the more firmly it entwines itself around moral beauty, the greater its importance and claim for respect.

Poetry and Beauty

A poet is also a Platonist. Man has his animal brain which receives the impressions both from within and from without. The animal condition of man makes the impressions, received from within, imperfect and untrue, while those coming from

without, namely the soul of the outer world or the external universe, give us a glimpse of the Absolute and satisfy our notions of truth. The mind is thus a receiver of the impressions from the animal brain which are earthly and the universal soul of the external world which lend us a glimmering of the Divine and the True. The poet, receiving the impressions of both, becomes a poet of the universe, lives in perfect harmony of both and thus places himself in the position of a seer, having a sharper insight and rare interpretative magic. On a closer examination, it will be found, that beauty itself is a mental abstraction and is not interchangeable or identical with truth. Nature, either physical or human, is not all beautiful. A selective instinct has to come into play. The poet in a divine moment receives through his senses, flashes of the Absolute and he conveys in chosen language, what may be called either truth or beauty.

The most precious possession of man is morality and every endeavour of his becomes valuable in proportion to his ability to suggest the reality of the spirit, the Infinite. As long as we are on this earth, we should think of the truth and virtue, at least in the higher activity enshrined in Art. Poetry should be a link between the finite and the infinite and the earthly and the Absolute. It is not only difficult for poetry to be ethical but it is also not easy for it to steer clear of everything ethical. Poetry, while disclaiming all intentions to be didactic or moralistic, assumes a teaching office all the same. Grey's *Elegy*, though condemned by Wordsworth, is one of the poems most widely understood and reckoned great. The ideas of imagination fall with an ethical ring. A poet has after all to speak of something interesting to his fellow-creature, since he too is human like the rest and has no different descent either from a rock or an oak. What

indeed can be more interesting than a contemplation on or suggestion of the Divine? The poet, moving always on an exalted plane, treats the issues of life, with a sharpened perception and intense insight. Any theme taken up by him is so irradiated by the flame of his imagination, that the theme appears to be of no consequence. Yet the subject is not indifferent to him.

Function of Poetry

Poetry for poetry's sake can never strike a deep root; it exists on the surface and may yield a blossom which fades away the moment it has blown. It dies not because of the dreaded moral ideas but because it is dry, lacking the vitality of moral ideas; because it has not its tap-root deep down in the source of life and because it takes note of the ever changing human laws, suicidally neglecting the immutable laws of nature. No poem worth the name can exclude nature which is the soul of the Absolute; and in every poem the human element is always found on a back-ground of the cosmic elements. The poet achieves magnificence and immortality by his ability to fuse the two: to suggest the divine through the human and the imperishable through the sensuous.

There can never be an objectivity in art; man thinks of himself and his surroundings; and he can with the best of effort, never get out of himself. Poetry is a fusion-point of man's narrow self and the wider self of the universe. Poetry is an attempt at self-realisation by self-impression in the wider forces of nature; it is a self expression; or criticism or interpretation of life at its best. When we enter into a consideration of the ulterior ends, the value of poetic art, may be lowered, to some. But art can never live in an ivory tower of isolation; it must have meeting-points with the stream of life; in fact, it must present life not as it is, but transformed into something, by the iridescent play of the

poet's imagination. Then can art and life become parallel developments; one throws light on the other and one is understood and valued because of the other. The poet with his infinite suggestion, speaks to us of something wherein lurks the secret of all. The appeal of *Paradise Lost* lies in its sustained emotional tension and the poet's capacity to endow every word with a life, music and resonance.

"A criticism of Life"

The truth sought to be expressed in poetry, must not be the banalities or the trivialities of prosaic life. A select moment or crisis of life, spotlighting a glimpse of the eternal, it is that which surges through the animal sense of the poet, making him realise what is beyond his senses and leading him to burst into an expression that is indeed transcendental, because of its beauty of form and diction and the permanency and the eternity of the truth depicted. Thus poetry is a criticism of life according to the laws immutably fixed by poetic beauty and poetic truth. The perfection of an experience undergone finds a corresponding perfection in expression, and one cannot be distinguished from the other even as the lines cannot be separated from the smile. This experience finds an outlet in best words in best order; and the words selected are the words which alone can serve the purpose intended. 'Poetry then is the breath as the finer spirit of all knowledge', as Wordsworth says. Arnold, since besides being a critic, is also a poet of creditable achievement, has the gift of seeing more vividly and feeling more intensely. Even as it is necessary for us to enter into the mood of a poet to understand his poem, it is probably necessary for us to capture the mood in which he has given that definition of poetry. Thus identifying ourselves with Arnold's mood and attitude, we have to say—'Bravo—three cheers to you.—' His is a definition which cannot be improved upon; it yet holds the ground.

MY SUMMER IN JAPAN

By ANNAPURNA KASTURI

SINCE 1949 International Work Camp programmes and Seminars have been annual events in Japan. Participants from all over the world are welcomed to the Japanese capital by the Religious Society of Friends, more commonly known as the 'Quakers' who are the sponsors of these programmes. The Quaker ideal is to increase goodwill and understanding among men 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 their fellow men. The ideal of the seminar is to encourage free and frank discussions so that various groups are intellectually brought together in good fellowship.

This summer it was my good fortune to have been selected by the 'Quakers' 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 the South East Asian countries on my way to the land of the cherry blossoms.

Orientation Camp

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. Their 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 17-31, 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 threefold: (1) to level a valley and widen the playground 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 up on 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.

Lovely Evenings

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 souls of the dead who were believed to return to this world and to their families once a year. 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 'Quakers' feel that the Seminar along with manual work produces better results in bringing about closer international co-operation and understanding. The theme of the Seminar was "The Place of Youth in World Peace".

The Seminar was made up of the following: (1) lectures by eminent authorities dealing with various aspects of the control theme, (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.

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 that 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.

Unity in Diversity

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.

Post-war Japan

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 had more than regained her pre-war productive efficiency. Her railway transport is one of the best and the most efficient systems I have ever seen, and the trains are always on time, never a minute ahead or behind schedule. The net work of suburban and local trains in and around Tokyo operate most efficiently, with a train running every two or three minutes. Every village and town in Nippon is electrified, and Cinema and Television have 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 mix-masters, 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 is the fact that after her defeat in the war, and the tragic episodes of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, the Japanese 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 re-armament of Japan, though it must be admitted that there are still a few conservatives of the older generation who are imperialistic.

Reasons For Prosperity

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 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.

A great part of this rapid progress was due to the American occupation of Japan. But the occupation, however, has not been an un-mixed 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.

NEW ELECTRONIC BRAINS

Lockheed Aircraft Corporation, one of the largest U. S. aircraft manufacturers, reports that it has acquired two new "electronic brains," each of which can do the calculating work of 9,000 engineers. The newest calculators can do 27,000 mathematical operations a minute, which is 9,000 times faster than the old-style desk calculators.—USIS.

FILMS

By V. P. SATHE

THE paucity of theatres is said to be the greatest problem before the industry. If only we have 5000 theatres in India today, most of the problems confronting the trade would be automatically resolved. There is however one problem which would still remain unsolved.—the problem of stars. This problem is both economic and emotional.

Economically, the stars are a necessary evil except for producers like Shantaram and Raj Kapoor. And this evil has become worse since the South Indian producers have been luring the stars from Bombay at exorbitant prices. Thanks to the demand from South, during the last six months the star prices have gone up by hundred to hundred and fifty percent. A star who was demanding Rs. 50,000 a year ago is now asking for Rs. 1,25,000. Some of the stars are reported to have refused offers of even Rs. 1,75,000 per picture. The tragedy is that there are a dozen stars who are expected to work in about hundred and fifty pictures. Fortunately, Dilip, Raj and Nargis do not accept many contracts; but almost every other star has at least a dozen contracts and some of them like Ashok Kumar, have even twenty contracts. So apart from prices, the paucity of stars is bound to slow down the rate of production and thus increase the cost. Indeed, today at least every producer is working on 'deficit budgets' and it is hoped that these deficit budgets do not create a financial crisis, at a time when the revenue is going up and the business is at its best.

The star problem is also emotional. For, certain stars would not work with certain other stars and that also creates complications. Recently, a producer had to scrap his twenty days' shooting because his leading pair of stars fell out and one of them had to be replaced. Apart from economic considerations, emotional considerations weigh a great deal in casting and they create lots of complications for the producers. If only our stars keep their emotions to their private lives and act in films in a businesslike manner, then the producers would have no worry. Today, the producers have to pay the stars exorbitant salaries and besides have to keep them in good humour.

So even more than new picture-houses, the film industry needs a dozen new stars who will sweep the old-timers and create a new following. For that, the producers must launch a drive to discover new talent and bring to the fore every prospective star. New stars are as much necessary as new ideas and technique for the advance of the film industry.

Picture Of The Week

Motion pictures, it is said, are a composite art and it seldom bears the stamp of individuality. Kidar Sharma's pictures are an exception to this rule. His pictures bear the distinct mark of his individuality. Today there is perhaps no other producer or director whose individuality is so vividly manifest in his work as that of Kidar Sharma. As a result, Kidar Sharma's pictures lack objectivity; they are conceived, written, directed and presented from a purely subjective angle which is relished by some of his admirers but shunned by the majority of picture-goers.

Rangeen Ratan, Kidar Sharma's latest creation is no exception to this rule. From the first frame to the last fade-out, in every shot, in every gesture of the artiste, in every movement one sees Kidar Sharma's per-

sonality permeating the whole canvas of the photoplay. Under his direction even Mala Sinha acts just like Geeta Bali; every smile, gesture and expression of Mala, reminds one of Geeta in *Sohag Raat*. This is a revelation of the fact that both Geeta and Mala have been moulded in the same pattern by Kidar Sharma.

The choice of hilly background may be picturesque; but the mountains are a passion with Kidar Sharma. He always takes you to the heights of the mountains to recount his poetic drama of faith, beauty and love. But Kidar Sharma is perhaps not aware of the fact that between him and Madhok they have exploited the hills and the simple Pahari folks so often that they have lost all novelty and glamour for the picturegoers. Moreover, the present day audience prefers the plains to hills; it is more fascinated with the streets and people of cities like New Delhi, Calcutta and Bombay than with Kumaon Hills, however beautiful and mystic they may look. Even for rural atmosphere it prefers *Pather Pancholi* and *Do Bigha Zamin* to distant hills.

The story recounts the tragedy of an innocent girl who falls in love with a bad boy and the sad tale of a blind girl who waits for her husband to return. It has many moments of great poignancy and heart-appeal; yet, it fails to grip your attention. Also the purpose of the touring talkies and the mistress who uses the two youths to fetch girls for a brothel is so vague, so unconvincing and so disgusting that it does not fit in the pattern of the whole story. For a lay man the picture carries no conviction and he does not become subjectively attuned to the spirit of Kidar Sharma. That is the major weakness of this otherwise beautifully made film. The outdoors are again beautiful; the dialogue rich, the lyrics poetic and the music melodious. Who, except

Kidar Sharma, could utilize such beautiful lines of Meerabai, like *Ankhiyono snan kara ke Lai?* The acting is good; only, Geeta Bali should not have been cast in a boy's role. Such odd casting does not serve any purpose and it rather reflects on both the star and the director. Chand Usmani as the blind girl gives a brilliant performance; hers is also the best developed character and as a result she becomes the life and soul of the film. Shammi Kapoor and Tony, also give a good account of themselves.

If only Kidar Sharma who is still living in the old world realizes that the India of today needs a new outlook, then he would be able to attune himself to the present day reality and make pictures for today's audiences.

Personality Of The Week

Nanubhai Vakil who has just remade *Alamara* has been associated with the film industry for the last 30 years. It was in 1927 that he directed his first silent picture. A double graduate of Arts and Law, Nanubhai has always been known for making quickies. In the old silent days, he used to make a picture almost within three weeks.

When pictures began to talk, Nanubhai was working for Sagar. He made *Bulbule Baghdad*, *Maya Bazar* and two films on Mahabharath starring the popular pair, Zubeeda and Jal Merchant. Later with Zubeeda, he started his independent production under the banner of Mahalaxmi Cinetone and made *Nand-Ke-Lala* with Zubeeda as Radha and Shahu Modak as Krishna.

Though Nanubhai is mainly known as a producer of action pictures and costume dramas, it was he who first brought to screen a story by the great Hindi writer, Munshi Premchand. He produced and directed *Sevasadan*, based on Munshi Premchand's novel, with Zubeeda and Shahu Modak.

New Books

New Education: September 1956. Vol. VIII. No. 2.

We have received a copy of the September number of "New Education", a quarterly issued under the authority of the Director of Public Instruction, Madras. It contains interesting articles on various aspects of the new educational system like the teaching of social studies and the role of examinations. A comparative study of the educational activities of museums in advanced countries of the West and in India is made in a short article contributed by Mr. N. Shanmugam. The issue under review, carries notes and news of educational interest, a report on the organization of Madras State's stall in the All India Basic Education Exhibition (1956) and reviews of books. The journal is priced Re. 1. The high cost may stand in the way of it reaching the hands of many of our teachers and students for whom it is intended.

An Asian Speaks (Published by the Embassy of the Union of Burma, Washington).

In 1954, U-Nu, the then Prime Minister of Burma, paid an official visit to the U. S. A., on an invitation from the American President. During the period of more than two weeks in the States, the Burmese statesman visited Washington, New York and several other industrial and commercial centres, universities and similar institutions. He also addressed many groups of Americans and delivered a number of informal speeches in addition to some based on prepared notes.

The Washington embassy of the Union of Burma has done well in

collecting and publishing the more important American speeches of the former Prime Minister, which deal with various aspects of world politics as viewed by a leading Asian leader. The speeches on Asian-U. S. relations, the policy of Neutralism and Burma's economic and social development programme, published in this attractively produced booklet bring out in bold relief the aims and aspirations of New Burma. The publication will make Burma better known to the people of the U. S. A.

N. RAMANATHAN

Navaratna Ragamalika.—By Sangita Sastra Visarada Mysore Asthana Vidwan, Sri Vasudevacharya—Published by Kalakshetra, Adyar. pp. 139. Rs. 5-8-0.

The book contains nine pieces of *ragamalikas* or composite songs of various *ragas*—mostly composed by the author in Sanskrit and set to musical notation. The text of each is given in Nagari lipi followed by its transliteration and musical notation in Tamil. The meanings of the songs are given separately in the concluding section of the book as also brief notes on each piece. Jagatguru Sri Sankaracharya of Kamakoti Peetam has blessed the author's work in his *Srimukham*. A reproduction of the portrait of the well known trinity of Carnatic music by Sri L. S. Rajan finds a place in the book. Sri Thyagaraja *Pancharatnam*, (not to be mistaken for 5 songs composed by Sri Thyagaraja himself—these are five slokas on the great Savant) Sri Muthuswamy Deekshita Charitam and Sri Syama Sastry Charitam, which are special features of this series, could have given brief summaries of the lives of these great men.

What is in vogue generally as *Syamala Navaratna Malika*, composed by Sri Adi Sankaracharya, appears under a new name "*Matangi Stotram*" (Item 4) set to musical notation by the author.

The pieces, "*Narasimha Stotram*" in praise of Sri Narasimha of Kanakalli, No. 6, *Guru Stotra*, No. 7, *Rajaseervada*, No. 8 *Jayadana Pancharatnam*, composed in honour of the present Rajpramukh of Mysore and No. 9 *Dadhi Varma Stotra* would appeal more to Mysoreans than to others.

In fact, it is not in the fitness of things to have included items 7 or 8 in this series, side by side with *Pancharatna* on Sri Thyagaraja, who spurned all material wealth and refused to sing *Narasthuti*, vide his immortal song *Nidhi Sala Sukhama*.

Such text books devoted exclusively to *Ragamalikas* are still rare and the author's efforts are commendable. The selection of *Ragas* in the *Ragamalikas* are a testimony to the author's refined tastes. But one cannot help saying that without an ardent love of Sanskrit, and *Bhakti*, these songs can hardly be enjoyed by common people. Most of the songs are of a devotional nature,

best enjoyed in the solitude of the home or *Bhajan Mandir*, and unsuited to modern musical audiences to whom traditional styles of music are increasingly proving wearisome.

One wonders whether this book could not be more moderately priced.

HARIHARA IYER.

'Samaj Kalyan'

We are in receipt of a copy of the first Annual Number of the Hindi monthly magazine, '*Samaj Kalyan*'. In addition to reviewing the progress of the various schemes and activities of the Central Social Welfare Board, the Number has introduced some special features in social welfare such as the role of Community Welfare services in slum improvement, the efficacy of non-institutional services for a country of India's size, Indian outlook on social welfare and training for social work. Of more direct human interest are the real life stories of individuals affected by various kinds of social problems and the manner in which they were rehabilitated to function as useful citizens of the country. This publication is almost the first attempt to publish in Hindi valuable literature on current social problems and welfare services.

SITTING ON A VOLCANO

By AZAAD

THE Himalayan belt of land which girdles and guards us on the north has, from time immemorial, been considered the heart of Hindustan. Our earliest racial memories, and our sweetest and saddest songs of innocence and experience are indissolubly associated with what we love to call our *Karmabhumi* or *Punyabhumi*. From Gandhara in the far west through the fertile plains of the five rivers, on to the snowclad peaks of Bhadri and Kedarnath which are the footstool of the Lord of ascetics until the spirit soars beyond the highest peaks of Gauri Shankar and Kanchan Cringa in the east, we traverse our classic ground, every point of which is hallowed with the world's choicest repertory of myth and legend, poetry and philosophy, the arts, crafts and ways of life which are reflected in other parts of the world as through a glass—darkly. But by a ghastly irony of fate, this same terrain has been nursing volcanic fires beneath the surface which have erupted now and then, and which have furrowed the once fair, young face of the Mother with the sorrows of a very Niobe condemned to see her children sundered and destroyed before her very eyes.

Not only nature but the malice of men has acted on us to our undoing, through processes of cosmic sweep and compulsive course, which have reduced our heroic efforts to save ourselves to a pre-ordained nullity. More than the Bihar earthquakes, which have recurred at uncertain intervals, the incursion of Islam has left behind it a permanent trail of fire and sword which is periodically renewed by unpredictable bloodbaths which seize and leave us with the violence of the monsoon, but without its life-giving properties.

Both before and after these outbursts, we indulge in our incorrigible habit of preening ourselves on our progress, culture and enlightenment and assure everybody in advance that our tolerance is patient and long-suffering like the earth, vast and abounding like the sea, chaste and pure like the heavens.

The Communal Virus

Emboldened by this sort of blanket assurance of inaction on our own part and the promise of immunity to the agent *provocateur* implicit in it, the anonymous but effective leaders of the Muslim community are ever on the *qui vive* for staging incidents. In the old British era, riots were engineered as often as it was felt necessary to puncture the national spirit or hamstring the progress of the political campaign. But when retreat became inevitable, the withdrawing enemy devised a permanent rear-guard to fight an eternal delaying action. With the concession of Pakistan, it was fondly hoped that the communal virus was permanently destroyed in the body politic; and that, henceforth at least, we might live our lives unaffected by any unnatural solicitude for what Mrs. Grundy, whether at home or abroad, might have to say about us. This fond expectation has proved in the sequel wholly illusory. We have cut off our nose, but the face continues to be spited to our manifest physical discomfort no less than to the exacerbation of our mental anguish. Following the exhortation of Christ, we agreed to cut off our right hand since it offended us; but we still remain out of heaven, while being gratuitously maimed into the bargain!

These reflections have been provoked by the recent recrudescence of communal frenzy in the U. P. and

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S. KRISHNASWAMI,
Secretary.

adjacent areas of the north. The cause of action arose many many years ago with the publication in America by two American authors named Thomas and Dana, of a book of biographies of religious leaders. Had they been merely doubting Thomases, the mischief might not have been so great; but there is ground for presuming that they must have been irreverent or censorious or both! The Prophet—peace to his followers as much as to him—has been the subject of much historical, hagiological and philosophical treatment. He has had his admirers and detractors—chiefly among the profane multitude outside the pale. So have all other founders of religion been the objects of miscellaneous attention at the hands of the reverential and the ribald, without however heads being broken.

But the reactions of the Muslim community to this ticklish situation have not been cheerful. They combine the most uncompromising detestation of idolatry with a near-defecation of Muhammad which is best conveyed in the now popular phrase of the personality cult. Adult thinking and dispassionate assessment of *pros and cons* are signalled by a readiness to consider all aspects of a problem. But a closed mind and liberal outlook are incompatible. It must be a very insecure foundation on which one's deepest faith is grounded when it gives way under the lightest, the softest and gentlest tread. In contrast to our touchy Muslim friends, we go to the other extreme and make even our cats and dogs divine. Nor do we put our over-crowded pantheon in glass-cases to be beheld from a distance. We fondle them, dandle them and not infrequently handle them, rating them for their failure to fulfil our hopes and longings. In fact abuse is a time-honoured means of securing a hearing from our *Ishta-devatas*! So, when *sot-distant* revolutionaries or bogus reformers exploit

God as the villain of the piece, with and without the capital, in the singular as well as in the plural, it is well understood among us as a not very elegant though not heinous way of passing the time.

But generally speaking, a measure of resentment at our idols being held up to ridicule is a natural enough reaction. The psychology behind it is analogous to that which must have overwhelmed Moses when he came to realise, too late, what a poor bargain he made when he exchanged a good enough horse for a gross of worthless shagreen spectacle cases! Even more than the fact that he has been had is the excruciating thought that you now know how others know that you have been had! We have the classic instance of Midas who published a decree that no reference should be made to ass's ears in his dominions. But he did not succeed in choking off furtive references to them even by his wife! In addition to this, there is in the present instance the consciousness that the person who is taking the liberty is one against whom we have other anterior and uncounted scores to settle. That accounts for the frenetic intensity of the outburst. The nursery rhyme about Dr. Fell illustrates the predicament to a nicety.

"I do not like thee, Dr. Fell

The reason why I cannot tell;

But this I know and know full

well,—

I do not like thee, Dr. Fell!"

