

# SWATANTRA

(Issued Every Saturday)

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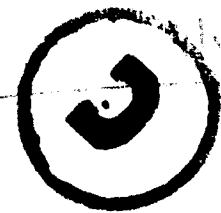
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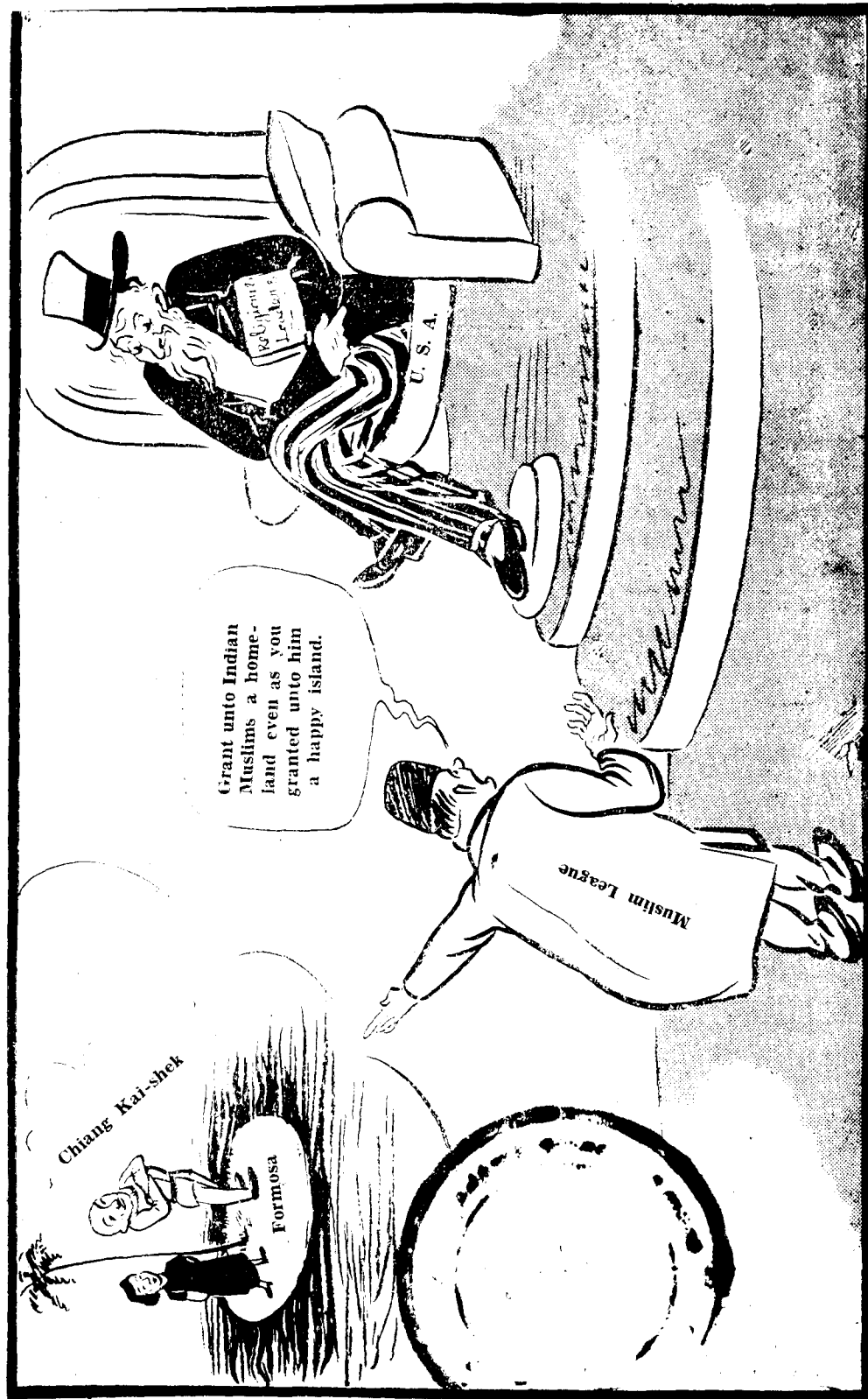
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The Prayer.



# SWATANTRA

Vol. XI. OCTOBER 6 SATURDAY 1953 No. 36

## GODAVARI WATERS

**M** R. K. KAMARAJ NADAR, Chief Minister of Madras, has fallen in line with the Nehru idea of bigger bilingual states. He told a Kurnool audience of Andhras on October 1st that he would like a composite state of Tamils and Andhras, which would form as big a southern unit as the Gujerat-cum-Maharashtra State of Bombay in Western India. In the first place, Mr. Kamaraj pointed out, it would be easy for the Andhras who had recently separated from the Tamils of the Madras State to come back again to the Tamils and form the joint State which would comprise more or less the same area and population as the old Madras before the partition. To compensate for the loss of Malabar and South Kanara, which were deficit districts in regard to revenue and food production, the rich and luscious Telingana area will be added besides the beautiful city of Hyderabad! The proposal has the supreme advantage of abolishing the north Madras boundary problem which has resulted in a satyagraha movement and has created head-aches for the Governments of both the states. Secondly, Mr. Kamaraj urged the very selfish reason, from the Tamil point of view, of securing the surplus waters of the river Godavari to supply the needs of the Madras State. Mr. Kamaraj tried to gloss over the selfishness inherent in the proposal, which was quite apparent to his Andhra audience, by pitching his demand very low and confining it to the diversion to Madras only of such waters of the

Godavari river which would be left over after maximum use was made of them by the Andhras and which would normally run to waste into the sea. This going on his knees before the Andhras by the Tamil Chief Minister was derogatory to the dignity of the Tamils and should have been very embarrassing to the Andhras who are reported to have closely followed his speech, which was translated into Telugu, with great interest but without any emotional reaction. To counterbalance this one-sided rapprochement, Mr. Kamaraj Nadar held out the advantage of speaking from "the position of strength" which the bigger bilingual state which he envisaged would command in its dealings with the Centre. But this temptation held out to the Andhras fell flat as evidenced by the complete silence with regard to the offer maintained by the Andhra leaders both at the meeting and thereafter.

Whatever may be the reaction of the Andhras and whatever fate is in store for the proposal made by Mr. Kamaraj Nadar for a re-merger of the Tamil and Andhra states, the point has to be investigated as to whether Mr. Kamaraj has turned a somersault and has withdrawn the determined opposition he has been consistently expressing to the idea of Dakshina Pradesh sponsored by Mr. C. Rajagopalachari and others. Mr. C. Rajagopalachari has been pinning his hope for a re-entry into politics on the demand for the formation of Dakshina Pradesh which, everybody is agreed, would end the

Kamaraj regime in Madras. Has Mr. Kamaraj then fallen into the net prepared for him by Mr. C. Rajagopalachari? It could not be so, because Mr. Kamaraj is a shrewder man than all his opponents including Mr. C. Rajagopalachari. The proposal put forward by Mr. Kamaraj at the Kurnool meeting was not the formation of Dakshina Pradesh which idea included the merging of Kerala and, if possible, Mysore with Madras. Mr. C. Rajagopalachari is so unpopular with the Andhras that the bringing back of the Andhra districts into Madras State would not serve his purpose but he fancies that he is in favour with the Malayalees and the Kannadigas and his proposal of Dakshina Pradesh, while it included Kerala and Mysore, definitely excluded the Andhra area on the plea that the recent quarrel between the Tamils and the Andhras over the question of partition, precludes the possibility of a re-merger. Now, as a counter-blast to the Dakshina Pradesh proposal with which C. R. is striking at him, Kamaraj has launched his counter-attack against C. R. by this proposal of the Madras-Andhra merger braving the antipathy of the Andhras towards the Tamils.

Since there is no immediate prospect of a strong opposition party emerging in Madras to fight the Congress at the coming elections, political activity here will be confined to a see-saw game played by Mr. Kamaraj and Mr. C. R. among themselves. Mr. Kamaraj's position inside the Madras Congress Party is absolutely impregnable and the only chance open to his opponents of dislodging him from power is by securing imported strength from the Malayalam and Kanarese speaking areas which are supposed to be antagonistic to Mr. Kamaraj and favourable to C. R. The possibility of such dangerous import is sought to be prevented by Mr. Kamaraj through his offer to merge with the

Andhras. Neither scheme will materialise because neither is motivated by any genuine objective to serve the people. Both are moves on the chess board of power politics in South India by two designing minds.

It is such a pity that this constructive approach to our linguistic and territorial problem has to be considered at this low level of Kamaraj-C. R. conflict instead of at the higher level of popular welfare. If Pandit Nehru's idea of solving the linguistic problem of India by constituting giant states on the model of the composite State of Bombay is to materialise, there should be a preliminary purification of our politics and the elimination of the personal factor which poisons the springs of our civic consciousness. A careful analysis of our linguistic problem will reveal that the conflict involved is not based on cultural or economic factors, but on purely personal considerations which in our unfortunate country assume a communal or linguistic colour. If some Tamil officials misbehaved in a Telugu area, the remedy was to deal with the defaulters and not to cut up a territory thereby injuring the life of the masses of the common people. The Tamil and Andhra areas are dependent on each other for their economic welfare. If the Godavari waters are necessary for the development of Tamil areas, the Tamil industries are necessary for the sustenance of Andhra agriculture. The idea of integration has to be nursed in this fast shrinking world and all divisive forces based on linguistic and personal considerations ought to be suppressed if the common man is to have a square deal. If the Godavari waters can be made to flow into the Tamil districts they will not only irrigate the fields but will cement the two peoples as component parts of a united nation.

## SIDELIGHTS ::

THE crux of the political situation in India today is its incipient totalitarianism. The situation is dangerous because this central fact is not recognised by politically conscious India and is glossed over by foreign observers. There are all the trappings of a democracy. There is apparent freedom to organise opposition parties. There is a certain amount of freedom enjoyed by the Press and it is possible to get certain criticisms of the Government published if one would take the trouble to foot the bill. Opposition to the Government is voiced in the legislature as well as on the platform. But these external features of democracy are altogether deceptive. If this state of affairs is allowed to continue, there will be no hope of the present administration of the Congress Party being displaced by any other, even for another one thousand years.

The essence of democracy is the simultaneous functioning of a political party in opposition to the party in power which would at any moment be able to displace the ruling party and carry on the administration without disturbing the normal life of the people. If there is no such possibility, the set-up is essentially totalitarian. This feature of democracy, which is the negation of one party rule, has been forcibly brought before the public eye by Mr. Jayaprakash Narain who has portrayed the danger in the following words which should burn into the mind of every thinking Indian: "This is a dangerous situation, particularly in the context of the growing power of an already too-powerful bureaucracy, totally removed (at the higher levels) from the lives of the people; and also in the context of the apparent drive

towards State Capitalism (which is the economic side of the shield of bureaucratism) and of the pernicious cult of personality which is sedulously being created. Fear, adulation, power-maneuvres, arbitrariness—all the components of the cult are present and they should be a warning to all lovers of freedom."

It is a tragedy that our hoary spirituality, our vaunted non-violence and the new way we have shown the world of bloodless revolution under the leadership of Mahatma Gandhi should have yielded the tragic fruit of totalitarianism for our people. All the fame that Pandit Nehru acquires in foreign countries as the prophet of peace and the author of the *evangel of Panch Shila* will not obliterate the shame of his instigating and perpetuating the one party rule in India.

Mr. Jayaprakash Narain has proposed a remedy to combat this evil. The remedy is not quite so clear in spite of the many modifications and clarifications that he has made. His object is to consolidate all non-Congress elements in India into a united opposition. To achieve this object, he at first proposed an alliance with the Communist Party. Later on, he modified the proposal into an electoral understanding with all leftist parties so as to avoid triangular and multi-angular election contests in which only the Congress would stand to gain. Then, when the matter was brought home to him that any electoral understanding confined only to the leftist parties would not achieve the object of avoiding triangular and multi-angular electoral contests, he further modified his proposal so as to include all opposition parties whether belonging to the left or the so-

called right in the proposed electoral understanding.

The danger, of course, is there that if all non-Congress parties come to an understanding, such an understanding will not be based upon any recognised principles but would be merely superficial and would endure only during the short period of the elections, leaving no permanent trace behind. There is a need, therefore, in India to think of political action not based upon theories and principles which obtain in the West. It is not possible to fight the Congress on principles because the Congress itself is not wedded to any principles and changes colour like the chameleon. Under these circumstances, displacement of the Congress Party from power is itself a principle which points to the supreme duty of establishing favourable condition for the functioning of democracy in India.

The broad object of all opposition parties should be to defeat the Congress in the coming elections. This object will be criticised as being merely negative but we should display enough political acumen to withstand such interested criticism calculated to maintain the Congress permanently in power. There may be some political confusion if the Congress is unseated, not by a well knit and disciplined political party but by a vague conglomeration of parties which may have nothing in common between them in the shape of political principles traditionally recognised as such. A desperate situation calls for a desperate remedy. If the unseating of totalitarianism can be accomplished only at the cost of creating temporary political chaos, the risk has to be undertaken in the larger interest of the people, with the knowledge and in the hope that good

sense would prevail at the end and our people would rise to the occasion and establish some political order out of the temporary chaos. The risk would be worthwhile and Mr. Jayaprakash Narain deserves the gratitude of all true democrats for having pointed the way as to how exactly to shoulder the risk.

A South Indian *Swami* has created a sensation in Delhi by performing miracles. His first victim was a youthful air pilot on whom he imposed some hat tricks producing flowers and sugar candy out of nothing. The highlight of the magic performance was a message received direct from God who wrote in the Tamil language His blessings on the air pilot. Having secured the services of God as a messenger boy, it was quite easy for the *swami* to ascend the pinnacle of fame. His residence is now a place of pilgrimage and the wealthy in Delhi visit him in great numbers. Members of Parliament, Cabinet Ministers and, it is reported, even the President of India have paid him their respects.

The exploits of this *swami* recalls to mind the story recounted by Mahatma Gandhi of a certain quack who made money in South Africa by selling oil as a magic cure for all ills. The quack would gather crowds at street corners and hold forth on the wonderful effects of the oil. Before the eyes of the spectators apparently lame people would get rubbed by the oil and after the rubbing would walk about abandoning their crutches as though their limp was cured. Such public exhibitions of miracles created a great demand for the oil and the quack became very wealthy. Gandhi concluded the story with his characteristic remark: "As long as people are fools, knaves will thrive."

SETHU

## PEDLAR'S PACK

THE prima donna mentality has much to answer for in politics. It is seducing our elder and elderly statesmen to outstay their welcome. In the case of our Prime Minister, it manifests itself in a slightly narcissist form. An excessive dose of popular adulation has naturally caused in him an infatuation for himself which is fed on public tours. His latest trip to Gujarat had no urgency or necessity behind it other than this itch to score a personal triumph as a counterblast to the hostile demonstrations against the set-up of bi-lingual Bombay. The actual sequel must be deemed an eye-opener to all concerned.

A noisy demonstration by a dissatisfied public is the general rule in democracy whenever there is a fear that democratic processes are being or are likely to be side-tracked. Cat-calls, booings—eggs (preferably rotten) are an additional, unctuous missile—are the traditional stock-in-trade of hecklers, malcontents and practical jokers. But no publicist worth his salt has ever taken umbrage at such demonstrations.

The Prime Minister further propounded the doctrine of the supremacy of Parliament. This is at best misleading. We thought that the sovereignty of this country was vested in its people. Otherwise, we would have the comic spectacle of one parliament undoing the work of its predecessors to the complete destruction of all law and order and stability. Had there been no such indecent haste to implement a hotch-potch of the S. R. C. proposals, the placid atmosphere in the country might have been undisturbed by even a ripple of doubt or discontent.

By way of *coup de grace*, Pandit Nehru stigmatized the young men of Gujarat as 'neurotic fascists from the lower middle class.' Pandit Nehru must have lost much more than his temper to make such an incoherent and sweeping indictment. The description might have applied to England some decades ago; it is utterly out of place in Indian conditions. This is a distressing instance of speaking at second-hand. If by any chance it were true that our young men are going the

primrose path to Fascism, how has it come about during the unexampled, inspired, democratic leadership of the greatest tribune of the people in the present century?

Speaking in the Australian parliament, Mr. Menzies called for sanctions against Egypt. Dr. Evatt, leader of the opposition, who followed, denounced the speech as provocative.

Says Dr. Evatt  
That he cannot but grieve at  
Fire-eating Menzies  
When he in a frenzy is.  
For his own heart's-ease  
He wants Nasser t'appease!

Sri C. D. Deshmukh who has assumed charge as Chairman of the University Grants Commission has declared that his duties are largely of a wandering nature.

It would be nearer the mark to say that they are largely of a squandering nature!

The Egyptian authorities have announced that a Soviet pilot has successfully piloted a ship through the Suez Canal.

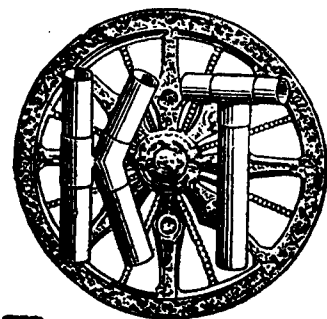
From the surging ranks of pilots  
Blooming on Suez like violets  
Behold this one from the Soviet  
Taking a ship without a caveat!

Mr. Aneurin Bevan has been elected to the Treasurership of the British Labour Party. He is one of the seven who have been returned by the political wing of the Trade Union Congress. His success has been interpreted as a swing to the left.

Trade Union's political wing  
Has registered a leftward swing  
With the election of Bevan  
To its executive heaven  
As one of Seven  
To act as a leaven.  
But in circles tory  
He serves as memento mori!

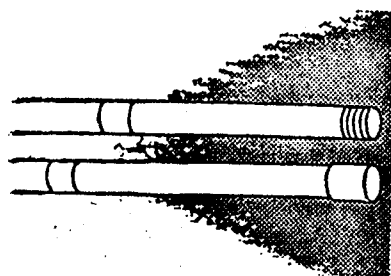
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October 6 1956

SWATANTRA

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## ON BALD HEADS

By Y. S. R. CHANDRAN

EVERY blooming maiden finds her fulfilment in motherhood. She will be glad to have a son, but will be much more delighted to be told that he is a bald one. She acquiesces into the vague traditional notion that baldness is a sign of dawning wisdom and coming prosperity. Colour supremacy may not easily be admitted. Anybody can join issue and cite a number of instances of how men of genius are born in all races. There is a happy agreement that the bald baby may grow into a prodigy. They wait impatiently for his blossoming into an adult and scattering the fragrance of his genius.

A patch of baldness somewhere on the head has its own advantages. But it comes as a sort of major blessing, particularly if it is towards the centre or the foreground, of the head. A spot in the middle looks like a serene pond in a bushy growth. But the latter appearance where the forehead vaults up into a crescent-like arch, baffles us for a moment. Where actually the forehead ends, and the head proper begins is a problem to be thought over. We are familiar with the class of the high-brows. Perhaps these constitute a band of broad-heads, the God's elect.

Of course, that kind of Shakesperian baldness wherein we find a little sprinkling of hair surrounding the ear, leaving the rest of the head a clean slate, is a rare phenomenon. One in a million perhaps is like that and perhaps that one is usually a President of a Republic or someone like that.

### Brain at Work

Given an opportunity, many would stop at no lengths to have a peep into the head and its workings. One

would like to see the human brain at work. The inside of the radio or the watch for that matter provokes us with a good deal of awe. How much more impressive and awe-inspiring the spectacle should be if only it's possible to open the brain and display it at work. The ground is partially visible in still waters and some shrewd and gifted people, may find in baldness a transparency revealing the calibre and the mechanism of the mind at work.

God is still making experiments and is growing wiser in discarding what has been found unnecessary. Whether he has become bald is a question which must hang fire till an intrepid discoverer can adduce authentic evidence on the point. Meanwhile it may be assumed that he started work on the motto that the soft kernel must have the protection of the hard rind, with an overgrowth of stubble. The wits of a man may evaporate by exposure to the hostile sun. But in practice most of the celebrities seem to be fast shedding their hair in proportion to the importance they achieve. They do not suffer in the sequel and we have good reasons to believe that for the weight of hair they lose, they put on more of wisdom inside. A growing plant if it is shoved into too much shade, may not thrive. It may wither away. So perhaps man's head does not require the super-guard of hair and has best chance of becoming a first-rate super-brain with little of that encumbrance.

### Good Husbands

Though the fashionable may not be inclined to agree, bald heads make the best husbands. They love their children, play with them and can dandle their kids, without the

fear of a nicely done-up hair becoming unkempt. They love their wives—they are very docile. And what more is needed to make an ideal husband? A modern girl may aspire for her husband 'a little of hair to cover up the patches'. They put forth a gallant effort—these bald heads—by trying all the available hair-nourishers but in vain. They continue to put on the appearance of trees which have lost their foliage except for a few obstinate leaves still resisting the onslaughts of winter. A man with an abundance of hair may have too many pre-occupations arising out of a consciousness of his beauty and may have too little time to spare for his wife and for her demands. The bald fellow freely and heartily gives away all his leisure to his lady and wins her love, esteem and gratitude.

A woman, though she cannot be expected to go to the extent of liking her lord's baldness, may at best, put up with it in course of time and find in it a blessing in disguise. She may enjoy a monopoly, which she may not otherwise have, in respect of her toilet. She may not have the inconvenience of having to share with her husband the mirror, the comb and the hair-oil. She may be the undisputed owner of them and can spend long hours studying her face, arranging her hair, while leaving her spouse alone, to enjoy the fruits of contemplation. She may feel an honest glow of satisfaction in her hair, in the beauty of its growing length, as if to compensate for its total or partial absence in the case of her worse-half. She stands in dread of nothing so much as herself being subject to that deformity which she tolerates in her husband. She puts forth strenuous efforts to ward off that peril, for, in India, falling hair or baldness in case of women, is not an insignia of wisdom but a sinister brand of widowhood. At the slightest sign thereof, she becomes restless, panicky.

#### An Aryan Mark

Baldness seems to be a mark of the Aryans. The ancient hermits and the sages of India, tolerated the growth of the hair to abnormal length from the nose and the ear while showing a marked distaste for its growth on the head. If they were not bald they got much of the hair growth remorselessly removed. Our orthodox elders discountenance the practice of our youngsters growing a thick crop of hair on their heads. These young folk, when confronted by the frowning old, have to take shelter in the lame plea that "a crop of hair is a gift the East has to accept from the West. They have nothing richer to offer." The bald man need not feel embarrassed in such a situation. He can, with a feeling of righteousness, wipe off even the few drops of sweat on the head to show how near he is to the spirit of the ancients.

Nuns of a certain order, cheerfully surrender their hair for the nobler cause of the church. They turn their back on the world and its pleasures. They take to the path of renunciation. Perhaps they find in the divestiture of hair and the consequent disfigurement, a sure anchorage, and an inviolability of resolve. Can they come back to a life of ease? No. Not till they recover their hair and their good-looks. But a woman who is luckily bald can enjoy the fruits without undergoing the pangs of renunciation.

A soldier on active duty is not permitted to sport a tuft of hair. In the global war, most of the captured soldiers in Germany and in Russia, instead of being the frightful man-eaters they were supposed to be, became highly amusing and funny, the moment they doffed their helmets and betrayed the perfect nudity of their heads—the baldness. A soldier cannot be combing while it is raining bombs and how welcome is baldness in his case?

With all our admiration for the bald, we have to sympathise with his suffering unless he is short. If he is tall he may receive a bruise here, a concussion there, by his head knocking against a threshold, a plank or a gate. The head when it is sans hair is in as delicate and pitiable a condition as a snail out of its shell.

Can baldness be an advantage in oratory is a question which cannot be easily answered. He may be weak in respect of rousing the audience to hysteric passion, by his tearing the hair and cutting the air. But we believe, sweeping gestures and such other histrionics, are relics of the past and are no longer looked upon with as much respect as a bald head commands now.

#### The Bald are Champions of Truth

A lawyer can inspire more confidence by his baldness than by his industry in pouring over the case-law and collecting the latest decisions. He is sure to attract more clients who can without the impediment of a flowing, obscuring hair, know from the expression on his face, whether they have any case or not.

The lines on the face, its lineaments, its colour, and its expression, these blare out the truth in the case of the bald; and they generally become the champions of truth. They have a sullen feeling that Nature has not given them a fair deal; they have a strong resentment against the treachery of Nature which has suppressed the growth on their heads; and they know the pangs of dismissal of their prayers for a liberal dower of hair. Because they know, what denial is and what suppression is, they become the stern and uncompromising fighters for all those who have been denied their legitimate rights and who have been suppressed in their normal yearnings.

Baldness, in this context, looks as if it is the cradle of all politicians,

the men who count, and those who shape the destiny of nations. All the dynamic personalities of the world today are bald. They are bald because they are dynamic and not dynamic because they are bald. They rise above petty considerations of personal beauty. They brace themselves to the hard realisation of their unloveliness. They become philosophic in their attitude to life. They give their nights and days to study and meditation on the problems of their people, their country and on laying down plans and projects for the welfare of their fellowmen.

Hair on the head is a curse, a hindrance. It condemns man to perpetual slavery to the mirror, the comb and the pomade. It has proved itself a great distraction and an utter nuisance. He has always to stand guard against dan-druff, eczema and other pests. A man with long curls of hair, may end in becoming the favourite puppy of a beautiful damsel.

But the man without it, the bald one—can become a *savant*, an architect of the world's destiny. He is free to give his entire attention to his toil and not to his toilet, to his mission and not to his mirror.

#### THE AUSPICIOUS HOUR

In a letter to Mr. Kalyani Mehta, a Congress M. L. A. of Surat, Mr. Morarji Desai has assured that the oath taking ceremony of the bigger bilingual Bombay State will take place on the auspicious day of *Dhan Teras* which falls on 31st October and not on the inauspicious *Kali Chudas* day—November 1st—though the new state comes into being only on 1st November. The Congress High Command chose the auspicious mid-night hour on August 14, 1947 to inaugurate the independence of India. Apparently Pandit Nehru who has reconciled many irreconcilables can reconcile all such silly superstitions with his secularism.

## COURTING MARTYRDOM

By Miss GOMATI RAMANI

PEOPLE now a days have hit upon a great many ways of achieving martyrdom—courting imprisonment, speaking scandals, fasting for "causes," noble and ignoble, closing or clinching an issue or simply for collecting crowds at odd places. This does not in any way belittle a Garibaldi, a Gandhi or a Lincoln who were real martyrs. Only the heroic court the hazardous! But the recent mushroom growth of martyrs is alarming. It has become a public nuisance, though the perpetrators may apparently sin their way to sanctity.

The notion of impressing the public by a demonstration of unpopularity, by being thrown out of meetings or thrown into jail is illusory. It rests on a baseless belief touching the true popular barometer of martyrdom. People scan the pages of history and find that it has often happened that fasts have not only been advertised, but have even been advanced as a divine creed, and have been given validity and sanctity in the eyes of the public by the dreadful witnesses of injured men. The paradox was picturesquely expressed in Christian art, in which saints were shown brandishing as weapons the very tools that had slain them. And because his martyrdom is power to the martyr, modern democracy thinks that any one who makes himself uncomfortable in public, will be spontaneously and uproariously popular. This easy way to martyrdom is used not only by our politicians but also by certain other people, for example a millionaire fasting for a reduction of super tax, college students fasting for reduction of hours of tuition and of fees. In every branch of human activity, one comes across all shades of passive (?) resis-

tance or civil disobedience. The assumption is if you put up a show of your sincerity by being a nuisance to yourself as well as to your fellow citizens, you will have the unparalleled strength of the great saints who passed through the fire. Any one who can be hustled into a hall for five minutes or put in a cell for five days or forced to speak to an empty audience, achieves martyrdom without any effort and crowns a halo after the *puranic* gods.