And because fundamentally there can be no rapprochement between the poles, the sense of frustration takes typically destructive manifestations. An agreement to differ does not work because, unlike the poles, we Hindus and Muslims do not stay put, but are condemned to tread interminably on each other's toes.

Government's Action

But what disquiets me in the present lamentable episode is the panicky haste of the government in one case and the authorities in the other

to acknowledge *ex parte* the objectionable nature of the original reference, and thus implicitly to pronounce absolution on those who raised Cain all round them with such gay abandon. The petty pogroms that have taken place at Aligarh, Jabalpure, Dacca and other places could not be revoked, nor the authors of the mischief thereof ever likely to be brought to book. From the Prime Minister downwards, all those in authority have usurped the functions of a court of justice, by setting up an unwholesome precedent which would ultimately sap both law and order.

Besides the whole thing is typically undemocratic. The public is virtually held to ransom by a handful of determined roughs holding at its head a pistol loaded with obscurantism, and threatening to empty it promiscuously. No tyrant ever devised a more perfect gag to public opinion. It was an English publicist who declared: 'Facts are sacred, but opinion is free.' It has not been contended that in this instance there has been any misrepresentation or suppression of facts. So it is the sterilization of opinion that the minority is after. Even if it be winked at for reasons of policy, there is no knowing how it will corrode into other aspects of communal life and paralyse society itself in the last resort.

The Prime Minister has asseverated that the Muslim League in India is dead and that it is dying even in Pakistan. It is not the label but the stuff that matters. Scratch a Muslim, and you will probably find a Pakistani. Scratch a Hindu—in some cases you may have to scrub hard—and you will find the very antithesis of the Muslim. I have heard it said with inexcusable complacency that the Muslims of India are a negligible minority,—with their fangs drawn and exported to Pakistan, and that we can afford to take an indulgent view of their antics. Today it is a passage in a book; tomorrow it may

be any one of the old hatchets lying about unburied. It may be music before the mosque, another apple of discord. It is forgotten (by the way) that music historically flourished before mosques ever came to be thought of! If we are to practise the Nelson touch in every one of these issues in isolation, the totality of effect arising from a thousand surrenders would drown us in a sea of appeasement.

That the government is following a wrong psychology is indicated by a small but significant detail. A ukase has gone forth that the communal complexion of the victims should not be mentioned at all. This is well-meant but actually disastrous in its repercussions. For it gives wide room for wishful thinking and confirms in us our communal bias ten-fold. We derive vicious but vicarious satisfaction at the thought that perhaps all the victims were either wholly or predominantly Hindu or Muslim according to our personal predilection. This is to muddy our hearts and cloud our minds, and hasten our throwback into primitive savagery.

Is there then no way out? Rhetorically we may devise a variety of purple patches and escape clauses, rehash all the *Niti Satakas* and Upanishadic exhortations and promise ourselves to be good for ever after. But it would all be dishonest, not least because it would be unilateral. It takes two to kiss or quarrel; and unless there is some sort of a beginning in the arts of the good life from the other side as well, we must be resigned to these periodic ebullitions as human nature's recipe for regulating blood-pressure. The communities must learn not only to laugh with one another but also at one another. On that basis alone will it be possible for both, at some remote future, to enjoy laughing at each other's idols or ideals as well. For laughter is a solvent of all tensions, and the surest guarantee of human sanity!

PARIS WILL SOON HAVE AN INDIA HOUSE

By A. D. B.

THE Government of India have agreed in principle to build an India House in the *Cite Universitaire* of Paris. They are aware of its urgent necessity and are at present working out the practical aspects of the problem. This was revealed recently by Sardar Malik, India's Ambassador in France, at an India Day function in Paris University. He said the *Cite Universitaire* was among the most remarkable institutions he had seen during his travels in America, Europe or Asia.

What is the *Cite Universitaire*? Basically, it is a hundred acre park on the southern fringe of Paris which houses the twenty-six hostels (and four more under construction) of Paris University, with a total capacity of more than 5000. Of these 5000 student-residents, at least a third are foreigners. Twenty-two of these hostels are built by foreign governments or other foreign organisations (and three more are under construction) for the benefit of their students who, since Abelard in the twelfth century, have never ceased to be attracted by the intellectual renown of Paris.

Every one of these buildings here is inspired by a different idea about aesthetics of architecture and interior decoration, which makes of this garden-city a veritable international museum of architecture. The Hellenic Foundation has the famous Greek colonades, House of Cuban students has the graceful Spanish colonial style, whereas the Japan House and the House of Vietnam look like elegant pagodas. The Franco-Britannic College is an extremely imposing granite structure in the Elizabethan

style, House of Danish students is a very dainty house in red bricks, whereas the Swiss Foundation, very characteristically, is a stolid and utilitarian building, eternally supervised by the statue of the American hero of the French Revolution, Citizen Tom Paine. And when India House comes up, we shall, perhaps, have here a very important ambassador of Indian Architecture and Decoration.

Boon To Students

In the interior, these hostels set up a new high in student-lodgings. For the student in France, where housing shortage has become so chronic the *cite* provides what becomes an unbelievable luxury. A French student told me: "The *cite* gave me a room, all for myself, and so different from the dirty dormitories. A wash basin, a table, a cup-board, a reading lamp by bedside. . . I touched these things with a certain fear. . . it was so hard to believe I could use all this." The student in question was a 'philo' student. Had he been an artist he could have rented a studio on the top-floor of an hostel, and if a musician, he could easily have found a salon with a piano. For such rooms, running hot and cold water, showers and the services of the house-maid, the students pay a rent that is absurdly low by the French standards.

The *cite* provides good nutritive food, for a quarter of its price in a cheap restaurant, in the large dining halls of the *cite's International House* (all French students get subsidised meals at the student-restaurant, but the cooking in the *cite*-restaurant is

much better than in the other student-restaurant). He can get good snacks and coffee, quite cheap in its non-profit cafe. In the other wing of the *International House* he has a large theatre-cum-cinema house, where he gets the opportunity of going, at a price within his reach, to ballets and theatrical performances, and musical evenings, and to the films from various countries (*Do Bigha Zamin* was shown sometime back and was greatly acclaimed). He has here a 25,000 volume library of reference and text books to help him in the preparation for the examinations which here in France are more taxing than anywhere else in the world: The *cite* has its own well-equipped hospital where the French students get the treatment free (the French student has his health insurance paid by the government).

Inspired By Ideals Of World Friendship

The *cite* would be an admirable institution if it did nothing else but provide good lodgings and other amenities. But it aims much higher, for it is inspired by ideals of international friendship. I think the *cite* is the most significant, and surely the most enduring, example of that certain between-the-two-wars idealism, whose most spectacular and most ill-fated manifestation was the League of Nations. When I applied for admission to the *cite*, I was told that admission to the *cite* was not a right but a favour shown to the students who undertake to participate in the noble work of international *rapprochement*; and the other day when I renewed my tenancy with the *cite*, I undertook, in addition to paying my dues in time, respecting the hostel furniture etc., to give my co-operation to the *cite* in its work of international understanding.

How does the *cite* work to achieve its ideals? By bringing together the student elite of various countries. For example, when India House starts functioning here, its authorities will

be able to admit Indian students to only two-thirds the capacity of the House. To the other one-third will have to be admitted students from various countries. Raman from Madras shall be forced to live with Hans from Germany or Pedro from Argentina or Suliman from Egypt, and in obedience to the *cite* convention, to start using the second personal singular pronoun (which unlike *thou* in English is very common in French). The friendship developed will, it is supposed, be quite firm and shall outlive the periods of war, and, in fact, diminish such periods.

The Rector Branet explains this mission of the *cite* at the inaugural address at the Franco-Britannic College:

If I were permitted to interrupt a resident here come from Brittany,

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Provence or Lorraine, and speak to him as I would to my son, I would say, "Do you know why the cite is born? This foundation, no more than the others, is not a furnished hotel, and very well furnished at that, where you shall have the right to be a stranger to your neighbour. He is English. But he studies the same subjects as you do. Like you, he also thinks. He has, like you, the preoccupations of future, the cares and the joys. Try to understand them. He is different from you only in that he deserves to excite your curiosity and your interest. To the logic of the absolute, on which your thought is mostly nourished, he will bring a pronounced taste for the relative. If his pleasantry astonishes you, he has a practical sense of humour . . . Understand that the taste for the relative and the humour is often the mark of a cardinal virtue: Tolerance . . . And friendship is also a jolly thing . . ."

History Of The Cite

The benefactors of the cite are many. But it is, more than to any thing else, a monument to the imagination, idealism and the drive of a French Senator, and some time education minister, Andre Honnorat. After the first world war, he secured for the Paris University the vast military grounds around the *Montsourris Parc*, in southern Paris, when practically every one else wanted it. When the Paris University was reluctant to acquire it, because it was not quite sure if it could use the whole terrain by the fifteen-year deadline-set by the City of Paris for the completion of the task, Honnorat founded the *National Foundation for Development of the Cite Universitaire of Paris*, and undertook task on behalf of the Paris University. Such a task was evidently not to be achieved solely by donations from French citizens. He offered, therefore, to the foreign governments and other institutions a

very attractive plan: Free allotment of a plot of land, fully developed, in an area that is newer more airy, more elevated and more "academic" than any in Paris and invited them to build a hostel for the benefit for their students, in a garden and yet less than six minutes away from the Sorbonne. To serve as the nucleus for the numerous hostels that sprang up, to house the dining halls, the library, the assembly halls and the theatre he obtained grants from Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., for the magnificent *International House*. And today, about twenty five years from the time the first hostel sprang up, the cite has become an institution without parallel anywhere in the world.

In this garden-city of youth, so idyllic, shall come up soon (how soon?) the India House. This shall provide a real Indian Home for the Indian students here (at present about a hundred), and shall incidentally give the Group of Indian Students in Paris recognition as a Union of Indian Students. Meanwhile, the University of Paris goes on to build another cite *universitaire*, this time in a suburb, and with provision to house young student-couples.

BLOOD PRESERVATION ADVANCE

BOSTON—New techniques of preserving blood so that it may be preserved indefinitely, possibly for generations, has been reported here by Dr. Patrick L. Mollison, of London's Postgraduate Medical School, and Dr. Ivan W. Brown, Jr., of Duke University, North Carolina. They reported their work in mixing blood with glycerine and keeping the mixture at 80 centigrade degrees below zero. They told the joint session of the International Society of Blood Transfusion and the American Association of Blood Banks here that the technique seems to make possible blood preservation for future generations.

—USIS

PEDLAR'S PACK

SPEAKING at a gathering of medicoes at Kurnool, the Vice-Chancellor of the Madras University made one of his infrequent references to the prospects of the medical profession of which he is a distinguished ornament. He referred to the 'craze' for the acquisition of foreign degrees among our youth, and complained that both who could afford and those who could not, managed to go abroad with or without government scholarships. In his view, the time has come to shift the emphasis in favour of local post-graduate studies and degrees. He concluded by declaring that 'a more purposeful and purposive method' should be devised to control the movement of our medical graduates to foreign countries.

The truth about our medical studies is something very different and—distressing. The course has been steadily watered down, not so much by any attenuation of the studies, as by the recruitment of indifferent, mediocre material,—since admissions are controlled by an ingenious blend of passion, prejudice and patronage. The products of the new system are naturally enough found unfit for teaching responsibility without undergoing a post-graduate course, admission to which is again restricted in a still more ingenious manner. An applicant has to go through a new set of turnpikes and hurdles before he can get registered. The glamour attaching to foreign centres has now been transferred to metropolitan institutions in the state; and this automatically rules out a great body of promising practitioners gaining varied and rich experience in their jobs scattered in mofussil centres. If the Vice-Chancellor is really solicitous for the promotion of knowledge and learning in the field, he ought to scrap the present restrictive and vexatious rules of admission, and organise a sort of general entrance examination, corresponding to the preliminary or primary test which qualifies candidates in England for the F.R.C.S., and M.R.C.P. After all the G. P. is better situated to profit himself and the

community by going in for the higher post-graduate training than the purely bookish youth or the fortunate few who wangle admission to the course under present conditions.

It is in desperation that many young men go abroad, because they are deliberately shut out by the regulations now in force. If a secret ballot were taken among the medical fraternity in our midst, we will surely find the great majority opposed to the present system which is fast making a monopoly of the higher reaches of the medical profession,—and that not necessarily by the best of the practitioners! It is notorious that the medical profession even in England is organised on trade-union lines. In the name of etiquette or ethics, it is being ground down here by determined pressure groups whose primary preoccupations are not—professional. It is to be hoped that the Government of India which is responsible for the award of these scholarships in greater numbers will not succumb to the sophistries of such 'experts' who are generally adepts at the exciting pastime of hunting with the hound without having to run with the hare.

* * *

At a conference of the Speakers of all the states presided over by the Speaker of the Lok Sabha, it was decided, among other things, that the presiding officers should have the right of expunction of what they consider objectionable remarks by members.

**Our Speakers in conjunction
Have spoken in tones of unction,—
That it's their highest function
To exercise the right of expunction.**

* * *

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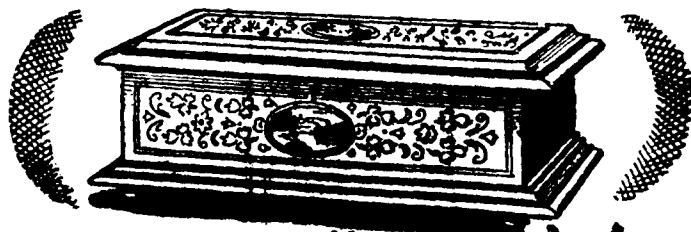
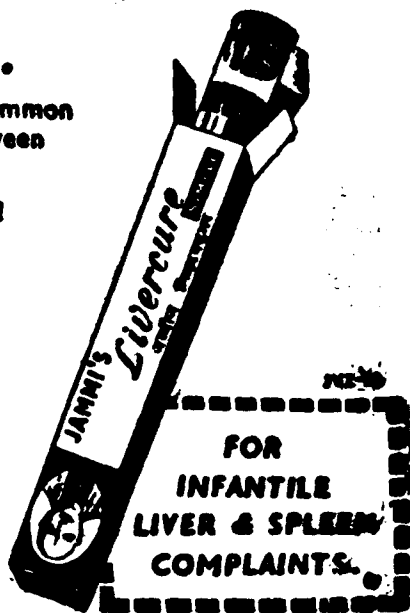
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(Issued Every Saturday)

Vol. XI. 29 September 1956 No. 35.

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SWATANTRA

Vol. XI. SEPTEMBER 29 SATURDAY 1956 No. 35

THE SOLAR COOKER

THIS is a major fraud perpetrated on the people of India. A Press statement from New Delhi dated September 22nd reads:

The Government of India have abandoned the idea of popularising the solar cooker in view of the very poor demand for it in the Indian market.

The National Physical Laboratory where the cooker was developed, did not attempt at a largescale production of it.

The Bombay firm has stopped production, while the Calcutta firm is also said to be following suit.

Foreign countries, however, seem to take interest in the solar cooker as the National Physical Laboratory is receiving inquiries about the process from countries like Egypt, Persia, Nigeria, the U. S., and Australia. Samples of the cooker have been sent to some of those countries.

The wording of this statement tries to hide up a tragicomedy by the powers that be at New Delhi. The Solar Cooker was claimed to be the first great achievement of the National Physical Laboratory established at a heavy cost to the people and with a great fanfare. Dr. K. S. Krishnan, the Director of the Laboratory, was widely advertised as the "inventor" of this contraption, which was claimed to work up a revolution in the domestic kitchen, not only of the people of India but of the whole world. Mr. M. L. Ghai, Assistant Director of the Laboratory, shared the honours of the "invention" with Dr. K. S. Krishnan. Fantastic claims were

set up that 1,100 degrees F. of white heat equivalent to 400 watts or half horse power of electric energy was generated by the sun-cooker and the housewife had in the sun cooker a God-send which would cook food with no running cost whatever, either in the shape of fuel charges or electric charges.

The statement now put out that the National Physical Laboratory did not undertake a large scale production of it is a deliberate falsehood. Basing their faith on the claims made by the scientists who adorn the top-most places in the Laboratory, the Government persuaded certain commercial firms in Bombay and Calcutta to invest their funds and to manufacture these sun-cookers, subject to the control of these scientists in regard not only to the specifications but to the prices also. Widespread distribution organisations were set up by private agencies in all the States and practically in all the districts. Large amounts of money were spent in printing literature concerning the Cooker and in conducting propaganda through advertisements in the press and by participating in exhibitions for popularising the sun-cooker. By imposition of Government prestige and by force of propaganda, quite a few individuals were persuaded to purchase these cookers. All the purchasers let themselves in for a terrific disillusionment. The cooker did not work. The scientific principle involved was very elementary and well known even to primitive people focussed the sun's ray

The Warriors.



a spark and light up a fire. It is upto the scientists to develop the technological application of the principle so as to yoke the Sun's energy to serve the domestic kitchen. This was a task obviously beyond the competence of Dr. K. S. Krishnan and the other worthies on whom the Government has loaded the highest scientific honours in their gift.

Instead of frankly acknowledging their mistake in having misplaced their confidence in the officials of the National Physical Laboratory, the press statement arraigns the people of India for not having bought the cooker in sufficient numbers. The press statement does not lay the blame at the door of the real culprits who designed a bad cooker and caused a terrific loss not only to the Government, who have financed the laboratories and paid them fat salaries, but also to the private individuals who spent their monies in manufacturing the cooker and distributing it, in advertising it, and also in buying up a few specimens which

proved to be a wash-out. The Government instead blame the "poor demand for it in the Indian market"!

In a further attempt to screen the offenders who feign Supreme in the National Physical Laboratory, the press statement mentions with surpassing naivete that, while the backward people of India are indifferent to the glorious achievement of our scientists, foreign countries have exhibited great interest in the "invention" and samples of the cooker have already been shipped to those countries. Would the Government of India vouchsafe to the people the information as to the reaction of the scientists of these foreign countries after they have received the cookers and tried them out? We expect that those replies would be conveyed in mono-syllables—"fake", "fraud." Let us hope that an enterprising member of the Lok Sabha will put the pertinent question and elicit information as to the loss the Government sustained in the sun-cooker scandal.

SIDELIGHTS ::

MR. Ashok Mehta has condemned out of hand the suggestion put forward by Mr. Jayaprakash Narain to work out electoral adjustments between political parties opposed to the Congress so that triangular and multi-angular contests may be avoided. With an air of superior wisdom, Mr. Mehta has declared that the proposal of Mr. Narain was "no ready incubator to hatch the eggs of the opposition prematurely." Mr. Mehta goes to the opposite extreme of awaiting indefinitely for what he calls "abiding alliances between like-minded parties." We would ask Mr. Mehta, if the parties are like-minded why should they be separate? Where is

the need for an alliance when identity is already achieved?

We would, however, agree with Mr. Mehta's condemnation of the Congress regime for creating a situation under which "big monopolists have become bigger and new monopolists are coming up." The latter half of Mr. Mehta's statement, that new monopolists are coming up, is quite evident to every impartial observer of the new set up in India. Certain persons have come by great wealth almost overnight by the simple device of jumping into the Congress bandwagon. The Congress party membership ticket has served as the open

sesame to immeasurable affluence, only the ticket holder should not mind the dubious paths which he would have to wend through to secure the licences and the permits which these paths lead up to. The Congress party men are the "new monopolists" referred to by Mr. Mehta.

What exactly Mr. Mehta means by saying that "big monopolists have become bigger" is not quite so clear. Normally speaking, the series of confiscatory measures adopted by the Congress Government with a view to ushering in the golden age of the socialistic pattern of society should have already denuded all these big monopolists of their bloated wealth. But there is no denying the fact that socialism has misfired in India. Instead of achieving an egalitarian society, we seem to have arrived at the state where the rich have become richer and the poor have become poorer. The bigger monopolists who were in favour with the former British rulers continue to be in favour with the "children of the revolution" who constitute the Congress Government. These monopolists know the ropes. They can achieve their objectives whichever party is in power. They can circumvent every measure adopted to put them down. They have their spies in all the Governmental offices. They know the files better than the Ministers. They can influence the Ministers to do anything for them. If a few Ministers prove recalcitrant, the monopolists can get the orders passed without the knowledge of these Ministers. Under the Congress rule, therefore, the monopolists may be dead in theory, but they live and fatten more and more in fact.

Take the question of land reform, for instance. Certain measures have been forced through the State legislatures under the slogan, "Land to the tiller." The tiller is a hungry person. He does not want land. He

wants food. He cannot eat the earth. Instead of giving him food and more amenities of life by increasing his wages, he is being saddled with a piece of land which he cannot cultivate without the help of capital, which he does not possess. The problem is not one of giving land to the tiller but making land more productive so that the tiller may earn more wages. There should have been enacted a law for minimum wages for the worker on land. This has not been done. Instead, the land worker is sought to be saddled with proprietary rights over land which he cannot enjoy.

There is another side to the land problem which justifies Mr. Mehta's apprehension that the monopolists are continuing to thrive under Congress rule. There are the bigger land holders who hold rights of ownership over extensive territories of land which they are not able to cultivate with any degree of efficiency. There is a crying need for the confiscation of the lands of the bigger owners and the re-distribution of such lands to others who can cultivate the lands more efficiently so that agriculture may be as thriving an industry in India as in other countries. There has been a proposal to fix an upper limit for land holdings. This sensible move, which has the support of all shades of political opinion in the country, has been cleverly shelved by the Congress party in power in all the States at the instance of the monopolists. There have been moves behind the curtain to give priority to the so-called "Fair Rent Bill" which impoverishes the smaller holder of land and postpones to the Greek Kalends the proposal to fix the upper limit in land holding which would have hit the monopolists. Every member of the Congress party, in the various State legislatures, is in this conspiracy to preserve the stranglehold of the bigger land holders on land. It is said that many of the legislators not owning formal allegi-

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ance to the Congress have been bribed by the monopolists to join in this conspiracy and vote with the Congress on this issue. Mr. Mehta is entirely justified in his statement that the "big monopolists become bigger under the Congress party rule."