### A Fallacy

But there is a fallacy in this kind of martyrdom. The special impression that some one is being persecuted can be induced in the public mind only in cases of expressions of extreme opinions, say, over Hindi, or States reorganisation. The fact is well known that any one will undergo some inconvenience for upholding the bigoted creed he holds. It only proves that he does hold it, which no one ever doubted. No one doubts that a politician wants to catch votes in the impending elections. This fact is as self-evident as the fact that he wants a quiet afternoon or that he prefers an armchair to hard ground for his siesta. Our needs and our opinions are worth a bit of a row.

There is something more to it than the mere fact that a man is sincere enough to give his time or to forego his dinner. Pagans were not impressed by the suffering of the Christians who held to their opinions in spite of the tortures they underwent. The Pagans knew that the Christians honestly held to their opinions. Nevertheless they did not stop torturing them. But now, when opinions are ever changing with dazzling rapidity, according to positions and privileges

and are always made to order for the market place, the meaning of martyrdom loses its significance.

The point in such martyrdom is rather subtle. It gives an appearance of a man having a great power to back him up, of his ability to draw upon that power whenever he wills it. And this ability can be proved only when the course of his bodily existence is reversed and he undergoes pain. The martyr gives notice stipulating the period of his fast as an ultimatum. But against whom is the threat held out? Public opinion rarely cares for these fantastic penances!

### Modern Type Different From Ancient Martyrdom

In the interest of the public as well as for the good of these poor deluded men who try to become martyrs, this particular method of public agitation should be given up. They make very big efforts sacrificing good meals, sweet sleep and stimulating beverages in order to secure very small punishments of physical suffering or social intolerance! The results are too insignificant and the efforts are *Herculean*. The method has not got any of the effectiveness of savage martyrdom of the olden days, because it does not leave the victim absolutely alone with his cause, so that his cause alone will support him. At the same time it has about it that element of pageantry and of the ludicrous which was characteristic of the slayers and the mockers of saints and prophets. St. Peter was crucified upside down as a big human joke, because in whatever posture he died, he had died for his faith. The modern martyr of the patriot type courts the absurdity without making the suffering strong enough to eclipse the absurdity. He is like a St. Peter who should deliberately stand on his head for ten seconds and then expect to be canonized for it.

Modern martyrdom fails even as a demonstration or an advertisement

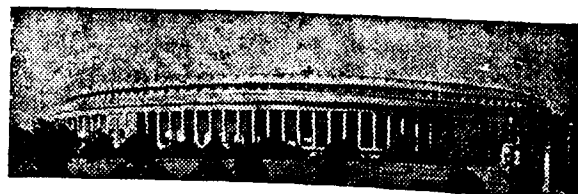
because these martyrs are neither serious nor earnest in acting their part. They are only a trifle too serious about the results. No wonder the public do not give credence to their *bona fides*. A person might be chucked out of a meeting just as young boys are chucked out of 'for adults only' pictures—for fun. But no man has yet caged a man eating tiger as a personal glory and for public safety. Doubtless, it is no fault of these enthusiasts that they are not subjected to the old time trials and penalties. Will they pass through them as triumphantly and nonchalantly as Joan of Arc?

The average man is neither pleased nor impressed with these so-called sacrifices of the candidates for martyrdom simply because such "sacrifices" can be made by every one, often for mere fun of it or when under the influence of drink. Hence the public have become immune to this kind of political stunt and assault on social values and treat it as indifferently as the newspaper advertisements on soaps and perfumes. This kind of frivolous and too frequent courtship of public sympathy is a blot on our national character and should be actively discouraged by all sections of public opinion. Such play acting paralyses all normal activities and dislocates our political life even as the lockouts and strikes practised by recalcitrant mill owners and the workers dislocate our industrial life.

### PEARL BUCK'S NEW NOVEL

Pearl S. Buck, the winner of the Nobel Prize for Literature (1938) and the Pulitzer Prize (1932) for her novel *The Good Earth* is working on a free adaptation of Hilda Wernher's novel, *My Indian Family* which will be presented as a musical play next season on Broadway in New York. *My Indian Family*, an autobiographical story, concerns a cultivated mother living in India with her daughter and Moslem son-in-law.—USIS

# NEW DELHI DIARY



By V. V. PRASAD

ON the occasion of the Shaw Centenary in Delhi, the personality cult in India came up for severe criticism.

The leading feature of Bernard Shaw, which strikes us today, is his work as an iconoclast, as a breaker of idols. We in India suffer far too much from the age-old malady of worshipping idols. We cannot do without our idols, even for a second. The personality cult—to use a currently popular phrase—is much stronger in India than anywhere else in the world.

Bernard Shaw was very popular in the Soviet Union. When he visited that country in the early thirties, he was treated so respectfully that he suspected that they mistook him to be Karl Marx. He met Stalin and was duly impressed with Stalin's sense of humour. He argued later on, that a man who had such a fine sense of humour could not possibly be a dictator. We now know that Shaw was mistaken, like ever so many others, on this question. But the Russians were helped by Shaw to begin the breaking of idols.

Shaw's admiration for Stalin, which was based on a solitary interview, and on the undoubted achievements of the Soviet Union, is sought to be interpreted by certain literary circles as an indication of his belief in dictatorship and in the cult of personality. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Leadership and dictatorship are not one and the same thing. Without leaders, the world cannot go on even as well as it is going on now.

Even the new look in the Soviet Union is not against leaders as such. Replying to a question on the personality cult, Mr. Kim Il Sung, Prime Minister of North Korea, wrote to me recently as follows: "We Communists condemn the cult of personality as being contrary to the principle of collective leadership. This, however, does not mean that we should ignore the role of the individual in history." Bernard Shaw's position was similar to Kim Il Sung's—although, of course, G. B. S. would have used different language.

Bertrand Russell has a beautiful story in his *Nightmares* about the way in which some men are constantly searching for authoritative and authoritarian leaders to whom they can surrender their bodies and souls. In India, we have the best example of this phenomenon. The great Buddha hardly ever believed in the existence of God: but that did not prevent our ancestors from declaring that Buddha himself was an incarnation of God, an *avatar*.

There should be really good Theatres in our country, reserved for the specific purpose of performing Plays. All the best Halls in India are currently taken up by contracts which oblige them to show Hollywood films throughout the year. The rent of these Halls is prohibitive. No amateur or professional Dramatic Group can afford to pay such huge rent. Every Cinema Hall should be allowed to show only a limited number of films so that the Hall may be available for the performance of Plays

regularly for two or three days in a week at a nominal rent.

One of the ambassadors accredited to India once remarked: "New Delhi is not a capital city! It is only a village!" His listeners were duly shocked, and asked indignantly for an explanation. He answered: "If New Delhi is a capital city, where is the National Theatre? Where is the National Art Gallery? Where is your National Opera? And so on." Since then we are building up a National Art Gallery. There are also plans for the National Theatre. But a National Theatre for a country like India cannot mean just one Theatre in the capital city. It is far better to have a number of small Theatres all over the country. We must remember also that a Theatre does not mean a building, although that is quite essential too.

The ambassador of this story may be surprised, but if New Delhi were really a village, it would certainly have had a Theatre. India's Theatre has been driven into the villages by Indian and foreign films. And the touring Cinema is trying to drive them out of existence altogether.

Bernard Shaw was a great Critic of Music, Drama and Painting. We can, therefore, point out to our Government that G. B. S. would have welcomed the idea of setting up the three National Academies—the *Sangeet Natak*, the *Sahitya* and the *Lalit Kala*. But it is deplorable that these cultural organisations are mere tools in the hands of ignorant and self-opinionated officials of the Education and other Ministries. In the matter of buying paintings on behalf of Government, in the matter of selecting candidates for Government scholarships in Art and Culture, and in various other matters, the choice of judges appointed by Government is set aside, and favourites of certain officials are given preference over the verdict of the judges. This must be stopped.

The National Academies must be

autonomous bodies in the real sense of the term. It is quite true that at present the Academies are understaffed, and some of the members are thoroughly incompetent, and have to be replaced. But once they are properly and adequately staffed, they should be allowed to function independently, in the same way as the British Council and the British Broadcasting Corporation do.

Our Ministers are too fond of puppets. Politicians are fond of using others to pull their chestnuts out of the fire. Government officials are a little too fond of using their subordinates as their stooges. That may be interesting politics, but it is suicidal in the field of Art and Culture.

## A HAPPY TRYST

On a bright holiday noon  
I went on a mission  
To educate the common man  
Who lived away from town.

I posted him with all the news  
From cutting the country in slices  
To the esoteric Charka Ambar,  
He was listening rapt in wonder.

I told him of the metric system  
That eased his calculation problem  
And the Hindu Code Bill  
To draft correct his will.

After a patient hearing  
Of my tactful summing,  
He began to interrogate  
In a mood no less irate.

"Will this Ambar Charka  
Or the round *Naya Paisa*  
Bring the soaring prices down?"  
He asked in a queer tone.

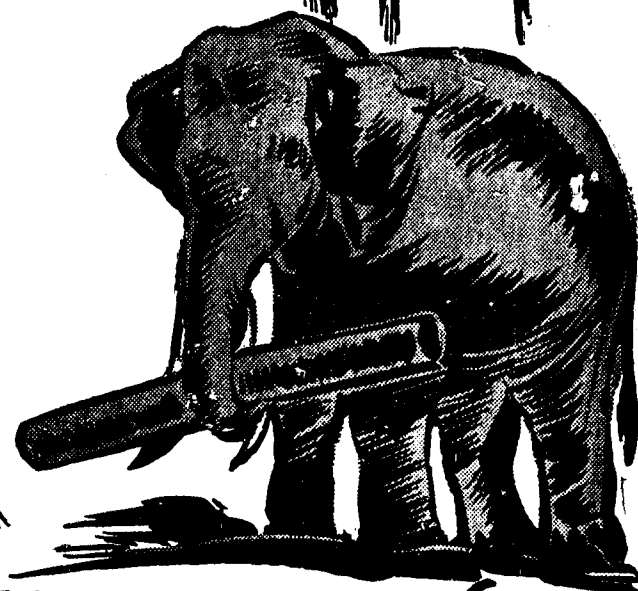
"Will I get more bread  
When my state is reorganized  
Or sufficient garments  
When the Ambar works?"

Appeared his quests sensible  
For, the Finance Minister able,  
Said he had to consume less  
Despite charkas and plans!

PANKAJA NARAYAN

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SWATANTRA

17

## MONDAY MORNING

S. Krishnamoorthy

THE Monday morning feeling is common to every one of us, whether one belongs to the quill-driving fraternity or the hammer-driving kind. Black Monday, woeful successor to a glorious day! No greater proof is needed to show the transience of earthly pleasures than the fact that the glorious Sabbath is followed by a malicious Monday, as sure as our creditors follow us home on pay-day.

I am a pious man and venerate God, but I think in all humility, He committed a mistake in launching upon the creation of the universe on a Monday. Almost all the miseries of the world can be traced to this inauspicious beginning. I have another complaint to make. It was all right for the Almighty to complete His work in six days and take rest for one day. For us poor mortals, is one day enough to recoup our exhausted muscles and rebuild our shattered nerves, the wreck of six days, by a single day's rest?

Rest, did I say? Pardon me. It was a slip. Rest is no word to describe our Sunday experience. I hope you understand what I mean. At least I have no doubt that those who have given hostages to fortune will readily understand me. As for the blessed ones who have so far successfully steered clear of the fatal rocks of matrimony, they may not appreciate my sentiments. To them Sunday is the day of diversion and of pleasant visits to friends, particularly the 'domestic' ones who entertain Sunday visitors with 'home-ly' tiffin! For their benefit, I shall recount the experiences of a Sunday,

typical of all Sundays. This is my humble contribution to a nation groaning under the weight of an unmanageable population; incidentally, if my revelation draws down on me the curses of fathers of daughters, well, the consciousness that I am doing my duty will help me to bear the Cross.

Take the last Sunday. The previous night I had worked out a detailed plan to enjoy the holiday to the full. This is the age of planning, you see. The first item in the plan was 'sleep upto nine O'clock.' No need to be hustled out of the bed in the midst of some sweet dream, to face a day of hurry, crowds, inflation and red-tapism. I shall drink to the lees my hard-won leisure, and dream my dreams to their logical (or illogical) conclusions.

Alas, my plan went the way of all plans! . . . By a dispensation of providence in the dream world, I and my boss had changed places, and I was giving him a bit of my mind, relishing more and more this process of giving, when the whole dream edifice was shattered to pieces by my better half administering a vigorous shake to my body. It was so unkind of her to deprive me of a much-longed-for pleasure, though it be in a dream. But legally her position is unassailable, the right to dream not being guaranteed in our constitution.

"Get up, I say, if you want to have your shave and bath," my wife was saying. "A few minutes more, and then the 'water-devil' will invade the bath-room, you will have to go without your bath today."

'Water-devil' is the term of endearment we use to refer to Ramiah, our co-tenant. The name has its origin in his inexplicable predilection for water and the deplorable inclination to remain for hours together under the taps. I am firmly convinced that he had been an under-water animal in his previous birth and, considering his present size, he could not have been just an ordinary fish or frog but a whale . . .

I finished the shave and the bath, the former with a profusion of blood and the latter with the least possible use of water. I had just taken up the newspaper to browse over when the stern voice of command (of course, from my wife) bade me remember I was a householder and had a duty to the family. I was reminded of the various things which I had promised to do on Sunday. On other days, whenever I was pestered with household chores, I used to win a temporary respite with a promise to do it on Sunday. I wonder how my wife manages to remember every one of such promises.

"What do you want?" I asked, resigned.

She reeled off a number of articles to be got from the grocer's; it was a long list, and I began wondering at the complexity of life which requires so many articles in order to keep a man alive.

" . . . and you have to take the young ones to the doctor. Something is wrong with them."

"What am I to tell the doctor?"

"You needn't tell him anything. Let him find out what is wrong. We are not paying him his fees for nothing."

Is there anything to beat it? This is woman's logic.

There were a lot of things to be purchased; I could not carry all of them myself. So I requisitioned the services of my elder sons. The half-mile march to the grocer's started with those little imps, those tablets of concentrated mischief, marching in a

file arranged in order of age and myself bringing up the rear. There were many grocers on the way, but none of them were for credit dealings, the only mode of transaction suitable to me.

I throw a curtain over my abject pleading to my favourite grocer to allow some further credit, for it is too discreditable a scene to be recounted. But what happened when we were returning has to be narrated for, it contains a moral to the would-be family-men. We were all shuffling along, borne down by the weight of the provisions we carried. I had made as judicious a distribution of burden as possible, but boys will always be boys, and when one of them let slip the vessel of oil which drenched his clothes, it was with great difficulty I could gulp down my anger, reserving it for suitable expression after reaching home.

We presented a sorry sight, no doubt. I am not completely devoid of humour, but I could see no funny side to this business. The passers-by seemed to have different views, judging from the giggles we provoked all along the way. My embarrassment was greatest when somebody told another within my hearing, "You've been asking why I remain a bachelor. Well, this is the reason . . ." This was doubtless accompanied by a gesture towards me for I could hear the ill-concealed laughter that followed. I felt an impulse to turn my glowering eyes at the mannerless wretch, but thought better of it at the last moment and continued doggedly on my way back. You cannot glare in a dignified way even though in righteous anger, when you are encumbered with all that baggage like a beast of burden, and there was my middle-class respectability to be considered. On further thoughts, I congratulated myself on having restrained my temper so admirably. Moral? If you want to become a practical philosopher, marry a girl and raise children . . .

After a heavy dinner I lay down for a comfortable doze. But that was not to be. It is impossible to sleep when children are awake. Being foiled in their attempts to explore the kitchen, they came to me as their likely victim and it required all my skill and resourcefulness to keep them from flying at one another's throats and making noises that would disturb the siesta of the lady of the house. Believe me, I wished I were in the office where I could snatch my forty winks under the very nose of my boss.

At last I had my reward. My tiffin was brought; my wife was the picture of domestic felicity as she brought the sumptuous fare with steaming coffee. She was pretty as a picture, and for once I congratulated myself on my happiness. Let the cynics say what they like, I thought, they don't know what married happiness means.

I was in an expansive mood, and made no attempt to hide it. Now I realise it was the height of indiscretion.

"I have a request to make," she smiled.

"Out with it, my dear girl." Would I have been so generous had I known what was coming?

"Here's a fine chiffon sari at Ram-mohan's. Simply stunning . . . dirt cheap . . . can I have it?"

Well, this was a bolt from the blue. "But this is the last week of the month. Where's the money?" I thought I had hit the nail on the head and all but heaved a sigh of relief at having escaped.

I was mistaken. What is so irritating with women is that they are so unpredictable. I have lived with my wife for a dozen years; still her devices are beyond me.

"Ah, that! don't worry," she rejoined quite casually. "Mrs. Sarma

has lent me the money. Let us start. After shopping we shall go to the beach. The boys badly need an outing."

"Wile, thy name is woman!" I was tempted to exclaim, but resisted the temptation in the interests of domestic peace. To think that she had all this money with her and sent me that very morning to compromise my self-respect to get things on credit makes me lose faith in the female species.

Monday morning. The harsh alarm from my wife woke me up. I remembered it was Monday, and my heart sank when I thought of the accumulated files at the office and my boss's accusing finger at me as if to say, "Beware, or I will chuck you out one day." But what pained me more was the ill-concealed glee with which my wife was rousing me from my sleepy-contemplation. It was extremely callous, the way she seemed to be crowing over my discomfiture. If anybody tells you that man's life is incomplete without a wife, don't you believe a word of it. No better evidence is needed to expose this fallacy than the manner in which the woman takes care to pack off her unwilling husband to office on Monday morning. There is no blaming her, I suppose, human nature being what it is. While you are conjuring up visions of your irate employer, she is thinking of the week-day meetings of the ladies' club where fashions and scandals would be discussed threadbare and how she would make her companions yellow with envy when she remarked casually, "I got my man to buy me a chiffon . . ."

Well, it's Monday, and no time to brood. Once more the hurried meal, the crowds, the drudgery, and . . . the hope that the next Sunday may be different from the last . . .

## B. C. G.—WHY I LIKE IT

By N. GANGA RAM

IF after a glance at the title some *anti-B. C. Gite* sharpens his pencil with a view to writing out a vigorous rejoinder, I can only pity his hastiness and remind him of the pithy saying, 'Haste makes waste.' My liking for B. C. G. is founded on no dispassionate scientific enquiry, analysis and research. It can be compared to a grateful man's liking and affection for his kind benefactor.

Glory be to B. C. G. because it saved me once from terrific boredom and near physical break-down when I was at a local college. It was a glorious, sunny morning but I was inside the stuffy classroom listening to the lecturer in Rural Economics. That day he was especially boring and tiring. He was inflicting on us his choice collection of stale, oft-repeated witticisms and unsolicited information regarding his car, the convent where his little kid was studying and the cook whom he gave a letter of recommendation. I could not just stand the stuff and soon a splitting head-ache seized me. I hopelessly looked at my watch; why, I had to put up with it for 25 more minutes. I prayed to the Almighty to save me from that unbearable boredom and He did answer my prayer. In a minute the college peon entered our classroom with a circular. The lecturer announced, "Here is a notice from our Principal. I shall now read it for your benefit: 'A Mass X'ray and B. C. G. Unit of the WHO has come to our college. Students who would like to have the B. C. G. preventive vaccination should immediately report themselves at the mobile van waiting near the college office.' Now those of you who want to get vaccinated may go." I rose up cheerfully and marched out of the class when many were hesitating. As I merrily walked towards the canteen

(and not towards the van) I told myself, "Thank you B. C. G.! I shall never forget you for your timely help. Thanks once again for saving me from the clutches of boredom today!"

I like B. C. G. because it has helped me to fare well at some interview, tests and examinations which I wrote. After leaving the college, it became imperative that I should learn something about the B. C. G. controversy, the hot topic of the day. Till then I was blissfully ignorant of B. C. G. except that it was a vaccine to prevent T. B. If somebody had told me, "Look here, B. C. G. stands for Bacillus of Charlatan-Goering," I would have readily believed him and thanked him for enlightening me. With tests and interviews in view, I set about pouring over the relevant journals and pamphlets. I made it a point to attend the lectures on B. C. G. I scanned the *Today's Engagements Column* every morning to see if Rajaji was going to lecture on the latest findings regarding its efficacy. And fortunately for me, the B. C. G. controversy did figure in some interviews and tests I had, and I greatly impressed my interviewers and examiners by frequently making references to *Lancet*, Dr. Palmer etc.

As mentioned earlier, I have attended almost all the Rajaji lectures on B. C. G. At these lectures I have made many new friends including a book-lover. This particular gentleman is very generous and liberal so far as books are concerned. He has given me so far 26 new books and I greatly value his friendship. I wonder whether I could have acquired his friendship but for B. C. G.

Thanks to B. C. G., my admiration for Rajaji has deepened. Though I do not subscribe to what all Rajaji says, I greatly admire his penetrating intellect and the courage which

impelled him to poke his lay nose into a highly scientific question like B. C. G. He has proved that scientific knowledge, however obtuse, is no monopoly of a few. He has waged a one man campaign against B. C. G. Though men at the helm of affairs have made it plain that Rajaji however venera-

ble and great, is just a layman so far as Bacteriology and B. C. G. are concerned and hence he would do well to shut up, he is not put out in the least. He continues to wage the battle against B. C. G., undaunted and unruffled. Had it not been for B. C. G. I very much doubt if this quality of Rajaji would have come to light.

### Theatre

LANKESWARAN

By Thurayur K. Murthy. Presented by the National Theatres at Waltax Theatre for 12 nights from 26th September 1956.

A novel twist of the plot in *Ramayana* is the interesting feature of this play. Ravana's first child is a girl. The revengeful Brahma tells Ravana that the child would bring misfortune to the kingdom. Ravana is forced to part with his child, who is placed in a box and let afloat on the sea. Janaka, the king of Mythila, finds the child and names her as Sita. Ravana hears of the exile of Sita and Rama and is tormented by the fate of his daughter. He, on the advice of his sister Surpanaka, goes to the forest and carries Sita back to Lanka in the hope that Rama will come to his kingdom in search of his wife and he can tell him the truth about Sita's birth. But Rama invades Lanka with the army of Sugriva. Finally Ravana is killed and he carries the secret of Sita's birth to his grave.

The author gives no plausible reason for Vibhishana's desertion of Ravana, even though Vibhishana knows the secret of Sita's birth. Sita is kept in the garden known as *Asokavana*. Why should an affectionate father follow the way of the lustful abductor which is the character attributed to Ravana in the epic? Will any father keep his own daughter as a prisoner? These doubts are not cleared in the new version of

the story. Further there is no indication of Ravana meeting Sita after she is brought to Lanka. This callousness in Ravana is very unbecoming of an affectionate father as he claims himself to be. The author, who conceives Sita as the daughter of Ravana, has failed to develop the story according to his conception. Instead he dwells for long on the uninteresting and irrelevant incidents of the epic.

Except for Manohar, who acts the title role, the actors do not evoke any favourable impression. Capable actors like Peer Mohamed and M. K. Murthy are cast in parts which offer no scope for acting and their talent is wasted. The elaborate and colourful sets by Kumaran lose their beauty by improper and inadequate lighting.

NILEN

### NEW ANTIBIOTIC

NEW YORK—A new antibiotic drug, expected to be a major weapon in treating germ-caused diseases, has been developed by Chas. Pfizer and Company. The company reports that the drug sigmamycin, has been found effective against a wider range of disease bacteria than any other drug. Sigmamycin is a combination of a new antibiotic, called both cleandomycin and metromycin, and the older antibiotic tetracycline. In clinical tests, the company reports, sigmamycin has proven especially effective against germs which cause some types of pneumonia, blood poisoning and intestinal infections among other ailments.—USIS

## INDIAN JOURNALISM

### ATTRIBUTES OF GREAT EDITORSHIP

By C. L. R. SASTRI

IN my book on "Journalism" I had occasion to devote considerable space to thumb-nail sketches of many of the foremost editors of English newspapers, dead as well as living. I was impelled to do so for several reasons. There was, in the first place, the personal equation. I could boast of some knowledge of those editors, having, in the impressionable period of my life, studied their writings with the care and the attention that they so richly merited. They bore names that were familiar not only throughout the English-speaking world but throughout that part of the world which is reputed to be more or less civilised: on the Continent, especially, they were held both in awe and in esteem. We, in India, perhaps, cannot quite bring ourselves to understand their unique position. That is chiefly because we are not privileged to have in our midst, at the moment, a single figure that can bear even the remotest resemblance to those unquestioned giants, whose every word was read by the public with the closest scrutiny and weighed in the most delicate of intellectual balances. C. P. Scott of the *Manchester Guardian* and H. W. Massingham of the *Nation* (and, earlier, of the *Daily Chronicle*) and J. A. Spender of the *Westminster Gazette* and A. G. Gardiner of the *Daily News* worked in their several papers at about the same time; and, though they have all passed away, their impact on the world of journalism can still be felt by sensitive souls and their contribution to it properly assessed. Scott and Massingham were each a host in himself. About Massingham's quality both as an editor and as a writer of English, "of purest ray serene," I have expressed my opinion in my book and

have expressed it in no uncertain terms.

#### Spender on Massingham

Here is Spender's tribute to Massingham in the first volume of his magnificent reminiscences, *Life, Journalism, & Politics* (Cassell: 1927):

"Most of the rewards which go with distinction in other professions are denied to the journalist. He may spend a life-time in the most honourable public service and his name be scarcely heard of outside Fleet Street, or, indeed, outside his newspaper office. He is the 'mere journalist'; the universities do not know him, the 'real literary' people have only a nodding acquaintance with him. I have been a guest at literary dinners and listened gratefully while popular writers have expressed a hope that I should one day 'get out of journalism' and 'write a book' which might be worth considering. The attitude is undoubtedly a little galling, and I do think might consider a little what 'mere journalism' is to those who practise it skilfully and conscientiously, and cease to consider it as an inferior and rather disreputable branch of literature. It is, after all, far easier to write most kinds of books than to keep up a steady and effective flow of journalism for even a few months together. The literary accomplishment of Massingham, to mention only one man who has latterly passed from the scene—a man who never wrote a book—was a joy to the craftsman of letters, and I cannot believe that students of literature in future days will fail to note its rare qualities of delicacy and skill."

"G. B. S." had, earlier, commended Massingham in much the same fashion: "If he (Massingham) had left behind him a single book it would have spoilt the integrity of his career and of his art. I could lay my hand

more readily on ten contributors for his successor than on one successor for his contributors."

#### Some Indian Editors

I have suggested that we, in India, cannot, perhaps, quite bring ourselves to understand the unique position that Massingham and others occupied, "while this machine was to them," because we are not privileged to have in our midst a single figure who can bear even the remotest resemblance to those unquestioned giants. In the past we had been just a little more fortunate. There was, for instance, G. Subramanya Iyer, the doyen of Indian journalism, who, by universal consent, was acclaimed as being not only in the first flight of editors but as being the very first in that first flight. There was Kristo Das Pal who was the recipient of not much less glowing encomiums alike from his brethren of the craft and from those of other professions. There was Babu Ramananda Chatterjee who, though of a shy and retiring disposition, was known almost as widely in the Antipodes as in his own beloved Motherland through his famous periodical, the *Modern Review* of Calcutta. There was C. Y. Chintamani (I am, of set purpose, omitting the accolade which, in a moment of uncharacteristic weakness, he accepted a few years before his sudden demise in 1941) who contrived to shed comparable lustre on the *Leader* of Allahabad. (He would turn in his grave if he were acquainted with the subsequent transformation of his "one and only beloved." It carried on as a pale ghost of itself until 1944 when, succumbing to the new wave of "syndicalism" that has, of late, been sweeping the country from end to end, it passed into Congress—and capitalistic hands, to become a third, or fourth, carbon copy of the *Hindustan Times*, a paper whose name was unfamiliar when that of the *Leader* itself had been a household word in the entire north. I, for one, cannot

help thinking that the gods should have decreed a more decent fate to it than this and that a natural death would have been infinitely better than this inglorious conversion into the Allahabad edition of that New Delhi organ.)

#### The Clay and the Potter

In the same category comes the venerable K. Natarajan of the *Indian Social Reformer*. No Indian journalist ever wielded a chaster, a more elegant, pen than Natarajan's nor can I recall worthier illustrations than his editorials of "moderation in action." He was one of the very few journalists who could be trusted to subordinate his emotion to his judgment, which, one instinctively guesses, was born "in full panoply," like Pallas Athene from the head of Zeus. I wonder whether he ever wrote, or (for that matter) ever *could* write, a "fiery" or a "swashbuckling" leader. His articles were a delight to read—alike on the scope of their purity of diction and on the strength of their marvellous erudition. Though a "Liberal" in the grain his devotion to Mahatma was boundless and his services to the Congress, through his mouthpiece, in the 1930 civil disobedience movement are past computation. His mind was at home not only in the practical realm of politics but also in the more abstruse regions of literature and of philosophy: consequently his eye for parallels was always unerring.

He and Chintamani and Karunkara Menon (of the now long since defunct *Indian Patriot* of Madras) all learned the rudiments of their art at the feet of G. Subramanya Iyer; and it is a lasting testimony to the inherent greatness of that master that the pupils, without a single exception, blossomed forth, in their several degrees, into top-rank journalists themselves, thus proving experimentally that, in the ultimate analysis, the clay is not everything,—the potter's hand having its appointed share in the building-up process.

Subramanya Iyer could have consoled himself with the reflection:

"I am the teacher of athletes,

He that by me spreads a wider breast than my own proves the width of my own.

He most honours my style who learns under it to destroy the teacher."

#### Journalists and Honours

I have observed, in parenthesis, that Chintamani, to whom, and to whose paper, the title "Thunderer," bestowed on the London *Times*, would have been equally appropriate should never have condescended to accept the knighthood that was conferred upon him. Somehow these so-called "marks of honour" sit strangely on journalists as a class and even more strangely on those journalists who are thoroughly independent-minded. They very rarely fail to dilute the vine of their former independence and integrity. What the late Mr. Spender, editor of that "sea-green incorruptible," the *Westminster Gazette*, says on this subject in his book afore-mentioned, *Life, Journalism & Politics*, is worth close study by his colleagues in the profession. After revealing that he had seen fit to refuse the "honour" that had been sought to be thrust on him by a grateful Liberal Government on being returned to Parliament by an overwhelming majority in the 1906 elections, he proceeds:

"My view was (and is) that in the peculiar relations in which he stands to the Government, the working political journalist does better not to put himself in a position in which he seems either to be receiving a reward for past 'services' or to be placing himself under an obligation to render future ones . . . Looking at all the conditions, and knowing the innumerable subtle influences—many of them most difficult to resist—which prevent the firm expression of opinion, I own I should like to see the working journalists generally make it a rule that, so long as they are working journalists, they will not accept this particular form of recognition."

I have mentioned the names of a few Indian journalists who, in my opinion, could stand some sort of comparison with their British confreres. But they—one and all—belong to the irreclaimable past. At the present moment we cannot boast of a single editor who deserves being mentioned in the same breath as those veterans of the British, or the Indian, variety. This is not necessarily to be a *laudator temporis acti*, to be a worshipper of the past simply because it is the past; it is merely to express a pregnant truth, however unpleasant. "We are all mighty fine fellows," no doubt, as "R. L. S." said in another connection, but we cannot hold a candle either to the Scotts and Massinghams, or to the Subramanyams and Natarajans.

(To be continued)

## THE SUEZ STALEMATE

By P. N. SAMPATH

THE calligraphy of human purposes is not infrequently erased by the moving finger of destiny. The Twentieth Century is at the same time a solving and a dissolving epoch. We are in the midst of an era of upheaval, turmoil and transition which are the concomitants of progress. Empires have been erased from the map, monarchies have been liquidated, and world conquerors have been humbled to the dust. In this century destiny has been particularly cruel to warlords and imperialist exploiters.

The nationalisation of the Suez Canal Company marks an important landmark in the history of colonialism. Indeed it has sounded the death-knell of colonialism in the Middle East. It required great courage to defy Western opinion and Egypt's Nasser had it in abundant measure when he took this bold step. In his make up he has nothing of a dictator or martinet. He has exercised his leadership in a quiet and unobtrusive manner. He is a man of persistent purpose and steady ideals and also a patient negotiator.

For more than 25 centuries Egypt was never ruled by Egyptians. Foreign domination began with the Persian Conquest in 525 B. C. Then followed a long unbroken period of darkness in which Egypt was ruled by the Macedonians, the Romans, the Byzantines, the Arabs, the Fatimides, the Mamelukes, the Turks, the French and the British. Egypt wrenched itself out of this spell of exploitation by banishing Farouk and installing a Government having the peoples' confidence.

#### The British View

The Western Powers, spearheaded by Britain, tried to bamboozle Egypt into submission on the Suez issue.

They wanted to stipulate their own terms. As Lord Palmerston said once, England has no eternal friends nor eternal enemies; only her interests are eternal. Again, in the words of Harold Nicholson, 'the British conception, both of policy and of negotiation is essentially a shop-keeper's conception.' Britain was practically treating the Suez area as her private preserve. She was enjoying undisputed supremacy over this narrow but strategic strip. Power is sweet and few nations surrender it voluntarily. Britain would not give up her hold on the Canal even though she had packed off from Egypt proper.

The Suez Canal was opened on the 17th November 1869. It is on record that when Ferdinand de Lesseps advanced a scheme for the construction of the Canal, Lord Palmerston, the then leading British statesman, opposed it as a threat to British maritime supremacy. In 1875, during Lord Beaconsfield's time, the British Government purchased 176,602 shares in the Canal Company from the Khedive Ismail for £3,976,582. On the 29th October 1888, the Suez Canal Convention was signed by a group of nations in Constantinople. Its purpose was to 'ensure that the Canal should always be free and open, in time of war as in time of peace, to every vessel of commerce or of war, without distinction of flag.' Britain, however, made reservation in view of her occupation of Egypt and did not declare full adherence to the stipulations of the Convention till 1904. During World War I and II, the principle of unrestrained access to the waterway was denied to Germany and her allies, in violation of the clause in the Convention. Nobody raised a voice against this flagrant breach of the rules.

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### Suez Is Part Of Egypt

The Suez region is a part of Egypt and the Canal Company is registered in Egypt, subject to the laws of the land. Nationalisation of the Company is Egypt's business. International law has always been predicated on certain fundamental moral and ethical values to which civilised nations subscribe, even if at times their practices have inadvertently varied from their faiths. The Western move to use force on Egypt over the Canal issue was a foolhardy venture foredoomed to failure. Burdened as they are with the vestiges of colonial virus and guided by the psychology of cornered rats, the Western nations are behaving curiously, though of course fruitlessly. The Anglo-French policy of the last few years has been calculated to repel the Afro-Asian peoples, to defeat the purposes they claim to themselves and to perpetuate a crisis, of which they show so little awareness. Britain and France do not yet realise that the Middle East is too hot for them to hold any longer, due to the upsurge of nationalism. They still think that they are justified in meddling with other countries and are, like the Romans of old, privileged persons everywhere. They are battling without pause for the re-establishment of conditions which had inevitably passed away. Really, however, they are in a situation in which salvation is impossible and salvage is all that can be hoped for. It requires but a modicum of mental acumen to realise that the fate of Suez cannot be settled by force of arms. The Egyptian people did not start their progress towards national freedom in order to allow anybody to turn the clock back again.

The first and almost the only rule of intelligent conservatism is to face unpleasant facts. The most unpleasant of facts, but the one needing most to be faced, is that change is the one unalterable constant in human affairs. When Attlee was

Prime Minister of England, he was able to read the trends correctly. By accepting the inevitable in a friendly spirit, he probably saved more in material wealth and moral prestige for his country than any other policy could have achieved. Attlee knew when to quit.

### Eden's Lack Of Statesmanship

Sir Anthony Eden, unfortunately, is a Conservative diehard who still cherishes fossilized notions and glories in his country's past prestige. His merit is his mediocrity. He is a poor patch on Churchill whom he succeeded. He was cursed from the outset with second rate abilities, vanity, lack of qualities of leadership and the pathetic persistence with which he mistakes aptitude in intrigue for political insight and statesmanship. His handling of the Suez problem has been tragi-comical. The blustering giant now stands revealed as a week-kneed sabre-rattler, like Samson shorn of his locks.

The Menzies Mission has drawn blank. The idea of forming a Canal Users' Association and the idea of breaking through the Canal under its auspices did not fructify as expected. The Association has been formed but the forcing action proposed has had to be abandoned on account of the mounting world opinion.

### America's Dilemma

What is the U. S. attitude to the Suez issue? The U. S. policy is a blend of two conflicting and almost irreconcilable trends. The U. S. A. was once a British colony, and knows what colonialism is. American leaders like Jefferson and Lincoln enunciated democratic principles which still stand and are widely followed. It is well known that the late F. D. Roosevelt had open sympathy for the Indian nationalists in their struggle for freedom from British rule. This is one trend.

The other trend centres round the American fear of Communism. The Americans have observed that with

every world war, the area and influence of Communism have been increasing. The present rulers of America follow what they call the brink-of-war strategy without actually starting a war. On the one hand they cannot let down Eden, on the other, they cannot endorse his aggressive designs on Egypt. In one of his speeches in the City, Rajaji is reported to have said that the American hesitation and wobbling on the Suez question is due to their remorse for having been in part responsible for the decimation of Britain's overseas possessions. This opinion is not correct, however. Britain had to quit India, Burma, Ceylon and Egypt by the force of circumstances and not because of pressure from the U. S. A. or any other country. Another reason is that America's real sympathies are for Israel. Israel and the Arab nations are now warring with each other without declaring it. Israel's ships cannot pass through the Canal in the event of the present skirmishes being intensified into a full-scale war. International possession of the Canal will be of help to Israel and the Western nations who go to its aid. America backs Eden's efforts in that hope. This view is supported by the following lines from the *Political and Economic Survey of the Middle East*, brought out by the Royal Institute of International Affairs (Page 40): "The traditional dislike of Imperialism, which in the areas of British predominance used to engage American sympathy for local nationalists, did not do so in the case of the Arabs. Instead, it was the Zionists who in the Middle East were the beneficiaries of American concern for the oppressed." Thus, while absolute non-interference will not be appreciated by Britain, France and Israel, full interference will provoke Arab anger against America, probably resulting in advance repercussions on her Middle East oil supplies. This is the American dilemma. That is why Dulles is speaking

with many voices. On top of all this, the fact remains that the present leaders who guide America's foreign policy are bunglers all. The ace U. S. columnist, Walter Lippmann writes: "With nobody at the top in Washington who can and will take new decisions, our diplomacy is almost everywhere fighting rear-guard actions". Other reasons why America cannot follow a firm policy, one way or the other, on the Suez issue, are the impending elections at home, hesitation to line up and go the whole hog with aggressive imperialism of the traditional type, apprehensions regarding the likely repercussions on her absolute hold on the Panama Canal, etc. etc. Dulles lent ostensible support to Eden's plan for forcing issues with Egypt under the auspices of the newly formed Users' Association. Simultaneously, he suggested the re-routing of ships through the Cape of Good Hope by way of boycotting the Canal and even offered an aid of half a billion dollars to foot the extra cost involved. An Egyptian diplomat wryly remarked that this amount would have paid for about half the cost of building the controversial Aswan Dam. Such is the present American policy.

Egypt is a country with a backward economy, but the people are the inheritors of a great civilisation. We should not forget that civilisation had blossomed in Egypt ere its rudiments had begun to sprout in Europe. It is this factor, this wealth of culture that has given Nasser the strength and patience to withstand the rude behaviour and threatening attitude of Eden after the Suez was nationalised. The great Powers should be aware that in their own interests they cannot ignore the economic conditions of the rest of the world. A depressed area is a potential source of unrest whether it is inside or outside a particular political boundary. When Dulles is prepared to waste half a billion dollars for finan-

cing the Cape route, he was not prepared to help build the Aswan Dam which would immensely benefit Egypt. It was folly of the first magnitude. To give assistance subject to tests of political conformity is a policy that is doomed to fail.

#### Need For Negotiated Settlement

The attitude of Britain is hard to understand. British power has had its days of glory. The era of exploitation is over. Being thousands of miles away from Suez, her interests in the Canal cannot be more vital than Egypt's who owns the strip. Any nation so reckless of moral control as to seek only its selfish aggrandisement, at whatever cost to the world community, becomes and must become the enemy of the world's peace and order. Only when nations accept the doctrine that they are bound to conform to a minimum of morality does a true society of nations begin to appear.

The constant acceleration of pre-

paration may well without specific intent ultimately produce a spontaneous combustion. The British and French concentration of their air and sea forces in the region of the Suez Canal will prove disastrous to themselves ultimately. Any aggression in the Canal area is sure to start a world conflagration. In a nuclear war, Britain and France cannot hope to survive. The safest way for them is the path of negotiation. They have already realised this, and have referred the matter to the U. N. Council.

The attitude or rather, the inactivity, of the United Nations Organisation has been a puzzle. When it made so much noise regarding Korea, Indo-China and Kashmir, why is it that it kept silent on the Suez question so long? Is the Organisation only the puppet piece of the Western nations? If it is of no use in this issue, of what use is it? Let us wait before we condemn finally.

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## THEORIES & MYTHS ARE THE CHAINS OF SLAVERY

By G. T. OLARENSHAW

**T**HEORIES and myths, political and economic, are enslaving every worker-producer in all nations. All political parties are the servants of the World Bank and its agents. Political parties, as the agents of the worker-producer, are myths. They are isms = Theories. But the crowning myth of all is the theory of money. This myth is dependent upon mankind taking for granted that nothing has value unless it is destroyed or is created as a debt to a usurer. The theory of money seems to be that it must be taxed to destruction to ensure its value, the issuers of money being also the destroyers of money by taxes. We all know that anything destroyed has no value. The great masses of worker-producers are too tired to think and are, therefore, easily cheated by the money manipulator. The usurers create money by writing figures in a Book. Such money is counterfeit and drives good money out of existence. Good money is non-existent in a debt and tax state where Banks create credit money on loan. Even Governments have resorted to the counterfeiter as issuer of loans, so corrupt are they. They should have created the national currency money. It is easy to see that wars, strikes, famines and disease have been used by the usurer to enable him to foist upon the people thousands of millions of loans of spurious and worthless Bank Credits, myth money at interest. Here we have the chains of slavery as reality. Every person who eats and drinks is automatically a slave to the issuers of bondage money, myth money which is destroyed by taxes. Taxation pays for nothing. Actually taxation is levied to destroy money so that the counterfeiter

is assured of a loan market for his myth money. All Government bonds are the evidence of the slavery of the governed who have been sold into bondage. There is no possibility of anyone being able to get out of debt and such bondage by borrowing Bank bondage credits at interest which takes twice and three times the mythical values to cancel out the bond. We should demand a probe into the necessity of real money not the theory of money or the myth of money. We should not try to mix money up with different uses to which money is put. Taxation is theft, no matter whether we get emotional about the word or not. Any theft deprives the rightful owner of his property. Debt finance is dependent upon taxation to perpetuate itself. Money which is created and issued as a Bank debt is incapable of transferring a true value from one person to another in a monetary evaluation. This can only be done with money issued by Government, debtless and taxless. An examination of the financial accounts of all nations shows that taxes are many times greater than the total money in the Banks and with the people of those nations. Hence, the debt system, real money having no existence. Real money can only do one thing. That is payment for goods and service. Governments cannot pay for goods and service by taxing the suppliers of goods and service; neither can they pay by borrowing counterfeit money from Bankers at interest. The myth of Internationalism has been found to be pure Judaic nationalism. Money cannot be equalitarian unless it is taxless. Every other sort of money is theft money, necessitating bondage and slavery.

## A LOOK AT KUWAIT

By NILKAN PERUMAL

WHAT was eight years ago an arid desert tract is today a happy country in the Arabian Peninsula, thanks to the enterprise of British prospectors of oil. Kuwait which is of a thousand square-miles, has a population of about a lakh, of which 2000 are Indians. Our people there work mostly in the British oil company as clerks and artisans. There are also Indians serving as doctors, pharmacists, and in many other professions. A few work even as employees of the Sultan's Government. All of them have a happy word to say about their life in Kuwait.

The oil company of Kuwait is a British concern, but half its interest is said to be American. The Sultan who has given concessions to exploit the oil is entitled to half of the total profits of the Company each year. In 1936, adventurous oil prospectors began geological surveys. But the Second World War put an end to their activities. Then, in 1946, work was recommenced. Today, Kuwait is the fourth oil-producing centre in the world and 46,969 tons of oil was produced there in 1954. The company's oil wells are situated within a radius of a hundred miles and the wells are located about 9 miles apart. The offices of the Company are situated in what is known as the *Ahamedli Colony*. They employ about twenty six thousand labourers besides the 1500 Europeans who are engineers and executives. Labour welfare is admirable in the Colony. There are clubs, libraries and clinics for the benefit of the employees.

The bulk of the population of Kuwait is Arab. But, they are an easy going lot. Before the Company established itself here, the wealth of the *fallehin* was reckoned by the number of sheep he owned. Used to simple desert life, most Arabs here have good health. They eat huge *Chappaties*

like bread, one-foot in diameter each, made of wheat and on an average, an Arab would consume two or three of them during meal time. In addition, they eat dates and grapes which arrive in Kuwait from Lebanon. In the messes, run in the oil-company, Indians and Pakistanis have their own food, the Europeans theirs. An Indian spends about Rs. 200 a month for his food.

### Extreme Climates

Kuwait has extreme climatical conditions. The weather varies from 126 degrees in summer to 38 degrees in winter and air-conditioning is so very popular there, these days. The health of the population is very good. The only diseases very frequently observed are *measles* and *small-pox*. Water is the great problem. Since pure water is hard to obtain they are transforming seawater into pure water, for drinking! Kuwait entirely depends upon imports from other countries for everything but oil and sheep.

Of late, the population of this country has increased by the constant flow of evacuees from Iraq and Palestine. The women from these countries are said to be prettier than Europeans, and most of them are running brothels in Kuwait. In addition, there are also the dark-skinned *Sambu* women coming in from Africa as prostitutes. In spite of it all Kuwait is a peaceful country where every one minds his business and goes about his avocation without hindrance from others. There is no arms-act in the country and no dacoities or thefts. It might have been that in the olden days a stray traveller was way-laid, but now-a-days crime is unknown.

### The Government

The Government of the country is in the hands of a Sultan, known, to

the Arabs as the *Sheikh*, a fifty-five year old potente who lives in a two-storied palace in the town of Kuwait. He owns powerful automobiles, maintains a harem, and seldom comes out of his residence. He has a private mosque to pray, but on *Ramzan* day he gets to the town to greet and get greeted by the people. There are a few Indians employed in his service and they get anything from Rs. 800 per month or more as salary going upto Rs. 2000 p.m. The language of the place is *Arabic* in the main, but English is widely used. There is only a single High School. Of late, several Kuwait youngmen have been to England for technological studies, and on return find work in the Oil Company. One or two such foreign educated youths are said to have married European girls.

A short distance from the inland-situated Kuwait town, there is a jetty for shipping purposes. There is also an air-service to Busrah, maintained by the Sultan himself, though the Oil Company has its own planes for its use. Automobile roads have been constructed to facilitate travel.

India has no consular representation in Kuwait, but our Consul in Baghdad has jurisdiction over the place. The Sultan of Kuwait does not bother about diplomatic representations and other formalities, and certainly our people in Kuwait have no problems either, because they are hard-working and are well-paid and happy with their lot. They have even the Indian rupee for coinage, and British stamps to post letters with, giving them some of the facilities of the home country.

## EXPANDING FUTURE FOR BAGASSE

**B**AGASSE—the fibrous residue remaining after crushing juice from sugarcane stalks—may soon have as much commercial utility from the standpoint of tonnage as the sugar.

Processes developed by the U. S. Department of Agriculture (USDA) recently have produced both bleached and unbleached pulps suitable for corrugated boxboards, newsprint and fine papers. These processes can be applied economically to make paper from whole bagasse or, even better, from pith-free bagasse fibre.

Until very recent years bagasse was a waste product that cluttered the areas around sugar mills, as only part of it could be used as fuel for the mill's boilers. Only in the last few years has its full potential value been realised. Experimental mills have shown that newsprint could be produced from it on a commercial basis. The new processes expand this use and add fine papers and

paperboards to the growing list of products which can be made from its fibres.

The supply of bagasse is immense, when considered on a world-wide basis. More than a pound of bagasse accumulates for every pound of sugar produced.

The world's population uses almost 50,000 million pounds of sugar, most of it in foods and confections. Thus more than 50,000 million pounds of bagasse are available for the growing variety of industrial applications.

Bagasse is made up of two kinds of tissue, principally, hard, strong fibres from the outer covering of the cane and give it the strength to keep it upright in the field during the growing season. Inside are the pith cells that contain the sugar juices. The pith cells lack fibrous structure and strength. Their removal allows the most effective use of the outer fibre.

### Use in Paper Manufacture

Manufacture of paper from bagasse has long been possible, but it has been unable to compete with wood-pulp paper economically and technologically because older ways of separating the pith from the outer fibre were impractical and much of the fibre was destroyed.

The U. S. Department of Agriculture researchers, therefore, developed the mechano-chemical process, a highly practical method which already has been fully tested on a commercial scale. It separates the pulp with inconsequential loss of the fibre and makes the pulp itself available for commercial uses. The process makes possible greater yields of high-quality bagasse pulps at comparatively low costs.

Extended semi-commercial scale studies made at the New York State College of Forestry at Syracuse, New York, were recently completed. These proved that both fine bleached papers and newsprint, as well as superior corrugated board for packing and boxes and liner for container boards, can be made from bagasse, pulped and separated from pith by the mechano-chemical process. The same products, the studies proved, can also be made from blends of separate bagasse pulp.

Nine hundred thousand tons of bagasse are produced annually in Louisiana and Florida, major cane-producing states. In those states some of the bagasse is being processed into poultry litter. This business is more profitable than using the bagasse for sugar mill fuel and has been increasing in volume each year. The potential market for bagasse litter is indicated by the 13.3 million tons of all types of poultry litter used in the United States and the continued growth and increase in importance of poultry for egg production and meat in the nation.

Another sugar extraction by-product, blackstrap molasses, is loom-

ing greater as a valuable factor in the production of sugarcane. Its importance as a livestock feed has been expanding and the potential market for its use in this manner is estimated at nearly 1,000 million gallons a year. In this connection, one of the most promising methods for using pith is in taking advantage of its capability for high absorption of blackstrap molasses, three times higher than for many common absorbents. The pith can be used as a dry-form molasses carrier in feeds. More than 70 percent of the blackstrap produced in the United States can be mixed with pith to produce a solid, easily transportable, high-energy feed ingredient that livestock relish.

If the sugar industry itself undertakes the recovery of these byproducts, formerly largely wasted, a maximum profit can result. The mills could separate the pith and fibre, sell the fibre to paper mills, and combine the dried pith with blackstrap molasses to make a valuable ingredient for livestock feeds. The by-products could be a most important factor in offsetting sugar mill operating costs.—USIS.

### "WHAT I AM"

To grind I have no corn,  
To wear I have a shirt torn,  
To shoulder I have a heavy burden:  
Mother, wife and children.  
In the morn I wake up with the lark  
I relentlessly work around the clock  
My body and mind though frail  
As my lot I face many a turmoil.  
I am in economic strife  
I try to enjoy life  
With mother as guide  
Wife by my side  
And children as a slide.  
I look for a light  
To make life bright  
I cherish a fervent hope  
My toil's fruit some day I will reap.

P. V. R. SYAMALARAO

## SANCTIONS

By L. N. S.

THE ramifications of this word are ancient, intricate and extensive. It is derived from latin *sanctio* which means to consecrate or make a thing holy. The noun-form derived from the verb is *sanctus*, *sanctionem* which means anything which is holy as in the phrase *sanctum sanctorum* which means the 'holy of holies'—the *Garbha-graha* of our temples. In the olden days, the Church ruled all Europe through the Pope who was considered the vice-gerent of God on earth. He ruled over kings as well though he was hailed as '*servum servorum*'—the servant of servants—the *dasanudasa* of our Vaishnavite tradition. In the next stage, therefore, all orders, instructions and directives issued by the Pope to the faithful came to be called sanctions. As the failure to obey them meant excommunication and all the terrors associated with it, people obeyed the orders implicitly. All ecclesiastical laws or decrees came to be dubbed sanctions in a general way. With the growth of man's general knowledge of himself and his place in the world, natural laws came to be called natural sanctions.

**HISTORICAL:** In Law, sanctions mean the enforcement of specific penalties to ensure obedience to orders. Our penal code is full of such sanctions: As Macaulay, its chief author put it: 'The fear of death is the most formidable sanction which legislators have been able to devise'. This is just now being liquidated in the advanced countries of the West under a wave of enlightened humanitarianism according to some, or as a result of a sickly exhibition of mawkish sentimentality according to others.

In the next stage, the term was extended in meaning so as to provide for rewards for obedience and puni-

shments for disobedience. There are numerous examples of both in our midst. If you become a Congressman, you may get anything from a license to a ministership and can get rich, honoured and admired without sweating or soiling your delicate hands. In the olden days, punitive police used to be stationed in places to teach the patriots and satyagrahis a lesson. On the other hand, durbars are still held to confer on the new worthies the new orders of chivalry in descending order of effluence from *Bharata Ratna*. There may be an esoteric connection between the award of these honours and the quiet growth in volume of the monetary reservoir known as the Prime Minister's Relief Fund.

### Two-Fold Significance

Consequently sanctions have come to have a two-fold significance. Legal pundits call them *remuneratory* and *vindictory* sanctions. Blackstone, the famous British jurist, says that human laws are more vindictory than remuneratory. What it means is that no one will pay you a single farthing or even an 'uncurrent pie' (as we say) in appreciation of your being an honest man. More often than not such honesty may prove your undoing. The Chinese were supposed to have a juster sense of sanctions; for we are told that among them doctors used to be rewarded only so long as their patients were in good health; and that they would be fined only when there was illness in the community. If we applied this test to our medical profession, here or elsewhere, the Harley streets of the world would yield enough money to put through a five-year plan five times the size of the one which is already leading us into queer street. The Jehovah of the Israelites was a strict and just

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God, because he protected the faithful but punished the wicked.