Pandit Nehru has become alarmed at Mr. J. P. Narain's attempt to form electoral adjustments to defeat the Congress at the forthcoming general elections. The Prime Minister has put forward a plea that electoral propaganda should be confined to "fundamental policy issues". He is decrying the mote in another's eye. The trouble is that the party in power, which he leads, is not based on any declared policies which may be taken as fundamental to that party. It shifts its policies with every passing wind. More than all, it revels in stealing the thunder of its political opponents. Fundamental policies on which the opposition parties erect their platforms are frequently stolen by Pandit Nehru. The slogan of the welfare State was given up by him in favour of the more decorative slogan of the Socialistic pattern of Society with a view especially to weaken the various socialist parties in the country by pretending as though he and his party are as good socialists as any other. Later, this socialistic pattern itself got abandoned in its turn so as to bloom into real socialism. This further change was intended to rope in the communist ideal to further strengthen the Congress. But the master stroke of genius which contributed to the political supremacy of his party was the victory parade, that the Prime Minister led through the length and breadth of India, of the Communist leaders, Bulganin and Krushchev. The rank and file of the Communist Party of India wondered if such cordiality could exist between the international leadership of the Communist Party and Pandit Nehru, whether

Pandit Nehru himself could not be very far from the ideology of the Communists. And, indeed, in the formulation of the Five Year Plans and, what is more to the point, in the propaganda which is a necessary accompaniment of the Five Year Plans, the objectives and the methods of the Congress and the Communist parties get inextricably mixed up. It may well prove to be that the cheers that welcomed comrades Bulganin and Krushchev during their tour of India were really the death knell of the Communist Party of India. There is no fundamental principle of policy to which Pandit Nehru and his party owe allegiance. And there is no fundamental principle of policy either, to which Pandit Nehru and the Congress party have not owed allegiance at sometime or other. It is mock heroics on the part of Pandit Nehru when he threw out his challenge to the opposition parties to fight him on fundamental policy issues when he himself owed no allegiance to such issues. His sneer at the opposition parties that they were like the ten lame men who cannot make one perfect man betrayed his intolerable arrogance which made it out that he was the perfect man while all others in the world were lame.

The Tamilnad North Boundary Protection Committee is conducting a satyagraha movement before the Madras Legislative Assembly premises. Already the leader of the movement, Mr. M. P. Sivagnana Gramani and over 200 volunteers from the border areas have been arrested. The organisers threaten to continue the satyagraha indefinitely until the Tamil speaking areas in the northern border of the Madras State, which have now been included within the boundaries of the Andhra State, are restored to Madras. It is regrettable that the Central Government, which held out promises of settling

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this particular dispute without making it part and parcel of the general question of re-adjustment of State frontiers, have gone back on their original undertaking and have given room for this agitation. The Finance Minister, Mr. C. Subramaniam, in a statement in the Legislative Assembly, said that the Madras Government were quite aware of the seriousness of the problem and that they shared with the satyagrahis the feeling of disappointment at the failure of the Central Government to mete out justice to the Tamils. But he washed his hands clean of any further responsibility in the matter because the Madras Government had already done whatever it was possible to do under the circumstances, and it was now the turn of the Central Government to act. If the Central Government failed to take the necessary action it was up to the people to take further steps in the matter. The Finance Minister went to the extent of giving a *carte blanche* to all and sundry to lead deputations to the Central Government to plead the cause of the Tamils. This is an irresponsible statement from a responsible member of Government. The Government are there to administer the affairs of the people i.e. to govern. They must either govern or quit. They cannot, in any particular matter, throw up their hands in despair and say "we cannot do it, let the people do it, if they can." If the Government feel that a real injustice has been done to the people of this State by the Central Government in this particular matter, they should not merely make formal representations to the higher authority but they must follow it up with the necessary sanction by offering to resign on this issue. Only then, would the Central Government sit up and give due weight to the representations made by the State Government. Otherwise the Central Government are liable to treat the whole matter as an insignificant interlude

which is but a local manifestation of the linguistic fanaticism, now so unhappily prevalent in the whole country. That this dispute in regard to the northern border of the Madras State is not just a clamour for more territory, as is indulged in by other linguistic areas, but is a demand for justice and equity is a fact which has not yet been placed before the Central Government and the people of India. The responsibility for this failure rests squarely on the shoulders of the Madras Government.

SETHU

U. S. LABOUR LEADER LINKS SHORTER WORK WEEK TO AUTOMATION

LABOUR leader George Meany said that the purchasing power of workers must be maintained and their work week shortened before automation can be used on a full-scale basis without disrupting influences.

The president of the American Federation of Labour and Congress of Industrial Organisations (AFL-CIO) told a conference of research directors and union officials that these two points are paramount in discussing automation, the increased use of machines in industry.

Meany said labour must lead, the way in insisting upon the two points for the protection of the economy, which he said, is dynamic because it gives workers the money to purchase the goods they manufacture.

He added that American labour traditionally has taken an "enlightened position" towards machinery replacing manpower. This position, he said, was premised on the theory that the introduction of more such machinery would not necessarily reduce the purchasing power of workers. Automation, he added, must not disturb this purchasing power if it is to avoid being "a curse to civilisation rather than a blessing."—USIS

C. S. RATHNASABAPATHY MUDALIAR

COIMBATORE'S BEST-LOVED CITIZEN

By NILKAN PERUMAL

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CONJEEVARAM Sadasiva Rathnasabapathy Mudaliar, who died on September 15th, was a unique and rare type of man in South India. His funeral was attended by the largest crowd ever seen at Coimbatore. The mourners felt in their hearts that they had lost a good and a great man. C. S. R. was the town's best loved citizen, and he was known and admired throughout South India. In private life, he was a banker, an industrialist and a businessman. But he gave of his best to the public: his fifty years of public life were crowded with brilliant achievements in civics and politics.

His ancestors had been in Coimbatore for one or two generations only, having gone there from Conjeevaram. His father had a home in the heart of the town, and a few acres of arable land, for sustenance. Rathnasabapathy was the eldest son. He had studied upto matriculation. At the age of twenty, he became a member of the Taluq Board as well as of the Municipality. As Taluq Board Chairman, his administration won the admiration of the late Sir P. Rajagopalachari, who was Revenue Member of the Madras Executive Council in the early 1920s. Then, as Municipal Chairman, he made history in Coimbatore. He held the position for fifteen long years.

Service To Citizens

Of all his services to his town, the bringing of drinking water and distributing it to the people at large through taps, is a measure every one remembers with gratitude. The scheme of getting water

for Coimbatore from the Siruvani Hills, twenty five miles away, was conceived in 1870, but none tackled it seriously. When Mudaliar attempted it in 1926, there was a hue and cry that the Municipality could not meet the heavy cost of thirty lakhs. His fellow city-fathers objected that the scheme would ruin the whole municipal structure, but Mudaliar was an incorrigible optimist, and he struck to his guns. When the work was commenced on the scheme, a tunnel had to be bored in the mountain and that took time. His critics took advantage of the delay and conducted a propaganda that the scheme was a failure. Mudaliar immediately laid on a side pipe line and brought the water into Coimbatore within three years, leaving the tunnelling to be finished later on. The citizens were surprised and their joy knew no bounds. Mudaliar was noted for his ceaseless industry. He never spared himself. He visited every nook and corner of his town, and could call by name every citizen! In matters relating to public health, sanitation and extensions of the city area, he took keen interest and Coimbatore could not be the big and important town that it is today, but for his foresight and his fine work as Municipal Chairman. His love of civic service made him stick to his Chairmanship steadfastly like a rock-lizard. Then, when he finally left it, he handed his responsibility to another fine man, the late Mr. S. N. Ponniah Gowder who succeeded him. They were close friends.

Mudaliar's service to the Coimbatore District Board were no less

quotable. He devoted a dozen years of his life to intense activity on this local body. During those years, Mudaliar neglected his personal life. He cared little as to what happened at home, to his properties or relatives. He spent his money like water, helping many causes and people in his town. At one time it seemed that he would run into bankruptcy because of his carelessness in personal affairs, and his younger brother Meenakshi Sundaram had to assume all family responsibility! But, unfortunately, the brother died in another year. Those were days when Municipal Chairmen and District Board Presidents, I mean some of them, were exploiting their official position. Money could be made in tons in such offices. I have in mind one District Board President in Tanjore, and a Municipal Chairman in Salem, who made a few lakhs for themselves. Mudaliar, if he wanted to, could have become a millionaire, but then, his hands were clean. It has been universally acknowledged that he was incorruptible.

Filled Many Offices

In the early 1940s, he founded a textile mill by floating a joint-stock company, with a capital of six lakhs of rupees. That mill had its ups and downs, but with the last war, it was firmly established in business. Meanwhile, he became a member of the Madras Legislative Council, and served as a legislator for a decade. He became in 1940 President of the Federation of Indian Chambers of Commerce in New Delhi. It was necessary for every holder of that office, to spend at least a lakh of rupees in a year, and Mudaliar spent it cheerfully.

Mudaliar turned out to be a speculator in his business. He was fond of doing everything in a big way. He made and lost money in lakhs, but losses never worried him. He was

always cool and calculating. He never lost his temper. Ever smiling, he met good luck as well as his losses calmly throughout. He suffered from diabetes, and heart trouble for thirty years. But he ate well and enjoyed all the pleasures of life immensely; but he never touched alcohol.

A Great Commoner

The popularity of Mudaliar was entirely due to his large-heartedness towards one and all. He would never give a negative answer to any one who approached him for help, and tried to do his best to satisfy every man in want. He gave little or a lot as circumstances would permit, but he gave freely. He would mix himself with the poor and the rich enthusiastically and the workers at his mill always had the satisfaction of his company in social functions in their homes. He gave them presents on such occasions. There was no trace of arrogance or impudence on his part, a feature we notice in most newly-rich folk. Anybody could see him at any time and he was free in his talk.

Mudaliar did not care for fame or name. When the Coimbatore people wanted to celebrate his 60th birthday, *Sashtiabdapurthi*, on a grand scale and collected a few lakhs for a memorial for the occasion in 1946, he would not permit any such demonstration of affection. Then, the citizens had to content themselves with a simple public meeting to felicitate him. Even so, when I told him last March that his seventy-first birthday should be marked by some public recognition he told me to be silent about the matter! "How do you know that my birthday falls on 9th of March?" he smilingly asked me. He kept it a secret always, I am told.

A great south Indian who dominated public life is now no more.

New Books

SPORT AND PASTIME

WE are in receipt of the brilliantly got up annual issue of *Sport and Pastime*.

The best way of saying the maximum in minimum words is to employ photographs and rightly does *Sport and Pastime* utilise this medium. The journal is flooded with pictures both in black and white and in colours. Some of the photographs have captured the great moments in actual life and are bound to please the readers. The pictures of the Russian Gymnasts in action deserve special mention.

The editorial, on 'Looking Back', is a comprehensive survey of the achievements of Indian sportsmen in out door and indoor stadia during the year.

Due assessment is made of the milestones of progress in our sports like the record breaking first wicket partnership of Roy and Mankad against the New Zealanders. India defeating Pakistan in the Indo-Pak athletic meet, Krishnan beating Drobny at Wimbledon and Nagaraj's achievement in the World Table Tennis championships at Tokyo.

The pictures relating to the New Zealand Cricketers herald a virtual invasion of photograph. The greatness of Miller is told in four pictures. The words,—"only the great can take it (the Test) up in their hands and alter its shape. Miller has indeed performed miracles with the bat and the ball and in fielding"—are deserving of the now retiring, greatest of the all-rounders, Keith Miller.

Then a series of portraits of leading sportsmen are given, some of them in colour—together with short foot-notes about the stars concerned. This series will go a long way in making the general public get acquainted with our leading figures in sports.

The Olympic Story and *National Games History* are told mainly through pictures and refer to the triumphal parade of our victories in Hockey from Amsterdam to Helsinki and on to Melbourne.

The section on films carries many portraits of our leading stars all in colour, and a leading article about the great film, *Pathar Panchali*.

However, the colour portraits do not convey the message they are intended to, because somehow the colour reproduction is not up to the mark. It would have been better if the portraits were all printed on art paper.

SNK.

"THE CURRENT:" 7th Birth Day Number. Price Re. 1.

THE 7th Birth Day Number of this popular Bombay weekly is a 64-page issue carrying special articles in addition to the usual features like reports from the Indian States, sports round up, women's affairs etc. In a leading article, Sri Morarji Desai writes on the vital necessity for a free press for the growth and maintenance of democracy. Sri S. K. Patil, President of the Bombay Pradesh Congress Committee, describes the part that the new bilingual Bombay State will play in shaping the future welfare State of India. The veteran South Indian Journalist, Mr. Pothan Joseph, records his impressions of Soviet Russia and Red China gathered during his recent tour of the two countries. He says that "the Communists after their ordeals of three decades have become a level-headed people proudly conscious of having survived a dangerous era, but still fearful of a capitalist conspiracy to enslave humanity." He concludes that "if no despot usurps power, Communism will last."

The editor, Mr. D. F. Karaka, tells of the battles that the current has waged since its inception for "INDEPENDENT ALWAYS, NEVER NEUTRAL" journalism. Lovers of democracy will be pained to read his account of the way in which the Railway Ministry has been trying to ban the sale of his journal in railway bookstalls. He says, quite correctly, that the action of the Railway Ministry is an affront to the dignity of the Fourth Estate, and should be resisted by all independent newspapers in the country.

Other interesting articles on Aarey Milk Colony, Koyna Hydro-electric Scheme, land reforms and State transport in Bombay, profusely illustrated with bright pictures, add to the attraction of this issue, and provide sumptuous reading matter. We wish the *Current* many more years of useful service.

N. RAMANATHAN

Peking Me Mere Teen Varsh (My three years in Peking) By Ko Ling. Price Re. 1. Published by Navachetan Press Ltd., Delhi. pp. 150.

THE trials and tribulations of the Chinese people during the period of their long struggle with the Japanese, serve as the backdrop to this book of reminiscences written by Ko Ling who left her Motherland with her husband and other members of her family when the Japanese occupied Peking and parts of Eastern China.

Even while in exile, Ko Ling had abundant faith in her country and people and knew that the Japanese occupation was only a brief interlude of misery and that the brave people of China would soon throw off the yoke of the foreign tyranny. After the end of the Second World War, Ko Ling returned to her native land and lived happily with her husband and other members of the family for three years in Peking, the "celestial city."

The book is mainly an interesting account of the every day life of the common people living in China. Ko Ling has portrayed their jokes and jealousies, loves and hates in a really authentic way. The book is a good introduction to the study of conditions in post-war China.

Cehatong Ki Phalwadi (The Umbrella Garden) By Maria Yen. Price Rs. 2-8-0. Navachetan Press Ltd., Delhi. pp. 318.

Student life in Red China forms the theme of this book. It tells of the efforts made by the Chinese Government in 1949 to canalise the energies of the young students to consolidate the gains of the Communist Revolution that put an end to the Kuomintang regime. In twelve chapters the authoress explains how the Universities and the educational authorities actively participated in spreading communism in China. One wonders whether it would not have been better for the leaders of China to have left the students alone and kept the educational institutions free from the contamination of political propaganda. Though the subject matter is sordid, the book is written in a racy style.

Mahabali Ki Patan. By Igor Gouzenko. Price Rs. 3. Navachetan Press Ltd., Delhi. pp. 462.

This is a good Hindi translation of Igor Gouzenko's novel, "The Fall of a Titan". The book consists of eight parts, each part having a number of chapters. Though the novel is bulky in size, the author has succeeded in retaining the interest of the original novel, mainly through his descriptive powers, fine narration and arresting style. The novel is bound to be popular among Hindi readers. One hopes that the publishing house will arrange to print more Hindi translations of novels and classics in foreign languages in order to enrich the literature of Hindi.

MRS. RAMALAKSHMI LAXMAN

FILMS

By V. P. SATHE

STALE awards were given away on the 20th September. The function itself proved to be a tame affair. To begin with Dr. Rajendra Prasad, the President, could not attend; and Pandit Nehru who deputized for him chose to be silent. The Prime Minister was perhaps too pre-occupied with the political issues to spare time to speak on films.

It was a great pity that Shri Satyajit Roy, the creator of *Pather Pancholi* and Shri V. Shantaram, the producer of *Jhanak Jhanak* were not present at the function to receive the awards. Even Dr. Keskar's speech was nothing new; it was a repetition of what he had said in Parliament and to the representatives of Indian Motion Picture Producers' Association a week ago in Bombay.

The awards themselves did not create much controversy though unlike in previous two years they were not announced till the 20th of September 1956. The recipients were not definite about their claims till the last hour. In fact, some of them could not make up their minds till the 19th whether to attend the function or not. The only surprise was the inclusion of *Shri Saibaba* for the All India certificate of merit when the picture had failed to get the silver medal for the regional language film. It is claimed that this picture was given preference because it happened to be the biography of a Saint who is worshipped by millions today. The point is whether this biography, full of legends and miracles, could be considered authentic. The non-inclusion of *Seema* in any awards caused no small surprise.

Had the Film Federation stuck to its original plan and celebrated the Silver Jubilee of the Talkie in Delhi along with the presentation of the awards, the function would have been more colourful. It was left to Raj Kapoor, Nargis and other stars to lend glamour and colour to the function which deserved to be better attended. Would it not be better to have this function at one of the film-capitals like Bombay, Calcutta and Madras by rotation so that the film people can mobilize in greater number to attend the function?

Picture of the week

Though every Indian picture has its quota of songs and dances, they cannot be called musicals. For, songs and dances are embellishments and never the principal attraction of the screen play. An exception to this rule is K. Amarnath's *Naya Andaz* which is designed on the lines of Hollywood musicals.

In *Naya Andaz*, the songs and dances—there are about a dozen of them—predominate; the story is just incidental and serves as a good excuse for the various songs and dances. For, it is the story of a composer who is out to make a name for himself and his love for the leading lady who sings and dances to his tunes. The dramatic conflict is provided first by the father who is opposed to his son's ambition and later by the theatre-boss who is jealous of his love affair with the heroine and uses every trick to discredit the composer, starts a rival show to separate him from his beloved. But love triumphs over all difficulties.

The story is not good or exciting; but it serves the purpose. For that matter, even the song and dance numbers are not very good or spectacular. The choreography is elementary and the music though pleasant, and tuneful, does not rise to the heights of popular hits. Though Shamsheed and Kishore sing well, the tunes that Nayyar chooses for this

picture are not very suitable for their voices. As a result, the music and songs are second-rate.

As to the dances, Meena Kumari is no dancer and though she has put life and verve in her movements, she fails to impress due to the poor composition of dances. Yet she looks alluring and beautiful and gives a charming portrayal. Kishore does not get much chance to show off his comic antics and Johnny Walker steals every scene from him. Kum Kum is lively and contributes a lively cameo. The actor who plays the Sikh taxi-driver also deserves special mention.

Production values are average with Buva's good camerawork. The direction by K. Amarnath is competent and credit must be given to him for giving us a second-rate but enjoyable entertainer in *Naya Andaz*.

Personality of the Week

Most of the prominent music directors of the pre-war days have now almost gone into oblivion. If the life of a star is five years, the life of a music director is said to be ten years. A happy exception to this rule is Anil Biswas who has been giving music for over two decades.

Anil's first tune that brought him into limelight twenty-one years ago was *Tumhe Muzke Prem Sikhaya* sung by Bibbo and Surendra in Mehboob's *Manmohan*. Since then, right upto *Aurat* Anil gave music for every picture directed by Mehboob. Later he joined Bombay Talkies and was responsible for that sensational hit *Kismet*. It was Anil's tune in *Pehli Nazar*, that brought Mukesh to the fore; and Anil's tune in *Anokha Pyar* put Lata on the top.

No wonder, Anil Biswas is today one of the most respected and revered music director who has a thorough knowledge of Western and Oriental music. He has studied the classical

as well as folk music of India; and he is one of the very few directors who has not succumbed to the temptation of introducing jazzy tunes in his score. Anil has been more insistent on classical base than any other music director.

Anil made motion picture history last week when he sang his latest tune on long-distance telephone call to Moscow. Anil is giving music for the first Indo-Russian co-production *Pardesi*; and he has already recorded four songs. Now with Producer-Director Abbas away in Moscow, he had completed the new tune which is to be sung by Lata and recorded on 24th September 1956. So to get the final consent from Abbas, he sang the tune on the telephone which Abbas and his associates approved from Moscow!

On hearing some of his latest tunes for *Pardesi* and for Mahesh Kaul's picture for Filmistan, one feels that Anil is still in his best form and that his music will continue to enrich our screen for many years to come.

News of the Week

To celebrate the Radium Jubilee (75th Week) of *Jhanak Jhanak* Shantaram has organized musical concerts at Liberty for 7 days at the usual cinema prices. Bade Ghulam Ali Khan, Khansaheb Amir Khan, Bismilla and Party, Siddeshwari Devi, Gangubai Hangal, Balgandharva, Kumar Gandharva, Begum Akhtri and Khansaheb Nissar Hussain are participating in these concerts.

Kishore Kumar is soon donning the mantle of producer. He is making a picture which M. V. Raman will direct and in which Madhubala will co-star. Raman is expected to direct one picture for Madhubala Ltd., starring the same pair, while Madhubala has been signed by Raman for his next production.

NEW DELHI DIARY

By V. V. PRASAD



PAKISTAN is gradually freeing itself from the tyranny of the Muslim League. Khan Abdul Gaffar Khan, who is the greatest mass leader in Pakistan, has explained during trial that the leaders of the Muslim League were not fighters for the freedom of their country. He pointed out that there was a conspiracy between the Muslim League and the British. "I do not believe that the leaders of the Muslim League ever served the people, or that they made any sacrifice for Islam or for the common people. They wanted Pakistan for their own selves and had succeeded in their objective," he declared.

Badshah Khan is the younger brother of Dr. Khan Saheb, and has been opposed to the idea of one unit for West Pakistan. He stood for a Pakhtoonistan, forming an integral part of Pakistan. This has been purposely misinterpreted by the Muslim League as a demand for an independent State.

Khan Abdul Ghaffar Khan had also offered to solve the Kashmir dispute with India on two occasions, but the Pakistan Government did not accept his offer. The late Mr. Liaquat Ali Khan had explained to two legislators that he did not want another *Qaide Azam*. The Muslim League leaders were really not interested in the solution of the Kashmir question, said Badshah Khan. "They were only interested in their ministerial chairs."

There is a gradual realisation among the masses of Pakistan that they have been betrayed by the Muslim League. It has taken nearly ten

years for the people of Pakistan to get rid of their incompetent and corrupt leaders of the Muslim League. Dr. Khan Saheb is the best administrator that Pakistan has today. He has been trying hard to effect a transition from the bad Government to a good Government. He is credited with the intention of bringing the younger element in the political leadership of Pakistan into responsible positions in that country. The best wishes of the people of India are ever with the people of Pakistan in their efforts to establish good Government in their country.

In an exclusive interview, Dr. Saifuddin Kitchlew told me: "There is no Kashmir issue any more. What is in your possession belongs to you and what is with me is mine. Now that Pakistan has aligned itself with the Western bloc completely, the question of plebiscite in Kashmir does not arise."

Dr. Kitchlew drew the attention of the Press to Pakistan's position in the world today. He pointed out that the foreign policy of Pakistan has led to a situation wherein none of its neighbours—neither India, nor Afghanistan, nor China nor Soviet Russia—could be described as "friendly" to Pakistan. That was the result of wrong policies adopted by the rulers of Pakistan.

Dr. Kitchlew also told the Pakistani Press that none of the countries of the Middle East regarded Pakistan as a friend, because of its support to the Dulles Plan at the London

Conference on Suez. Since then, of course, there have been changes in the Government of Pakistan, and a more satisfactory foreign policy is being evolved by the Suhrawardy Cabinet.

Bulgaria has been very much in the news in the capital this week-end. The new Minister, Mr. Daskalov, held one of the most colourful receptions in recent months to celebrate the Bulgarian National Day, which was attended, among others, by Vice-President Radhakrishnan. A new Indo-Bulgarian Friendship Society was formed with Dr. P. Subbarayan as President.

Speaking at the inaugural function of the Society, Mr. Daskalov gave an account of the progress made by his country during the past twelve years. Since the establishment of the People's Democracy in 1944, Bulgaria had grown from a backward agrarian country to a rapidly developing industrial nation. Her industrial production at present was 5.5 times that of the output of 1939. National income during this period had advanced by 50 per cent. Agriculture, which was in a rather primitive condition before liberation, had been completely re-organised on a co-operative basis, and thoroughly modernized with over 60 per cent mechanisation.

As far as cultural activities were concerned, Mr. Daskalov declared that the Government had succeeded in wiping out illiteracy completely from the people below 50 years of age. At various stages, from primary to specialized and technical education, the increases registered have been from two to six times.

It is heartening to find that Jaya Prakash Narayan has joined those who had been warning our country of the dangers of the personality cult. Mr. Ajoy Ghosh had joined our ranks some weeks ago. J. P. has called it "the pernicious cult of personality." J. P. has confirmed that the "cavalier

manner" against which Mr. C. D. Deshmukh feebly complained "is not just a fleeting symptom, but an indication of a fast-spreading disease, fear, adulation, power-maneuvres, arbitrariness—all the components of the cult are present and they should be a warning to all lovers of freedom."

In view of this realisation on the part of J. P., it is difficult to appreciate his unwillingness to fight the Congress Party at the elections in the most effective manner. If a common programme can be evolved, there is no reason why it should not form the basis for a joint election strategy. The Sarvodaya concept steers clear of the party system. What is needed is a Joint Election Board consisting of representatives of the P.S.P., and other parties, as well as of Independents, which should choose candidates solely on the basis of merit, irrespective of whether they belong to a particular party or not.

I was glad to see an excellent translation in Telugu of Ivan Olbracht's *Nikola Suhaj, the Robber*. More works of outstanding literary merit from all over the world are translated into Telugu than in any other Indian language except Bengali. Mr. Rentala Pitcheswara Rao has translated from the original in Czech, and his effort is perhaps the first translation from this language in Telugu.

There is a great literary tradition in Czechoslovakia, and it will be well worth our while to make the masterpieces of Czech literature available in our languages. Ivan Olbracht is one of the greatest modern writers of Czechoslovakia, and died only a few years ago. *Nikola Suhaj* is a novel about a legendary outlaw and friend of the poor, a kind of Robin Hood. Both Robin Hood and Nikola Suhaj loved freedom, and therefore took shelter in the forests, where tyrannical exploiters could not reach. They

(Continued on page 39)

THE MRIDANGAM PLAYER

WHEN we were boys we played "musicians" and the part invariably assigned to me and the one I liked most was that of the *mridangam* vidwan. *Mridangam* as a stage property was hard to get and so also were other instruments generally featured in a South Indian concert.

Our stage was an improvised platform, made up of two or three tables or desks and it was assembled in a room as far away from the kitchen as possible because it was there grandma, our guardian and governess, worked and she was not exactly fond of plays, especially of the variety specialised in by us. She was fond of us, but she was too much of a puritan to understand dramas and such other new fangled ideas. She generally left us to our device so long as (i) we did not make too much noise to disturb her work and (ii) our neighbour, a regular killjoy, did not complain.

It was difficult, if not impossible, to carry on our entertainment under those stringent conditions for noise as it seemed to others is the *sine qua non* of our activities and it not only reached the kitchen creating violent reactions in the presiding deity there, but it overflowed into the neighbour's bedroom where it shook him from his afternoon siesta.

The neighbour, it was very unfortunate, was at home during the week-ends which was also the occasion when we children gathered in strength and planned our games. It was a delight to watch his reactions to our deliberations. There was anxiety and concern written large on his face and inwardly he said a prayer to himself that we might decide on anything but not on a music concert. As it happened, however, the concert was our favourite and there was no restriction on the number of persons who could participate in it.

We liked instrumental concerts more than vocal singing because our heroes were the *nadhaswara* vidwans, the flutists, the violinists and the *mridangam* and *ganjira* players. Usually we had two to play the *nadhaswaram* and they had any number of accompaniments, including the violin, the *mridangam* and the *ganjira*, not to speak of the *thavul*.

It was rather unorthodox, you might think, clubbing the *nadhaswaram* with violin and *mridangam*, but we liked it that way and children will be children. We fashioned the *nadhaswaram* by clipping the ends of thatched coconut leaves. They were small, of course, compared to the long instruments of the piper, but by applying them to our lips and extending our tiny arms as far as possible we could pass the test with flying colours. We sang into the *nadhaswarams* all the music that we knew and it was not much considering the fact that our knowledge generally did not extend beyond the first line of the song. There was a disadvantage in using the coconut leaf because our effort released so much saliva that our instruments soon became wet and had to be constantly replaced. This meant frequent dismantling of our thatched roof to the consternation of our neighbour who also happened to be our landlord.

It was easier to find a violin and it did not involve replacement so often. We picked up the hard fibre of plantain leaves which was sheared and thrown away and cut them into lengths suitable to us. We needed two pieces, one for the violin and the other for the bow. We rested the rod against our chest and ran the bow across it with the expertness of a born musician. There was, of course, a risk involved in this and many times the concert, when it was at its best, had to be stopped in the

middle because the fiddle had collapsed under the pressure of the bow.

The *mridangam* was not so easy to find and till the last it was the most dissatisfying instrument we had to handle. Since I was the recognised player of the *mridangam* the choice was left to me and I tried and experimented but success always eluded me. I began with an empty kerosene tin. It had the advantage of size and though I had to sit on it to beat it on both sides it was worth the trouble for two reasons: firstly it gave me a dominating position over the others and secondly the sound was terrific, so terrific in fact that it was ultimately its undoing. When my *mridangam* was on the air, so to speak, nothing else was heard above the din it created and it became a one-man concert. The *nadhaswara* vidwans and the violin player were alarmed for they were nowhere in the picture and their music was completely drowned by the *mridangam*. The ranks of the pipers were strengthened and more *nadhaswarams* were distributed, but they could not dislodge the supremacy of the drum.

In the end an appeal was made to me to cast away the kerosene tin and use a less disturbing instrument, but I flatly refused. They implored me on bended knees, but I would not yield. I felt proud at that moment and Hitler could not have been more at the height of his career. I was strong and I was aware of it. I sat on the tin, crossing my knees and picking my nails while all around me a storm was raging.

I could see by the corner of my eyes that hurried consultations were being held and that some of the participants were hurling angry words at me. One of them could be heard suggesting that the drum should be confiscated and that I should be barred from the concert. From the volume of answering shouts, it was plain that there was considerable support to this suggestion. I scented violence and began to think furiously.

Meanwhile, saner counsels seemed to have prevailed on the other side and a peace mission consisting of three members came to negotiate with me. I was told that I should give up the kerosene tin and in return I would be promoted to the ranks of the *nadhaswara* vidwans or if I preferred to stick to the *mridangam* I could choose a pillow, a fair selection of which they had brought with them. If I rejected both these alternatives they would have no other course open to them except to use violence which, as men wedded to peace, they hated to do.

So it was a question of peace or war. I was shaken a bit inside, but I dare not show it and I held my ground. I made it plain to them that I was entirely justified in having recourse to the kerosene tin since they could not give me anything better and having left the choice to me they should not complain if I chose the best available material. As for using the pillow, I said I would not do so under any circumstances for I considered it as an act of humiliation. The pillow would never make a sound and whoever heard of a *mridangam* that was silent. As regards the threat of violence, I said I would treat it with the contempt it deserved. After all, there was a higher authority (in this case, grandma) and if I could not get justice from them I would go to that tribunal.

The breakdown of parleys was announced to the general body of members on the other side and another conference was held to consider the next step. They were speaking in whispers now and I could not hear a word. I was tormented by doubt and a battle was going on in my mind. To retreat or not to retreat, that was the question. If I retreated I could avoid bloodshed, but I would lose face and I would have to use a pillow as a *mridangam*. When I thought of the pillow, all the tradition and spirit of the musician in me rebelled and advised me not to surrender.

What if I appealed to grandma? I knew I was her pet and she had always rescued me from trouble. She never worried about the laws of the game or the right and wrong of a question; to her I was always right and my enemies were her enemies. She did not believe in non-violence either, and she had no standard weapons which are customarily used in households all the world over to chastise children. She grabbed anything that came to her handy at the moment and though pretty old could wield them with tremendous force. So much so, when she was angry our disposal squad went into quick action and removed all potential weapons out of her sight and she would be left with her bare arms to give expression to her feelings.

But where was the certainty that grandma would uphold me in this instance? For one thing she hated noise and even the slightest sound irritated and annoyed her. For another she had always tried to please the neighbour who had let out the house at a concession to her and had helped her off and on with loans without interest. And the neighbour was not my friend. In fact I was the bone of disagreement between my grandma and the neighbour. He wanted that I should be sent to a hostel because he considered me an ill-bred and ill-disciplined boy and she stoutly defending me and declaring I was the apple of her eye. It was quite likely in the circumstances that grandma might uphold the objections of the neighbour to noise of all kinds and agree with the other party in dispossessing me of my *mridangam*.

While I was still cogitating, events had taken a swift course on the other side and before I could turn round to have a look at things I was overpowered by strong hands and taken prisoner. My territory was invaded.

the kerosene tin thrown outside the window with a crashing sound and there were shouts of joy which could only be made by victors. There was now no alternative left for me but to use my last weapon and that was to let out a yell which covered a radius of five miles at a modest estimate.

The result was electric. Grandma rushed from the kitchen with varied assortment of weapons in her hand, including a broomstick, the neighbour dashed to the room with reinforcements from the bridge party that had been in progress on the verandah and soon a crowd had collected in front of the house making wild guesses as to what had happened.

The first business of grandma was to protect her frontiers and so she issued orders to the neighbour to clear the crowd which was demanding news. The neighbour came out and read a bulletin which said that there had been a slight domestic commotion caused by the children quarrelling among themselves and that the situation was now under control. The crowd melted away disappointed, no doubt, for they had expected a murder or at least an attempt of murder and would have been pleased to see the police on the spot.

Inside, the old lady firmly took stock of the situation and restored order through measures which could only be termed savage. She did not spare anyone and in the general martial law which she declared, the division which separated me and the others was eliminated and all of us had a taste of the broomstick and the piece of firewood. She was particularly keen on making an exhibition of me, I suppose, for she showered her favours on me in such a way that for the next week I was in bed nursing my aching back and the bruises on my knees.

DR. IQBAL

By M. A. RASHEED

IQBAL was born in Sialkot (Punjab) in 1876. He came of Kashmiri Brahmin Stock which embraced Islam three hundred years ago. His family lineage goes back to the Sapru family of Kashmiri Brahmins. He graduated from the Government College at Lahore. He served as a Professor of Philosophy and Political Science at the Oriental College, Lahore, and later as Assistant Lecturer in English at the Government College, Lahore. Then he went to Europe on a study tour and visited different centres of education all over the continent. He studied law in London and worked in the London School of Political Science before returning to India as a barrister. He returned to the Lahore Government College as the Chief Lecturer in Philosophy. Later, he turned to the legal profession and was a barrister till the end of his life. Even amidst his professional activities he devoted himself to poetry and became famous in his life time. Most of his works have been translated into the different languages of the world.

Before Iqbal, Urdu poetry was a replica of the Persian and the technique used was old and narrow. Ghalib tried to revolutionize it, but Iqbal rejected it and adopted the English form. Iqbal's poetry is modern. His verses are musical and melodious. In him there is not the obscurity characteristic of Ghalib and other Urdu poets. He is lucid and clear.

In India very few people read Iqbal today, as he was an Urdu poet and his poetry is religious in outlook and the non-Muslims feel an aversion to him. But the message which he gave to the Muslims of India applies to all mankind. It is a Philosophy of life and existence. To restrict him to Islam is to do him injustice. Sir Tej

Bahadur Sapru said of him, "those people are doing injustice to Iqbal, who say that he was only an Urdu poet. To say this is to restrict his sphere of influence. It is true that he wrote much on Islamic Philosophy, Islamic glory and Islamic culture, but nobody says of Milton that he was a Christian poet or of Kalidasa that he was a Hindu poet. If he writes about the great deeds of Islamic history, or speaks about Islamic glory, there is no point that non-Muslims should not like him". His poetry is an echo of national patriotism and a love for the home land.

Four Phases

Iqbal's poetry can be divided into four distinct phases. The first phase represents the poet's search for truth and an appreciation of the beauty of nature. The poetry of this period is full of imagery and description. The poetry of the second phase is a reflection of the poet's national aspirations, representing an appreciation of the greatness of one's own country and a desire to raise it in the estimation of others.

The third phase is one of transition. During this period his poetry took a new turn. Instead of being nationalistic, it tended to become religious. He began to feel about this time that Islamic philosophy and culture alone had the requisites for a happy life.

According to Iqbal, the Muslims of India degenerated, by forgetting their culture. They became ignorant, illiterate, down trodden and poor. He attributed the decadence of Indian Muslims to the philosophy of self-denial and complete dependence on fate. He was of the view that the philosophy of self-renunciation had

produced inaction in them and had made them idle and slavish.

He says that the Muslims of India have lost faith in religion and God. He asks them to rebuild their faith and gain confidence in their lives.

"Unswerving faith, incessant action and world winning love,
Are the swords of men in the battle of life."

The Secret of Success

Further he proceeds to say that *self* is the secret of success in life and advises them to sink themselves in *self* and achieve success.

"Sink thyself in Self, this is the secret of life,

Disentangle yourself from the chains of night and day and become eternal."

He asks them to shape their lives in such a way that they will be able to assert their existence on earth. He says that one should be a master of his *self* and not a slave to it.

"Develop a steel like character in the matters of life,

And in the chamber of love become as soft as silk,

Pass away like a gust of wind through hills and deserts.

And become a sweet singing stream of a garden comes in way."

Such is the conception of Iqbal's *self*; one should adjust one's *self* with one's environment. Aloofness creates conflicts and dissipations in life. He warns Indian Muslims that if they do not heed his message in time they will be wiped out of the universe.

Iqbal derived his conception of *self* from Nietzsche, the German philosopher. He, however, criticised him for his atheism. He, therefore, modelled it to his own liking. Nietzsche, an atheist, did not believe in God; he substituted the *self* in its place. Iqbal, an orthodox Muslim, wanted to see his *self* supreme only under the subjugation of the divine will. But Nietzsche discarded the conception of God. According to

Iqbal *self* is the motive force of life. If it is kept alive the individual will survive and flourish, if it is left uncared for it dies away and the individual becomes a slave.

Philosophy and Mysticism

The fourth phase of Iqbal's poetry is a period of Philosophy and mysticism. The poetry of this period is the expression of the mystical soul; it is a rapture of his emotional heart of this period. Iqbal's philosophy is a denial of the material world and an assertion of the immortality of the infinite reality. It is a realisation of the transient nature of matter and the infinity of time. In his famous poem "The secrets of *self*", he says:

"You have not understood, ignorant man, the meaning of time,

How can you be aware of the secrets of eternal life,

What can you understand about the nature of time, bound in the chains of night and day,

If you want to understand time, understand it with God,

Now and then have born with the movement of time,

Life itself is a secret in the mystery of time,

You see the sun, if cannot be, as absolute as time,

Time is eternal, but it can never become eternal,

What are pleasure and pain, grief and joy, are but time,

And what is the glowing of the Sun and Moon, is but time,

Your idea that time is like space is wrong,

Your estimation of now and then is wrong,

You have flown away like scent from your heaven,

You have created a prison for thyself,

Time is ours, to which there is no origin, no end,

That which we have created for ourselves."

The philosophy of Iqbal follows that of Nietzsche. Nietzsche had a superman; Iqbal too had an ideal

man. Iqbal pictured his ideal in the imagery of a bird of prey like the vulture called *Shaheen* in Urdu. The bird hunts other birds and kills them. It will not prey on the catch of other birds or dead flesh. It does not mingle with other birds nor does it have any nest. It remains aloof, high in the sky. Iqbal appreciates the individuality of the bird. He says,

"Your abode is not on the domes of palatial mansions.

You are a *Shaheen* you should live on the precipice of hills."

Iqbal conceived his ideal man as one who will not beg nor will he bow before others, but will be subject to divine will. Nietzsche's superman is not of the ordinary type. He is above the fuss of ordinary people. The ordinary people are born to drudge and serve him. The superman is not subject to the rules and regulations of the day-to-day life. He is above all. To him there is no law, nor is he governed by any one. He requires leisure, disbelief and freedom. The superman is Godless. The main difference between the Philosophy of Nietzsche and of Iqbal lies in the fact that the former is an atheist and Iqbal is an orthodox Muslim and hence a theist.

Iqbal can be compared with Dante, Nietzsche and Goethe in the West and Jalaludin Rumi and Rabindranath Tagore in the East. He closely resembles Dante in his celestial poem, *Seira-obscura*. It is a journey through heaven. Though Iqbal's celestial poem, *Javeed Nama*, is also a journey through heaven, it is in reality a review of the ideologies of the greatest thinkers of the world. Dante's journey through heaven was for the purification of his own self but Iqbal's journey is a revelation of Oriental glory.

Iqbal closely resembles Tagore of the *Gitanjali*. The short poems of Iqbal compiled in *Bale-Gibreel* (The wing of Gabriel) has the tone and tenor of the hymns of *Gitanjali*. In both there is intensity of love and emotion, there is the surge of passion. But in Tagore there is calmness and patient endurance and complete surrender to the illimitable reality, whereas in Iqbal there is no such calmness or endurance but there is restlessness of the soul, firmness of love and individuality of self. In Tagore's poetry there is the touch of feminine beauty and in Iqbal's poetry there is the pride and arrogance of a male.

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Short Story

THE WONDERFUL PLAN

Robert Zacks

THE odd, wild idea first came to Paul after the office luncheon given to Mr. McCready upon his retirement. Paul would never have had such a notion otherwise, because, after all, Mr. McCready put in 40 years of coming in to work each morning, plodding through the day, and wearily going home at night. And how much time had Paul put in? Four years, three as a bachelor and one year since he'd married Joan.

It was an occasion both sad and pleasant because there's something about the end of the trail on a job and the grayness of a man's hair that makes the younger men wince. Not that Mr. McCready felt that way. He went around, after cleaning out his desk, thanking each man and woman for the gold cigarette case they'd given him, his blue eyes twinkling with a real joy.

To Paul he said shortly, "It's something special to say good-bye to you, son. Because you're the newest and the youngest here. We're the beginning and the end, you might say."

"I hate seeing you leave," said Paul.

"Don't say that," said Mr. McCready. "Do you realize at last I can spend all day with my wife? Too bad it takes so long."

Later, going home, Paul brooded over how much he missed his own wife all day. He almost wished he were now retiring. While driving through heavy traffic in his somewhat battered old car, he mused upon the change marriage had worked in him. Before, he had amiably worked through the hours, and when the

day ended he filled his evenings pleasantly. Now even going in mornings to the job was a wrenching of spirit, a creating of loneliness and an ache, because he had to leave Joan.

Amazing, he thought in awe. Simply amazing.

Well, not exactly, he argued with himself as he drove into his street and parked the car. Joan was such a wonderful girl, so incredibly alive and sparkling and such fun, that by comparison the hours of work were an unfair punishment. A lump came into his throat as he looked out of the car window at the trim, split-level house they'd bought. Inside was contentment; inside was Joan with warmth, love and laughter; inside was the astonishing leather easychair she'd found for him that fitted his angular frame like a glove; inside was the prowling-thinking workroom Joan had planned with him in the basement.

It isn't fair, thought Paul with sudden wild yearning. Why can't I just stay home all day with her? We could have such fun . . .