Ethically, sanctions have come to be the most dependable handmaid of law and order. Fear of evil and love of good are two universal motives, by exploiting which alone are we able to overcome, if not destroy, the promptings of untutored nature—'red of tooth and claw'—where might becomes right; and we revert to the law of the jungle.

**POLITICAL:** The term came to be used in international politics when the edicts of the Eastern emperors were called sanctions. Later on, another word was added to it to make it sound more formidable, and so we had the *Pragmatic Sanctions*. The word pragmatic was used as opposed to religious, to convey the idea of matters pertaining to the civil spheres. The term also underlined the supersession of the Pope by the emperors in the conduct of Europe's affairs. Those pragmatic sanctions led to wars in the eighteenth century as a result of one of which a Spaniard became the ruler of the two Sicilies.

#### Sanctions Against Italy

Then in the present generation, we made a rather intimate and unpleasant acquaintance with sanctions when they were invoked against Italy because she invaded Ethiopia with a view to absorb it in the Roman empire under the aegis of Mussolini. All the democratic forces of the left formed a united front in those days (as they have formed the peace front now), and then clamoured for the application of sanctions against Mussolini. After a great deal of shilly-shallying, a half-hearted attempt was made to put an embargo on the supply of petrol to Italy. The decision was never carried out, for the League of Nations, under whose auspices the sanctions were invoked, itself went to pieces. It was thus another case of "the dog it was that died." The collapse of the League

of Nations paved the way for the outbreak of the second world-war from the ashes of which, phoenix-like, we have revived the United Nations Organisation and the Security Council. With the nationalisation of the Suez and the alarms and excursions which it has provoked culminating in the appeal of the Western powers against the Egyptian government, we are now in another phase of international development which is confronted with the same problem of discovering an effective enough substitute for force which would promote the settlement of international disputes through peaceful means.

**TOPICAL:** First of all, who is the plaintiff and who is the defendant in the present case? This is itself a matter of some dubiety. The debate that has not yet begun bids fair to put both sides in the dock by turns; but how soon a decision may be reached and, when reached, how readily both disputants will abide by it are matters of pure guess-work. It is worthy of note that the protagonists of peace in the present context—all leftist confederations under the benign patronage of Father Russia dressed like Santa Claus and stuffing the stockings of all the Eastern nations with the most marvellous gifts—were, in 1936, found clamouring for the very sanctions and even war both of which are anathema to them today.

To begin with, the sanctions behind the Security Council are of uncertain potency and validity. When Stalin (as reported once) asked how many battalions the Pope had, he was indicating one kind of sanctions to which all could show a proper respect. The Security Council has so far managed to impose some sorts of solution on the smaller fry—like Korea or Indo-China. But it has been unable to heal the breach either in the case of India vs. Pakistan or Israel vs. the Arab states. It has piled deadlock on deadlock wherever the interests of

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any of the major Powers seemed at stake. So once again the testing time has come—not for any single nation—but for the UNO as a whole.

#### The Egyptian Crux

To be frank, it faces a dilemma of a painful nature. If it gave a decision against the Big Powers, there is little chance of its being obeyed; if it ticked off Egypt, then all the smaller nations will howl in synco-pated cacophony, and the breach between East and West would be widened instead of being bridged. And another curiosity for students of current affairs to note: When the Western Powers rattled their sabres, all the doves of peace pleaded for the question being taken to the UNO. Now that it has been done, these same evangelists of conciliation and compromise have now made a right-about turn, and say that the parties must come together and arrive at a negotiated settlement. This hardly proves their faith in the world organisation!

Apart from the question of sanctions as applied to the work of the Security Council, there is a prospect of their being applied by the parties concerned unilaterally. One of the parrot-like repetitions which have bored us to death in the present conflict is the alleged right of Egypt to nationalise the Suez canal without anybody's leave. But the fact that it has actually been an unilateral act is conveniently ignored by all. Pandit Nehru stumbled upon this inconvenient fact about his client the other day when he declared that he himself would have done the thing in a different manner. Presumably he meant that he would have given notice to the parties concerned and then gone ahead. It would have been not merely proper and seemly: such a course would have ensured the move being legally above board and ethically impeccable. The fact that nationalisation is thought of at once brings into the picture the other party who has so long been an

obstacle to it. This basic, ethical weakness of Nasser's position is not at all stressed in current appraisals of the general situation.

#### A Double Edged Weapon

All sanctions are of course a double-edged weapon. We tried it in the case of South Africa and have fared worse. We applied it with more luck in the case of the French enclaves in the country. We are still applying them ruthlessly (if not as efficaciously) against Goa. But nobody publicises these skeletons in our closet. If, therefore, the application of economic sanctions against Egypt should begin to tell, it would be Egypt and not any of her friends that will have to eat the humble pie in due course. The ambiguities of American policy have been clumsily mounted, but the underlying idea of it is to subject Egypt's economy to a policy of attrition. The blocked accounts are one aspect of the offensive, the continued use of the canal by the complainants is another which casts on Nasser the onus of taking the next step to secure payment of transit charges. When that is demanded, the reply is bound to be: As the matter is *sub judice*, let the *status quo* be maintained, until the case is disposed of.

The Western Powers have loudly declared that they have no intention of applying any kind of sanctions; but in sober truth they are operating them silently and effectively all the time. The Israel-Arab tension is a dangerous side-show; for any moment it may precipitate a first class rumpus which may set the oil-world ablaze. It is, therefore, up to the lovers of a negotiated settlement to fish out of their magic hats a plausible enough rat which would save face—primarily their own!

Incidentally the messenger of peace—*par excellence* should justify his title in its new gloss by negotiating settlement between Israel and the Arab States in accordance with the principles of *Panch Shila*!



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SWATANTRA

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## FILMS

By V. P. SATHE

RECENTLY the Bombay High Court quashed the order of conviction passed on a youth and a girl of Ahmedabad by a First Class Judicial Magistrate for 'Kissing in a public place' holding that their action was not obscene. The Sessions Judge who made reference to the High Court had pointed out that kissing was a formality to pay one's respect and that kissing was to be seen in many English pictures exhibited in India.

In view of this judgment and the opinion held by the High Court it would be equally wrong to condemn kissing on the screen as 'obscene' and, therefore, to prohibit it. Hence, the Indian producer is again thinking whether he could introduce kissing in his pictures without provoking the wrath of the censors. And even if the censors object to the kissing scenes, could he fight the issue in a court of law and win his point on the analogy of the above quoted judgment? Certain youthful and enterprising producers are seriously considering this issue and may take out a test case.

Meanwhile, the taboo against kissing continues in Indian films. While the censors have no objection to allow kissing scenes in foreign films, they seem to be touchy about kissing in Indian films. One of the pet arguments advanced is that kissing is un-Indian and hence not suitable for exhibition in Indian films. Apparently the censors never visit parks and see so many Indian couples kissing—today; and they seem to be also unaware that kissing is as old as Kalidasa and Vyasa in our literature. Even

in Indian films it was present in the old movie days and early talkie era. Surely, the morals of the generation which saw hectic kissing in Indian as well as English pictures twenty years ago were in no way worse than the morals of the present generation, for whom kissing on the screen is tabooed.

In such matters, the censors, it is hoped, will follow the rational and sane attitude of the Bombay High Court and will not make a fetish of social taboos against the very social act of kissing.

### Personality of the Week

'Mohan Segal has arrived,' 'he has come to stay'—these were some of the critics' comments on the release of *New Delhi*, his first independent production. Mohan Segal who made his debut on the screen exactly a decade ago has taken quite a long and strenuous road to success but during this period he has surpassed both his 'gurus' Chetan Anand and Ramesh Saigal.

Mohan, who was groomed at Almorah in Uday Shanker's troupe, began his career as a dancer; later he joined the Prithvi Theatres and the Peoples' Theatres. In the Prithvi Theatres, he played roles; for IPTA, along with Hamid Butt and Balraj Sahni, he collaborated in writing plays and in directing them. He joined Chetan Anand as an assistant at the time of *Neecha Nagar* and played the role of Kamini's brother in it. Later he appeared as a hero in Navyug's *Phool Aur Kanten*, written by Inder Raj Anand. His short stature, however, was against him and so he gave up acting and confined himself to work behind the camera. He joined Ramesh as a fullfledged assistant and worked with him until he got his independent assignment to direct *Aulad* for Kuldip Pictures.

Both *Aulad* and *Adhikar* proved successful but Mr. Mukhram Sharma,

the author, got the lion's share of the credit. Now in *New Delhi*, Mohan Segal was on his own and he has proved his worth both as a director and scenarist, and above all, as a producer with imagination.

Enterprising, ambitious, Mohan Segal is progressive in his outlook; but he has realized that one cannot sell one's 'views' without entertaining the public—a fact so evident in *New Delhi*. With the financial success of *New Delhi* assured, Mohan Segal is firmly established as a producer; he is already one of the top young directors today.

So, like Raj Kapoor and Guru Dutt, he is one of the young producer-directors who will go a long way and bring credit to the industry.

#### Picture of the Week

Though Dev Anand has been associated with Navketan as a producer, since almost its inception, *Funtoosh* is perhaps the first picture in which his name is publicized as a producer. *Funtoosh*, the name inspired by a popular phrase in *Taxi Driver*, means nothing and the picture itself has very little meaning or purport though the story could have been an interesting parody.

It is the story of a man who has forgotten his dreary past. He comes out of an 'international' mental asylum and gets the funny name 'Funtoosh.' After seeing the callous world, his first impulse is to commit suicide. A rich car owner stops him and persuades him to stay for one week, hoping, of course, to cash in on his deferred suicide by getting him insured for a fabulous sum of a lakh of rupees.

But during this week a lot of complications arise. The simpleton falls in love with the rich man's daughter and refuses to die. The frantic

efforts of the rich car owner to kill him provides the drama and the fun culminating in the attainment of sanity by Funtoosh and craziness by the rich man. With an off-beat treatment and better acting, the picture could have been very amusing. As it is, it turns out to be just a stereotyped comedy with some pithy dialogues and pleasing song and dance numbers.

In the title role, Dev lets himself go and without any restraint on the part of director Chetan, he indulges in all kinds of Tom-foolery which may please the groundlings but which makes his confusing character more confusing and confounded. Dashing debonair Dev has yet to develop into a polished comedian. Sheila Ramani looks glamorous and does her part well; so do Kumkum, K. N. Singh and Hammand. The picture which begins on a very promising note with clever titles and maintains a brisk tempo in the first half, tends to become dragging in the concluding portions.

Excellent photography by V. Ratra who has again done a fine job deserves special mention.

#### News of the Week

Sandhya is now expected to play the feminine lead in Rajkamal's *Do Ankhen Bara Hath* to be directed by V. Shantaram who is also playing the stellar role. Vasant Desai is giving the music.

Both Raj Kapoor and Nargis are expected to go to the Soviet Union as members of the film delegation which will be leaving within a week for Soviet Russia.

Thanks to Gyan Mukerji's continued illness, B. R. Chopra is expected to complete *Sitaronse Aage* for Narsu Studios. Nitin Bose is expected to complete another Gyan's picture *Madhu* starring Meena Kumari.

## WEEK END IN TAMBARAM

By C. V. G.

5 p.m., Saturday evening. A sigh of relief as I stop the fan, switch off the light, lock the files and leave the office room. Whale of a holiday till I am back on Monday.

I decide that my jagged self should recoup from the exertions of a six-hour day, so walk to the cafe and order a cup of "special" coffee. Its speciality is good commercial psyche. It costs more, takes more time to prepare, and therefore is not as good as the cheaper, ordinary coffee that suffices for the humbler and unparticular.

Now begins my return journey to Tambaram, eighteen miles away from the city, residents of which wonder at the distance I brave every day. Tambaram, why, it is as far away as the antipodes! Don't I have to start at break of dawn? When and how do I have my breakfast? When do I reach home—not earlier than 8 p.m.? And then follow sighs of sympathy at the luckless, pluckless fellow who cannot get a house in the city.

I scoff at their wide-eyed wonderment and ungraciously spurn sympathy. To live in the city? I give them a withering look and then burst into ineffectual eloquence over its dingy pigeon-holes, stinking water and human pullulation. No, thank you, I am not the one to come to your city from sylvan Tambaram. And, don't I take long to reach office? I again scoff and launch into an explanatory arithmetic that never tires me. The electric train, running to schedule once in ten minutes deposits me at Mambalam in twenty minutes, a distance of fifteen miles while your city buses—and how can you fail to blush at this unmentionable disgrace?—know no time schedule, creak, groan and even break between distances, less than a quar-

ter of that from Madras to Tambaram. The man from Mylapore, a part of the city, has to start earlier than I do, depending as he does on the superannuated roadsters. I try to beam and nevertheless smart at my own inadequacy at having failed to make the city dwellers blench at their own depravity.

However, my return journey to Tambaram depends partly on city buses. I reach the crowded bus stop. The crowd has a certain invisibility about it. Its individual components float about like disembodied protons until the sight of a bus in the distance integrates them and fills them with electricity. As the bus approaches the stop, it runs into a tidal wave of surging, charging, pushing men. The conductor whom some mysterious preservative keeps from being reduced to a pulp by the milling crowd at the entrance, somehow manages to check the inflow into the bus at some stage and the bus lumbers onward while the crowd diffuses into temporary nothingness until another bus comes along.

The concentration of thought on the sole aim of boarding the bus during peak hours at crowded bus stops dilates nostrils, steadies the eyes into an unflinching gaze and works the facial muscles into a tension that makes humans look exactly like hawks. Boarding a bus calls for a strategy worthy of a major offensive. Make a frontal advance towards the entrance, you are a novice and no number of mighty breast strokes will enable you to break through that human wall between you and the bus. Watch the veterans in action. A long arm shoots forward as the legs run parallel to the bus, grabs the iron rod at the entrance and a determined heave sails the person in—but this won't do if you are a poor stra-

regist. You may hold the rod and still lose the bus if you don't step on the footboard with a certain slickness. You may puff and heave to no purpose while a good number spill in through the roominess below your frantically flailing arms.

Inside city buses, six-footers rue their incommensurable perpendicularity and are baffled by the painful superfluity of limbs above their shoulders and the neck. However, this problem is of short duration for, the bus soon deposits my swaying, straphanging self at the Central and I walk to Park Station to board the electric train to Tambaram. The train is a magnet with human filings clustering at the entrances while the passages inside are almost an empty expanse. With some minor variations, entraining is an adventure similar to bus-boarding. It is a good challenge for muscle and might. You elbow your way in while you rebuke, deplore and deprecate the overcrowding at the entrance when there is so much space inside.

The train rumbles along, at first with a whine as it gathers speed and then with a steady moan. It rattles beneath the soot-blackened Egmore overbridge. A few youngsters at the cricket field nearby mimic to perfection the electric horn. There is a rapid discharge of human cargo from the train as it stops at Chetpat, Nungambakkam, Kodambakkam, Mambalam and Saidapet. I soon move over to a corner seat and breathe happily as the fresh country air from Guindy brushes against my face and the train takes me farther and farther from the madding crowd of the city.

It is almost dark when I reach Tambaram and the stars are out. Rural Tambaram, however, is rapidly getting urbanised, and Neon lights blaze along the trunk road from Madras. There is also a constable to regulate the growing traffic. At the moment, not being immediately preoccupied with any disturbance to law and or-

der, he is romantically occupied. The dusk and fast approaching night make the lady under the banian tree busy. Lamp-black skin, a pair of slits on duty for eyes, wasted but bolstered contours, cheeky hollows rounded by a substantial lump of *pan*—this less than five foot rage has patrons among a select band of unfastidious Don Juans, and is at the moment coy at the custodian of law and order. She daubs cosmetics while he advances a few good-humoured obscenities at her oncoming nocturnal depredations.

My residence is not far away and as I step on the stairs, my eyes rest on the clock pointing six. Time has reached an eternity of six ever since this Time Machine stopped to function and my mother has given up asking me to mend it though I have been earnestly promising to attend to it. Stripping myself from my garments, I settle under the tap into splashing, singing, soapy luxury at the end of which I go into some manoeuvre to close the tap. I turn off and station the knob at various angles to no purpose as the sickening "drip drip" that has almost bored through the cement floor beneath it, continues. The tap leaks—it has been leaking for months now and mother has given up asking her promising son to call the plumber.

Nine-thirty p.m., and I am at the Tambaram theatre. The Tambaram theatre is close to my house and night shows draw only small crowds,—and you dispense with the pilgrimage called for by films at city theatres through electricity and diesel and the subsequent penance in the long queues. The theatre screens only Tamil pictures on which I have very definite views and have spelt them to be tripe, trash and dross and spiritedly declared that it would take at least a quarter century for them to approximate to the standards of English pictures. Nevertheless I shed this cultural snobbery as I take a twelve anna ticket and glory in soli-

tary princeliness in the rows of empty seats—the multitude patronise only the plebian seven and five anna chairs and benches. A weary sigh easily escapes me as I read off the footage of the film as 17,000 and odd—good value for the money, I reflect—while I settle down to a melodrama of tearful, rhetorical heroines, swash-buckling heroes and blood-and-thunder ranting villains and a "happily-living-ever-after" end with a bounty of song hits as easily provoked by abysmal grief as by unbounded ecstasy. As I shuffle out of the theatre it is nearly 2 p.m. and I am resolved to sleep far into the day, tomorrow being Sunday.

I wake to a tantalising Sunday since sleep deserts me earlier than on other days and mocks at the courting eyelids. The lounge in the bed tires me after seven and as I get up I catch sight of myself in the mirror and I am filled with consternation at the hirsute disorder. Balding, receding hair, running amuck with a lateral dispersion over the ears, which completes my resemblance to a native chieftain of a Hollywood imagination—this loathsome creature must be trimmed, I decide, and wend my way to the saloon.

Sporting, young, middle-aged and old men of Tambaram are now in the midst of a badminton match as I

cross the lawn on my way to the hair-dressers' shop. It is Sunday and they would be there till the sun reaches the zenith and then return home for their late baths, late meals—a vision of irate wives and mothers fretting at a restless Sunday floats before my eyes. I hastily move away to a safe distance as a matted-haired, dust-stained, wildly swearing shape of a girl storms across followed by a merry trail. She is the Tambaram half-wit providing amusement to the rickshaw pullers, road workers and urchins.

The hair-dresser's saloon is crowded and the thoughtful proprietor has catered for the reading habits of his patrons. *Daily Telegraph* (not to be confused with the London newspaper—it is the English name of a vernacular daily) is being most avidly read—while other newspapers are left uncared for, since it alone enjoys a certain intimacy with erotic, erring public men.

A luxurious bath and a late meal and a nap by which time it is evening. A long walk along the countryside, rest by the parapet on the road and a gape at the sunset that gives me the feeling of Thomas Gray without an elegy. Back home I climb into bed after supper—in unbelievably short time it is Monday—a weary glance at the unfixed clock and tap and aeons to go till next Sunday...

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S. KRISHNASWAMI,  
Secretary.

## THE PRIVATE SECTOR IN NATIONAL DEVELOPMENT

By V. S. KRISHNASWAMI

THE Second Plan is now well under way and the coming general election will do nothing to disturb its structure or continuity. Congress will continue to rule; any interest attaching to the election will only be in the size of the Congress majority and the surprise defeats of "leaders". Should such *contretemps* happen, precedents have happily been established for sidestepping such awkward incidents and can be followed, use and custom making them less reprehensible every time.

The Plan is an instrument for achieving the Welfare State. If you do not like the term "Welfare State" there is an alternative provided, the Socialistic pattern of society. The ends are the same. They are the elimination of poverty, the raising of the standard of life of the people and the ordering of the present in such a manner that, at least in the foreseeable future, an infant born today under a tree by the roadside will have a chance of not only survival but a useful and happy life and of dying (later on) on a cot in a hospital ward.

The ends are agreed upon; it is only about the means that there are sharp differences of opinion between the authors of the Plan and its critics.

The most important feature of Government policy is the principle of nationalisation of industry. This would seem too general a statement inasmuch as Government are taking over only public utility undertakings such as generators of electrical energy, transport undertakings etc. We need not labour the point here but may in passing, remark that life insurance, the export of manganese ore and the dis-

tribution of cement are commercial activities which can with safety and profit be left in the hands of private business.

### Role In Industrialisation

What we are now considering is the role assigned to the private sector in the industrialisation of the country. Like the policeman's lot, that of the private businessman in India is by no means a happy one. He is, of course, not told, in so many words, that he is considered a nuisance; indeed occasionally ministers and other unofficial leaders take time out to stress what an important part he plays in the economic structure of the country and what a great contribution he can make towards the industrial regeneration of his country.

The industrialisation of the country being the cherished and unanimous ambition of all the sections of the community, it would be reasonable to expect that all means towards that end are looked upon with favour by Government. There is little tangible evidence of such favour. Large-scale projects like steel plants and hydro-electrical undertakings are under Government ownership and control and the irregularities and consequent losses in their working are on a scale commensurate with their magnitude. Small-scale industries are under the fostering care of Government which, however, bring to their nurture a mixture of economic *naivete* and a faith in uneconomic processes which would be amusing if the consequences were not so serious.

### Restrictions on Private Enterprise

It is against this depressing background that the businessman is ex-

pected to play his part in the country's economic development. Even if he should, with courage and initiative, venture on this troubled sea he is not afforded freedom to navigate the vessel. He is handicapped by export restrictions, import restrictions, threatened ceilings on prices and on dividends, impositions of quotas, minimum wages and maximum prices; at every turn he is bedevilled by rules, regulations, and a series of minor and major annoyances that would dismay the most persevering of men. That, in spite of these handicaps, the private sector in Indian industry has played and is continuing to play such a conspicuous part in the development of India is of happy augury for the future.

It is difficult to understand why Government look upon the businessman as an enemy who must be kept outside the gate while they get on with the business of nation building within. There is no conflict of interest between Government and the private industrialist. Their goal is the same and, indeed, in the case of the latter enlightened self-interest lends a keener edge to the businessman's zeal for progress. The greater the pace and extent of industrialisation, the larger the field of commercial activity, a consummation the businessman is always hoping for. Where there is such identity of interest it is the obvious path of wisdom for both parties, Government as well as the private sector, to devise a method of working together which would produce the most satisfactory results. To do so will not be easy but the difficulty of the task can never be an argument against the necessity for its fulfilment. The fields of activity of the two sections are now more or less clearly defined. Government have taken over the heavy capital goods industries, banking and life insurance. They have also come into the trading field with the State Trading Corporation and the Agricultural Warehousing Corporation. The rest

of the field—a somewhat truncated area—is left to the private sector. The time will soon come when the problem of management in the public sector will need quick resolution. Government directors on the boards of management of industrial undertakings and service executives functioning as managers of huge State enterprises will probably be able to ensure that moneys expended are properly accounted for but it will be beyond them (and small blame to them) to ensure that the moneys are usefully spent. It is even more unlikely that the qualities that ensure success in industry and commerce, the making of quick decisions, the grasping of opportunities when they arise, the ability to think ahead and plan for the future, will be present in large measure in Government officials whose training, outlook and very methods of approach are totally different from those of the businessman. The time when these truths are brought home to the public and the authorities concerned will be the time to take thought and devise a method which embraces identity not only of targets but also of ways and means of reaching them.

### EDINBURGH FILM FESTIVAL

The Edinburgh Film Festival, now acknowledged to be one of the most comprehensive in Europe, does a great deal towards furthering international understanding through the medium of the screen. It is not a glamorous affair of competing stars and displays of fashion, but an event which draws to Edinburgh each year directors, technicians, critics and serious lovers of screen art from all over the world.

It is also a window on the world showing how ordinary people live and work, on both sides of the Iron Curtain, how human they are and basically how alike. Feature films during the three weeks of the 1956 Festival, which has just been held, came from all parts of the world.—BIS.

# PHYSIOLOGICAL RESISTANCE

## A NEW METHOD OF BIRTH CONTROL

By J. JAWAHARLAL

A PERSON once attacked by small-pox is free from any further attack at least for some years later. The small-pox is caused by parasites called 'viruses'. These are the smallest living organisms which cannot be seen even under the compound microscope, and pass through filters which can hinder even bacteria. When these parasites enter the body, the latter tends to react with them and protect itself from the bad effects. In that effort the blood or the body fluids, produce what are called antibodies. And the foreign element which stimulates their production is called an 'antigen'. Due to the production of these 'antibodies', the organism becomes resistant to that disease. This type of physiological resistance is called 'Immunity' and this can be demonstrated only in the living hosts. The genius of Jenner and Pasteur produced antibodies without any severe effect on the host. Jenner produced antibodies for small-pox, and Pasteur for hydrophobia.

When an antigen is introduced into the body it stimulates the production of antibodies which neutralise the effect of the antigen. The capacity of neutralisation is specific, that is, the antibody stimulated by an antigen of one disease can neutralise the antigen of that disease only. But the viruses belonging to the same strain produce antibodies which can neutralise the antigens of any one of the strain. Thus, the immunity to small-pox does not mean immunity to yellow fever. But the immunity stimulated by the vaccinia virus is resistant even to small-pox. Before vaccination for small-pox the virus

agent is introduced into a calf and the serum is prepared from its blood which contains the vaccinia viruses. When this is injected into man the antibodies are produced which are resistant not only against vaccinia but also against small-pox. Some times inoculation of the virus of the disease *alastrim* gave immunity to small-pox. But to say that these three viruses-vaccinia, *alastrim* and small-pox belong to the same strain, is not true. So the explanation can be that the antibodies formed are chemically alike and hence can serve against any one of the three.

The production of antibodies is proved in many ways. To describe one experiment, the sponges are the most unspecialised multi-cellular animals. If the cells are separated in a medium, they tend to reunite to form a sponge again. If cells are injected into a rabbit it develops antibodies. If serum of the rabbit containing the antibodies is added to the medium, the reunion of the cells is interfered with, since the serum has got antibodies to act against the cells. The more obvious evidence is the vaccination method.

The immunity of the organism may be natural or acquired. The poison of a snake is dangerous to man, but not to its owner. So is the case with the scorpions and lizards. They possess a neutralising substance complementary to the poison. The liver or blood extract of the venomous lizard, Gila monster, will counteract its venom so that the poison introduced into a mouse along with an extract of the liver, has got no effect on the mouse. It is stated

1/300th of an ounce of the extract can neutralise 60 times the fatal dose of the poison. That is, the resistance is due to auto-antibodies. This concept of auto-antibodies can be extended to the cells of the body by the supposition that the complicated molecules consisting the cells are pairs of structurally antagonistic bodies acting like antigen and antibody. Thus, it can be concluded, to form the antibodies is a property of the living organisms. Dr. William Smith says that a healthy man can form antibodies against most of the infectious diseases.

Artificial immunity can be induced in two ways: by injecting the disease producing agent itself in whatever from it may be. Here the agent itself stimulates the formation of antibodies which act against themselves. But the immunity can also be induced when the serum from an animal convalescent from the same disease is injected into the required animal. This serum contains the antibodies to neutralise the disease producing agent. The first is 'active immunity' which lasts for only days or weeks. Even in the first type the agent is not injected as it is, but made inactive in some way lest it may produce severe effects. If it is a bacterium it is killed or if a virus it must be weakened in some way. Jenner has not used the small-pox virus directly. When the virus is injected into a calf and the serum extracted, the latter contains the viruses of vaccinia. The immunity caused by this serves even against true small-pox. Pasteur has weakened the virus by subjecting the spinal column of the animal effected, to a series of drying processes. By treating it thus, it lost its virulence to cause disease and can only stimulate the formation of antibodies.