It was at that moment, just as Joan came out on the porch to see what was keeping him in the car, that a wonderful idea came to Paul, an idea that sizzled through him with electric effect, making his eyes glitter and his heart pound. Why not, he thought, why not?

Joan, a slim girl with reddish-brown hair, put her hands on her hips. She called laughingly, "You've got the right house, mister. Or did you forget where you live?"

"Never," shouted Paul. He swung his long legs out of the car, slammed the door behind him and ran to her, sweeping her up in his arms. He kissed her exultantly. "Never in a million years."

Joan caught her breath in delight. She pulled back and stared at him and knew immediately, from the strangeness of his grin, from his wildness, that something unusual was afoot. Neighbours often watched with amusement from behind the nearby window blinds as they greeted each other, so she deferred questioning him until they were inside.

"Supper on the table," she said, "in a jiffy".

"I've got a great idea for you to ponder," said Paul, not releasing her from his strong arms.

She hastily kissed his nose, and firmly disengaged herself. "I've something pretty great for you to ponder, too," she said lightly. "But not here, onstage, before this sellout audience."

"I'll carry you over the threshold," said Paul, "and guess your weight, into the bargain."

"No!" shrieked Joan, but he scooped her up and lugged her inside, pretending to stagger breathlessly. He kicked the door shut behind him and they fell in a pleasant tangle on the couch.

"Keep away, you," she warned shyly.

"That's just it," said Paul, suddenly becoming serious. "I can't keep away. I don't want to keep away. I want to be with you every minute. And I'm going to," he added exultantly.

"What do you mean?" said Joan, startled.

"I've got a terrific idea," said Paul, seriously. "Let me explain it."

Joan put her arms around his neck, her eyes fixed on his face solemnly. Paul took out his pipe and slowly filled the bowl with tobacco, thinking. She waited patiently.

"You know, honey, I've been thinking how little time a married couple actually spend with each other. By the time I get home, eat, do things around the house, it's time to sleep. I spend most of Saturday taking care of small things that eat up our precious time, like paying bills or fixing things. Only on Sunday are we together, really together, for a few hours. And even then we either are visiting relatives or entertaining."

Joan's face was softly luminous. "I know what you mean."

"Do you know that when you compute it, I spend more time driving back and forth to work than being alone with you?" said Paul. "I figured it out in the car while coming home. Just listen to these figures I arrived at; each week I get about six to eight uncluttered hours with you. In a year that means we're together about 25 days, figuring 16 waking hours a day. If you add two weeks' vacation to that, we're actually together only about six full weeks a year. The rest of the year is spent in work, household duties, stuff like that."

Joan's smile was a sweet thing to see: "Darling, darling," she said happily. "I love you for that. But that's the way things are . . ."

"It doesn't have to be, though," said Paul. "I have a way to beat the system."

"What are you driving at?" said Joan wonderingly.

"I'll tell you," said Paul. "We have \$8,000 in the bank. If we were to cut our living expenses to the bone, I mean give up the car and things like that, we could live for nearly two years on that money." Paul's eyes were shining. He swallowed and plunged on. "I could quit my job and we could stay home together all day and live as if we were retired now. Instead of waiting till we were 65."

Joan said, "I . . ."

"Now wait, don't jump to conclu-

sions. It's crazy until you hear me out," cried Paul. "Imagine it, honey, all day together for nearly two years. Lounging around, listening to music. Taking long walks together. Picnics and swimming all summer. Ice skating and the fireplace in winter. Time for books and talk and love, without thinking about work the next day. I'd share all the housework with you, as if we were camping out."

"And when the time is up . . .?" said Joan, her face absorbed.

"Why, I'll find a job again," said Paul triumphantly. "Oh, it'll be a headache and a bad time then, for a while. But in those two years we'd have had the equivalent in being together of 20 years of living with a daily job to go to. Think of it, honey, it's like living 20 years longer, in terms of the hours we're together each week now."

He stopped, aware now of how close to crazy his speech was, and he stared anxiously at Joan.

Joan said, her eyes brilliant. "I'm with you. All the way. You can quit your job tomorrow."

Paul put down his pipe and they became sweetly entangled in each other's arms. After a while he released her and they sat wordlessly for a moment staring at each other.

Then Paul said, chokingly. "I'm so full of a . . . a sense of freedom I feel like I'll bust wide open any minute."

Joan uttered a laugh that was half a sob. "Don't bust here, please. Go out and yodel or something, while I get supper on the table."

"Oh, no," said Paul happily. "I'm going to spend every minute of those two years with you, those precious wonderful two years, beginning right now."

Joan called over her shoulder as she fled. "We'll still have to eat, you know. And tonight was my turn to cook. Go outside for 10 minutes, darling, so I

can set the table without you grabbing at me."

Full of restless joy, Paul got up and went outside. He stood there watching almost with a sort of joyful brooding, as to each house on the block came the tired, slowly walking husbands who had not stumbled across the golden hoard of time as he had. He watched each door open and close and it was a terribly sad thing to see because each of them would, in this evening ahead, have perhaps an hour, if that much, with the woman he loved. A dozen erosions of the evening would immediately begin and they would desperately try to dam up the trickles of minutes that were irreplaceable.

"I've beaten the system," thought Paul happily. "I've beaten it. All it takes is nerve."

He had to tell somebody. He just had to. He began to go down the street and at the corner drug store he stepped in, grinning with anticipation. They'd think he was crazy, and they'd shake their heads as they said so, but inside them all would be envy for his courage and a wistful wish that they, too, had enough strength to master the elusive will-o'-the-wisp: Time.

When Mr. Finley, the baldheaded druggist, turned and saw Paul, his stout face split in a tremendous grin. "Hah," said Mr. Finley, coming out from behind the counter and whacking Paul on the shoulder. "From the way your face is all lit up like a neon sign I'd say she's told you, eh? Congratulations, my boy, and the best. I'm sure whether it's a he or a she, it'll be a credit to both of you."

Paul stared at him, his smile suddenly concealed. A wave of crimson flooded his face. Mr. Finley looked hastily about the drug store, which was empty. "Don't you worry," he whispered. "I haven't told a soul. I'll leave that to you."

With great control, Paul said, "How'd you know?"

Mr. Finley looked astounded. "Me? Why, shucks, Dr. Howe does all his testing work through me. I'm connected with the laboratory. I sent him the report today."

A slow, silly grin came over Paul's face. He chuckled and turned and ran out of the store and down the quiet street. The blood was pounding in his temples. When he came to his own house he stared in through the side window.

Joan was seated at the kitchen table, her cheeks in her hands, staring into space, a look of worry on her face.

I love you, thought Paul deeply. You wonderful girl. I love you. I'll never forget, how you were willing to do this under these circumstances, not as long as I live. Never.

And now he would show his love for her.

He went around to the front door. He entered slowly, with feet dragging

and a shamed look on his face. Hearing him, Joan came from the kitchen. Now she was smiling brightly.

"Darling," she said lightly, "come and eat your first meal in freedom." She stopped, seeing his face. "What is it, dear?" she cried, going swiftly to him. "What's wrong?"

"I . . . I'm not sure now I want to do it," said Paul bitterly. He flung out his hands. "What's the matter with me, anyway? At first I was so hot on the idea. But as I sat out on the steps and thought about it I . . . well," he swallowed with difficulty. "I got a feeling I don't really want to do it. I'd rather be safe, and stick on the job. I . . . I'm sorry."

"Don't be," said Joan, relief in her eyes. "I understand."

As he held her, Paul knew she'd tell him about the baby later on. When all this was forgotten.

A CLOSE UP OF SRI PRAKASA

By CHANDRU

GOVERNORSHIPS in a free India are an anachronism which ought to be abolished. Many of the Governors in the present political set-up are ornamental figure heads who dance to the tune of the Chief Ministers. Even their appointments are subjected to the approval of the State chiefs. If this institution is kept up, it is because we have not yet got over the old values.

Sri Prakasa, who leaves Madras shortly, made himself very popular during his tenure as the provincial head. The first thing that he did after assumption of power was to invite the city editors to *Raj Bhavan*. From then on, he was assured of a good press. He has broken several records. He has made the largest number of speeches, travelled through

every nook and corner of the State and has been photographed both at work and play. When he visited the T. I. Cycle factory, he readily responded to the request to ride one of their Hercules machines; in the Madras Zoo he almost shook hands with a bison. Though he once expressed the idea that he was allergic to press photographs, he revelled in publicity and hardly a day passed when one of his pictures was not sent to Madras newspapers.

From Fourth Estate To Politics

Before coming down to Madras he had a good innings both in the official and non-official sphere. He gravitated to politics via journalism. At one time he was with the late Chintamani in *Leader*, later he switched on to Motilal's *Independent*. In the

first elections for the Central Assembly when he was put up as a candidate by Motilal, he was trounced by G. D. Birla. But he later careered to Delhi and was known as the "joker" of the Assembly. When Pakistan was ushered into existence, Nehru sent him down to Karachi as the Indian Ambassador. When Jinnah heard about his appointment, he seems to have remarked: "Sri Prakasa is such a simple fellow that he will not know even what is happening under his very nose."

His assignment at Karachi was like curate's egg good in parts. He ingratiated himself in the affections of the Hindus. But his Gandhi cap was a red rag for Muslims. Once, while his car was parked at a public place, Muslim hooligans pulled out the Indian flag from its bonnet. He made representations to the Pakistan authorities and an armed sentry was assigned to him thereafter. On another occasion, he was not permitted to place flowers at the foot of the statue of Gandhiji on the anniversary day of his assassination. He asked the panic ridden Hindus to stay put in Sind but almost the entire lot of them fled to India.

Later, Sri Prakasa was sent to Assam as Governor. After a while he was called back to Delhi where he

served his chief as Commerce Minister. His chief asset in office was his integrity. Once Nehru stated that Sri Prakasa was one of the most utterly honest people he had ever come across.

During his tenure as Madras Governor he was overshadowed by Rajaji in the first term. He never treaded on the corns of any Minister. When Kamaraj Nadar became the Chief Minister, he established cordial relationship with him. The parties at *Raj Bhavan* were always very popular. Sri Prakasa has been a widower for more than two decades and his charming daughter-in-law, Srimati Kamini Devi, played the hostess at *Raj Bhavan*. For a spell, Sri Prakasa's talented father, Babu Bhagavan Das came down and stayed at *Raj Bhavan*.

Accustomed to loneliness Sri Prakasa likes to be left alone. He is a great lover of books and a good writer in both English and Hindi. He has to his credit one outstanding book on Annie Besant under whose inspiration he started his political life.

In one of his expansive moments, Sri Prakasa stated that he wanted to be a teacher in the evening of his life. But Nehru has asked him to proceed to Bombay as Governor.

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A PARODY OF THE PRESS REPORT

By N. GANGA RAM

RIGHT from his high school days the present writer has read regularly his favourite newspaper. He has now become so familiar with the set, "stereo-typed" pattern of news-presentation that last Sunday he could himself dash off a press report with considerable ease. It is this report which has been reproduced below:

WELFARE OF LOVERS

Minister Defends Govt.'s Policy

New Delhi, Sept. 24.

Mr. C. Dushyanthappa, Union Minister for Love Affairs, disclosed in Parliament today that the Government had decided to allot Rs. 1 crore for expenditure on schemes aimed at encouraging lovers and love-making. He also indicated that the Government were contemplating comprehensive legislation for safeguarding the interests of lovers. The Minister was replying to the unexpected debate occasioned by the remark of a private member that the party in power was totally neglecting the welfare of lovers and that of late, the country had become a lover's hell. (A brief report on the debate has already appeared in these columns).

The Union Minister in his reply strongly protested against the member's allegation which he characterised as "uncharitable and wholly unfounded." The Government, he stated, were fully aware of the significant role love and love-making could play in generating happiness in under-developed countries with low living standards. In this connection he quoted the familiar saying, 'It is love that makes the world

go round', and said the inestimable value of a love-experience while young, could easily be understood. Apart from making them happy, it helped the young males and females move in close quarters and get an insight into the psychology of the other. Love-making promoted a sense of sympathy and understanding which later on in life facilitated the achievement of domestic harmony and peace. As the members knew very well, love-marriages served to eradicate the evil of dowry and promoted inter-caste alliances, the Minister said.

Role Of Parks

Continuing, Mr. Dushyanthappa observed that the Government had been taking various measures for encouraging love-making. "For the benefit of the House in general and the concerned member in particular, I should like to briefly mention here some of the steps taken by the Government. Everyone knows that parks are the ideal, traditional rendezvous of lovers and hence they greatly facilitate love-making. The laying out of more number of parks and the beautification and better up-keep of the existing parks are engaging the attention of the Government. Similarly, co-educational institutions play an important role in contributing to the cause of love-making and therefore, the Government propose to open more schools and colleges—co-educational, of course. It will be appreciated that this measure incidentally will serve the interests of higher education also."

The Minister next mentioned the

efforts of the Government to popularise love-making through the medium of books. He said that some of the excellent plays glorifying healthy and pure love were to be found in the classical literature. In order to make available large number of such works at moderate prices, the Government had requested the National Book Trust and the Southern Languages Trust to remember the love-plays (comedies) of Shakespeare and Kalidasa when preparing a list of books to be published or recommended.

"The visual appeal," the Minister said, "is the most powerful appeal. And we are grateful to the film industry for anticipating our policy and making pictures centering around love. The Government is working out a scheme which when implemented would enable bona fide lovers to obtain tickets at concessional rates. Of course, the Government would undertake to make good the loss incurred by theatre-managements in this regard."

Govt. Bill Soon

Mr. Dushyanthappa told the House that some days ago an Independent member, a good friend of his, approached him with a Bill which sought to regulate love-making. On his assurance that the Government would soon be introducing a comprehensive Bill to safeguard the interests of lovers, he decided not to pass it on to the Speaker. "There are two aspects of such a Bill. On the one hand, it should encourage love-making as much as possible in a healthy way and remove all obstacles preventing lovers from getting married. For example, the Bill should contain a clause which would penalise parents refusing to permit their sons/daughters to marry those whom they love. On the other hand, it should ensure that immoral practices are not committed under the pretext of love-making."

"Prema-Mahotsava"

The Minister said that arrangements were being made for a country-wide celebration of a *Prema-mahotsava* when there would be special meetings, plays, film-shows, broadcasts over the radio, essay competitions and the like.

Mr. Dushyanthappa admitted that there was truth in the observation made by an opposition member that the antipathy and disfavour shown towards girl-gazing and girl-chasing had somewhat affected the tempo of love-making in the country. "The House may be interested to know that last month the Government invited the French expert, M. Edouard Romeolaire, to study this situation and make his recommendations. A copy of the Romeolaire Report would be placed on the table of the House shortly and I may point out here that the Bill to which I referred to just now, is being modelled on the recommendations of M. Romeolaire."

Orangeby Report

Mr. Dushyanthappa referred to Mr. Paul Orangeby's Report on the administration and said that he had remarked therein that if the administrative machinery contained many frustrated lovers its efficiency would be impaired and to that extent the progress of the Plan would also be affected. "The successful implementation of the schemes for encouraging lovers for which Rs. 1 crore is to be set apart, would result in fewer numbers of frustrated lovers and suicides and also solve to some extent the problem of overcrowding in mental hospitals," the Minister hoped.

Concluding, the Minister revealed amidst laughter that he himself was a disappointed lover and hence the House could rest assured that he would do his best to save others from frustration in love.

The House at this stage adjourned for lunch.

HUMANITY

BY BALRAJ PURI

(Dogri—the language of the north western hilly areas of India, between the Punjab and Kashmir valley—has a rich tradition of melodious folk songs. Imbibing that spirit, Madhukar, a young Dogri poet, gives a lyrical and romantic expression to a philosophical idea—the role of man on the earth. There is, in fact, no idea more romantic and no story more adventurous than the saga of man. And rightly does Madhukar sing the song of the eternal struggle of humanity against nature, heaven and gods. The English version, given below, is a free rendering from the original in Dogri.)

An Eternal Song of Eternal Humanity!

Millions of floods have flooded the fields of skies;
Clouds have sung the song of destruction, millions of times;
Storms of darkness pitched their tents, time and again;
Yet, the gold of the rays of the sun is not tarnished!
And the flow of light continues undiminished!

The light is a symbol of life's continuity.

This is the eternal song of eternal Humanity.

Thunderbolts were thrown by angry heaven;
It also showered the rains of destruction;

And many a storm of death was unleashed;

The upright Himalayas of humanity didn't retreat!

The song of Truth's struggle is pure and sweet!

Lakes represent water of human effort and dignity.

This is the eternal song of eternal Humanity.

Innumerable rivers strike with all their might;

Yet, the lap of ocean hasn't ceased rearing up pearls!

The water isn't dried up in the ocean of love!

The oil isn't finished in the lamp of struggle!

Pearls of love are born in water salty."

This is the eternal song of eternal Humanity.

Rahu' of bad luck often came to dishearten;

Dark nights also tried to frighten;

Through darkness, stars of aspirations continued to smile!

The moonlight of Hope remains unblemished!

The rows of bowers of feeling haven't perished!

These flowers are the hope of humanity

This is the eternal song of eternal Humanity.

Autumn comes with all the blast and anger

To scare away the songs of koels and birds;

And to whip out the traces of spring in orchards;

But the fragrance and songs survive the onslaught!

The walls of sand fail to stop the waves!

The waves, propelled by water currents fierce and mighty.

This is the eternal song of eternal Humanity.

Mountains of starvation come to check its sway;

Jungles of misfortunes tried to block its way;

Pits of exploitation confused its flow;

But the flow of the Ganges of Humanity continues unabated!

Factors adverse couldn't diminish its glow!

This light is destined to wipe out the darkness.

This is the eternal song of eternal Humanity.

With immense fondness the Earth constructs picture after picture;

The anger of heaven strives to break them one after the other;

Lo! heaven gives in, but all pictures couldn't be broken.

The foundations of human hope remain unshaken!

This is a symbol of the light of hope.

This is an eternal song of eternal Humanity.

* Tears.

AMERICAN VIGNETTES

IN the U. S. A., until the first week in November, when the Presidential election will take place, Americans who like to call everyone, including their President, by first name and preferably by a nick-name, will be swearing by Ike, Adlai, Dick and Estes. In recent weeks, literally millions and millions of words have been written about them. Out of this ocean of material, is given the following account of the four men coming face to face in the ensuing elections.

The Presidential battle of 1956 gives American voters a choice between two men of vivid contrasts. Dwight D. Eisenhower, the Republican candidate, is a military man who grew up in a financially hard-pressed family in a small Kansas town, got his schooling at West Point, and turned to politics only after gaining fame in war. Adlai E. Stevenson, the Democratic candidate, is an Illinois lawyer who was born to financial security and social position, went to top flight private schools and gravitated naturally to politics as the field in which his ancestors had won fame.

Mr. Eisenhower is an extrovert, an out-of-doors man, who loves to fish and play golf. He was a football player at West Point. His favourite reading is Western stories. His hobbies are bridge and painting. Mr. Stevenson is known as an "intellectual," whose reading tastes run to History, Philosophy and the Classics. His favourite sports are tennis and horseback riding. He seems to have no other hobbies, unless you would so describe his love for reading and lively conversation.

The President is no polished orator. His speech is simple and direct, often confused in syntax. But he is generally credited with getting his message through to the people. Mr. Stevenson is a polished speaker, a mas-

ter of the clever phrase, the classical quotation. His speeches delight intellectuals, but politicians have accused him of talking over the heads of the masses of voters.

Physical Make-up

At 65, President Eisenhower, after serious illnesses in a year, is a lean 168 pounds. He is tall—5 feet 11 inches. He is noted for his broad grin, hearty laugh and quick temper. In any kind of contest—at golf, bridge, war or politics—he is intense, eager to win. At 56, Mr. Stevenson weighs 185 pounds, although he is two inches shorter than his opponent. He is noted for a sense of humour, but his is the humour of the subtle witticism. His reserved manner sometimes gives an impression of shyness. His approach to an enterprise tends to appear somewhat casual, rather than intense.

Even friends of the two are of different types. Mr. Eisenhower seems to prefer the active type, usually a business or military man, one who shares his interests in bridge and outdoor sports. Mr. Stevenson clings to the type of men he grew up among—the quieter, literary or legal types who prefer quiet conversation to competition. People who know both men doubt that Mr. Eisenhower and Mr. Stevenson would ever be close friends, even if next-door neighbours.

Yet there are points of likeness, too, in these rival candidates. Both Mr. Stevenson, who inherited money, and Mr. Eisenhower, who did not, are now accounted as men of substance. Mr. Stevenson's personal fortune is estimated at about half a million dollars. Mr. Eisenhower earned a similar amount from his book, *Crusade in Europe*. Both men own and enjoy farms—Mr. Eisenhower at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, and Mr. Stevenson at Libertyville, Illinois.

Also, in the four years since they last met in a political campaign, both rival candidates have shown great improvement as politicians. And, to some extent, their political viewpoints coincide—near the middle of the road. Neither is considered an extremist.

Contrasts

It is the contrasts, rather than the similarities, however, that can be expected to catch the voter's eyes in the campaign ahead. It is the differences between them that are likely to sway the voters' verdict. These differences have their origins far back in the Eisenhower and Stevenson family traces. Mr. Eisenhower's ancestors were German and Swiss. After coming to this country in the eighteenth century, they were mostly farmers, small tradesmen or preachers. Mr. Stevenson's ancestors came from England and Ireland, also in the eighteenth century. In the U. S. they accumulated financial substance and political fame. His grandfather, also named Adlai E. Stevenson, was Vice-President under Grover Cleveland.

In Abilene, Kansas, the future President grew up in a modest home crowded with six boys. His father, after an unsuccessful venture in a general store and a period in Texas as a railroad mechanic, was working in an Abilene creamery during the President's boyhood. There was always plenty to eat, but the life was one of frugality and hard work. The boys had to milk the family cow, raise a garden and do odd jobs to get spending money. They went to public schools until young Dwight, in competitive examinations, won an appointment to the U. S. Military Academy.

Mr. Stevenson's father, after managing mines in the West for the Hearst family and working on a Hearst newspaper in Los Angeles, settled down in the family seat of Bloomington, Illinois. There he managed 10,000 acres of farm land

spread over three States. Young Adlai grew up in a big, comfortable house in the best section of the town. His mother and his sister taught him at home until he entered public school at the age of nine. His family travelled widely, spending winter vacations in the South and summer vacations in Michigan. He spent one year studying in Lausanne, Switzerland. He also attended Choate preparatory school in Connecticut, then spent four years in Princeton. In 1918, he enlisted in the U. S. Naval Reserve unit at Princeton, but World War I ended before he saw action.

After graduation from Princeton, Mr. Stevenson studied law for two years at Harvard. He interrupted his law studies to spend a year and a half helping run a Bloomington newspaper in which his family had a financial interest. Then he went to Northwestern University to finish his law studies and entered an established law firm in Chicago.

Their Careers

Out of such diverse backgrounds, the candidates' careers developed in different directions. Mr. Eisenhower went on to the usual life of an Army officer. He fretted out World War I in the U. S. Then he went through the dreary round of routine assignments and slow promotions that was the normal fate of Army officers between the World Wars. He remained a Major for sixteen years, from 1920 to 1936. In September, 1941, Mr. Eisenhower distinguished himself in Army war games and won the notice of his superiors. This led to a series of command appointments—and a series of military triumphs in Africa and Europe. He wound up the war as Supreme Allied Commander in Europe and one of the world's most famous military figures. For the politicians, he was a marked man.

Mr. Stevenson, meanwhile, also was making his mark in Government service, but as a civilian. He first went to Washington in the early years of

the New Deal, serving as special counsel in the Agricultural Adjustment Administration and as assistant general counsel for the Federal Alcohol Control Administration. After two years in Washington, Mr. Stevenson returned to his Chicago law practice. But World War II brought him to Washington again, in 1941, as personal assistant to Frank Knox, Secretary of the Navy. In 1945 and 1946, Mr. Stevenson served in the State Department and played active roles in the early meetings of the United Nations.

Returning to Chicago in 1947, Mr. Stevenson saw politics beckoning. He wanted to run for the U. S. Senate, but found political pressure pushing him toward the Governorship instead. Friends won him the endorsement of Illinois' Democratic leadership and he was elected Governor by a plurality of 572,000 votes in 1948—when President Harry S. Truman carried Illinois by only 33,612. As Governor, Mr. Stevenson doubled State assistance to public schools, renovated the welfare system, began a 100-million-dollar road programme, removed the State police from political patronage and installed a merit system. He had his troubles too, but national leaders of the Democratic Party were looking him over as a presidential possibility.

Mr. Eisenhower's entry into politics came four years later than Mr. Stevenson's. After the war, he served as Army Chief of Staff, President of Columbia University, and military commander of North Atlantic Treaty Organization forces in Europe. Meanwhile, politicians' interest in him continued to grow. Then, in 1952, the paths of Mr. Eisenhower and Mr. Stevenson crossed. Both were virtually drafted to run for the Presidency. Mr. Eisenhower, who had rejected overtures from both parties as early as 1948, finally yielded in January, 1952, identified himself as a Republican, and announced that he would

accept that party's nomination if it were offered. He won the nomination on the first ballot of the Convention.

Mr. Stevenson held out until the middle of the 1952 Democratic Convention before yielding, then was nominated on the third ballot. In the November election that followed, Mr. Eisenhower defeated Mr. Stevenson with ease. After the 1952 election, Mr. Eisenhower worked his way slowly into his new role as President. Often he was frustrated and irked by Republicans who opposed many of his objectives in Congress. Finally he got the hang of his job, grew to like it and decided, despite its burdens and the condition of his health, to seek another term.

In the same four years, Mr. Stevenson made a world tour, travelled extensively in the U. S., cultivating politicians and learning their ways. Now Mr. Eisenhower and Mr. Stevenson face each other again in a campaign which emphasizes their differences. The American voters, next November, will choose between contrasts.

Nixon and Kefauver

For Vice-President—as for President—American voters this year are offered a choice between contrasts.

Vice-President Richard M. Nixon, the Republican candidate, draws his strongest political support from among businessmen and the so-called "conservatives" in his party. Senator Estes Kefauver, the Democratic candidate, has shown his greatest strength among farm and labour groups, and in the so-called "liberal" elements of his party.

Mr. Nixon is known as a "Party regular." During his six years in Congress as a Representative and as a Senator from California, Republican leaders usually could count upon his vote for party measures. Senator Kefauver, in 17 years in Congress,

often swung away from leaders in his own party. He offended Southern Democrats with his attitudes on racial issues, and angered party leaders in the big cities with a crime investigation that showed links between organized crime and Democratic political leaders in some areas.

For two years, 1951 and 1952, both candidates served in the Senate, and their voting records show them wide apart on many national issues. Mr. Nixon favoured a cut in soil-conservation payments to farmers; Mr. Kefauver was opposed to a reduction. Mr. Nixon backed the use of the injunction, under the Taft-Hartley Act, in the 1952 steel strike; Mr. Kefauver was against it. Mr. Nixon was for legislation giving control of tidelands oil to the States; Mr. Kefauver was not.

The rival candidates live in the same area of Washington, D.C. only a few blocks apart. Their children

attend the same public school. But the families are not close friends.

Senator Kefauver is 53 years old, a veteran in Tennessee and national politics—but he is now on a national ticket for the first time. Mr. Nixon is 43. He was considered something of a prodigy when he won the Vice-Presidency four years ago at 39. These are the differences that will help influence the voters in their choice in November. Both offer foreign aid. In many other respects, the candidates have great similarities. Both men are storekeepers' sons, brought up in small towns. Both worked to get through college, became lawyers, turned to politics. On international issues, the two often have agreed. For example, both opposed cuts in aid to Europe. Both also are vigorous and adroit campaigners. It is to these vice-presidential candidates that party leaders will look for some of the heaviest campaigning in the election contest ahead.

—P. G. Krishnayya's Service

ANOTHER POLITICAL PARTY

By Our Special Correspondent

The election manifesto of the People's Progressive Party was explained by its leader, Sri S. Chellaswamy, at a press conference held at the New Woodlands last Monday.

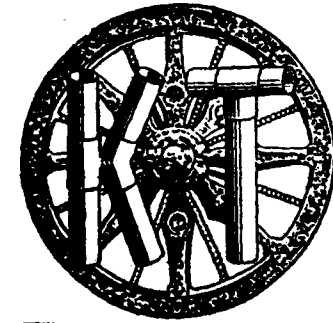
Sri Chellaswamy said that the Party was formed eight months ago and claimed that it had branches in almost all the districts of Madras State and in several areas of Kerala, Andhra and Maharashtra, with a membership of 30,000.

The immediate aim of the Party was not to capture power and form an alternative Government but to see that as many as the Party's candidates as possible secured seats in the Legislatures.

The 14-point election manifesto of the Party advocates full employment, national minimum wage, control of population, adoption of English as the *lingua franca*, abolition of the Rajya Sabha and introduction in its place of a Senate with equal representation to all States, rapid industrialisation of the South and the re-organisation of States on a linguistic basis.

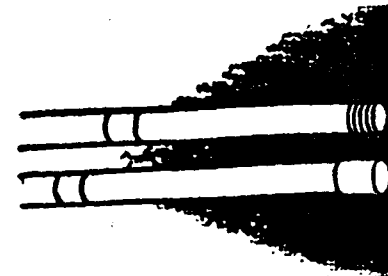
Answering questions put by pressmen, Sri Chellaswami said that his Party would not enter into any electoral pact or alliance with the other parties. Mr. Chellaswami is a new entrant into the political arena. His Party seems to be a one man show.

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PROFILE :

JOHN FOSTER DULLES

By C. G.

WHO is the world's best-hated man to-day—and why? Sounds owlishly pedagogic, doesn't it? Or perhaps you think it a case of inexcusable levity or a misplaced zeal for paradox? Any such impression would merely betray the defective nature of our general education. For it would show conclusively that we have not cared to go into the historical and philosophical implications of hatred as a motive force of human conduct. 'We have been drugged for generations with the notion that the universe is born out of love, is sustained by love and is to find its ultimate justification in love. As a matter of fact, all the evidence which history has to offer on the subject is overwhelmingly in favour of the proposition that hatred has furnished more potent sanctions than love. Christianity is the hatred of paganism; Islam is the hatred of idolatry. Republicanism is the hatred of monarchy, though it encourages a succession of uncrowned kings, while communism is the hatred of people with property. Due to a *faux pas*, it is said that the bodyguards of Sri Vishnu had to choose between ten lives as *Bhaktas* or three lives as enemies on earth by way of expiation; and the divine janitors are said to have preferred the three *anti-Vaishnavite avatars*. If this proves anything at all, it is the potency of hatred and its all-time superiority to love. To those who do not believe in old wives' tales and myths, I may offer the literary criterion of the noblest poetry being inspired by *saevo indignatio*.

We all know that love is uncritical

and catholic—it metamorphoses ugly ducklings into adorable swans. Its Magna Carta was formulated by the weak-minded poet who declared: 'Be good, sweet maid,—let who will, be clever'. This should partly explain why the world has always been distrustful of clever people. They call themselves intellectuals, nowadays without any advantage to themselves or to others! Johnson was called a good hater, and had more than his share of others' hatreds. So were such master-minds as Voltaire and Shaw, to take but two outstanding instances from the past and the present. Thus when you come to think of it, you will have to acknowledge that there are more things and people to hate in this world than to love. The work of love is slow and problematical, but that of hatred is quick and certain. And since mankind has been pretty much the same in essentials, every generation is well-stocked with the things and the people it can hate for the good of its soul.

Again people have been hated and also loved at the same time by different people. The post-war decade which we have struggled through produced as fine a crop of 'hate-ful' persons as in the palmy days of dictators and tyrants. There is the octogenarian, Syngman Rhee of Korea, leading a procession composed of Chiang Kai Shek, Ho Chi Minh, Chou en Lai, Mossadeq, Naguib and Nasser who have been hailed *chota* Hitlers; but their compensation has been the frenzied devotion of their own followers.

Dulles's Distinction

To be hated or to be unpopular all round, to incur the odium of different groups or interests or peoples at different times for different reasons seems at first a somewhat difficult feat to perform. And yet that has been the unique distinction of John Foster Dulles, the American Secretary of State. That the Russians and fellow-travellers all the world over should hate him—stands to reason; but he has been the target of the bitter hatred of his own countrymen. Humorists found savage delight in caricaturing and travestying him. The gentlest of the opprobrious epithets applied to him has been 'stupid.' And yet this short, somewhat stumpy and almost phlegmatic figure has been walking over the largest accumulation of eggs on the ground, inevitably breaking not a few of them, but maintaining his own equilibrium with an *aplomb* which can only be described as inspired.

American politics are also subject to dynastic pressures, but they are not so much in evidence as they are in England. The core of New England society coalesced with the feudal interests which centred and still largely centre round the Negro question to bless or handicap American politics with a species of whig oligarchy, standing for privilege and prescription. Plutocracy often came to terms with it out of its abiding nervousness as to the stability of the oil, coal, iron and other related kingdoms which are running an *imperium* within the empire of American economy. There are honoured and venerable clans in American history, the scions of which in the present generation still reign without ruling. They are tucked away in banks, in business, in law and in the administration of the country. Mr. Dulles does not belong to any of these upper ten families of New York or Washington. All the more remarkable has been his rise to the highest

office in the State excluding the Presidency.

Expert on Foreign Policy

Mr. Dulles is one year older than Pandit Nehru, and was like him trained for the bar. But unlike Nehru he spent the best years of his life assisting in the evolution of America's bi-partisan foreign policy during the last thirty years, what time our own leader was languishing in jail or participating in revolutionary activities. During the long period of democratic ascendancy in America—from the days of President Roosevelt to those of Truman—Mr. Dulles built up at once the reputation of his legal firm and his standing as a high-up in the Republican party. He was the architect of the peace-treaty with Japan and is the author of a book which puts him in good company.

With the turn of the tide, he realised the dream of his life and became the right-hand man of President Eisenhower. When Truman handed over to 'Ike,' things were in a pretty bad mess in the American sphere of influence—in the Far East. There was an unfounded expectation that there would be an all-out effort to smash the communists and make the democracies safe for ever after. The slogans of Dulles punctuated the growth of world-hysteria as and when they were propounded. First of all it was the 'liberation' of the satellite countries of Eastern Europe; then it was the 'containment' of the communist empire within a periphery which was expected to be reduced with the inevitability of gradualness. Then we had 'massive retaliation,' 'negotiating from strength' and 'going up to the brink of the precipice.' From every one of these bellicose or fuliginous sentiments, he executed a series of masterly retreats with a view to indulge in an 'agonising re-appraisal' of the situation, at every stage.

Target of Universal Hate

The point of this round-up is that he has come to be hated by different groups at different times. The Koreans hated him for not leaving them alone—or not going the whole hog. The Chinese hate him as the spirit of capitalism embodied in an American form and for saving up Formosa like a rod in pickle to chastise them. We Indians came to hate him when he made a perfectly factual statement that Goa belonged to Portugal in a juridical and historical view. We took it quite improperly as an expression of approval of what Portugal was doing or refused to about Goa! We also hate him—under proper national guidance, of course,—for being the inspirer of the Baghdad pact and for engineering American aid to Pakistan—our unacknowledged *bete noire*. The Arabs—they speak of an Arab world these days—hate him with a concentrated fury which probably may tote up to the destructive force of a small sized atom bomb! Why? America promised aid for the completion of the Aswan dam and then backed out. He stabbed us, bleated the redoubtable Nasser as partial and implied justification of nationalising the Suez Canal.

But from the 26th July onwards, poor Mr. Dulles has become as hateful a figure in Britain and France as he has been till then in other parts of the world. Nasser spoke for all of us when he confessed recently that he could not follow the involutions of the Dulles' policy. On whose side is he? He has given hostages to all shades and schools of opinion, and yet not one of them is sure that he is on their side. He has stood his ground in spite of ridicule from friends, which is often more insupportable than hatred from one's enemies. France is gnashing her teeth in impotent rage. The more undemonstrative English have thrown up their hands in utter despair.

The other odd thing about the present situation is that he has got no word of thanks from any of the sections which have been obstreperously clamouring for peace at any price. He has salvaged it up to date with a constancy which has been proof against the recriminations of friends and the reprobation of his foes. If, as the proverb says, a favourite has no friend, why is it that his unpopularity has not brought him any recognition of his virtues? Cast for the role of a villain by the exigencies of political dichotomy in the international field, he occupies a position of isolation today which has an element of grandeur about it. Theoretically speaking, he must get the plaudits of the entire world for playing a dangerous and thankless role with such quiet gallantry.

Even if it be argued that the Western powers have been driven by the weight of world opinion to forsake a series of untenable positions, it has still to be admitted that they rose to the occasion. Not sufficient credit has been claimed or given for the orientations in the Western attitude. The loss of prestige, if any, can only be temporary; hereafter with the lapse of time, the British and French view-points have every chance of appreciating in the international field. By the same token, the Egyptian President will have to climb down until he realises what the brass-tacks would amount to.

Whether Mr. Dulles was working according to a long-range plan, or—what seems more likely—improvising from day to day, is immaterial for the present purpose. There are enough indications to show that the Western nations were caught on the wrong foot by the Egyptian leader's action. Had the risk of nationalisation been taken into account by Eden or Dulles, it is certain that the question of aid for Aswan Dam would not have been disposed of in such a cavalier fashion. A few more months of Fabianism

might well have been tried out, the presidential elections might have been got out of the way, and then America would have had a longer interval in which to perfect a more vigorous and effective course of action.

Peace with Justice

But now that the milk has been spilt, the West under Mr. Dulles's leadership has come to the conclusion—heroic in the circumstances—that a war over the issue of the Suez Canal should be ruled out. This does not mean that the West is automatically submitting to the 'unilateral action' of the Egyptian nationalisation of the canal. Another salutary effect of the present situation is that it has placed Nasser on the defensive; as time goes on he will have to be more and more on the defensive. The Security Council may take six weeks or six months to dispose of the question. The longer the delay the better for the West! But during all that interregnum Egypt's gains from the nationalisation would be Pickwickian, or what is even more likely, Pyrrhic! The greatest need of Egypt is the sinews of war

which she hoped to gather by the simplest process of tearing a piece of paper. Others had tried the trick earlier, and found the results quite incommensurate to their expectations. Nasser's education is still to complete!

One great illusion has been shattered by Mr. Dulles's role in the present crisis. He is not merely *not the world's war-monger No. 1*, but he is today the sole bulwark against war. Nor does it mean that he has gone out of character. Far from it. At the end of the second session of the Users' Conference, he is said to have made an extempore speech drawing attention to a corollary of peace—namely that it should ensure justice as well. This is what the Security Council must now ensure. Otherwise, every street Arab may find that he can indulge in his petty misdemeanours under the immunity assured to him by a world-opinion which has grown callous to the moral issues in every struggle. Mr. Dulles may not have heard or read of the *Gita*. But one of the lessons which it teaches us is that peace without justice is worse than a life rooted in dishonour.

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(Continued from page 16)

took money from the rich and distributed it among the poor.

Nikola Suhaj, like Robin Hood, took upon himself the tribulations of all his people, and put up a one-man resistance against the cruel rulers of the country. He avenged them, but died a lone death because of his isolation. Writing about "bandits," Olbracht says:

"If the times are favourable and they have the devil's luck, they found ruling dynasties, but much more often their bodies swing from the gibbet and still more often they end with their heads in the moss, in a pool of blood, killed by a shot in the back. But they earn then a

glory greater than is accorded to kings. For those fallen ones were of their own kind: of the people of these mountains. They took upon themselves the suffering and the burden of all and succeeded in doing what the people of these mountains had never dared to do and yet what they so passionately longed for: to avenge wrongs, to destroy those who are their masters, to wrest from them their stolen fortunes and, what was of no use, to destroy with fire and iron, for the pleasure of it, for revenge, as a warning for the future and for fear of it. They are the children of dreams, of those who in history had never dared to revolt and who had never known the satisfaction of a common revenge."

The editor, Mr. D. F. Karaka, tells of the battles that the current has waged since its inception for "INDEPENDENT ALWAYS, NEVER NEUTRAL" journalism. Lovers of democracy will be pained to read his account of the way in which the Railway Ministry has been trying to ban the sale of his journal in railway bookstalls. He says, quite correctly, that the action of the Railway Ministry is an affront to the dignity of the Fourth Estate, and should be resisted by all independent newspapers in the country.

Other interesting articles on Aarey Milk Colony, Koyna Hydro-electric Scheme, land reforms and State transport in Bombay, profusely illustrated with bright pictures, add to the attraction of this issue, and provide sumptuous reading matter. We wish the *Current* many more years of useful service.

N. RAMANATHAN

Peking Me Mere Teen Varsh (My three years in Peking) By Ko Ling. Price Re. 1. Published by Navachetan Press Ltd., Delhi. pp. 150.

THE trials and tribulations of the Chinese people during the period of their long struggle with the Japanese, serve as the backdrop to this book of reminiscences written by Ko Ling who left her Motherland with her husband and other members of her family when the Japanese occupied Peking and parts of Eastern China.

Even while in exile, Ko Ling had abundant faith in her country and people and knew that the Japanese occupation was only a brief interlude of misery and that the brave people of China would soon throw off the yoke of the foreign tyranny. After the end of the Second World War, Ko Ling returned to her native land and lived happily with her husband and other members of the family for three years in Peking, the "celestial city."

The book is mainly an interesting account of the every day life of the common people living in China. Ko Ling has portrayed their jokes and jealousies, loves and hates in a really authentic way. The book is a good introduction to the study of conditions in post-war China.

Cehatong Ki Phalwadi (The Umbrella Garden) By Maria Yen. Price Rs. 2-8-0. Navachetan Press Ltd., Delhi. pp. 318.

Student life in Red China forms the theme of this book. It tells of the efforts made by the Chinese Government in 1949 to canalise the energies of the young students to consolidate the gains of the Communist Revolution that put an end to the Kuomintang regime. In twelve chapters the authoress explains how the Universities and the educational authorities actively participated in spreading communism in China. One wonders whether it would not have been better for the leaders of China to have left the students alone and kept the educational institutions free from the contamination of political propaganda. Though the subject matter is sordid, the book is written in a racy style.

Mahabali Ki Patan. By Igor Gouzenko. Price Rs. 3. Navachetan Press Ltd., Delhi. pp. 462.

This is a good Hindi translation of Igor Gouzenko's novel, "The Fall of a Titan". The book consists of eight parts, each part having a number of chapters. Though the novel is bulky in size, the author has succeeded in retaining the interest of the original novel, mainly through his descriptive powers, fine narration and arresting style. The novel is bound to be popular among Hindi readers. One hopes that the publishing house will arrange to print more Hindi translations of novels and classics in foreign languages in order to enrich the literature of Hindi.

MRS. RAMALAKSHMI LAXMAN

FILMS

By V. P. SATHE

STALE awards were given away on the 20th September. The function itself proved to be a tame affair. To begin with Dr. Rajendra Prasad, the President, could not attend; and Pandit Nehru who deputized for him chose to be silent. The Prime Minister was perhaps too pre-occupied with the political issues to spare time to speak on films.

It was a great pity that Shri Satyajit Roy, the creator of *Pather Pancholi* and Shri V. Shantaram, the producer of *Jhanak Jhanak* were not present at the function to receive the awards. Even Dr. Keskar's speech was nothing new; it was a repetition of what he had said in Parliament and to the representatives of Indian Motion Picture Producers' Association a week ago in Bombay.

The awards themselves did not create much controversy though unlike in previous two years they were not announced till the 20th of September 1956. The recipients were not definite about their claims till the last hour. In fact, some of them could not make up their minds till the 19th whether to attend the function or not. The only surprise was the inclusion of *Shri Saibaba* for the All India certificate of merit when the picture had failed to get the silver medal for the regional language film. It is claimed that this picture was given preference because it happened to be the biography of a Saint who is worshipped by millions today. The point is whether this biography, full of legends and miracles, could be considered authentic. The non-inclusion of *Seema* in any awards caused no small surprise.