### 'Tissue Culture'

Viruses can be grown on tissues which in turn can be grown in nutritive media artificially. This pro-

cess of growing the tissue in artificial nutritive media is called 'tissue culture'. If the virus of yellow fever is passed through a number of mice in serial inoculation and then cultivated in tissue culture it loses its virulence to man. The influenza virus when grown on the membranes of a developing egg, for some time, it became adapted to the egg and lost virulence to mice and men. But it can induce the formation of antibodies. So its inoculation can give protection against this parasite. But this is not of practical importance since they can be mutated to virulent forms to cause severe results.

If a part of the skin of a black rat is grafted on to a white rat, the latter tends to neutralise the black colour by producing antibodies. So the black colour will be gradually turned to white. If living cells from a black rat are injected into a white rat with young embryo inside (pregnant), the cells will form a part of the young embryo itself. The embryo would not treat it as a foreign element (which is the case with the adult body), and so does not form antibodies. But antibodies are formed in the adult body as usual. If a piece of black skin is grafted on the young ones grown from embryos, the colour will not disappear but simply forms a part of the skin and becomes integrated. Thus the embryo seems to have a broader outlook than the adult bodies. Embryos can adapt to a new environment more quickly than the adults, and changes take place in them more easily. Thus two blood groups can be seen in one and the same person. This is possible only if the two groups are present from the beginning. As the embryo grows it tends to develop the property of forming antibodies. The age at which the embryo begins to form antibodies changes from species to species. From every 5 billion cells in one C. C. on the body 50000 cells are

being replaced in every 24 hours. The anti-bodies are supposed to be formed from these worn out cells.

#### Application In Birth Control

One more point is of great importance, it is the nature of the antigen to stimulate production of antibodies in the host. If the agent is a bacterium it can induce the formation of antibodies even after being killed. But viruses lose their capacity to do so after being killed. Perhaps their chemical constitution may have something to do. Injecting them directly in their natural form is dangerous since they grow more quickly than the antibodies are produced. So they must be weakened in some way. The vaccinating material to give immunity against any disease must have the power not to cause severe results but sufficient enough to stimulate the production of antibodies. The insecticides must be just sufficient to produce antibodies but not too much to cause severe after effects. The D. D. T. is supposed to be losing its effects, the reason being that the insects like mosquitoes, cockroaches etc., are developing immunity to it. Perhaps the power in it may be inefficient to kill them, but

sufficient only to stimulate antibody-production.

How wide the range of the character of forming antibodies is, can be imagined when we recognise that women can form antibodies against semen. In fact, this has been proposed as a device for birth control by many doctors. When the semen is injected in the pure state, the quantity being prescribed by a specialist, the woman is said to shiver and also to undergo some other physical changes which are purely temporary. But the antibodies produced in response to the semen causes immunity and no sperm is said to act on her body for some years later. According to many doctors this is the more effective and conveniently practicable method of birth control. But the question is why the anti-bodies are not produced when the semen enters the body in the usual way. The answers can be many. Perhaps to stimulate the antibody production the antigen may have to come in direct contact with the body fluids. Or else nature might have arranged the natural way fool proof for the natural processes. It seems no organism would have been healthy if it did not produce anti-bodies.

#### MELBOURNE GETS READY FOR OLYMPICS

With nine weeks to go to the start of the 1956 Olympic Games, Melbourne is 99 per cent ready and the main Games area is certainly a picture. The only job that has not been completely finished is the cycling velodrome, and this will be ready by the end of the month.

The famous Melbourne Cricket ground, main venue for the opening and closing ceremonies, track and field athletic events, as well as soccer and hockey semi-finals and finals, has long been Australia's greatest sports arena. Now it has become one of the world's mightiest sports centres.

Demolition of an old stand and

erection of a new tripledeck steel and concrete stand to hold 40,000 people has raised the ground's accommodation to 104,000 spectators for the Games—75,000 of them seated.

Press accommodation for the Games will surely be the most efficient ever.

Journalists will occupy 800 of the best seats in the ground and radio commentators 120 more. This seating provision is backed up with spacious office accommodation, teletype services, a telephone switchboard larger than a big suburban exchange, and a first-class dining room that will stay open 24 hours a day. Visiting journalists can have the use of new typewriters while they are covering the games.

## CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

By Kumari M. REVATHY SRIRAM

*"There is no passion in the mind of man so weak but it mates and masters the fear of death. Revenge triumphs over death; Love slights it; Honour aspireth to it; grief flieth to it."*—BACON

THIS article is being written to present the case against capital punishment. My purpose is not sentimental. Neither do I hold any brief for the murderer; on the contrary I recognise him to be "a depraved and deep violator of the law of God." The objection to the death penalty is based upon the conviction that it is both futile and immoral and that the interests of the community would be best served by its abolition.

Lord Buck Master says, "It is assumed that society has a right to punish as it pleases all offenders against its laws. The rule which should guide us, is not that of doing what the law says we have the power to do, but what reason, justice and humanity say we ought to do and these forbid the continuance of capital punishment."

As we get older we get possessed by the idea that conditions in the world are not so bad after all and that, the present is much better than the times which have preceded it and it is no use for us to interfere. This of all opinions is detestable. People in the older days were unable to see how horrible the conditions were then. Men found armed in a rabbit warren or found fishing in other people's waters were not only liable to be hanged but were actually hanged.

It is the same today with respect to capital punishment. People cannot realise its horror. Some think it manly to pay no attention to a man being flogged or killed. They believe it to be mere sentiment to think otherwise. Again I quote Lord Buck Master, "If we believe life to be the

most mysterious and sacred thing, we are, through capital punishment, desecrating the very thing we should hold high, and in executing the criminal we are committing the same crime as that for which he has been condemned."

The Death Penalty fails utterly in its purpose. It does not stop murders. A man does not commit murder after methodical calculation. He commits it because his environment has not taught him to exercise control over his feelings and the only remedy is to improve all standards of conduct and thus make crime a matter of social aversion.

#### A Horrible Practice

Those who believe in hanging frankly confess it to be a horrible and revolting practice. They maintain however that it is necessary in order to protect society. They hold that capital punishment in effect is a necessary deterrent, without which there would be more murders. They feel it is essential for the protection of society and the maintenance of social life. The infliction of capital punishment in England in the past for trivial offences was always supported by the plea that it protected society. Nevertheless its gradual abrogation and final abolition for these lesser offences was accompanied by a decrease in the crimes for which it was formally inflicted. Yet the number of these offences was far more likely to be influenced by the death penalty than murder, since they were usually committed in cold blood, whereas murder is usually the outcome of sudden passion.

The supporters of capital punishment argue that it has got a deterrent value. The first factor to be considered about the deterrent value of any punishment is the state of

Mr. Face-both-ways.



# SWATANTRA

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## A REVELATION

THE reports published in the newspapers regarding the demonstrations against Pandit Nehru when he addressed a students' meeting at Ahmedabad on October 3rd, furnish interesting reading. Most of the happenings during the ninety minutes that the Prime Minister spent with the young hopefuls of Gujerat, consisted of shouting of slogans and the wavings of black flags which could be reported in a few short sentences. The reporters, pressed for copy by their papers, embellished their account of the event with a verbatim record of every word uttered by the Prime Minister in angry reaction against the demonstration staged before him. The speech that the Prime Minister had prepared for the occasion could not be delivered owing to the noise and the pandemonium that prevailed. Foiled in his attempt to speak, the Prime Minister lost his temper and indulged in an exhibition of his proverbial anger which he worked up on this occasion to quite an unusual degree of white heat. Indeed, the words that fell from the mouth of the Premier of India on this occasion reveal several strange features of his personality in a manner in which they were not revealed ever before in public. Taken by surprise, the veneer of polite demeanour melted and angry words came out making a revelation of the sub-conscious and normally submerged personality. It was a kind of psycho-analysis that the Prime Minister gave before the

mass meeting. Since the proceedings have been published by the press, the 'sitting' was really before the eyes of the entire Indian nation and, in fact, of the whole world. We do not think that Pandit Nehru would thank the press for so prominently playing up the incident and betraying the inner workings of his mind to the public gaze. However, it is too late for him now to unsay all that he has said. We shall quote just a few words that Pandit Nehru uttered on that occasion amidst the uproar created by the student demonstrators:

"I have gained a reputation and prestige which perhaps not many in the world have got from their people . . . I will take a bet. The new map of India will come into being on November 1st . . . You have become junglis . . . You think this is revolution? I am a child of revolution . . . This is Fascism. Communism is its brother . . . We will have to suppress this . . . Fascism comes from the lower middle class . . . I have seen much ups and downs for forty years now . . . I have opposed mighty Britain . . . I have never seen such a scene in my life . . . See these monkeys dancing there . . . In Russia there cannot be any such trouble as here . . . Do you know what will happen if you do this in China? Do you know what happened in Poland recently?"

Pandit Nehru was born with the silver spoon in his mouth and was thus saved from the struggle for

bread which 99.99 per cent of Indians have to undergo most of their lives. When he talks of having undergone ups and downs during the last forty years of his life, he refers to politics and not to the hard realities of the economic struggle. And even in politics, he had the good luck to be born the son of his father. He was born not only with the silver spoon in his mouth but with a political halo around his head. He has been saved from the hard trials, the real ups and downs, which have to be undergone by everyone who participates in politics. The way for leadership was made clear for him and carefully prepared in advance by his father. Mahatma Gandhi played the part of the protecting angel of his political career. Finally, at the psychological moment, Gandhi named him his successor and bequeathed to him the leadership of this sub-continent. When Pandit Nehru talks of ups and downs in his life, he really means the ups and downs in the fortunes of this country whose leadership he has inherited.

Hence it happens, there never was an incident in his life like the one which he experienced at Ahmedabad on the 3rd instant. But such unsavoury experiences, hecklings, booings, cat-calls and even subjection to missiles of stones, rotten eggs and worse, are the common lot of ordinary politicians who struggle up from the bottom rung of the ladder. But Nehru was no ordinary politician. He was born to leadership which others have to achieve, and he began life at the top rung of the ladder. That is why he is not immune to the kind of unpleasantness to which he was subjected by the Ahmedabad students. He is a born aristocrat and the mantle of democracy ill-fits him. His contemptuous reference to "the lower middle class" betrays the true make-up of his mind. He also gave vent to his abhorrence of the class

lower than "the lower middle class" when he stigmatised Communism as the brother of Fascism. If these "lower" classes are eliminated what is left of India for Pandit Nehru to rule over? It is these "lower" classes who are the people, who toil in the fields and in the factories. It is this lower middle class who make up the intelligentsia which supplies the clerks, the managers, the superintendents, the executives, the scientists who supply the brains which run our industries. The aristocrats, from whom Pandit Nehru has sprung, represent the money bags and the bigger land owners who have been the parasites of society from times immemorial. It may be true, as Pandit Nehru claims, that he has gained a reputation and a prestige unattainable by others; but it was in very bad taste for him to have paraded it before the youth of Ahmedabad. His taking a bet, that his will would prevail on November 1st as against the will of the thousands who opposed him at the meeting, was altogether beneath the dignity of the Prime Minister of this great country who even in angry mood should not have called his adversaries names, such as "junglis" and "monkeys." He warned his audience that if he were to act like his opposite numbers in Russia, in China and in Poland their fate would be much worse!

It is well that the secrets of the make up of Pandit Nehru's personality have thus been revealed to the public by the misbehaviour of the students of Ahmedabad. While we condemn the noisy demonstrations resorted to by the young men against the Chief Executive of the country, who is entitled to a respectful and patient hearing from whomsoever he addresses, we consider it an asset that the public have gained a real insight into the personality of the great one who holds the destiny of this nation in the palm of his hand.

## SIDELIGHTS ::

THE Deputy Minister for Public Health of the Government of Bombay stated in the Legislative Council on October 9th that his Government believed in family planning but was against artificial methods like contraceptives. He was in favour of family planning by self-control! This was exactly the attitude which the Union Health Minister, Miss Amrit Kaur, took up some time ago. This was supposed to be Gandhian orthodoxy. But, by dint of public opinion and the unanimous verdict of the scientists of the world, the Government of India have been dislodged from their original reactionary attitude and have been obliged to actively support the spread of modern methods of family planning. Apparently the Government of Bombay is determined to oppose measures adopted by the Union Government for the establishment of family planning centres in Bombay State. Of course, the public cannot expect anything better from a Government dominated by Morarjibhai, the fasting Chief Minister, who exercised such great self-control when he ordered the firing on unarmed crowds in Bombay.

It is reported that the Jan Sangh has adopted free enterprise as one of the main planks in its platform. This will add to the confusion of political principles that seems to be the curse of Indian politics. Free enterprise is the counterpart, in the economic sphere, of freedom of opinion and of expression, which are features of the free life in its cultural aspect. The Jan Sangh which clamours for the establishment of Hindudom and the revival of all the ancient pre-historic tyrannies prevalent in the Vedic Age, cannot very well champion a modern idea like free enterprise which is part and parcel of democracy and which is essentially opposed to the autocracy

of the olden days. Probably, the Jan Sangh hopes to delude the voters by talks of free enterprise. Healthy politics involves the establishment of parties based on principles which the members of the parties can hold honestly and practise sincerely. But politics in India seems to be divorced entirely from honesty as well as sincerity. We have thrown to the four winds logic as well as commonsense and we are engaged in a mutual wrangle of blind passions.

A new Constitution has been framed for the Jammu and Kashmir State. While the Constitution proclaims loudly that while the new State will be part of India and its citizens will enjoy all the rights of Indian Citizenship, it will enjoy an independent status which will be superior to that of other States in India. It will have an elected head of State and a Prime Minister while other States will have to be content with nominated heads and mere Chief Ministers. There are other features in the Constitution which make it evident that the distinctions drawn are not merely formal but will have economic and political implications. While Kashmiris desire to enjoy the benefit of Indian Citizenship they wish to shirk some of the responsibilities. The Congress party leadership will justify this arrangement that it is the only way to appease the Muslims who form the majority in Kashmir and keep them away from the temptation to opt for Pakistan. Is it consistent with India's dignity and her adherence to democratic principles to create this kind of specially privileged citizens? On the same analogy, special privilege has been granted to the Akalis to join the Congress without severing their connection with the Communal organization of the *Akali Panth*. Some people wish to eat the cake and have it too.

SETHU

mind of the person likely to commit the offence for which it is inflicted, for no punishment can possibly deter unless the consequences are adequately considered by the person concerned. Most murders are passionate crimes committed when the person is incapable of considering the consequences, the few murders which appear premeditated are committed by persons, so confident of their ability to escape detection, as never to consider the consequences. In neither case is capital punishment likely to prove an effective deterrent. The comparative infrequency with which the death penalty is inflicted is additional argument against its deterrent value.

#### Futile as a Deterrent

These considerations support the view that Capital Punishment is futile as a deterrent. Confirmation lies readily at our hand in the experience of the countries which have already dispensed with it. Capital punishment has been abolished in a large number of countries in the world including some of the most enlightened and law abiding ones. In no single instance is there evidence of an increase in homicidal crime as a result of the abolition; in many, there has been a decided decrease. The experience of these countries indicates that the Death Penalty cannot be a necessary deterrent. If other countries can get on very well without capital punishment there is no valid reason why we should not follow their lead.

Capital Punishment brings intense suffering to the prison officials upon whom rests the responsibility of carrying out the sentence and has a demoralising influence upon the prison population.

The press publicity accompanying murder trials and executions have a demoralising influence upon a large section of the community and is known to lead to imitation of crime. Capital punishment often inflicts intense suffering upon the innocent

relatives of the condemned person without in any way alleviating the suffering of the murdered persons' friends.

Surely the time has passed when the thought of a second death can mitigate the sorrow of those who are themselves mourning the first. Cases are not unknown in which the relatives of the murdered persons have initiated efforts to secure the reprieve of the murderer because they cannot bear to contemplate another death.

Lastly, the irrevocability of Capital Punishment is a strong argument against it, for there have been proved cases of the conviction of innocent men. Investigation shows that even what appears to be overwhelming evidence of guilt, may be and some times proves to be, completely mistaken.

In view of these facts, a purely retributive basis for punishment such as is implied in the Capital penalty can no longer be justified. Before concluding this article I would like to make a reference to the words of a few learned jurists:

"All verdicts are founded upon probabilities, probabilities which though they sometimes approach certainty, never attain it. Surely it is a serious thing for one man to destroy another upon grounds short of absolute certainty of his guilt."—**Jonathan Dymond**

"Error is possible in all judgements. In every other case of judicial error, compensation can be made to the injured person. Death admits of no compensation!"—**Jeremy Bentham**

"A deep reverence for human life is worth more than a thousand executions in the prevention of murder; and is in fact, the great security of human life. The law of capital punishment while pretending to support this reverence, does in fact tend to destroy it."—**John Bright**

"Reason is on our side; feeling is on our side and experience is on our side. In those states where punishment by death is abolished the mass of capital crime has yearly a progressive decrease. Let this fact have its weight."—**Victor Hugo**

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## HOW A. RAMASWAMI BECAME A SWAMI

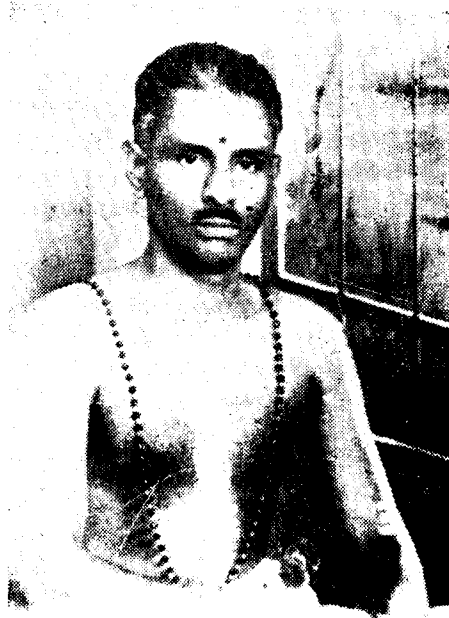
WE publish below three pictures of an individual who seems to be very much in the news today. His residence at Delhi is reported to be a place of pilgrimage for all people with free cash in their pockets and inordinate ambitions in their minds of winning favours, spiritual as well as material. Members of Parliament, Cabinet Ministers and all the higher ups in Government service are reported to be worshipping at his shrine. Since he hails from the South, he represents in a manner the conquest of Northern India by the South.



1948

Not long ago, he was employed as a humble servant in the household of a Zamindar in Madurai District. His name is A. Ramaswami Pillai. He learnt a few magic tricks like making objects smell sweet, producing sugar-candy and flowers apparently out of nothing. He burnt currency notes and afterwards the burnt up notes used to turn up whole and unburnt. He used these feats of magic to induce people to believe in his spiritual powers. He then sold all kinds of charms to drive away devils, to save people from enemies, to bring

good luck, to save persons from business failures and from financial ruin. He is said to have practised hypnotism and mesmerism and people were afraid that he would harm them if they exposed his tricks. He performed *poojas* which stretched out to suit the length of the victim's purse. He offered to locate hidden treasures. By these and other means he collected quite a numerous following who became his regular worshippers who were all ordained by him to make regular *pooja* to his photograph. He himself made *pooja* to his own photograph!



1950

Wherever he went he used to hold Durbars with himself seated on a high pedestal surrounded by his admirers who knelt and prostrated before him. As is the practice with such men, he disdained to receive payment for his services. But voluntary presents were not refused. Later on he took to the habit of taking along



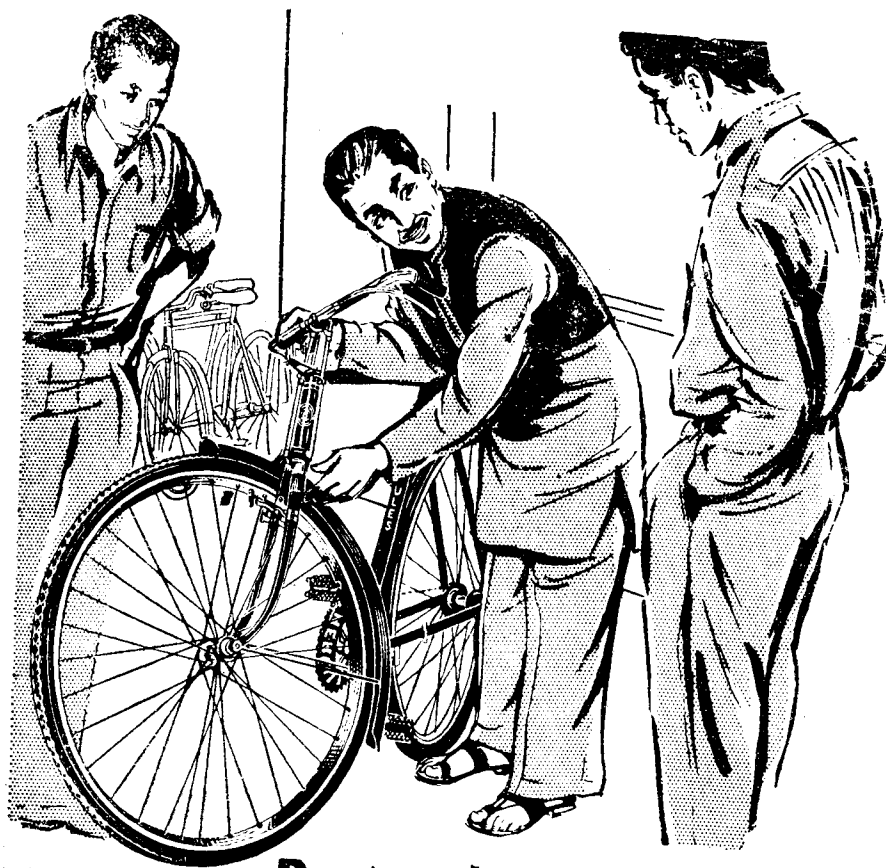
1952

with him on his tours his wife who was the recipient of these presents. The present to a "swami," a mere male, could not amount to much. But presents to his consort, a lady, should be in terms of gold. Often they were in diamonds. So that, ere long, plain Mr. Ramaswami Pillai acquired great wealth and evolved into the "Swami of Panrimalai" and emerged into fame along with his mate.

The South being a comparatively poor territory for his exploits, he has now established his headquarters at Delhi, where-from any-

thing can be manipulated now-a-days. All kinds of agencies are being operated from the capital of India for the acquisition of licences, permits, contracts, appointments etc. etc. When such jobs can be done by the laity, can they not be done more efficiently by a real swami bathed in the aura of spiritual effulgence? The "Swami" has operated for a sufficient length of time and the authorities have knowledge of his doings. The question is, why have the police not acted yet?

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## THE DECAY OF MORALS

By L. N. S.

ANY study of or enquiry into the subject of morals is symptomatic of an age of flux, and is, *ipso facto*, unfashionable if not unpalatable. For, it applies itself to questions of conduct which derive their sanctions from one set of values which are in a process of disintegration. We often speak of unchanging human nature and of the eternal verities. Both these are, however, figments of the imagination. When a set of received opinions is challenged, the ordinary man feels as if the ground under him is being undermined. He loses his balance both physically and emotionally, and goes the whole hog either for or against the *status quo*.

Manners are a personal affair, and according to the old adage, maketh the man. Two varieties of them have been always distinguished—the tailor-made and God-made ones. Morals are an extension of manners as they impinge on society. They come for revision both at the beginning of a revolution and at the triumphant conclusion of it. Sri Krishna propounded the basic principles of a new order on the field of *Kurukshetra*; Bhishma had to cross the 't's' and dot the 'i's' at the end of it. What they laid down had a vogue which was limited then and is limited today. In other words, though we are perpetually engaged in discovering the absolute, we work on the tacit assumption that morals are after all relative.

### In 'Kali Yuga'

The same idea is enshrined in a story which is associated with the dawn of the *Kali Yuga*. Two householders put through a business deal on the last day of the *Dwapara Yuga*. 'A' sold a plot of ground to 'B'. The latter took possession and dug foundations for the cons-

truction of a building. He came across a treasure chest buried under-ground. He had it sent to the late owner of the ground with his compliments, explaining that as he bought only the land, the chest by right belonged to him. The ex-owner with equal punctilio disclaimed the ownership on the ground that when he sold the land, he did so unconditionally and without reservations, and so all the contents of the land automatically became the purchaser's absolute property. As neither would budge an inch from his *Dharmic* stand, they agreed to refer the matter to the king who was the ex-officio judge.

The judge was wiser than his generation; for, knowing that the *Kali-yuga* would be on from the next sunrise, he told them to present themselves in court the following day to make their submissions. Plaintiff and defendant thus had the opportunity of sleeping over the matter, and when they woke up with the new era, they felt a subtle change had come over them. The purchaser kicked himself for being a bit of an ass, and made up his mind to withdraw the case altogether. The original owner also felt that it would be folly to refuse a windfall, and so decided to claim the chest as a matter of course. How the case was ultimately decided has not gone on record, for the dispute is still *sub judice*!

The moral of this apologue is on the surface so that he who runs—and now a days everybody is on the run whether offensively or defensively—may read, mark and inwardly digest it. According to some thinkers, we are always progressing from good to better, and that this process

is marked by change. This view is contested by the French proverb which asserts that the more we or things change, the more both remain pretty much the same. In a mathematical manner of speaking, an unending line may well be the circumference of a circle; and by going round and round it, we may delude ourselves into thinking that we are making wonderful progress.

#### Change but not Progress

Consider some illustrative examples. We speak of barbarism as if we have outlived it. But when a party of miners are trapped in a pit through an accident and their battered and lifeless bodies are extricated after a week of salvage operations, we read the head-lines without turning a hair. We pride ourselves on having taken the first steps to usher in the era of a classless and casteless society. But you must wear *Khadhar* much as the brahmin swears that you must have the sacred thread to qualify for the highest rank in the new order. We denounced Rao Bahadurs, Dewan Bahadurs and C. I. Es and Knights in the old era as hugging the chains of their slavery. But we have instituted a rival series of parallel honours composed of *Chakradharies*, *Vibhushans*, *Padma Sris* and *Bharat Ratnas*. We are committed to encourage genius and talent by bestowing pensions; but whether the recipients of them are inspired poets or petted poodles is a very open question. We swear by democracy, but play hide and seek with it in the most dazzlingly original ways. As for the socialist pattern, it is the new charity; for, it covers a multitude of venial and deadly sins. Thus all the so-called change has occurred only in the labels, not in the essence of things as they are.

#### The New Exploiters

In the life of the individual too, we find a like shift of emphasis on and derangement of values. In my boyhood and youth, we were oppress-

ed by a sense of our mediocrity, and we were taught to pursue excellence for its own sake. We were also taught to be thankful for the station in which we found ourselves, while also inspired to play the game according to rules in the framing of which we ourselves had no part. Like the squire of low degree we had to win our spurs, but felt that we carried in our knapsack the field-marshal's baton. Now a days, merit is the unpardonable crime. It is an axiom of the new order that a man's claim for a privilege or right should be based on his innate incompetence for it. How else can we account for the mob of the ignorant and illiterate who now man the party—, parliamentary and democratic machines in the land? The state was supposed to be above individuals and to protect all without fear or favour; now it has become the engine of oppression in the hands of a few speaking for the many.

Family relationships were, of course, not ideal; but they were highly accommodating. The drones were supported without murmur in return for which the parasites behaved. But now a days they are as malignant as communists; indeed the communists are recruited almost entirely from the ranks of poor relations. For, while profiting by the labours of others, they scandalise and defame their benefactors by praying for their liquidation. The relations between borrowers and lenders are reversed. 'No strings'—threatens the prodigal, the insolvent, the lazy and the improvident. The highest expression of this new *Dharma* is called 'Nationalisation.' So did David 'nationalise' Bethsheba, the wife of his commander-in-chief, when his roving eyes fell upon her comely frame. Industries built up by private initiative and brought up to a state of affluence by enterprising people are annexed by surprise-moves having the stealthy efficacy of cat-burglars.