Had the Film Federation stuck to its original plan and celebrated the Silver Jubilee of the Talkie in Delhi along with the presentation of the awards, the function would have been more colourful. It was left to Raj Kapoor, Nargis and other stars to lend glamour and colour to the function which deserved to be better attended. Would it not be better to have this function at one of the film-capitals like Bombay, Calcutta and Madras by rotation so that the film people can mobilize in greater number to attend the function?

Picture of the week

Though every Indian picture has its quota of songs and dances, they cannot be called musicals. For, songs and dances are embellishments and never the principal attraction of the screen play. An exception to this rule is K. Asanath's *Naya Andaz* which is designed on the lines of Hollywood musicals.

In *Naya Andaz*, the songs and dances—there are about a dozen of them—predominate; the story is just incidental and serves as a good excuse for the various songs and dances. For, it is the story of a composer who is out to make a name for himself and his love for the leading lady who sings and dances to his tunes. The dramatic conflict is provided first by the father who is opposed to his son's ambition and later by the theatre-boss who is jealous of his love affair with the heroine and uses every trick to discredit the composer, starts a rival show to separate him from his beloved. But love triumphs over all difficulties.

The story is not good or exciting; but it serves the purpose. For that matter, even the song and dance numbers are not very good or spectacular. The choreography is elementary and the music though pleasant, and tuneful, does not rise to the heights of popular hits. Though Shamsheed and Kishore sing well, the tunes that Nayyar chooses for this

picture are not very suitable for their voices. As a result, the music and songs are second-rate.

As to the dances, Meena Kumari is no dancer and though she has put life and verve in her movements, she fails to impress due to the poor composition of dances. Yet she looks alluring and beautiful and gives a charming portrayal. Kishore does not get much chance to show off his comic antics and Johnny Walker steals every scene from him. Kum Kum is lively and contributes a lively cameo. The actor who plays the Sikh taxi-driver also deserves special mention.

Production values are average with Buva's good camerawork. The direction by K. Amarnath is competent and credit must be given to him for giving us a second-rate but enjoyable entertainer in *Naya Andaz*.

Personality of the Week

Most of the prominent music directors of the pre-war days have now almost gone into oblivion. If the life of a star is five years, the life of a music director is said to be ten years. A happy exception to this rule is Anil Biswas who has been giving music for over two decades.

Anil's first tune that brought him into limelight twenty-one years ago was *Tumhe Muzke Prem Sikhaya* sung by Bibbo and Surendra in Mehboob's *Manmohan*. Since then, right upto *Aurat* Anil gave music for every picture directed by Mehboob. Later he joined Bombay Talkies and was responsible for that sensational hit *Kismet*. It was Anil's tune in *Pehli Nazar*, that brought Mukesh to the fore; and Anil's tune in *Anokha Pyar* put Lata on the top.

No wonder, Anil Biswas is today one of the most respected and revered music director who has a thorough knowledge of Western and Oriental music. He has studied the classical

as well as folk music of India; and he is one of the very few directors who has not succumbed to the temptation of introducing jazzy tunes in his score. Anil has been more insistent on classical base than any other music director.

Anil made motion picture history last week when he sang his latest tune on long-distance telephone call to Moscow. Anil is giving music for the first Indo-Russian co-production *Pardesi*; and he has already recorded four songs. Now with Producer-Director Abbas away in Moscow, he had completed the new tune which is to be sung by Lata and recorded on 24th September 1956. So to get the final consent from Abbas, he sang the tune on the telephone which Abbas and his associates approved from Moscow!

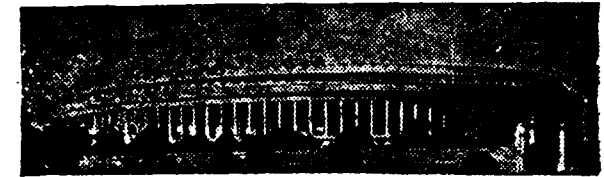
On hearing some of his latest tune for *Pardesi* and for Mahesh Kaul picture for Filmistan, one feels that Anil is still in his best form and that his music will continue to enrich our screen for many years to come.

News of the Week

To celebrate the Radium Jubilee (75th Week) of *Jhanak Jhanak* Shantaram has organized musical concerts at Liberty for 7 days at the usual cinema prices. Bade Ghulam Ali Khan, Khansaheb Amir Khan, Bis-milla and Party, Siddeshwari Devi, Gangubai Hangal, Balgandharva, Kumar Gandharva, Begum Akhtri and Khansaheb Nissar Hussain are participating in these concerts.

Kishore Kumar is soon donning the mantle of producer. He is making a picture which M. V. Raman will direct and in which Madhubala will co-star. Raman is expected to direct one picture for Madhubala Ltd., starring the same pair, while Madhubala has been signed by Raman for his next production.

NEW DELHI DIARY



By V. V. PRASAD

PAKISTAN is gradually freeing itself from the tyranny of the Muslim League. Khan Abdul Gaffar Khan, who is the greatest mass leader in Pakistan, has explained during trial that the leaders of the Muslim League were not fighters for the freedom of their country. He pointed out that there was a conspiracy between the Muslim League and the British. "I do not believe that the leaders of the Muslim League ever served the people, or that they made any sacrifice for Islam or for the common people. They wanted Pakistan for their own selves and had succeeded in their objective," he declared.

Badshah Khan is the younger brother of Dr. Khan Saheb, and has been opposed to the idea of one unit for West Pakistan. He stood for a Pakhatoonisthan, forming an integral part of Pakistan. This has been purposely misinterpreted by the Muslim League as a demand for an independent State.

Khan Abdul Ghaffar Khan had also offered to solve the Kashmir dispute with India on two occasions, but the Pakistan Government did not accept his offer. The late Mr. Liaquat Ali Khan had explained to two legislators that he did not want another *Quide Azam*. The Muslim League leaders were really not interested in the solution of the Kashmir question, said Badshah Khan. "They were only interested in their ministerial chairs."

There is a gradual realisation among the masses of Pakistan that they have been betrayed by the Muslim League. It has taken nearly ten

years for the people of Pakistan to get rid of their incompetent and corrupt leaders of the Muslim League. Dr. Khan Saheb is the best administrator that Pakistan has today. He has been trying hard to effect a transition from the bad Government to a good Government. He is credited with the intention of bringing the younger element in the political leadership of Pakistan into responsible positions in that country. The best wishes of the people of India are ever with the people of Pakistan in their efforts to establish good Government in their country.

In an exclusive interview, Dr. Saifuddin Kitchlew told me: "There is no Kashmir issue any more. What is in your possession belongs to you and what is with me is mine. Now that Pakistan has aligned itself with the Western bloc completely, the question of plebiscite in Kashmir does not arise."

Dr. Kitchlew drew the attention of the Press to Pakistan's position in the world today. He pointed out that the foreign policy of Pakistan has led to a situation wherein none of its neighbours—neither India, nor Afghanistan, nor China nor Soviet Russia—could be described as "friendly" to Pakistan. That was the result of wrong policies adopted by the rulers of Pakistan.

Dr. Kitchlew also told the Pakistani Press that none of the countries of the Middle East regarded Pakistan as a friend, because of its support to the Dulles Plan at the London

Conference on Suez. Since then, of course, there have been changes in the Government of Pakistan, and a more satisfactory foreign policy is being evolved by the Suhrawardy Cabinet.

Bulgaria has been very much in the news in the capital this week-end. The new Minister, Mr. Daskalov, held one of the most colourful receptions in recent months to celebrate the Bulgarian National Day, which was attended, among others, by Vice-President Radhakrishnan. A new Indo-Bulgarian Friendship Society was formed with Dr. P. Subbarayan as President.

Speaking at the inaugural function of the Society, Mr. Daskalov gave an account of the progress made by his country during the past twelve years. Since the establishment of the People's Democracy in 1944, Bulgaria had grown from a backward agrarian country to a rapidly developing industrial nation. Her industrial production at present was 5.5 times that of the output of 1939. National income during this period had advanced by 50 per cent. Agriculture, which was in a rather primitive condition before liberation, had been completely re-organised on a co-operative basis, and thoroughly modernized with over 60 per cent mechanisation.

As far as cultural activities were concerned, Mr. Daskalov declared that the Government had succeeded in wiping out illiteracy completely from the people below 50 years of age. At various stages, from primary to specialized and technical education, the increases registered have been from two to six times.

It is heartening to find that Jaya Prakash Narayan has joined those who had been warning our country of the dangers of the personality cult. Mr. Ajoy Ghosh had joined our ranks some weeks ago. J. P. has called it "the pernicious cult of personality." J. P. has confirmed that the "cavalier

manner" against which Mr. C. D. Deshmukh feebly complained "is not just a fleeting symptom, but an indication of a fast-spreading disease, fear, adulation, power-manoevres, arbitrariness—all the components of the cult are present and they should be a warning to all lovers of freedom."

In view of this realisation on the part of J. P., it is difficult to appreciate his unwillingness to fight the Congress Party at the elections in the most effective manner. If a common programme can be evolved, there is no reason why it should not form the basis for a joint election strategy. The Sarvodaya concept steers clear of the party system. What is needed is a Joint Election Board consisting of representatives of the P.S.P., and other parties, as well as of Independents, which should choose candidates solely on the basis of merit, irrespective of whether they belong to a particular party or not.

I was glad to see an excellent translation in Telugu of Ivan Olbracht's *Nikola Suhaj, the Robber*. More works of outstanding literary merit from all over the world are translated into Telugu than in any other Indian language except Bengali. Mr. Rentala Pitcheswara Rao has translated from the original in Czech, and his effort is perhaps the first translation from this language in Telugu.

There is a great literary tradition in Czechoslovakia, and it will be well worth our while to make the masterpieces of Czech literature available in our languages. Ivan Olbracht is one of the greatest modern writers of Czechoslovakia, and died only a few years ago. *Nikola Suhaj* is a novel about a legendary outlaw and friend of the poor, a kind of Robin Hood. Both Robin Hood and Nikola Suhaj loved freedom, and therefore took shelter in the forests, where tyrannical exploiters could not reach. They

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THE MRIDANGAM PLAYER

WHEN we were boys we played "musicians" and the part invariably assigned to me and the one I liked most was that of the *mridangam* vidwan. *Mridangam* as a stage property was hard to get and so also were other instruments generally featured in a South Indian concert.

Our stage was an improvised platform, made up of two or three tables or desks and it was assembled in a room as far away from the kitchen as possible because it was there grandma, our guardian and governess, worked and she was not exactly fond of plays, especially of the variety specialised in by us. She was fond of us, but she was too much of a puritan to understand dramas and such other new fangled ideas. She generally left us to our device so long as (i) we did not make too much noise to disturb her work and (ii) our neighbour, a regular killjoy, did not complain.

It was difficult, if not impossible, to carry on our entertainment under those stringent conditions for noise as it seemed to others is the *sine qua non* of our activities and it not only reached the kitchen creating violent reactions in the presiding deity there, but it overflowed into the neighbour's bedroom where it shook him from his afternoon siesta.

The neighbour, it was very unfortunate, was at home during the week-ends which was also the occasion when we children gathered in strength and planned our games. It was a delight to watch his reactions to our deliberations. There was anxiety and concern written large on his face and inwardly he said a prayer to himself that we might decide on anything but not on a music concert. As it happened, however, the concert was our favourite and there was no restriction on the number of persons who could participate in it.

We liked instrumental concerts more than vocal singing because our heroes were the *nadhaswara* vidwans, the flutists, the violinists and the *mridangam* and *ganjira* players. Usually we had two to play the *nadhaswaram* and they had any number of accompaniments, including the violin, the *mridangam* and the *ganjira*, not to speak of the *thavul*.

It was rather unorthodox, you might think, clubbing the *nadhaswaram* with violin and *mridangam*, but we liked it that way and children will be children. We fashioned the *nadhaswaram* by clipping the ends of thatched coconut leaves. They were small, of course, compared to the long instruments of the piper, but by applying them to our lips and extending our tiny arms as far as possible we could pass the test with flying colours. We sang into the *nadhaswarams* all the music that we knew and it was not much considering the fact that our knowledge generally did not extend beyond the first line of the song. There was a disadvantage in using the coconut leaf because our effort released so much saliva that our instruments soon became wet and had to be constantly replaced. This meant frequent dismantling of our thatched roof to the consternation of our neighbour who also happened to be our landlord.

It was easier to find a violin and it did not involve replacement so often. We picked up the hard fibre of plantain leaves which was sheared and thrown away and cut them into lengths suitable to us. We needed two pieces, one for the violin and the other for the bow. We rested the rod against our chest and ran the bow across it with the expertness of a born musician. There was, of course, a risk involved in this and many times the concert, when it was at its best, had to be stopped in the

A PARODY OF THE PRESS REPORT

By N. GANGA RAM

RIGHT from his high school days the present writer has read regularly his favourite newspaper. He has now become so familiar with the set, "stereo-typed" pattern of news-presentation that last Sunday he could himself dash off a press report with considerable ease. It is this report which has been reproduced below:

WELFARE OF LOVERS

Minister Defends Govt.'s Policy

New Delhi, Sept. 24.

Mr. C. Dushyanthappa, Union Minister for Love Affairs, disclosed in Parliament today that the Government had decided to allot Rs. 1 crore for expenditure on schemes aimed at encouraging lovers and love-making. He also indicated that the Government were contemplating comprehensive legislation for safeguarding the interests of lovers. The Minister was replying to the unexpected debate occasioned by the remark of a private member that the party in power was totally neglecting the welfare of lovers and that of late, the country had become a lover's hell. (A brief report on the debate has already appeared in these columns).

The Union Minister in his reply strongly protested against the member's allegation which he characterised as "uncharitable and wholly unfounded." The Government, he stated, were fully aware of the significant role love and love-making could play in generating happiness in under-developed countries with low living standards. In this connection he quoted the familiar saying, 'It is love that makes the world

go round', and said the inestimable value of a love-experience while young, could easily be understood. Apart from making them happy, it helped the young males and females move in close quarters and get an insight into the psychology of the other. Love-making promoted a sense of sympathy and understanding which later on in life facilitated the achievement of domestic harmony and peace. As the members knew very well, love-marriages served to eradicate the evil of dowry and promoted inter-caste alliances, the Minister said.

Role Of Parks

Continuing, Mr. Dushyanthappa observed that the Government had been taking various measures for encouraging love-making. "For the benefit of the House in general and the concerned member in particular, I should like to briefly mention here some of the steps taken by the Government. Everyone knows that parks are the ideal traditional rendez-vous of lovers and hence they greatly facilitate love-making. The laying out of more number of parks and the beautification and better up-keep of the existing parks are engaging the attention of the Government. Similarly, co-educational institutions play an important role in contributing to the cause of love-making and therefore, the Government propose to open more schools and colleges—co-educational, of course. It will be appreciated that this measure incidentally will serve the interests of higher education also."

The Minister next mentioned the

efforts of the Government to popularise love-making through the medium of books. He said that some of the excellent plays glorifying healthy and pure love were to be found in the classical literature. In order to make available large number of such works at moderate prices, the Government had requested the National Book Trust and the Southern Languages Trust to remember the love-plays (comedies) of Shakespeare and Kalidasa when preparing a list of books to be published or recommended.

"The visual appeal," the Minister said, "is the most powerful appeal. And we are grateful to the film industry for anticipating our policy and making pictures centering around love. The Government is working out a scheme which when implemented would enable *bona fide* lovers to obtain tickets at concessional rates. Of course, the Government would undertake to make good the loss incurred by theatre-managements in this regard."

Govt. Bill Soon

Mr. Dushyanthappa told the House that some days ago an Independent member, a good friend of his, approached him with a Bill which sought to regulate love-making. On his assurance that the Government would soon be introducing a comprehensive Bill to safeguard the interests of lovers, he decided not to pass it on to the Speaker. "There are two aspects of such a Bill. On the one hand, it should encourage love-making as much as possible in a healthy way and remove all obstacles preventing lovers from getting married. For example, the Bill should contain a clause which would penalise parents refusing to permit their sons/daughters to marry those whom they love. On the other hand, it should ensure that immoral practices are not committed under the pretext of love-making."

"Prema-Mahotsava"

The Minister said that arrangements were being made for a country-wide celebration of a *Prema-mahotsava* when there would be special meetings, plays, film-shows, broadcasts over the radio, essay competitions and the like.

Mr. Dushyanthappa admitted that there was truth in the observation made by an opposition member that the antipathy and disfavour shown towards girl-gazing and girl-chasing had somewhat affected the tempo of love-making in the country. "The House may be interested to know that last month the Government invited the French expert, M. Edouard Romeolaire, to study this situation and make his recommendations. A copy of the Romeolaire Report would be placed on the table of the House shortly and I may point out here that the Bill to which I referred to just now, is being modelled on the recommendations of M. Romeolaire."

Orangeby Report

Mr. Dushyanthappa referred to Mr. Paul Orangeby's Report on the administration and said that he had remarked therein that if the administrative machinery contained many frustrated lovers its efficiency would be impaired and to that extent the progress of the Plan would also be affected. "The successful implementation of the schemes for encouraging lovers for which Rs. 1 crore is to be set apart, would result in fewer numbers of frustrated lovers and suicides and also solve to some extent the problem of overcrowding in mental hospitals," the Minister hoped.

Concluding, the Minister revealed amidst laughter that he himself was a disappointed lover and hence the House could rest assured that he would do his best to save others from frustration in love.

The House at this stage adjourned for lunch.

HUMANITY

BY BALRAJ PURI

(Dogri—the language of the north western hilly areas of India, between the Punjab and Kashmir valley—has a rich tradition of melodious folk songs. Imbibing that spirit, Madhukar, a young Dogri poet, gives a lyrical and romantic expression to a philosophical idea—the role of man on the earth. There is, in fact, no idea more romantic and no story more adventurous than the saga of man. And rightly does Madhukar sing the song of the eternal struggle of humanity against nature, heaven and gods. The English version, given below, is a free rendering from the original in Dogri.)

An Eternal Song of Eternal Humanity!

Millions of floods have flooded the fields of skies;
Clouds have sung the song of destruction, millions of times;
Storms of darkness pitched their tents, time and again;
Yet, the gold of the rays of the sun is not tarnished!
And the flow of light continues undiminished!

The light is a symbol of life's continuity.

This is the eternal song of eternal Humanity.

Thunderbolts were thrown by angry heaven;
It also showered the rains of destruction;

And many a storm of death was unleashed;
The upright Himalayas of humanity didn't retreat!

The song of Truth's struggle is pure and sweet!
Lakes represent water of human effort and dignity.

This is the eternal song of eternal Humanity.

Innumerable rivers strike with all their might;
Yet, the lap of ocean hasn't ceased rearing up pearls!

The water isn't dried up in the ocean of love!
The oil isn't finished in the lamp of struggle!

Pearls of love are born in water salty.*

This is the eternal song of eternal Humanity.

Rahu' of bad luck often came to dishearten;
Dark nights also tried to frighten;

Through darkness, stars of aspirations continued to smile!
The moonlight of Hope remains unblemished!

The rows of bowers of feeling haven't perished!
These flowers are the hope of humanity

This is the eternal song of eternal Humanity.

Autumn comes with all the blast and anger
To scare away the songs of koels and birds;

And to whip out the traces of spring in orchards;
But the fragrance and songs survive the onslaught!

The walls of sand fail to stop the waves!
The waves, propelled by water currents fierce and mighty.

This is the eternal song of eternal Humanity.

Mountains of starvation come to check its sway;
Jungles of misfortunes tried to block its way;

Pits of exploitation confused its flow;
But the flow of the Ganges of Humanity continues unabated!

Factors adverse couldn't diminish its glow!
This light is destined to wipe out the darkness.

This is the eternal song of eternal Humanity.

With immense fondness the Earth constructs picture after picture;
The anger of heaven strives to break them one after the other;

Lo! heaven gives in, but all pictures couldn't be broken.
The foundations of human hope remain unshaken!

This is a symbol of the light of hope.

This is an eternal song of eternal Humanity.

* Tears.

AMERICAN VIGNETTES

IN the U. S. A., until the first week in November, when the Presidential election will take place, Americans who like to call everyone, including their President, by first name and preferably by a nick-name, will be swearing by Ike, Adlai, Dick and Estes. In recent weeks, literally millions and millions of words have been written about them. Out of this ocean of material, is given the following account of the four men coming face to face in the ensuing elections.

The Presidential battle of 1956 gives American voters a choice between two men of vivid contrasts. Dwight D. Eisenhower, the Republican candidate, is a military man who grew up in a financially hard-pressed family in a small Kansas town, got his schooling at West Point, and turned to politics only after gaining fame in war. Adlai E. Stevenson, the Democratic candidate, is an Illinois lawyer who was born to financial security and social position, went to top flight private schools and gravitated naturally to politics as the field in which his ancestors had won fame.

Mr. Eisenhower is an extrovert, an out-of-doors man, who loves to fish and play golf. He was a football player at West Point. His favourite reading is Western stories. His hobbies are bridge and painting. Mr. Stevenson is known as an "intellectual," whose reading tastes run to History, Philosophy and the Classics. His favourite sports are tennis and horseback riding. He seems to have no other hobbies, unless you would so describe his love for reading and lively conversation.

The President is no polished orator. His speech is simple and direct, often confused in syntax. But he is generally credited with getting his message through to the people. Mr. Stevenson is a polished speaker, a mas-

ter of the clever phrase, the classical quotation. His speeches delight intellectuals, but politicians have accused him of talking over the heads of the masses of voters.

Physical Make-up

At 65, President Eisenhower, after serious illnesses in a year, is a lean 168 pounds. He is tall—5 feet 11 inches. He is noted for his broad grin, hearty laugh and quick temper. In any kind of contest—at golf, bridge, war or politics—he is intense, eager to win. At 56, Mr. Stevenson weighs 185 pounds, although he is two inches shorter than his opponent. He is noted for a sense of humour, but his is the humour of the subtle witticism. His reserved manner sometimes gives an impression of shyness. His approach to an enterprise tends to appear somewhat casual, rather than intense.