Another great myth of the new order is its devotion to peace. All

nations are vying with each other in piling up armaments while mouthing the language of the Sermon on the Mount. But the heart is rendered unclean with thoughts of lust, envy, jealousy and greed which make a desert of it. Thou shalt not kill, say our leaders with unction; but they see to it that they do nothing 'officially to save!' Two of the new slogans are 'nationalise or perish' and 'Industrialise or perish.' They emanate from the evangels of the left. It has struck none of them yet that we might nationalise *and* perish, or industrialise *and* perish. For both urge us down the Gadarene slope leading to the unending proletarian holiday.

#### Internationalism

In the international sphere too, we find a repetition of the same contradictions duly enlarged. The people who swear by nationalism are also the people who invoke a bastard kind of internationalism to keep them in countenance. We speak of 'one world,' and pay lip-service to the idea once a year. But we are all the time engaged in promoting communalism, regionalism and casteism on an international scale. We fulminate against colonialism and imperialism, but cherish our own brands of it with illicit enjoyment. It is, holy nationalisation, when it suits your interests; but when you can't get away with it, internationalisation becomes 'collective imperialism' which is a contradiction in terms. Those who are setting up Asia against Europe are as vulgar in their ideology as those who set up the Tamils against the Malayalees or Telugus; and the motives of both are equally discreditable.

In the old era, we had the greatest diversity of thought—real freedom of speculation—coupled with a voluntarily accepted and stringent code of conduct. There was no regimentation, because the whole thing was impersonal; and the penalty of disobedience was that the rebel was cut

dead. It was something like the prestige pertaining to the command of the King's or Queen's English. Those who could not master it were simply put beyond the pale. One reason for such decorum in the old era was the inclusion of a quantum of philosophy in the general educational make-up of the cultured. The liberalising effects of it were reflected in a certain suavity of manner, reasonableness of outlook and moderation of expression. Now education is equated to the imposition of an ideology; its rigidity is a mark of its tyrannical properties, while action inspired by it has become unpredictable and chaotic, like the law of the jungle.

Both Gandhism and communism have contributed to this deplorable result. The former gloried anarchism—satyagraha—when autocracy was the target of its attack. The latter joins forces with it in mid-career, and sees to it that it also includes Gandhism itself in its hectic holocaust. Both these extremes meet and formulate propositions which lead to contradictory conclusions. Thus we hear of an Arab world stretching from sea to sea. But no one asks how the whole of Africa can be taken to be an extension of Arabia. If every part of the world where Arabs live should be deemed Arabia, would these pundits agree to the analogous proposition that every part occupied by the English becomes automatically a part of England? One of the most ludicrous alignments of current politics is the not quite passionate liaison between India and the Arab world. The only parallel to it which was as egregious was provided by Mahatma Gandhi crusading for the retention or revival of the Khalifate. He would not or could not see that it was buried ten fathom deep with the liquidation of the Turkish empire.

#### An Amusing Phenomenon

Asia or the East has neither a body to be kicked nor a soul to be damned.

And yet this quiddity is now plaguing international relations, and sitting tight on the chest of hag-ridden humanity all the world over. The timidity of the western nations is one of the most amusing phenomena of today. In their anxiety to ward off communism, they are insuring its infiltration within their body politic in the deadliest manner. It is a new axiom in economics that richer nations should submit to be blackmailed by the poorer, provided they can also behave in a ruffianly fashion. The threat is held out that otherwise the sufferer would throw in its lot with your rival. The creature that is thus prepared to auction itself to the highest bidder will eventually prove a mill-stone round one's neck; one may as well be hanged for a sheep as for a goat, and be done with the intolerable suspense of the situation. An undependable wife

would be more tolerable to live with than nations who bully you to toe their line because they imagine they have got you on the hip.

All this is the untoward result of an exaggerated fear of communism. The master-stroke of Russia has been to divert western attention away from her to an unhealthy and almost Hamlet-like preoccupation with the maggots in their own brains. As the West and its associates blunder into a kind of text-book communism with the conscientious thoroughness of inspired idiocy, Russia is proceeding from strength to strength, until one fine morning the whole world would wake up to find capitalism once more fully entrenched in the land of the Soviets. And so perhaps, we might arrive at the old values after all, on the principle of going the longest way round to cover the shortest distance.

*Your Son ...*

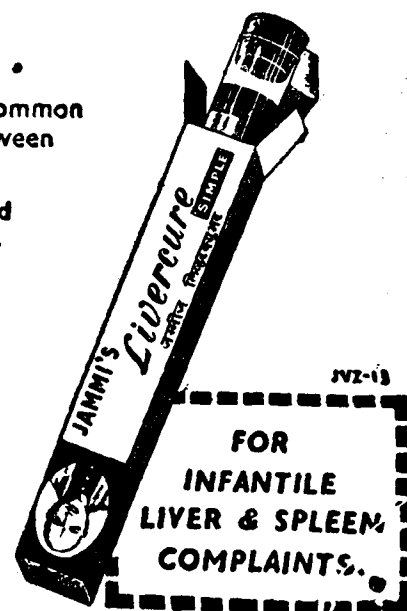
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## PROFIT-SHARING CAN ACHIEVE INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY

By V. RAJAN

IN the days of ancient economic thought, "Profit" was generally supposed to be the exclusive privilege pertaining to the "capitalist" for the risk he undertakes in running an industry. It is only when the factory industry has been out of its womb, it happened that the industrialists looked upon the members of the working force "as commodities to be bought and sold or as the machinery to be tested, measured and adjusted for efficiency." It is in recent times that it has been increasingly felt as a great shock over the experience of the past that the labourers, playing a major role in moving the wheels of industry by the sweat of their brow, must have some share in the profits of industry. No longer can the workers be treated as mere tools of exploitation. It is time that they should be emancipated from the clutches of age-old enslavement and dealt with as equal partners in industry along with the employees.

Profit-sharing is conceived as a method of industrial remuneration under which an employer undertakes to pay his employees a share in the net profits of the enterprise in addition to their regular wages. As a form of financial incentive in industry, it dates back at least to 1820 in France, to the 1860's in England and to 1869 in U. S. A. In most countries, arrangements to share profits are a matter for voluntary agreement between employers and employees, but in the case of Venezuela and Brazil, profit-sharing is required by law.

Genuine profit-sharing is deemed to have three fundamental elements: (1) the amount to be distributed

among participants depends principally on the net profits of the undertaking concerned; (2) the proportion of profits to be distributed is determined in advance; (3) the benefits of the plan are extended to a substantial proportion, usually at least one-third of the ordinary wage earning employees. In U. K. the amount of profits distributed by the various profit-sharing schemes has ranged from 5—50% of the net profits while in U. S. A. the amount, has averaged about 12% of the annual wages.

### Weight of the Profit-sharing Scheme

Profit-sharing is usually held as one amongst a great crop of palliatives for assuaging the antagonisms, in introducing which employers have had in mind a variety of objectives, including the promotion of industrial efficiency and the stabilisation of the working force, the elimination of labour unrest and strikes, the elimination of waste in the use of materials and equipment, the improvement of administration and supervision, publicity for the firm and the realisation of some measures of social justice for the workers.

Profit-sharing usually takes one or more of the following forms: (1) each payment is made to eligible workers at the end of specific periods. Then the worker is likely to value cash distribution the most, and that would really be a source of incentive for him to work hard; (2) participation is deferred by placing the profits to be divided in a savings account provident fund for the benefit of eligible workers. This type has been prominent in France, which encourages the security of the wor-

kers' service; (3) payment is made by the allotments of shares of stock which is described as "labour co-partnership." This creates a sort of permanent interest of workers in an undertaking. It is so because just as the "scholar without good breeding is a pedant, the philosopher a cynic, the soldier a brute," a labourer without share in profits of the concern, for the benefit of which he toils is no more than a machine without life and even disagreeable in every respect.

#### Demerits Of Profit-sharing

Employers' interests sometimes assert that there is no justification for labourers being allowed to share the profits of a concern when they are not prepared to bear the losses. It is said that "risk" and "return" go together and that if the workers want return by way of profits, they must share the losses too. However the workers, in general, do not have the capacity to shoulder the losses and the employers often think that they are making gift to the workers in the form of profit-sharing.

The attitude of "warm-hearted philanthropy" on the part of employers is resented by workers. The workers consider that a share in profits is their right. Consequently, they fail to appreciate that profit-sharing is a reward for hard work. This upsets the whole basis of profit-sharing.

Patterson was right when he said that in Great Britain and U. S. A. schemes such as profit-sharing have shown a high rate of mortality. The high mortality has been due to the fact that framers have expected harder and more concentrated work from the employees. Others introduced the scheme simply because of its immense advertising value.

Dr. Lokanathan, in his work "Industrial Welfare In India" tells us that in the scheme instituted by the Birla Cotton Spinning and Weaving

Mills, anyone taking part in a strike against the management forfeited his right to a share in the profits. Moreover, trade unions are often opposed to profit sharing schemes, for thereby the opportunities for demanding higher wages are narrowed down. Profit-sharing is dubbed by labour leaders as a device for "bribing labour against trade unions," and for making the labour dependant upon the employers and not upon their own organised activities in trade unions.

In some firms the management reserve to themselves the right to debar any worker from participation in the profits. Again, in other firms, employees are not entitled to share in the profits unless they "are living clean, sober and industrious lives, and taking care of their wives and families." Some companies in America allow only such of the persons whose efficiency and loyalty have contributed to the growth of the business, to participate in profit-sharing schemes. Needless to say, they have not been successful, as efficiency and loyalty being intangibles, cannot be measured.

Many employers, it is found, use profit-sharing schemes for lowering wages. Naturally the employees look upon such schemes with suspicion and distrust. Thus antagonisms between them are brought to the screen.

Further, it is pointed out that plans like Tata's will emerge victorious only when profits are both large and regular. Employees look upon their bonus as a right, and when the company passes through bad times, industrial unrest will necessarily result.

#### Labour's Criticism

As regards other limitations, it is held that labour often complained that in former times it obtained only a portion of what it fought for. Labour is naturally surprised and attributes the proposals to the "traditional self-interested motives of employers." In the eyes of the

employees, profit-sharing is a "scion of immoral house." A great deal could, therefore, have been done if the spirit of co-operation of the employees had been inoculated in the institution of the plan. Unless a "square deal" system of industrial relations is built up, the scheme will invite the criticism of organised labour which regards profit-sharing as another "shaft in the employers' anti-union quiver."

The obstacles outlined above can certainly be proved as "groundless and senseless clamour", but according to Prof. Cummins there is a more fundamental difficulty which cannot so easily be overcome. "In the average industrial enterprises of to-day there is a very flimsy and uncertain connection between the individual employee's efforts and the good or bad fortunes of the business. Moreover the worker has discovered by experience that the amount of the profits he receives bears no direct relation to his own diligence." He realises too that reward under profit-sharing is not based on individual merit and efficiency. The reward is more or less 'arbitrary, remote and uncertain too.'

Credit goes to Dr. Shadwell for his enunciation that "it does not differentiate between individuals according to capacity." "The worker learnt to regard the yearly payment as a matter of luck, as a gift from the gods, rather than as a payment for service rendered. Hence as a method of eliminating industrial friction in any fundamental way, profit-sharing must probably be regarded as inadequate, to say the least."

#### Industrial Democracy

After detailed examination of the issues involved, the Profit-sharing Committee of 1948 came to the conclusion that it was not possible to devise a system of profit-sharing in which labour's share of profits could be determined on a sliding scale varying with production. It recom-

mended six industries, namely cotton textile, jute, steel, cement, the manufacture of tyres and of cigarettes as the sectors of the industry in which an experiment in profit-sharing may be tried, in the first instance, for a period of five years. The committee pointed out that, "for one thing, profits made by industry depend on many factors besides labour, and, to that extent, do not bear any measurable relation to what labour does or does not do." Conditions of production vary from industry to industry and from undertaking to undertaking within each industry. Moreover, the productivity of labour is dependant on other things, on the nature of the equipment and the efficiency of the organisation and supervision. They have, therefore, come to the conclusion that labour's share of the surplus profits can only be determined in an arbitrary way.

With proper atmosphere, wise leadership and effective guidance, schemes such as Profit-sharing will certainly make some contribution to ensure industrial efficiency as well as soundness of the concern, social and industrial peace, necessary for the maintenance and acceleration of the present volume of production. Profit-sharing will then be a great stepping stone to the achievement of "Industrial Democracy" in the field of Indian industries.

#### AWARD FOR LAURENCE OLIVIER

Sir Laurence Olivier will receive this year's Golden Laurel trophy as the non-American whose work in films has "contributed to understanding and good will on an international basis" and has shown "devotion to the highest standards of motion picture artistry." Jury members this year included Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Dr. Ralph Bunche and Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas.

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## LESSONS FROM ISRAEL

By JOSEPH SPIVAK

FOR hundreds of years the Libertarian ideal of a system of society without any central authority, one based on voluntary co-operation, has been preached; but never did we have an opportunity to observe such a system in real practice. Then the Zionists came and provided us with an experiment in which thousands of persons of the same ideology, with no funds of their own, decided to build a country for themselves. These people chose a form of organization based on free voluntary co-operation, with no central authority; equal work and equal rewards for all. They started with land and a little equipment given to them by the Jewish Agency on a forty-nine year payment plan.

Now that this undertaking has been in operation for almost half a century, we should be in a position to judge how successful this experiment is, and what faults, if any, we can find.

The importance of the experiments in Israel is the more valuable to us for the reason that not all the settlers agreed on the same form of organization. In fact, there are four types of settlements. For our discussion however, we shall describe the two main types; the Kibutzim and the Moshway Huovdim.

### The Kibutzim

In the Kibutzim, the life of the settlement is organized on a communistic basis (not to be confused with Bolshevik Communism). Each member is assigned a share of labour, and every member receives the same compensation. They get the same quarters, the same food and the same amount of spending money. There is no difference between the dishwasher and the general manager.

The children in the Kibutzim are brought up by the community. As soon as a child is only a few weeks old, it is taken to an infant's nursery where it is cared for by special women assigned to that type of work. When the children grow up, each is assigned to a class of his own age group. At the age of eight a child begins to learn practical work in the field for about an hour a day. As the child gets older the work period is increased. There were in Israel, in 1953, 220 Kibutzim with a membership of 60,000. All these settlements are prosperous. Some of them, especially the older ones, are very rich and worth millions of Israeli pounds. Others, the younger ones, are not so rich, but nevertheless prosperous.

### The Moshway Huovdim

This form of settlement is set up on an individual basis, supplemented by co-operative work where common problems are involved. Each member receives a plot of land, machinery, a horse and other implements necessary for farm work. This becomes his own, and he has to pay for it within a period of 49 years. The member is responsible to no one for his work, but to himself. He may work hard if he so chooses, or he may be lazy; no one can censure him. No one is allowed to hire outside help, and thus become an employer. Should a member decide to sell his land, he may do so, but the community will have to decide whether the buyer is a desirable member, the price that the seller may charge for the land he is selling, taking into consideration any and all improvements the seller may have made on the land, in the house he has built etc. Everything will be considered but no profiteering will be permitted.

The group has a co-operative warehouse. All products produced are sold co-operatively, and all products needed for work, production and consumption, are bought co-operatively. They have many social institutions, such as schools, auditoriums for lectures, gatherings, etc. They have a communal theatre, library and other things needed in a civilized, modern community.

Each member has his own home which he can build in any style he wishes. In other words, unlike the Kibutzim, where everything is exactly the same, (the same houses, the same food, the same clothing), here the accent is on the individual taste, every member living his life in his own way, according to his own wishes and desires.

#### The Lesson

Why is it that hundreds of communes that were at different times organized elsewhere failed while these experiments in Israel proved successful?

(1) The most important requisite for collective living is that those who are a part of the venture must have the same ideal, and that they all work for that ideal.

(2) Collective living can succeed only when it is not surrounded by a capitalistic atmosphere. Collective living, at least at the start, is very hard; many sacrifices must be made and when the members are surrounded by people leading a rich life, and possessing riches, it is difficult for members of communal settlements to possess the courage and the idealism necessary for the sacrifices. It becomes trying for the individual.

(3) The members of such a group must be poor before they start such an adventure. When one has money or when one is used to earning much money he will never be happy in a communal undertaking where suffering is to be expected before success is attained.

(4) It is self evident that no hired labour and no exploitation of labour can be permitted in a commune. Each one must be willing to work hard and should expect very little reward at the start, at least until the undertaking becomes a success.

All these conditions prevailed in the settlements of the Zionists when they started their experiment, and they succeeded. There is another lesson that is very important. In this Israeli experiment we find that there are two distinct forms of organization; Communism vs. Individualism. Which of these types is nearer to our ideal? Both were organised on the same principles and yet there is quite a difference in the results.

#### Exploitation on Ideal Basis

In the Kibutzim everyone is theoretically free; there are no dictators; no one takes advantage of another. As I stated above, the general manager gets no more reward for his work than does the dish washer. Yet, it is a known fact that in a commune the individual is lost. There is no exploitation by a Boss, by a capitalist, but real life proves that the Community is just as good an exploiter as the private capitalist. The difference is that the worker in a private capitalistic factory is forced to be exploited, while in a communal organization the exploitation is done on an ideal basis; but the individual is exploited nevertheless. In the Kibutzim, therefore, we find that although the Kibutz is successful and gets ever richer, the member gets very little out of it. Life in the Kibutz is very primitive. Even in some of the older Kibutzim that had already accumulated great wealth, even there the individual member lived in a cottage with a single room with no modern improvements. There was a public wash room and public lavatories. All ate in a communal dining room, some of them very primitive indeed. All the best food that they produced went to the market, while the members very sel-

dom were given eggs or meat at the table. The clothing consists for the most part of work clothes only. A suit of clothes is only to go to the city, or if it is received as a gift from their American friends. Very often a few men or women share the use of a coat or other warm garment to go to the city or to visit. And even to go to the city is not easy. Each member receives a limited amount of money for personal use. Such is the life in the Kibutz, and if you should ask how a free individual can take it, the answer is, it is a sacrifice for the ideal, for the Community.

In the Moshway Huovdim, however, the situation is entirely different. There each one is on his own. He can build a house of any style he likes (in the Kibutzim all cottages must be alike). If one wishes to work hard and produce more he can enrich his personal life by buying the most modern things life can offer. And we find that in the Moshway Huovdim settlements the members have the most modern homes, equipped with every modern equipment, such as refrigerators, washing machines, electric dish-washers and what not. They have beautiful gardens, lovely cars. They work for themselves, and for their own benefit. This I believe is the aim of a free individual—to make the individual happy.

Another fact is that the Kibutzim, trying to build up their communities, in a course of time acquire a capitalistic psychology; they acquire an appetite for the accumulation of wealth, and seek to expand their undertakings. And so, quite a number of old, rich Kibutzim began to expand by manufacturing various commercial products. Naturally, for such undertakings they had to employ wage labour. In 1953, there was even a labour strike. This could not happen in an individual form of settlement. In the individual type of settlement, while one may accumulate wealth, he will use his wealth

to make his own personal life more pleasant and more comfortable, and this is and should be our aim.

—Views and Comments

#### IS MARRIAGE NECESSARY?

"The paradox is very inviting: if you really want to get married, you don't have to; and if you have to—you'd better not. Why, after all, does a man ever get married? Certainly not because he can't satisfy his sexual needs in any other way. Between the seductive professionals and the seducible amateurs, a man is more likely to have too much love than too little. The he-virgin who marries is an object of tender scorn and not so tender joking in all civilized countries, and the reason is not far to seek. If his bride be as ignorant as he—and the theory is that she will be even more so—their wedding night will be but the blind leading the blind, and with a vengeance!

"More importantly, a man who has to get married to find sexual relief and release is hardly much of a catch as husbands go. The female of the species may or may not be more deadly than the male—but there can be no doubt that she has more sense when it comes to practical matters like marriage and mating. Watch a she-dog pit two males against one another, and sit firmly watching them fight it out until one of them shows himself the better, the stronger, the more likely a parent to protect her litter of pups. It is to him that she finally, and usually somewhat coyly, lifts her tail. The human female is no less canny. The man who is a dub with women is probably a dub at everything else. The man who cannot find himself a willing woman in a world afloat with them probably can't find a keyhole in the dark either. As a husband he is likely to be a failure, as a provider worse than a failure—a liability.

—SEX WITHOUT TEARS by Norman Lockridge.

PROFILE:**EARL ATTLEE**

By N. RAMANATHAN

**E**ARL ATTLEE will go down in history as the man whose stewardship of the British socialist movement over a long period changed it into something different from what he found, leaving in the process his imprint on its mind and soul no less than any Keir Hardie or Arthur Henderson.

He was born in 1893 in a middle class family with essentially conformist views. His father was a liberal solicitor and was known for his high sense of moral rectitude. It is surprising that with this family background Attlee should have become an ardent socialist. His conversion to socialism was not an emotional transformation but the result of intellectual conviction that the economic and social problems of the twentieth century could not be solved within the frame work of an antiquated economy.

Attlee had his early education at the public school at Haileybury. Later he went to Oxford and London universities where he studied law. He was called to the Bar in 1906 and served for about ten years from 1913 to 1923 as tutor and lecturer in Social Science in the London School of Economics, which was at that time the training class of British Socialists. About this time Attlee took keen interest in social service and active part in the work of Haileybury House Mission in London's East End. The slums of London and the miserable living conditions of its working population revolted the conscience of Attlee who came under the spell of socialism. He joined the embryonic labour movement and himself went to live among the East Enders.

**Service In The Army**

When the First World War broke out in 1914, Attlee joined the army

without any pacifist hesitation and received another deeply formative experience as an young officer in the field, learning to take risks and thereby enhancing his capacity for leadership. The end of the war saw his retreat to the East End and socialism. His hold over Limehouse was demonstrated for the first time in 1922 when it returned him to Parliament, one of the first bourgeois intellectuals to represent a predominantly Labour constituency. Attlee has been a member of Parliament ever since. From 1922 to 1924 he worked as the Parliamentary Private Secretary to Ramsay MacDonald. When the first Labour Government was formed in 1931, he became the Under Secretary of War. In the second ministry of Ramsay Macdonald, he served as the Post Master General and later as the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster.

Attlee's probation in politics ended with the demise of Macdonald. The Labour Party had been crushed in the general elections of 1931, and it was divided into many factions. He displaced Lansbury as Leader of the Labour Party in the House of Commons in 1935. The same year he was elected as the leader of the party at its annual conference. He held that position for a continuous period of twenty years and guided the destinies of the movement through its ups and downs.

During the 2nd World War, Winston Churchill drafted him as his deputy in the War Cabinet. His silent work for the national government during a grave period of emergency was richly rewarded by a grateful public which swept his party into power at the general elections of 1945.

**Architect Of Welfare State**

During this period of Prime Minis-

tership, from 1945 to 1950, Attlee passed through the parliamentary mill, a series of economic and social welfare measures which laid the foundations of Britain's Welfare State. The credit for the nationalisation of coal mines and the institution of National Health Service and Insurance Scheme goes to Attlee. He is the nestor of British Socialism.

Though he succeeded in raising his country's prestige abroad and improving its war-shattered economy, he failed to win the elections of 1951. The British people were carried away by the conservative propaganda that another spell of power to Labour would drive the people into the arms of serfdom and totalitarian planning. In the circumstances, Labour's influence waned considerably and its long 'Indian summer' came to an abrupt close.

More than any one else, Attlee himself had been sensing his party's weakening position and the reasons for its decline and fall. He also realised the need for letting in new blood into its pallid arteries. "What labour needs in the long run," he said in one of his expansive moments, "is a leader brought up in the present days and not, as I was, in the Victorian Age." Such a leader is Hugh Gaitskell who now wears Attlee's mantle.

**Secret Of His Power**

The secret of Attlee's power has

baffled many of his friends and admirers. He has none of the intellectual incandescence of the late Sir Stafford Cripps and does not arouse the passionate loyalties that crowd round the massive figure of Aneurin Bevan, British Labour's handsome dynamo. In parliamentary skill he is far inferior to the stormy looking Herbert Morrison. Yet, Attlee held a unique position in the Party for nearly two decades because of his integrity, sweet reasonableness and a peculiar gift of 'disciplined independence' which gave him the ability and courage to follow his own analysis of events to its logical conclusion and take decisions unperturbed by the feelings of those around him.

Attlee is one of the widely travelled British statesmen. He has seen Russia with the lid off and pierced Red China's bamboo curtain. He also knows intimately the top ranking leaders of all countries.

One of the chief assets of Clement Attlee in his political career has been his wife, Lady Violet Attlee, whom he met in a football tournament. She drives the family's Hillman car. During the strenuous nation-wide election tour of Attlee in 1955, she was at the steering wheel of the car throughout the period, encouraging her husband and looking after his personal needs. Lady Attlee also visits Madras this week along with her illustrious husband.

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## SATYAGRAHA AT NAVARATHRI

NAVARATHRI, the festival of dolls, is exclusively a girls' affair, so it is said. My son would not admit it, nor would I when I was of his own age. There is too much at stake, he says, good things to eat and good things to see and lot of fun, that it should not be the monopoly of one sex alone.

In our days, the chief attraction for us, young colts, were the refreshments offered to guests and the pretty girls who played the hosts. Occasionally we were drawn by the prospect of good music, which is compulsory in the case of every visitor, but generally there was more disappointment than satisfaction in this matter. For one thing, the elder girls and women passed on the buck to little children whose contribution was 99 per cent enthusiasm and one per cent music; and for another, the little things were in a hurry to pay the next call and their eyes were fixed on the vessel containing the edible dish of the evening, trying to fathom its mystery.

As a rule we were not welcome at any of these places because of the sex taboo and we had to devise a strategy which would give us free entry into hostile homes. We decided to form ourselves into raiding parties and collect forcibly what would not be given freely. We divided into groups and planned our action. It was understood that all the parties would meet at a rendezvous after the completion of operations and the spoils would be divided.

I was the youngest among the raiders in my group and the oldest was also there, a 18-year old cousin who was a veteran in the battles for which Navarathri had become so famous to us. My cousin knew every house in the street, its layout, especially of the kitchen and its

resources. Long years of contact with the inhabitants had made him a veritable *who's who*, especially on the female side, and his knowledge of their habits, prejudices and weaknesses was encyclopaedic.

"Oh, cut that house", he would say as we concentrated on a map of the area of our operations. "There is an eighty-year-old crony there who organises the *kolu* for her grand-daughter. She is a miser of the first water and her best friend does not get more than a couple of betel leaves and scraped arecanuts. Once I remember under great pressure from her grand-daughter she condescended to distribute pieces from a small cucumber to invitees and afterwards retired to her room to count the cost."

"I had an encounter with her some years ago," he said in a reminiscent mood. "I was her pet aversion, because she was always the victim of my practical jokes and I used to make fun of her in public. She must have been beautiful once, but age and time had made inroads on her looks and she was like a withered leaf whose days are over. But her spirit was strong and she was a determined old lady who stood no nonsense from anyone and had her own way. There were two things which were as the breath of life to her—her grand-daughter, born to her daughter and orphaned at an early age, and money which her husband had left her in abundance.