Even friends of the two are of different types. Mr. Eisenhower seems to prefer the active type, usually a business or military man, one who shares his interests in bridge and outdoor sports. Mr. Stevenson clings to the type of men he grew up among—the quieter, literary or legal types who prefer quiet conversation to competition. People who know both men doubt that Mr. Eisenhower and Mr. Stevenson would ever be close friends, even if next-door neighbours.

Yet there are points of likeness, too, in these rival candidates. Both Mr. Stevenson, who inherited money, and Mr. Eisenhower, who did not, are now accounted as men of substance. Mr. Stevenson's personal fortune is estimated at about half a million dollars. Mr. Eisenhower earned a similar amount from his book, *Crossade in Europe*. Both men own and enjoy farms—Mr. Eisenhower at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, and Mr. Stevenson at Libertyville, Illinois.

Also, in the four years since they last met in a political campaign, both rival candidates have shown great improvement as politicians. And, to some extent, their political viewpoints coincide—near the middle of the road. Neither is considered an extremist.

Contrasts

It is the contrasts, rather than the similarities, however, that can be expected to catch the voter's eyes in the campaign ahead. It is the differences between them that are likely to sway the voters' verdict. These differences have their origins far back in the Eisenhower and Stevenson family traces. Mr. Eisenhower's ancestors were German and Swiss. After coming to this country in the eighteenth century, they were mostly farmers, small tradesmen or preachers. Mr. Stevenson's ancestors came from England and Ireland, also in the eighteenth century. In the U. S. they accumulated financial substance and political fame. His grandfather, also named Adlai E. Stevenson, was Vice-President under Grover Cleveland.

In Abilene, Kansas, the future President grew up in a modest home crowded with six boys. His father, after an unsuccessful venture in a general store and a period in Texas as a railroad mechanic, was working in an Abilene creamery during the President's boyhood. There was always plenty to eat, but the life was one of frugality and hard work. The boys had to milk the family cow, raise a garden and do odd jobs to get spending money. They went to public schools until young Dwight, in competitive examinations, won an appointment to the U. S. Military Academy.

Mr. Stevenson's father, after managing mines in the West for the Hearst family and working on a Hearst newspaper in Los Angeles, settled down in the family seat of Bloomington, Illinois. There he managed 10,000 acres of farm land

spread over three States. Young Adlai grew up in a big, comfortable house in the best section of the town. His mother and his sister taught him at home until he entered public school at the age of nine. His family travelled widely, spending winter vacations in the South and summer vacations in Michigan. He spent one year studying in Lausanne, Switzerland. He also attended Choate preparatory school in Connecticut, then spent four years in Princeton. In 1918, he enlisted in the U. S. Naval Reserve unit at Princeton, but World War I ended before he saw action.

After graduation from Princeton, Mr. Stevenson studied law for two years at Harvard. He interrupted his law studies to spend a year and a half helping run a Bloomington newspaper in which his family had a financial interest. Then he went to Northwestern University to finish his law studies and entered an established law firm in Chicago.

Their Careers

Out of such diverse backgrounds, the candidates' careers developed in different directions. Mr. Eisenhower went on to the usual life of an Army officer. He fretted out World War I in the U. S. Then he went through the dreary round of routine assignments and slow promotions that was the normal fate of Army officers between the World Wars. He remained a Major for sixteen years, from 1920 to 1936. In September, 1941, Mr. Eisenhower distinguished himself in Army war games and won the notice of his superiors. This led to a series of command appointments—and a series of military triumphs in Africa and Europe. He wound up the war as Supreme Allied Commander in Europe and one of the world's most famous military figures. For the politicians, he was a marked man.

Mr. Stevenson, meanwhile, also was making his mark in Government service, but as a civilian. He first went to Washington in the early years of

the New Deal, serving as special counsel in the Agricultural Adjustment Administration and as assistant general counsel for the Federal Alcohol Control Administration. After two years in Washington, Mr. Stevenson returned to his Chicago law practice. But World War II brought him to Washington again, in 1941, as personal assistant to Frank Knox, Secretary of the Navy. In 1945 and 1946, Mr. Stevenson served in the State Department and played active roles in the early meetings of the United Nations.

Returning to Chicago in 1947, Mr. Stevenson saw politics beckoning. He wanted to run for the U. S. Senate, but found political pressure pushing him toward the Governorship instead. Friends won him the endorsement of Illinois' Democratic leadership and he was elected Governor by a plurality of 572,000 votes in 1948—when President Harry S. Truman carried Illinois by only 33,612. As Governor, Mr. Stevenson doubled State assistance to public schools, renovated the welfare system, began a 100-million-dollar road programme, removed the State police from political patronage and installed a merit system. He had his troubles too, but national leaders of the Democratic Party were looking him over as a presidential possibility.

Mr. Eisenhower's entry into politics came four years later than Mr. Stevenson's. After the war, he served as Army Chief of Staff, President of Columbia University, and military commander of North Atlantic Treaty Organization forces in Europe. Meanwhile, politicians' interest in him continued to grow. Then, in 1952, the paths of Mr. Eisenhower and Mr. Stevenson crossed. Both were virtually drafted to run for the Presidency. Mr. Eisenhower, who had rejected overtures from both parties as early as 1948, finally yielded in January, 1952, identified himself as a Republican, and announced that he would

accept that party's nomination if it were offered. He won the nomination on the first ballot of the Convention.

Mr. Stevenson held out until the middle of the 1952 Democratic Convention before yielding, then was nominated on the third ballot. In the November election that followed, Mr. Eisenhower defeated Mr. Stevenson with ease. After the 1952 election, Mr. Eisenhower worked his way slowly into his new role as President. Often he was frustrated and irked by Republicans who opposed many of his objectives in Congress. Finally he got the hang of his job, grew to like it and decided, despite its burdens and the condition of his health, to seek another term.

In the same four years, Mr. Stevenson made a world tour, travelled extensively in the U. S., cultivating politicians and learning their ways. Now Mr. Eisenhower and Mr. Stevenson face each other again in a campaign which emphasizes their differences. The American voters, next November, will choose between contrasts.

Nixon and Kefauver

For Vice-President—as for President—American voters this year are offered a choice between contrasts.

Vice-President Richard M. Nixon, the Republican candidate, draws his strongest political support from among businessmen and the so-called "conservatives" in his party. Senator Estes Kefauver, the Democratic candidate, has shown his greatest strength among farm and labour groups, and in the so-called "liberal" elements of his party.

Mr. Nixon is known as a "Party regular." During his six years in Congress as a Representative and as a Senator from California, Republican leaders usually could count upon his vote for party measures. Senator Kefauver, in 17 years in Congress,

great Tolstoy once picked up an urchin from the street and put him to work in his palatial house. The boy was given the best of rations, best of raiments under that palatial roof and yet one day he was found absconding. The boy left for the streets. Why? Tolstoy reasons it out that it was entirely due to the idle rich life the other inmates of the self-same house lived as noticed by the boy-servant. Contrasted with the life of the latter who had to live doing all the work and notwithstanding all the luxury heaped on him, the lazy living of the Tolstoy family raised an interrogation mark before him, why he alone should work? He, therefore, shunned all work. That urchin of Tolstoy has a lesson for us. The Haves have got to change their mode of living and mere dispossessing oneself of a fraction of his land does not touch even the fringe of the problem. *A slice of the loot recovered from a plunderer does not make the plunderer a better man.*

The Mannankatti dan and its kindred dans only tend to deepen the lines of demarcation already existing between man and man. They could never erase inequalities among men.

More Effective Measures

One should not run away with the idea that I am a 'Red' suggesting fire and sword to solve the problems confronting Society today. Far from that, I am neither Red except for my blood nor White except for my dhoti. I think it is better to perish without an inch of land, if at all one will perish for that reason, rather than to flourish a sword in hand or Gandhi cap on the head. All that is implied is that a compelling force from the seat of supreme authority and responsibility for the welfare of the people should move in the matter and do something. The voluntary dan should be substituted with compulsory dispossession.

Even the argument that the Mannankatti dan will create a con-

genial climate for necessary legislation at a later date cannot be accepted as it has now been long enough in our midst. How is it that no Pada yatras were made, no prayer meetings conducted and no orange juice sipped to create such a climate for the sanctimonious visitation of His Holiness the Prohibition? The reason is that in the case of the latter the Government wanted it and had it without waiting for any Pada yatras or Sirshasanams by anybody. A government with a similar intent on the agrarian muddle could have long ago, with the grit it showed for Prohibition enactment, done likewise for the former also. Is it after slowly and cautiously creating the so-called necessary climate among the burglars, dacoits, pirates, pindarees, thugs, marauders, hooligans, goondas, bandits, murderers and their tribe that the Government of this country, or of any other country for that matter, legislated against them? Legislation is called for only when the climate is hostile and it is a contradiction in terms to speak of necessary climate and legislation at the same breath. When the former has been created, the need for the latter vanishes.

We do not want legislation to prohibit us from walking on our heads even though the climate for such a legislation is prevalent. But at a time when some privileged people begin to ride on some other human heads, what the situation calls for is not a Pada yatra among the riders by some with incantations of *Sthotras* and *Srutis*, but, an unrelenting legislation preventing and punishing such inhuman vehicular vandalism.

Sermons Different from Laws

What is being adored and passed off as a dan is all patch-up work, stop-gap arrangement, hotch-potch, procrastinating the inevitable on the blind faith of the dumb masses, quoting scriptures and the like.

There is no Government run on the *Ten Commandments* or on the *Vedas* or *Gayatri* or *Sahasranamas*. These, of course, are, were and will be there; but, those spiritual strictures may or may not be heeded by the worldly folk. The mundane force to propel man in the right direction in a state said to be enjoying or suffering secular government is adequate, timely and suitable legislation. Sermons are different from laws; priests are no parliamentarians and moralising is no substitute for enforcement of enactments.

It is all nice to read that "a total sum of Rs. 8,19,545-6-8 has been donated till the end of June 56 through out India for the Sampattidan Yagna and "till June 30th 1956, 1,876 persons had offered *Jeevandan* for the reconstruction of man and society." But this 8 lakhs odd of *Sampattidan* trumpeted about to the public to further glorify the dan, is only a pittance when compared with the dans made by the public from time to time for some relief work or other. There are instances to show that some of the newspapers in this country have been able to collect tens of lakhs in less than a month's time for relief measures. The term, *Sampattidan*, may be an invention, but, what is implied in it has been in vogue from the earliest times.

If you think that a sum of Rs. 8 lakhs odd collected by an organised movement during the course of a few years from the whole country of India is a great achievement and sufficient reason to promote the movement, I wonder how you would feel when I tell you that the monthly amount of *hundi* collection in Palani temple is about 10 lakhs. No *Pada yatras*, no prayer meetings, no orange juice, no mass spinning, no exhibitionism of any kind; and yet, Rs. 10 lakhs every MONTH! Surely *Sri Andavaji* is a more miraculous man! *Sri Murukaji* is, of course, a better collector! And *Sri Guruvayurappaji's* achievement in

the field of *Sampattidan* is unequalled.

I have my own doubt as to what insignificant an extent these ever increasing dans could effect any vibration in the chord of our national economy! The intelligent economists are reticent about it. The agricultural experts are silent as to the consequences of sub-division and fragmentation of holdings, the inevitable concomitant of the dans and as to the possibilities or lack of it for the mechanisation of the farming industry. Perhaps, following the dans some *Ambar* ploughs may be invented sooner or later and I wonder which lucky guy stands to knock off a few lakhs.

I wonder why the ministers who fly to the *Dan Diety* now and then for *darshans* do not do something officially to reinforce the movement. Why are they doing only *Adharadan*—lip service; by *Adharadan* I don't mean what you mean, newly-weds . . . !!

I do not suggest demobilisation of the dan formations. Let the crusade be continued as a *Katha Kalakshepa*; let it not be a lullaby to send our government to sleep on the point at issue; let it not bamboozle a responsible government to the smug complacency that all is well with the land, the land-lords and the landless; let the people pin their love to the *Mannankatti dan* but not their hopes. For hopes they must look elsewhere.

ALTITUDE RECORD

GEORGETOWN, KENTUCKY—A research balloon launched by the University of Minnesota has landed here after being carried swiftly by high altitude winds. Its instruments indicate it set an altitude record of 143,000 feet. The record-making balloon flight was the first of a series planned by the university. They are designed to open a new area of cosmic ray studies and to discover new problems which might be involved in future space flight.—USIS

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YOUR LAUGHTER GIVES YOU AWAY

By SUBHASH J. RELE

FROM the earliest dawn of history laughter has been considered as essential to happiness. Laughter cannot be bought, begged or borrowed. The ability to laugh is instinctive. It is an inborn faculty. The ancients were convinced of the fact that there are few things more enviable than the gift of good laughter.

Why do we Laugh?

Various theories of laughter fail to illumine us to the extent we wish. Bergson was of the opinion that we laugh at human things; we laugh at animals as at other situations only because we find some human elements in them. In quite *staccato* sentences Voltaire noted that solemnity is a kind of disease. Those persons who find nothing in life to make them laugh, surely are a bit abnormal, for, a laughter is a release and a joy, a vital part of man's emotional repertoire. Schopenhauer said that laughter is merely 'a negation of pain' but then Schopenhauer was a pessimist. Mc Dougall's view is that we laugh in order that we may not weep. This is quite an incomplete explanation for this kind of laughter probably depends upon training and experience. Freud explains laughter as emanating from the unconscious region of the mind. He has stressed that sex is the strongest propulsive power in the human organism. Boris Sidis contends that we laugh in the overflowing abundance of our joy. Perhaps Thomas Hobbes has some definite views. He candidly maintains that we laugh because we are lacking in sympathy and have a 'sudden glory' in discovering 'some eminency' in ourselves by

comparisons with the infirmities of others. Sudden glory gives us pleasure which is expressed in the form of laughter.

Recently psychologists have stripped away some of the secrecy shrouding laughter. They, however, point out to us that there is more in laughter than meets the eye. Patients who consult a psychologist should not be greatly surprised if they are told funny stories by the doctors; and anyone who applies for an important job should not be startled if the personnel director turns the interview into a joke session. Psychologists are convinced that the way you respond to different types of humour reveals more about your character and personality than you would ever dream possible. You will find it hard to believe but in many countries business firms have been quick to employ this new principle as an aid to selecting men for important posts. Laughter is an uncannily penetrating clue to the inner cores and secrecies of a human personality. One's laughter, they say, is a real key to one's personality.

Key To Personality

Supposing a company is considering several men for the job of sales-manager. All have good qualifications but the question is, which is best suited temperamentally for this particular post. To determine this, the personnel director obtains each man's reaction to a list of jokes. How each applicant responds to these jokes indicates how well his personality fits the job. On the face of it this may seem rather far-fetched. But the fact is that this principle

works wonders as has been proved in exhaustive tests conducted by psychologists, R. B. Cattell and L. B. Luborsky, at the University of Illinois who have long believed that humour responses are significant because (i) individuals are consistent in their preference for certain kinds of humour (ii) the type of humour a man appreciates is linked with his innermost feelings and repressed desires.

Scientific research proves the importance of laughing. Laughter is prescribed by doctors as medicine, as an effective tonic. It gently massages the intestinal organs and improves digestion. It clears the brain of its mental cobwebs, warms the heart, stimulates circulation and makes work easier and life worth living. A doctor puts it quite bluntly, "A little laughter everyday, like a good sweat, is no bad thing." He explains that laughter is the ideal physical relaxer because by its nature it gets rid of tenseness of the muscles, particularly in the abdomen and chest. There is an Italian proverb that says, "Laughter creates good blood." And good blood in turn creates wholesome flesh. Lin Yutang rightly stresses that this troubled world of ours badly needs more laughter. "If all men have a large sense of humour," he says "there will be no more trouble in this world; and if all the countries are represented at foreign conferences by their best humorists there will be no more wars." Psychologists the world over are agreed that people who cannot laugh should be regarded with mistrust, since they rarely make good members of the community.

Effects of Laughter

The effects of laughter are most significant. "Laugh your worries away," is not an empty slogan. A happy face is an efficacious spirit raiser. Thornton says that if you want to keep the wrinkles out of your life, keep sunshine in your heart, then laugh at your ills and save doctor's

bills. One famous psychotherapist developed what might be called a healing technique of laughter. He encouraged his patients to laugh. By a cleverly devised series of stimuli, he was able to induce in them sheer side-splitting, rollicking laughter. His method wrought a miracle. Nervous, miserable people recaptured the capacity to laugh.

Another man, a Dutch medical student, worked out a scheme to wake people up laughing on the telephone. He told the idea to various Dutch hotels, where guests can ring him up to hear the latest joke. The idea was so popular that he found himself telling the same funny story 640 times a day, and now has to have his jokes recorded.

"HOUSE OF TOMORROW" UNVEILED IN NEW YORK CITY

A scale model of a one-family house, made of moulded plastic parts, with built-in coloured walls, flower-shaped wash basins and egg-shaped closets, was recently unveiled by Walt Disney at the Coliseum in New York City. A life-size model of the "House of Tomorrow" will be built in the Tomorrowland area of Disneyland at Anaheim, California. The New York model was a feature of Monsanto Chemical Company's exhibit at the Seventh National Plastics Exhibition.

The plastic house features moulded walls and floors similar in concept to plastic shells of boats. Around a central core having a kitchen and two bathrooms are four wings. By adding another core and other wings, the house can be enlarged or rearranged. Windows are made of plastic, but curtains are hung on rods as in any other house. The parts of the new house are made up of compound curves for strength.

The cost of the house, once it gets into production, will be approximately the same as that of a more traditional house of the same size.—USIS

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

Blind Politicians

The Southern Regional Educational Conference which discussed the question of medium of instruction in colleges is just over. The arguments put forth by the supporters of the regional language do not reveal much forethought or statesmanship regarding education. It is time people like Prof. Rathnaswamy and thoughtful parents rallied round Dr. Lakshmanaswamy in support of his wise suggestions for the retention of English in our universities. The regional language medium in schools is all right but English should be taught equally and thoroughly well and should begin earlier than the middle school stage.

The Conference rightly realises the fact that Hindi is as foreign to the South or in fact much more foreign than the English language. The South should insist on English being the official language along with the regional language. English will be a unifying factor when the States reorganisation becomes an established fact. Hindi can be learnt only as a third language.

Why should Hindi be thrust down the throats of the South Indians who have a much more ancient language with a richer tradition than Hindi? As is well known English is an international language and it will remain so to the end of time. English has also given us national awakening. Why should we cast it away because it happens to be the erstwhile ruler's mother-tongue? The North seems quite blind and adamant and it is better it leaves the South alone. We hope that our educationists will give more thoughts to this problem and recognise the merits of the case for the retention of English.

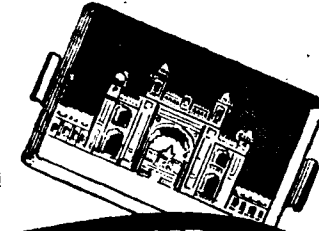
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PEDLAR'S PACK

PANDIT NEHRU'S progress through Saudi Arabia has been an unbroken triumph. In the land which has been famed throughout the world for cherishing one God, one Prophet and one Law, room at last has been found for the recognition of a second Prophet; for, our Prime Minister has been hailed as the Prophet of Peace. Barring Kashmir in our North, Assam in the East, Goa in the West, the conferment of this title on him must be pronounced singularly felicitous! Pandit Nehru claimed modestly for himself no more than the role of a pilgrim. But despatches have been silent as to whether any visit was made to Mecca. Arab youths are reported to have asked him to explain how we in this country have been able to achieve such wonderful progress in the last nine years. Clearly a case of distance lending enchantment to the view! For how should the schoolboys out there know that we are not yet self-sufficient either in regard to food or to clothing! The Prime Minister was apparently taken aback at the princely salary of more than Rs. 400 per mensem paid to cadets. It is a royal wage, doubtless distributed among the members of the royal family, and obviously made possible by royalties derived from oil! A state-banquet to the distinguished guest high-lighted the welcome. The Arab notables came dressed in their national, flowing robes and many rare delicacies were served.

Allah is great, but greater is oil
For thanks to it, the Arabs neither spin
nor toil:
But their present-day glory
Is greater than that of Solomon in
story!

Professor Haldane, the noted British scientist, gave an interview at Calcutta after returning from a conference of Japanese scientists who discussed atomic radiation. He was dressed in djibbah and Kurta, presumably to underline his composite admiration for Indians and Arabs. Commenting on the Suez situation, he is said to have declared that if Britain went to war with Egypt, he would

have to remain here and would be glad to do it.

In progressive Asiatic circles, however, hopes are entertained of the distinguished scientist organising an international brigade of septuagenarian intellectuals to offer Satyagraha at 10, Downing Street, London.

As a result of the London meetings of the Western powers, it has been decided to form a new body called the Co-operative Association of Suez Canal users—Cascu, for short. It is to be formally inaugurated on October 1, but it is understood that there would be no obligation that participating members should act in a particular way.

Cascu

Is born askew:

It can neither stand, sit nor move
But only Western disunity prove!

Mr. Suhrawardy, the leader of the Awami League, who has become the Prime Minister of Pakistan, has announced that he has taken ten portfolios himself.

A moulti, who does not wish to be identified, has pointed out that the Shariat, which has limited the number of one's wives to a maximum of four, has not specifically ruled out a plurality of portfolios as un-Islamic.

The Congress High Command is understood to have decided that at least one-third of the sitting members in all the legislatures belonging to the party should be replaced with a view to draw fresh blood.

The proportion of bad blood likely to be created by this decision is expected to be much higher.

With a view to step up food-production in the next two years, a new ministry has been set up with a minister and deputy-minister below cabinet rank.

There is much general satisfaction that the growth of ministers at least should thus outstrip all target figures!

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