"It is said that she hid her money in various unlikely places in her house, not trusting bankers, and it is quite possible she herself does not remember at this distance of time where she has placed them. A fortune awaits the man who enters the house after her.

"But I am digressing. Every year

the old lady arranged *kolu* which was a simple affair. The dolls, most of which had seen many years of service were either limbless or headless or both and they were exhibited on a table and bench put up one below the other with a white piece of cloth spread over them. There were hardly a dozen of them and the rest of the space was filled by shells, conches and wooden toys with which the old crony had herself, played in her younger days.

"She sent out her grand-daughter to invite select representatives with strict injunction not to transgress the list on any account. But she was very particular that she should visit all the houses, invited or uninvited, because she wanted her grand-daughter to be happy. She was very punctilious where her guests were concerned. She made each of them sing, and did not stay to hear them, but was constantly moving about from the kitchen to the hall raising hopes in tender hearts of delectable things to eat. When the visitor got up to depart she would ask her grand-daughter to offer her *kunkum* and betel, remarking in a voice which sounded tragic: "I wish we were in a position to give you more. What to do? I can't even afford to give you a plantain, the price of plantains being what it is these days." "What to do?" she repeated herself, "that is our lot."

"Children generally skipped her house and went in only when forced by their parents who for the sake of social life in the locality tolerated her.

"The old lady's house was, of course, out of bounds for us, to none more so than to myself, as I have already explained. It became all the more necessary to make the grand-mother see reason and give us what was our due. It is a time-honoured custom in this street that every house should set apart a portion of the dishes prepared for the Navarathri evenings

for our gang and anyone who disregarded this unwritten law invited direct action from us. The convention was well observed and the only law-breaker was the old woman whom we decided to teach a lesson.

"Six of us, sturdy boys, armed with brass plates, mouth organs and various other instruments, noted for their noise-making powers, appeared before her house one evening when the festivities were in full swing and went into action. We created such a din and uproar that the whole street turned out to see what was the matter.

"The old lady knew the purpose of our demonstration, but she would not budge and would not come out. The order went forth from me to increase the volume of sound and this was cheerfully carried out. Bedlam was let loose and even the old woman could not stand it any longer. She rushed out and gave vent to her anger by striking her forehead with both her hands repeatedly, all the time cursing us in foul language. When she had spent herself out, she demanded: 'What do you want from me? I have nothing I can give you. I am a poor old woman and why do you persecute this wretch?'

" 'It is the custom during Navarathri to give guests something to eat and we want our share', I said in my capacity as leader of the assault group.

"She blinked. And then she cursed us again. And she beat upon her forehead with her hands. In fact it was a repeat performance all over and we were not impressed. 'You boys—brigands I should call you—what have you to do with Navarathri which is a girls' affair?' She cried. 'Why don't you put on skirts if you want what is given only to girls. You won't get anything from me'. She turned back, went into the house and banged the door on our face.

"So she declared war on us. We held a council of war and accepted the challenge thrown to us. We retreated to the backyard of her house and there three of us scaled the wall and opened the door for the others. The floodgates were now thrown open and we surprised the old lady in her own sanctum. She turned on us like a wounded beast at bay and looked around for ammunition to drive us away. But it was no use. We had surrounded her and she now had our ultimatum.

" 'Grandma,' we told her, 'if you don't give us something to eat all of us will make water here and do something else which will make this place foul and dirty. Don't say afterwards that we didn't warn you. We give you ten minutes to decide.'

"I took out a watch and counted the minutes. The old woman sat like a statue. Her eyes were closed and tears were trickling down her cheeks. She did not lift her hands to wipe them. Her attitude was one of defiance, but she was also pitiful and she created a feeling of remorse at least in some of us. But it was too late. A soldier cannot afford the luxury of fine feelings. He has to win a war.

"The time-limit for the ultimatum expired and nothing happened on the other side. I now gave the call for action. 'Soldiers', I said, 'I expect every one of you to do your duty, however unpleasant and inconvenient it may be. Justice is on our side and where there is justice there will be victory. And now ACTION!'

"They all obeyed and I followed them and very soon the place was unfit to stand on and the smell and the filth made us hold up our noses with our hands. The object of our wrath, however, was unmoved. Her eyes were still closed and the tears continued to pour from them and

her lips were trembling as though they were saying some mute prayer.

"We were stunned by the absence of reaction. A revulsion of feeling overtook us and we were ashamed of our foul deed. We hung down our heads like despicable creatures and slowly marched out of the house. We learnt later that the old lady did not stir from her coma all that night and when she came round the next morning she did not utter a word on what she saw. She went to the well, collected water in a big bucket and with a broom washed the place which had seen us in action. A *purohit* was called and he sanctified the defiled area by chanting *mantras* and sprinkling holy water.

"After that we avoided her house like plague", my cousin concluded his story.

"I would like to see her," I said. "Let us not go demanding tiffin. Let us go as pilgrims to a historical shrine where non-violence won over violence."

My cousin was not eager to be in the party of callers, because he was the ring leader of the previous escapade, but we forcibly took him along with us. When we approached the house, the old lady was at the door seeing off some of her guests. Noticing us, she welcomed us with a hearty greeting and said: "Hullo, boys. Where were you all these days? Every day I had set apart your share of the tiffin and was disappointed when you didn't claim it. I am glad you have come today. Look what I have got for you. *Badam Halwa*, finest delicacy you can imagine and any amount you want." She paid special attention to my cousin and leading him by his hand placed before him a plateful of the delicious sweet. But he had already fainted and we had to revive him and tell him it was not a dream.

SARATI

## INDIAN JOURNALISM

### ATTRIBUTES OF GREAT EDITORSHIP

By C. L. R. SASTRI

I started by saying that I took occasion, in my book on "Journalism," to devote, what many were constrained to regard as somewhat disproportionate space, to the belauding of not a few of England's most famous editors. My chief purpose in so doing was to imbue in us, who are but their humble camp followers, a due sense of reverence and emulation. The times, I am aware, are not propitious for the first: we are, obviously, not only as good as our fathers but are, if possible, considerably better than our fathers. But I do believe that, notwithstanding the strains and stresses of our hectic lives, we are not past praying for, as far as the second is concerned. As I had been at so much pains to expound elsewhere, I am a votary in the shrine of the "old" journalism and am decidedly of the opinion that the "new" is not a patch upon it. If this view of mine is correct it follows that we cannot have too much of emulation. Even then, of course, we may not all become the Scotts and Massinghams, the Spencers and Gardiners of our generation. Our duty is to strive, to strive as none ever strove before, leaving the reward where it rests on the knees of the gods.

Besides, the supremely great journalist, like the supremely great poet, is born, not made: nor is the moment of his arrival heralded by any signs and portents. Even the acknowledged giants cannot boast of their nativity as Glendower boasted of his:

"... at my nativity

The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,

Of burning cressets; and at my birth

The frame and huge foundation of the earth

Spaked like a coward."

There is more truth in what H. W. M. says at the beginning of his review of Mr. H. M. Tomlinson's book, *London River*, in the *Nation* (reprinted in H. W. M.):

"Artists appear at rare intervals; but there is one simple test of practice of their arrival. The moment they begin to handle their material, the world discovers what an extraordinarily rich and plastic thing it is. It does not matter very much what subject they choose; it matters not at all how often that subject has been treated. The last Madonna may be as good as the first, and there is always a fleet of fighting *Temeraires* to be towed to their berth."

It has been said that every soldier on the battlefield carries the baton of a Field-Marshal in his knapsack. So does every working journalist aspire to be the full-fledged editor of a newspaper. This is his *Nirvana*, Journey's End or what you will. (A "free-lance" journalist, however, has his nomination automatically cancelled in these editorial stakes: once a "free-lance," always a "free-lance".) But we live in a fast-moving world, where "getting" is the supreme law, having any day more sanctity than the Ten Beatitudes, and I have known persons that had been practising lawyers till the other day suddenly abandoning the precincts of the various law courts in order to grace the editorial chair of an important paper or periodical; and making a good job of it, too, if circulation figures are any criterion. Nay, I have known persons that could not be said to have had even this redeeming qualification, or any qualification for that matter—

least of all that of writing—pitch-forked into the editorial *gadi* and, what is more astounding still, contriving to remain there for years and years, with a steadily widening halo around their heads, a nimbus as large as life itself. But this is “Indian” journalism all over, a journalism that has its own standards—or, rather, to be perfectly candid, lack of standards.

In spite of these exceptions, however, journalists even in India, have, in most cases, to work their way up to the editorship, beyond which there is nothing in the journalistic hierarchy. The road is long, and the journey tedious, and by far the majority of the aspirants fall by the wayside: all the more, it seems to me, should we hand out bouquets to the few—the miserable few—that do succeed in occupying the Big Chief's chair *on their own merits* and not by virtue of that modern “rope-trick”—the upward pushing of their proteges to “the topless towers of Ilium” by benevolent godfathers, a kind of supercapillary action unknown to pure science.

#### Who is a Great Editor?

What is it that distinguishes the great editor from the ordinary one? There is such a thing as “editorial personality.” A great editor imposes that personality upon the whole paper—from the first page to the last. Thenceforward it bears his unmistakable stamp. No one cares to enquire about the common run of newspapers as to who their editors are: one is as good, or as bad, as another. But there are a few, which compel one to ask that question. The fact of their possessing a distinguished editor sticks out a mile. For this purpose the editor should be an exceptionally gifted journalist himself. He must be fully conversant with the tricks of his trade: then only can he employ other gifted journalists under him. Here, as elsewhere, teamwork counts, and the man responsible for the assembling of the team is none other

than the editor. This does not fail to impress the public before long. The articles are generally written round a particular point of view, and if there is any “damnable iteration” it is eminently excusable.

#### Independence and Integrity

*Then there is the question of thorough independence and integrity.* Your great editor has certain unalterable principles and he will sooner let the paper perish than abandon them. The word “equivocation” does not find a place in his dictionary. He does not trim his sails to the prevailing political wind. Nor is he an undue respecter of persons. He writes articles that breathe this indomitable spirit in every line. The craze for compromise, for “appeasement” at any cost, is alien to him, his *forte* being, rather, to hammer away, for what he is worth, at certain fundamentals of political action that he has contrived, after laborious study, to make his own. He curries no one's favours nor does he blench from anyone's frowns. He never takes the line of least resistance. He is a “live wire” among his contemporaries, and he turns his paper into a “live wire” among *its* contemporaries. In other words, he stands four-square to all the winds that blow. Such an editor was C. P. Scott and such an editor was H. M. Massingham: such an editor is Mr. (now Sir) Gerald Barry, once of the *News Chronicle*: such an editor was the late C. Y. Chintamani.

But look around Indian papers now and you will rarely come across such an editor. *They have practically no politics but only personalities*, and their one hobby is to dance to the tune of “the powers that be,” irrespective of what the tune is. *It is the papers that must give a lead to the politicians*, not *vice versa*. And by “papers,” of course, is meant their editors. Thus it has happened, not once, but any number of times, that one cannot pin these editors down to a fixed view for even a few days on

end: they have no firm conviction of their own, depending entirely, as they do, on the party leaders to lend them one provisionally. Reading these papers, with their adroit performances on the political trapeze, gives one not relief or relaxation but a sort of “moving after the night before” sensation. The drawback of Indian newspapers generally is this preternatural dependence upon the whims and caprices of those politicians who happen to occupy the cen-

tre of the stage at a given moment: it is humiliating to observe how they have trained themselves to faun on certain prominent figures, belauding them to the skies for their heinous offences no less than for their glorious achievements.

The whole spirit of Indian politics today is antagonistic to the growth of a virile journalism. “No birds are flying overhead: there are no birds to fly.”

(Concluded from last issue)

## THE STORY OF OYSTERS

By SUBHASH J. RELE

OYSTER is a many-splendoured thing.

You might wonder what fascination there is for oyster but the custom of eating oysters affords much food for thought. It has been extremely popular for a long time. Oysters have been under cultivation longer than any other shell fish.

The impetuous Romans not only knew oysters but were so fond of them that their poets exultantly sang praises of them. For hundreds of years after the Roman conquest of Britain, Roman and British fishermen vied with each other as to whose breed of oysters was the tastiest. The Romans, however, deserve our commendations and encomiums. They did not stop at just eating oysters. They developed an uncanny knack of putting it to various uses. They assiduously used oyster shells for medicine, and curiously enough, for cement. Cuttlefish bones and oyster shells were reduced to a fine powder and then used as cure for wounds and ulcers and even as tooth powder. Pallidius recommended a cement compound from pigs, pitch and powdered oyster shells for re-

pairing the famous Roman baths.

The Romans were also reputed to have been familiar with the merits of the Colchester oyster. It is believed that in Saxon days the fishery had become an appendage of the Crown and it was already a long standing possession of the crown when Richard I granted a charter. But though the Romans had the good sense to eat brown bread with oyster they were at great pains to get the English oyster at its best. The fish were transported from England to Rome by sea and it was the fashion sometimes to pack them in sacks so that the shells were held together, keeping the oysters wet and fresh in their own liquid. By the year 180 B.C. the Romans are known to have developed some kind of oyster culture.

#### A Legend

During the Middle Ages oysters were in great demand. It was however in the 16th Century that one of the most famous of all oyster legends was originated. An English county parson, named Butler, contracted both dyspepsia and the gout. Conse-

quently, his diet was restricted largely to water. He issued a solemn warning that oysters were unfit to eat during May, June, July and August. In those days, unlike ours, parsons wielded considerable influence in matters both of the body and of the spirit. No wonder the people heeded his advice and abstained from eating oysters in those months.

The truth of the matter is that oysters are good the year round, although from May to September fewer are sold because this happens to be the spawning season. Conserving oysters during those months protects the industry for future seasons. In addition, oysters are slightly less palatable during the summer months because they are either full of spawn or else they have recently spawned.

Oysters are animals belonging to the 'bivalve' division of the great group known as the molluscs. Many of the other marine molluscs which are popularly called oysters, such as pearl oysters, are fundamentally different from the true oysters. Any connoisseur will tell you that real oysters occur mainly between tidal levels or in shallow water near the estuaries and are found along the coasts of all continents except those bordered by the polar seas. Oysters differ among themselves in shape, size, ornamentation and colour of the shell and somewhat in their anatomical and physiological character. More than 100 living species of oysters have been described but of these only a few are of economic significance.

#### An Amazing Feature

Perhaps the most amazing thing about oysters is that they attach themselves to any convenient object and stay in one place all their lives. Sometimes they grow on one another and their shells cling together so firmly that it is almost impossible to pull them apart. In Jamaica the high tide covers the bottom branches of mangrove trees. Oysters

attach themselves to these branches in large clusters. Their exposure during the short time they are uncovered while the tide is out does not seem to do them any harm. They simply use that as their rest period. Of course, they obtain no nourishment from the trees but extract their food from the sea water when the tide comes again.

You will perhaps wonder at the reproduction rate of oysters that there is little danger of their being exterminated. The offspring of one oyster and of her living descendants total six hundred millions which is quite astounding. The rate varies greatly depending mainly upon the temperature, food content of the water and season of the year. Generally, the growth is more rapid in warmer waters. The starfish feeds on oysters among other things, and those who gather oysters from sea are greatly perturbed by the depredations of the starfish. If it were not for the starfish the sea would probably be over-run with oysters, for the starfish eats several oysters at a time.

#### Rich in Minerals

The most unique feature of oysters is that they are exceptionally rich in minerals. As a matter of fact, the meat of oysters contains large quantities of nutritive substances necessary for a balanced diet. It is very high in copper and iron and because of this, oysters are often prescribed for anaemic patients. Indeed, food chemists claim that oysters form a more nearly balanced diet than any single item of food.

Eminent Romans, among them Cicero, declared that the oysters were the finest of all fish. The number of oysters accounted for by some gourmets is almost incredible. The Emperor Vitellius boasted that he ate hundreds of oysters a day. Caligula, the Roman tyrant, fed abundantly on

it. The French have also been partial to oyster. Turgot, the noted 18th century political reformer and financier, often went ecstatic while eating it. It is said that he often took one hundred oysters before breakfast just to whet his appetite. The aristocracy of oysters had had its day. Napoleon is reputed to have enjoyed fifty at a time. Other distinguished Frenchmen who loved the oysters were Diderot, Voltaire and Robespierre while Louis XI with great good sense feasted the doctors and professors of the Sorbonne on oysters once a year, lest their scholarship should become deficient.

The eighteenth century was a great age of oyster-eating and among the celebrated who indulged in the habit in England were the poets, Pope and Swift. With vicarious romantic fervour both these poets got a good deal of kick from eating oysters. Swift never spent a day without swallowing several dozens at a time.

Bismark had a voracious appetite for oysters. His heart quickened its beat in excitement at the mere mention of the word. Twelve dozens at a sitting was his boast and unlike his other boasts, was real. His grandson, Prince Bismark, one time *charge-de-*

*Affaires* in London, noted with doleful candour that on one occasion he ordered twenty five, followed by another fifty. "And then finding them excellent I decided to eat nothing else and ordered another hundred." An English cricket captain, A. P. F. Chapman, ate oysters with a truly gargantuan gusto. King James was wont to say "he was a very valiant man who first adventured on eating of oysters."

It is interesting to note that fortunes have been made and lost in oyster farming. There is an unique case on record of a single oyster bringing fortune to its owner. Over a century back the keeper of an oyster bar in Drury Lane discovered that one of his oysters produced penetrating whistling sounds as the result of exhaling and inhaling water through a hole in its shell. The cunning keeper saw wealth in the whistle. He advertised the phenomenon of the singing oyster. The trick worked and all the wealthy nobles of fashionable London flocked in thousands to witness it. Even geniuses like Dickens and Thackeray were fooled for they were also among those gathered to behold the whistling wonder.

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## WILL NURI OF IRAQ OUTDO EGYPT'S NASSER?

By EMIL LENGYEL

THE fate of the Middle East may be decided by a feud between two Arab leaders, one of whom is Nuri-es-Said Pasha, perennial premier of Iraq, land of the Tigris and Euphrates. His great antagonist is Lt.-Col. Gamal Abdel Nasser, Egypt's youthful leader.

Nuri Pasha has been projected into the news because of his espousal of the West in the Middle East. He alone among Arab leaders has shepherded his country into the Western camp, *via* the Baghdad pact, the defensive alliance of Great Britain, Turkey, Iran and Iraq. This is the northern tier of the Middle East, next to the "soft underbelly" of the Soviet Union, the only region where it is not shielded by a chain of satellites.

Nasser sees Nuri as a friend of the "colonialists," a traitor to the Arab cause, an anachronism. The Egyptian leader denounced the Baghdad pact organization as the "imperialists' big prison . . . meant to enslave the Arabs."

Nuri, on the other hand, claims the choice is only between East and West for weak countries in the pivotal Middle East. "We cannot go with the Communists," he says, "for one thing because we have outlawed them in our own country." In Iraq it is a capital offence to be an active Communist. Nuri holds there is no alternative to the West. He has learned from history that while the British lose battles they seldom lose wars and considers that this time, too, the British side is bound to win.

### Criticized in the Bazaar

Nuri has been in power, on and

off, since Iraq became an independent state in the '20's, a record not only in the Middle East but also in the entire world. He has headed about a dozen governments, has served as minister of defence, of foreign affairs, of the interior, chief of staff, envoy to the League of Nations and to the United Nations.

Periodically Nuri ran into political squalls and four times he was forced into exile. The last time this happened was during World War II when his pro-British policy was defeated at the hands of the Golden Square, consisting of four pro-Hitler army officers. Eventually, Nuri was brought back home in triumph.

Nuri is 68, but looks ageless. Deceptively, he appears to be apathetic and makes no effort to play the popular hero. Unlike his opposite number, Nasser, he shuns publicity and makes no public speeches. His foes say he does not want to waste his breath on the common people and saves it for men of importance. When he rises in parliament to speak, he does so in the misleadingly soft accents of a strong man. Only his piercing eyes betray the fact that he is a bundle of energy and a shrewd judge of men. Besides his native Arabic, he speaks fluent Turkish, English and French.

In Iraq's parliament Nuri rules with a strong hand and is a stickler for parliamentary form. But his is a government "of the Pashas, by the Pashas, for the Pashas," his opponents claim. He had the political parties outlawed and launched the Constitutional Union which, again in his critics' words, is very much a

union but by no means constitutional. The bazaar of Bagdad (and the bazaars are articulate) maintains the standard, the Bagdad parliament is packed with Nuri's feudal retinue. It pays to defer to him, since lush government offices are filled with his kinsfolk and his followers. His son, Sahad Nuri-es-Said, for instance, is director of the Iraqi Civil Airways for no other reason than that he is Nuri's son.

Nuri Pasha is isolated from the other Arab nations for the moment. The ramming block of the opposition is Egypt's Nasser who, Nuri believes, is bent on building an empire for himself in the Middle East and Africa. Nuri stands in the way—hence the enmity. In spite of this opposition, Iraq's indomitable Nuri fights on to have the other Arab countries rally to his cause, which is the cause of the West. He made a strong bid to have the neighbouring kingdom of Jordan join his group not long ago. He failed at the time, but eventually he hopes to win. He plans to have his youthful sovereign, Feisal II, marry Princess Ayesa, eldest daughter of Sultan Mohammed V of Morocco. The king recently called on his future father-in-law. Nuri hopes to gain Morocco and possibly other North African countries to his side.

Nuri Pasha knows very well that he can win only if he gets more food for his country than Nasser gets for his. The Iraq premier has a wide margin over his antagonist. Iraq straddles one of the world's great oil pools and is underpopulated. Egypt has little oil and is vastly overpopulated. Nuri's plans for the improvement of the common man's lot have already begun bearing fruit, while Nasser's grandiose plan to harness the surplus waters of the Nile for irrigation through the high Aswan dam may take years to materialize.

### Pushing Development

Nuri has set up a ministry of development for his country which is to revive the tired land through irrigation, drainage and improvement of farm practices as well as to build industries and houses, introduce electricity and reconstruct Bagdad. Last year the country received \$200,000,000 in oil royalties and the amounts are rising.

In explanation of Nuri's one-man fight in the Arab world a word should be said about his background. He was born in Bagdad of rich parents when the Arab regions belonged to the Ottoman empire of the Turks. He received his military education in the capital, Constantinople. He was trained to fight Russia, Turkey's perennial foe. To him, as to the Turks, any enemy was called Russian, Muscovite. Today, too, Nuri looks on Moscow as the foe.

During World War I the British issued a call to the Arabs to join them in the fight against the Turks and win a country of their own. Nuri responded and he became chief of staff of the Arab levies in the famous "Revolt in the Desert," associated with the name of Lawrence of Arabia, who called him a "man of courage, authority and coolness, an ideal leader of brave men." He became a general and was decorated many times. It was through constant contact with the British that he became attached to them and when Iraq did become independent he still stuck to them.

To most of the Arabs, and particularly to Nasser, the British stand for imperialism and colonialism. The fight is on between these two key men. Whoever wins the fight may win the Middle East. And few people disagree with the view that as the Middle East goes, so may go the rest of the world.

## TWO-STOREY TRAIN OPERATING IN U. S. TO-DAY

A revolutionary new two-storey train, the "Hi-Level El Capitan," recently started operating on the Santa Fe Railway's regular service between Chicago and Los Angeles. The Santa Fe's new passenger coaches are high, heavy, luxurious and costly. Each car is 15.5 feet high—two feet higher than conventional U. S. railroad coaches—and weighs 159,000 pounds, as compared to 126,000 pounds for a conventional U. S. coach. The two-storey Hi-Level El Capitan train was specially designed for luxury transcontinental travel. All of the present El Capitan trains, which are of conventional one-storey design, will be completely replaced by five new Hi-Level El Capitan trains.

"We decided on a two-storey train, not just to be 'different' but to help solve some of Santa Fe's special problems," said F. G. Gurley, president of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway.

"To passengers going more than halfway across the continent, it is obvious that comfort and lots of room to roam around in are of vital importance. And we wanted people to ride every one of the 2,224 miles between Chicago and Los Angeles in complete comfort.

"So to achieve maximum comfort, we designed the train to fit people themselves.

"People have legs. So we have given them seats with legroom enough for everyone from a school-girl to the tallest Texan . . . seats that let people stretch out for comfort.

"People have eyes . . . and like to use them. So we have boosted them up to the 'second floor,' where they get the most sweeping view of the scenery.

"People have ears. So we have moved them as far as possible—a full

storey—above the sound of the rails.

"People have to eat. So we have given them a big, quiet dining room to make their meals as pleasant as possible. We moved the kitchen, with its clatter, downstairs. The whole upstairs of the dining car is devoted to tables—so we can seat 80 instead of 36, as in the average railroad dining car. In addition, we provided soft music.

"People need recreation. So we gave two floors of it—a two-storey lounge car. Downstairs is a cozy lounge and bar seating 26. Upstairs, a huge dome-type lounge with seats for 60 with rest-rooms, card tables, another bar, even a news stand.

"After a year of testing two 'sample' cars in actual use, we bought 49 of these two-storey cars—enough to make up five complete trains.

"Naturally, we expect our investment of millions of dollars to pay off, over a period of time. How? Through greater economies, in both operation and maintenance, and greater revenue.

"In the new Hi-Level El Capitan coaches, we can carry 72—or 24 to 28 more passengers than conventional coach cars, even after giving them more room. That's because the entire 'upstairs' is devoted to seating passengers; rest-rooms, machinery, and baggage space are 'downstairs'.

"All this means that we can carry 496 people in the new seven-car train, against only 350 in the present eight-car El Capitan trains.

"To sum up—with the new El Capitan trains, we can serve more people in more comfort in fewer cars at less cost."

Each Hi-Level El Capitan train will have seven chair cars, a dining car, and a lounge car. In the chair cars passengers sit on the upper deck.—*USIS*

## REVIVAL OF SANSKRIT LEARNING

*The Government of India have appointed a Commission to enquire into the methods of teaching Sanskrit in India. The author of this article says that the revival of this dead language can only foist a feudal culture on the country with all its class and caste prejudices.*

By T. K. SETHU RAM

THE resuscitation of Sanskrit is in full swing. Everybody talks about the glory that was Sanskrit. From learned doctors down to unlearned ministers, one and all wax eloquent about the study of Sanskrit. The unity (what kind of unity, they do not indicate) that we find in India, it is said, is due to that language.

Let us examine the claim that only by reviving the Sanskrit language can we preserve the unity of India and there is no other way to solve the problem. Sanskrit was never the spoken language of the masses in India. Even in vedic times it had ceased to be so. It is doubtful whether it was ever the spoken language of the masses. It was understood and perhaps spoken by a microscopic minority, mostly by the priestly class. Learned books were written in this language. The priests had a vested interest in this language and treasured it as their close preserve. There was never any attempt to popularise the Sanskrit language. The Brahmins who were the priests were enjoined to live on alms only. They were prohibited from doing manual work. They led a life of idleness and engaged themselves in the unproductive game of lending support to a dead language. This explains why many religious books were written in Sanskrit, which became an obsolescent language even at that remote age.

### Buddha and Sanskrit

Buddha saw through this game. His sensitive soul was outraged by the callousness of the priests who spread obscurantism among the masses, and who spent all their energies to perpetuate ignorance among the masses and thrived on it. He revolted. He preached in the language spoken by the people during his life time which was Pali. He identified himself with the masses and had no designs to exploit them by spreading superstition.

Our culture is essentially a feudal one. It is a culture of the leisured class. The working classes have nothing to do with it. Take for example carnatic music. Of course, it is rich, full of meaning and depth. But it never was, nor is, the expression of the feelings of the common people. To learn and appreciate carnatic music takes so much time that it is a forbidden fruit to many except the leisured class. Is it any wonder that it thrived only in palaces and not in cottages? Again take our great epics. They revolve round the feudal heroes. Quarrel between two feudal families exploded into a great war and we have a celebrated epic. Who cared for the masses?

I do not condemn a culture because it rose from feudalism. It has its own value that pertains to its own period. After all it is only recently that feu-

dalism has been abolished in other parts of the world. In India we have yet to do that. But what I condemn is the imposition of feudal cultural standards and norms in a changed situation under the guise of "the peculiar expression of the genius of India." Our cultural exhibitionists do not have the intellectual honesty which Aristotle had even in that remote age. Aristotle justified slavery on the ground that it was necessary for the cultural regeneration of the Athenian citizens. Our philosophers and philosopher-statesmen lack that honesty. In Marx's expressive phrase they are committing acts of intellectual immorality.

Acharya Narendra Deva condemned this deplorable mentality. Discussing the content of socialist culture he said: "The Congress concept of composite culture, which claims to offer a solution for the cultural integration of Indian people, is both static and reactionary. It lacks vitality and dynamism and fails to comprehend the cultural requirements of modern India. It upholds certain medieval cultural norms and forms as salient features of the Indian culture on the ground that they commanded in the past the adherence of both Hindus and Muslims. Thus, an attempt is made to impose an unessentially feudal culture on a society intended to be democratic. No wonder the Congress concept of composite culture fails to inspire modern India and is treated with contempt by all those who stand for the democratisation of our ways of life and for the building up of a new culture based on the working people's social urges of socialist character."

#### No Practical Benefit

It is in this context that we must understand the revival of Sanskrit. Many learned people once advocated that Sanskrit should be the *lingua*

*franca* of India. Now that madness has given place to an insipid propagation of that dead language. By spending so much time and money on this dubious project we shall be reviving the old class and caste prejudices. Shall we perpetuate the social and cultural hold over society of the high castes? What will be the benefit of learning Sanskrit from the point of view of building up the prosperity of future India? What light will the Vedas throw on 20th century India and on the world?

I do not know any person who had more regard for Indian culture than the late Raja Ram Mohan Roy. In a similar context during his time, he said: "We now find that the government are establishing a Sanskrit school under Hindu pundits to impart such knowledge as is already current in India. . . . The pupils will acquire what was known two thousand years ago, with the addition of vain and empty subtleties since produced by speculative men such as is commonly taught in all parts of India. The Sanskrit language, so difficult that almost a lifetime is necessary for its acquisition, is well known to have been for ages a lamentable check on the diffusion of knowledge; and the learning concealed under this almost impervious veil is far from sufficient to reward the labour of acquiring it. If it had been intended to keep the British nation in ignorance of real knowledge, the Baconian philosophy would not have been allowed to displace the system of schoolmen which was the best calculated to perpetuate ignorance. In the same manner the Sanskrit system of education would be the best calculated to keep this country in darkness if such has been the policy of the British legislature." Let the advocates of Sanskrit revivalism ponder over these prophetic words of this great reformer.

## FEMALE OF THE MUNSHI SPECIES

By SUDHAKAR RAJE

MUNSHI follows the Mahatma—or at least he says he does. But his better half, Mrs. Lilavati Munshi, is obviously not a follower of her worse half. Not only does she not follow the Mahatma, she even holds views and opinions diametrically opposed to his—as for instance her views on the life and character of Sri Krishna.

In a Hindi text book called *Kusumanjali* published by the Bombay Hindi Vidyapeeth and edited by Hari Shankar, Mrs. Munshi has contributed a lesson titled 'The last days of Sri Krishna' in which she describes these days in the following words:

"Many people saw the devilish deception and cruelty that he (Sri Krishna) practised in killing Jarasandha, Bhishma, Shishupala and many others, and were careful about keeping out of his way. The husbands and fathers of beautiful women were so afraid of his philandering that they would hide their women in the harem in order that they may not be corrupted by his magnetic eyes. Small children were also so much afraid of the eyes of this strange old man that they would run away from him.

"For the sake of a single woman, Draupadi, he caused the destruction of crores of people in the Mahabharata war in order to give the kingdom to fools like the Pandavas. In the war he did not hesitate to kill even his friends and preceptors."

After writing all this, Mrs. Munshi reports (on what authority it is not known) that the following was Sri Krishna's last prayer:

"Oh God, recall me to that Life Eternal from which you fashioned me. The trust that you reposed in me has come to naught. The whole of my life has been a chain of failures and throughout my life I have done

nothing but destruction and more destruction."

How far does this *nauseating literature* tally with the truth—the truth that Mrs. Munshi's husband's leader, the Mahatma, valued so much? The answer, presuming the Munshis do not know it already, lies in the following lines from the chapter "Krishna and the Gita" from the book *Hindu Dharma* by M. K. Gandhi, published by Navajivan Publishing House, Ahmedabad:

"If we thought of Krishna on every Janmashtami day and read the *Gita* and resolved to follow its teachings, we should not be in our present sorry plight. Sri Krishna served the people all his life, he was a real servant of the people. His whole life was one unbroken *Gita of Karma*. The *Gita* is such a transcendental book that men of every creed, age and clime may read it with respect, and find in it, the principles of their respective religions. . . . I believe in Krishna of my imagination as a perfect incarnation, spotless in every sense of the word, the inspirer of the *Gita* and the inspirer of the lives of millions of human beings."

Gandhiji says that Krishna was a real servant of the people and served them all his life; but Mrs. Munshi informs us that the people he served were afraid of his cruelty and licentiousness. Gandhiji says that Krishna's life was one unbroken *Gita* of dedicated action, but Mrs. Munshi teaches us that throughout his life Krishna did nothing but destroy and destroy. Gandhiji sees Krishna as "a perfect incarnation, spotless in every sense," while Mrs. Munshi sees him as "the quintessence of cruelty, deception, immorality and evil."

This picture or that, Gandhiji's or Mrs. Munshi's—which shall we believe?

love with Romeo. And the other rich father is so greedy that he would rather die than part with money and does not care in the least with his son's artistic aspirations or his love for a dancer, Lata.

Complications arise when Suresh who goes to Delhi to auction a debtor's house, marries the debtor's dancing daughter Lata, returns home on receipt of a telegram of his father's death only to find him hale and healthy preparing for his son's business wedding with Malati. So to make the confusion more hilarious the marriage takes place between Malati and Suresh though in reality, it is Romeo wearing the mask of Suresh's face. And it becomes worse when Lata arrives from Delhi on the scene. How Suresh manages both the girls and the unfolding of the secret of the mask provide an excellent climax, beautifully interwoven with two exquisite song and dance numbers, one of which is photographed in Gevacolour.

The caricatures of the two greedy fathers and modern Romeo who loves Malati are brilliant. And between them and the hilarious complications indicated above, the picture manages to provide many amusing moments. The treatment by director Mehrish is also slapstick and he reveals his talent for picturization of song and dance numbers in Hollywood style. Anil Biswas has shown his versatility in music composition and though at places the tuning is purely Western, he has succeeded in giving Indian notes and character to the entire musical score which forms a major attraction of the film. The lyrics are simple, though long winded. Technically, the photography and sets are excellent though the sound is rather uneven.

Kishore gives the best performance of his career in this picture. Shakila seems to have improved a lot. Mala Sinha is good. And Zul Vellani in a minor role gives a superb perform-

ance. Radhakrishnan is not in his usual form; and for once, Sham Kumar excels him.

*Paisa Hi Paisa* is thus brilliant in patches but on the whole is an entertaining farce.

#### Personality Of The Week

The most excited man on the premier day of *Paisa Hi Paisa* was director Mehrish. He was feeling like a boy appearing for matriculation. For, on the appreciation of his work as a director in this picture depended his future career. Even when some of his friends and critics told him that as far as he was concerned, he had done a good job, he smiled rather nervously.

Mehrish, a graduate from Meerut, is a scholar of Hindi literature and would have been a professor had not the film world lured him. He and Ali Raza are associated with Mehboob since the days of *Andaz*. Though he is not a scenarist he has worked on the scripts and been a regular assistant to Mehboob on the sets. During his association with Mehboob for the last seven years he has impressed his colleagues by his sincerity, zeal and intelligence. So when Mehboob decided to give him a chance to direct a picture, everyone in Mehboob's studio felt genuinely happy. And as *Paisa Hi Paisa* reveals, Mehboob's trust and confidence in Mehrish has been justified. *Paisa Hi Paisa* may not prove a gold mine at the box office, but it would surely mark the good beginning of an intelligent director's career.

#### News Of The Week

K. A. Abbas, and his colleagues returned from Moscow on 6th October. The Russian unit is expected to arrive a week later for the commencement of the shooting of *Paradesi*.

Though the leading lady is not fixed yet, A. R. Kardar has started the shooting of his new picture with Dilip Kumar in right earnest.

## ALATHUR BROTHERS

'WHO is there,' asks Carlyle, 'that in logical words, can express the effect music has on us?' One can only sense its effect, and be moved by a mysterious process, by the "concord of sweet sounds."

What is true of music is also true of great musicians. Any attempt at an appraisal of their merits can only be a futile effort to comprehend the incomprehensible.

Alathur Brothers belong to the aristocracy of musicians. In spite of the present move to foster a Socialist outlook on everything, the realm of music will continue, as hitherto, to have its hierarchy of king and commoner. This aristocracy, however, does not consist in material possessions, but in richness of voice, wealth of imagination, and a certain dignity and grace in the handling of Ragas, (Raga Alapana) rendering of songs, and in the manipulation of swaras. All these Alathur Brothers have in abundance.



Alathur Brothers

In another sense also, Alathur Brothers are aristocratic. They believe in tradition, and are zealous in maintaining the high standards set by their forbears.

Among the important ragas, in the alapana of which the artistes create intricate patterns of exquisite beauty, mention may be made of thodi, san-karabharanam, Kalyani, Sriranjini, bhairavi, sama, kamas, karaharapriya, and kedaram. In the singing of Ragam, tanam and pallavi, they are particularly brilliant in begada, shan-mugapriya and kambodi. The singing of swaras by the Brothers is a delight to watch and hear.—K. J.

## NEHRU-NASSER DRIFTING APART?

IT is becoming evident that Pandit Nehru is not whole-heartedly behind Col. Nasser on the Suez Canal issue. Some time ago Pandit Nehru remarked that the manner in which the nationalisation of the Canal was brought about was not the way that he (Nehru) would have adopted.

Just before the nationalisation of the Suez Canal, the neutral trio—Nehru, Nasser and Tito—met at Brioni and after a lengthy conference issued a joint communique which contained an assurance to safeguard their legitimate economic interests.

After all this talk about safeguarding the 'legitimate economic interests' Col. Nasser unilaterally nationalised the Suez Canal which is the life line of the Anglo-French peoples, without consulting his other two "Neutral Comrades," which amounts to double crossing on his part. It is

reported that Pandit Nehru is not pleased with Nasser's action. Information is now available that he has even gone to the extent of writing a letter of complaint against Nasser's action to Marshall Tito of Yugoslavia.

Recently when Pandit Nehru visited Saudi Arabia, Col. Nasser happened to be there, but he left that place rather hurriedly a day earlier. Now the programmes of the two leaders were known quite in advance and it was strange that these two statesmen did not avail of the opportunity to have mutual consultations at the same time when India's roving ambassador, Mr. V. K. Krishna Menon, was making frantic efforts to meet top officials of the Egyptian Government. This incident clearly indicates that both Pandit Nehru and Col. Nasser have fallen out.

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## FILMS

By V. P. SATHE

THE decision of the Government of Bombay to allow construction of eight new picture houses in the city of Bombay is most welcome. For, there is no doubt that many people would come forward to take advantage of this decision and apply for licences for construction of new theatres. It would be, of course, difficult to find suitable sites especially in Central Bombay; and moreover, even if suitable sites are found certain sections of the local population are bound to object to the construction of the theatres, and it is quite possible that such objections would be backed by some of the exhibitors who might be adversely affected by the construction of new theatres. In this connection, it is on record that several efforts in the past to build a cinema house in Dadar area were foiled through such agitations, backed and even sponsored by rival exhibitors. Unless the Commissioner of Police is firm and impartial in such matters, the very purpose of allowing construction of new cinema houses would be defeated.

While the construction of new theatres in Bombay is welcome, the exhibitors in Bombay, like the exhibitors in almost all the big cities are reaping a rich harvest. They are making record profits, though perhaps on paper, they may not be indicating it. An exhibitor who was charging Rs. 5,000 per week as fixed rent only two years ago, is now demanding Rs. 8,500 per week. This would indicate how acute is the shortage of theatres in cities like Bombay. As Shri M. P. Bilimoria,

the spokesman of the Film Industry, pointed out at the States Award function, the crying need of the industry is construction of hundreds and thousands of new theatres.

While housing should receive priority, it cannot be gainsaid that good, modern cinema houses are also a vital necessity today since the cinema is the only cheap entertainment to the common man. By encouraging the construction of new cinema houses the Government will also be profited in the long run.

### Picture Of The Week

Mehboob Productions' *Paisa Hi Paisa* had its premier at *Liberty* on Friday 5th. It is made by Mehboob's junior team and the only veteran associated with it is Anil Biswas, the music director. It is directed by the youngster Mehrish and written by another youngster, S. Ali Faza, and even its cast is composed of youngsters like Kishore, Shakila and Mala Sinha. So there is an accent on youth in its creation and this youthful zest and enterprise has made the picture also refreshingly sparkling and witty on the one hand and devastating in its satire on human greed on the other. True, some of the sequences have been very naive in their conception, and thanks to the unkind censors who have deleted not less than 1300 feet from the picture, there are many continuity jumps and abrupt endings of some sequences.

But in spite of the naivety and the abrupt cuts, the picture never gets dull; rather it sustains interest and provides rich entertainment most of the time, thanks to pithy dialogues and clever blending of music in the screenplay.

The story itself is not very novel. It revolves round greedy fathers who want to profit at the expense of the happiness of their children. One of them wants to marry his daughter Malati, to his business rival's son Suresh though his daughter is in

## SPORTS

## UMRIGAR: INDIA'S CAPTAIN

By P. N. S.

IT was nearly a decade ago that a tall, slim youth, playing for the combined Universities against the West Indies, which consisted of many reputed cricketers like Weekes, Walcott, Jones and Trim, scored an excellent century. Critics who watched the game, were full of praise for the youthful ability of this man and did not hesitate to predict that a bright future awaited him. The lines became prophetic: for, the batsman, none other than Polly Umrigar, rose rapidly to fame and today, in his thirtieth year, he is not only one of our best batsmen but also has the unique honour of leading India in official tests against the Australians.

Umrigar has considerable achievements to his credit. After his debut against the West Indies, he had a prosperous season against the first Commonwealth team. He excelled himself against the second side, when he piled up two consecutive centuries in the unofficial tests. Many proud moments of Umrigar's batting took place at Madras. His century against the second Commonwealth side at Chepauk was a virtual onslaught on the bowlers, the batsman crowning his display with a magnificent six which took him past the century mark. Against the M. C. C. the following year, Umrigar scored another forceful, unbeaten century; and, circumstances alone prevented him from reaching the three figures against the New Zealanders at the Corporation Stadium last year. Umrigar has had his triumphs in foreign fields also, in West Indies and England, though in the latter country he failed against the pace of Trueman in the Tests.

Wherever he plays, Umrigar is popular and the crowd's favourite

because of his forceful methods; he always hits his way into their affections. From the moment Umrigar takes his guards, the field becomes alive with his crackling fire of batsmanship. The crowd roars and keeps on roaring with delight.

Umrigar is a delight to watch not only when he is hitting fours and sixes, but also while fielding. He really ranks with some of the great catchers in the game. In close-in positions, especially in the slips, his remarkable prowess always acts as an inspiration to his colleagues. Umrigar is also a useful bowler and can keep down runs with his medium-paced off-breaks and give deserving rest to the regulars.

It is perhaps his all-round ability, and the inherent soundness of his skill, that must have made the selectors choose him captain of our test team. Umrigar has got great traditions in captaincy, built up by stalwarts like C. K. Nayudu and Lala Amarnath, to follow. That he will emulate his predecessors, and lead India to win the Rubber will be the hope, wish and prayer of all Indians.

## READ &amp; SMILE

Actress Katherine Hepburn is not enthusiastic about ocean travel, as the dripping of a tap is enough to make her seasick. Some time ago, when she was to sail for Europe, she booked a third-class passage.

The head of studio publicity was horrified. "You can't do this!" he protested; "a big star like you has to travel first class. It's expected of you."

"I don't care what's expected of me," snapped Miss Hepburn. "Why should I pay for first class when I can be just as miserable in the third class—for less money?"

## HUMOUR AND HUMANITY

By G. S. BALAKRISHNAN

THE U. N. O. may or may not succeed in promoting international peace and harmony. But the starting of a 'humour Institute' for politicians will certainly ease the prevailing global tension. All political polemics will melt in the mild warmth of a joke. Such is the power of humour. Laughter is the panacea for not only the political ills, but all the ills that the world is heir to. The more a man laughs, the more liberal his views become. A dose of sparkling laughter is the antidote for linguistic fanaticism. A timely joke often saves a man from the brink of extremity. Wit, like a homeopathic pill, works wonders even when administered in very small quantities.

## Enemies of Humour

But there have always been enemies of laughter. The medieval tyrants fought an incessant war with wit. In our own day, fanatics, like the disciples of Karl Marx, refuse to laugh. Professors and other academicians are notorious for their lack of humour. And Stephen Leacock does not spare the clergyman and the bishop when listing the 'humourless people.' Women are also never guilty of a sense of humour. The world is yet to come across a top-ranking woman humorist. So far they have specialized only in the writing of sentimental stuff. George Elliot has attempted to crack jokes in 'the Rainbow scene' of her *Silas Marner*. But it smacks of artificiality. The domestic jokes of Jane Austen are dry and sometimes pointless. The Bronte sisters had no leisure to laugh, over-burdened as they were, with cares, worries and illness. And Mrs. Henry Wood could not display her sense of humour, if at all she had any, because she chose to write detective novels full of suspense and sur-

prise. The same was true of Mrs. Radcliffe also.

Humour presupposes a sense of proportion and balance in the make-up of the individual. It is not a cerebral *Yogasana*; it is not the overflow of mawkish sentiment, it is not crystallised malice or a chocolate of sympathy, it is not a sublimated version of misanthropy though a little of all the qualities enumerated above may be found in it. It is a question of degree. In each writer one quality predominates. Like the Almighty, humour can neither be defined nor adequately described. The most outstanding trait in the humour of each writer can, to some extent, be evaluated.

## Some English Humorists

Chaucer's humour is juvenile and is restricted to professors. Shakespeare's humour, like Stephen Leacock's humour, is sympathetic, though occasionally it is sadistic. Dr. Johnson's humour is another name for malice. Swift's humour and Pope's wit are nothing but a distilled form of man-baiting. Goldsmith's humour is reality slightly twisted at a rakish angle. Dickens' humour is veiled frustration. Thackeray's humour is truth itself. Mark Twain's humour is intellectual dissection and O'Henry's, a pleasurable pinch.

Humour should not be morbid. It should not smack of pain, death, malice, sadism or cruelty. Lamb's famous retort that he wanted 'baked babies' is morbid. Jokes about death evoke disgust. Malice and sadism are also taboo, but in a mild form they are enjoyable. A school master running after his turban provokes laughter among the boys. A mild streak of sadism is discernible in their behaviour. But this is harmless. On the other hand, when the school master

is on his death bed and if a boy exults on the prospect of a holiday, following his demise, it is nothing but sheer perversity. It cannot be called humour. As Carlyle, the humourless thinker remarked, 'humour is not the crackling of thorns inside a pot.'

Mark Twain said that there is 'no humour in heaven.' How can there be, peopled as heaven is, with bishops, *sanyasis* and other virtuous folk? Sipping nectar with 'the past unsighed for and the future sure,' they

lead a contented, but humdrum life. But here is hell. Look at this picture and that! Around a blazing fire sit half a dozen debauchees, each with a *bidi* in his hand, cracking jokes, now about the comedy of creation, now about God himself and now at their own expense. Reader, do you wish to exist in a humourless heaven or live in Hell with Satan and Beelzebub, laughing over a cup of wine? Is peaceful co-existence between Hell and Heaven possible?

## A DISAPPOINTING DIVIDEND

By V. S. KRISHNASWAMI

**J**AM yesterday, jam tomorrow. That is the consolation now offered to shareholders of the Indian Iron & Steel Co. Ltd. Indeed, there was no jam yesterday although the company's results for 1954-55 were very satisfactory. But it was then pointed out that these very satisfactory results could not be considered normal since all the blast furnaces were working that year and there had been a large accumulation of steel ingots. Shareholders were indirectly told that this was a mere flash in the pan and it would be too optimistic to expect the same number of golden eggs at every laying. It now seems to be generally agreed, however, that results for the year 1955-56 also greatly exceed expectations. This is variously attributed to improved blast furnace technique and better co-ordination among the different departments. Be the reasons what they may, the accounts for the year ended 31st March 1956 are expected to disclose substantial profits. Shareholders, therefore, were feeling that, at long last, there was to be some compensation for the lean years.

The quietus was given to these hopes in a circular letter addressed to the shareholders of the Indian Iron & Steel Co., Ltd., by the Chair-

man of the Board of Directors of Messrs. Martin Burn & Co., Ltd., the Managing Agents of the Indian Iron & Steel Co. Representations had been made, said the Chairman, to Government at the highest levels in the matter of increasing the dividend and generally on the question of policy to be followed in distribution of profits in subsequent years. As the company needed funds for the expansion of the Burnpur works, permission of the Government was sought for the issue of more ordinary share capital. The permission was given but with a rider that eliminated its attraction to existing shareholders; the Rs. 10 shares were to be offered for subscription at Rs. 13-8 each. Last month the then acting Minister for Heavy Industries, Pandit Pant, told the company that Government were unable to consent to an increase in the dividend. In the course of the letter conveying this decision he sought to explain it by emphasising that the company had already borrowed money and that it should conserve all its resources for approved expansion schemes. Any increase in the dividend, the Minister added, would not be in the public interest or in that of the share holders. He concluded with a request to Sir Biren Mookerjee (Martin Burn & Co.) to

explain to the shareholders that "this arrangement is in the long-term interest of the shareholders themselves, as ultimately they will have their full share of the increased profits. By continuing the rate of dividend at the present level for some time, the economic and financial position of the Company will be further strengthened and I feel sure that when the shareholders appreciate this point, they will readily agree to give their fullest support to this policy."

In other words, jam tomorrow. It is, meanwhile, surprising, that such a seasoned politician as Pandit Pant who can have few illusions left about human nature should be so *ingenuous* as to expect shareholders to console themselves with the thought that posterity will benefit though the outlook for the present continues to be bleak.

By itself, the argument that a large undertaking which has ambitious plans for expansion should husband all its resources is a sound one. It is the context of this reasoning that has to be considered. There is now a dichotomical division between the public and private sectors in industry and by implication and sometimes explicitly the latter is told that it does not exhibit sufficient zeal in the matter of industrial development. This is a charge that is both unfair and disingenuous. That finance is the life-blood of industry is a truism and Government have left scarcely a single possible source of funds untapped. Let us consider the recent State loans, for example. Their success seems to have surprised even the sponsors. But to interpret this success as proof of public confidence in Government control of industry would be very wide of the mark.

Government encroachments in the field of industry are already large. In the diminished scope left for private industry, the small investor has a part to play, the importance of which is far higher than his mone-

tary stake. It must be obvious to Government that, however much they desire to do so, they cannot eliminate the private sector entirely. Indeed the latter has an important part to play and its doing so successfully is contingent on the instilling of confidence in the mind of the small investor who must continue to be the backbone of private industry in any well-ordered economy. It is just this confidence that the Government of India are destroying by decisions like the one under review. It is estimated that the proposed increase of 25 per cent in the dividend to Indian Iron & Steel Co., shareholders would cost only Rs. 12½ lakhs. This comparatively small sum would seem to have been conserved at the cost of deep dissatisfaction to the company's shareholders in particular and a feeling of disquiet in the minds of the investing public regarding the future policy of Government in these and relevant matters. The latter in particular seems to be too high a price for the benefit gained.

The recent changes in Company Law, it will be remembered, have for their avowed object the reduction of the scope and extent of the power of managing agents, since, in their opinion, managing agents had been guilty of many irregularities and malpractices which had gravely prejudiced the interests of shareholders. The main body of shareholders is composed of a large number of individuals holding a few shares each and not a few wealthy men holding large blocks of shares. Previous Finance Ministers, not to speak of other Government spokesmen, have expressed great concern for their interests. The small investor is now well protected from the Managing Agent, but who is going to protect him from a "paternal" Government which does not leave him even the hope of better days to come?

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**BRITANNIA**

## PANIC IS A KILLER

By STANLEY S. JACOBS

A MASSACHUSETTS man, his face white with terror, bought a ticket for "just any place" and travelled 60 miles on a fast train without knowing his destination.

Another frantic fellow, eyes rolling in hysteria, drove 80 miles to be shrived by a priest. His car turned over twice on a sharp curve, but he lived to grin sheepishly at his terror.

A New Jersey truck farmer and his wife, after murmuring their prayers, loaded their rickety auto with five children and drove madly into the night until their gasoline gave out.

Who were these frightened, stampeded people? Just citizens who gave way to man's oldest emotion—sheer animal panic—upon hearing the famous Orson Welles, "Man From Mars" broadcast.

Of 6,000,000 people who heard Orson's terrifying realistic "new-cast" about the Martiens' invasion of the U. S. 1,200,000 showed some degree of panic in their reaction to his show. This was ascertained in a study made by Princeton University scientists.

Don't think it couldn't happen again—on a more serious scale.

A prankster in a Paris radio station excitedly warned: "A wave of disintegration set in motion by an atomic bomb is rolling over the ocean toward Europe. The end of everything is in sight!"

Once again, sheer funk mastered common sense and turned a great city topsy-turvy. Men raced on bicycles toward the open countryside. Not a few war-weary Frenchmen went insane. One man shot his wife and turned the gun on himself. Several people drowned trying to swim the Seine in their haste to flee the

presumably doomed city. Panic had won again.

Your greatest enemy in any disaster is a panicky killing. It has taken thousands of lives and will claim thousands more, until we learn how to master this emotion which transforms brave men into weaklings and makes madmen of cowards.

Though most psychologists know the reasons for panic, few have studied the problem as closely as has Dr. Edwin R. Guthrie of the University of Washington.

"When people are excited," he says, "they want to do something in a hurry! If they don't know what they should do in the presence of real or fancied danger, and if they haven't formed such good habits as are developed by fire drills, they are likely to follow the crowd blindly."

If you are excessively fatigued, have a deeprooted anxiety, or suffer from a hangover, you're more likely to succumb to blind panic than you normally would, says Dr. Guthrie. Even lack of sufficient vitamin B can make you susceptible to panicky thoughts and actions.

In support of this observation, the panic expert cites the case of a troop of exhausted soldiers who were thrown into mad confusion and gibbering terror by the sudden appearance of a herd of pigs.

### Police Prefer Gangsters

One day in New York's Yankee Stadium, when the late Lou Gehrig was at bat, everybody cheered Lou and paid scant attention to an ominous black cloud scudding across the sky. Suddenly, rain slashed down in drenching sheets and fans in the exposed right field stands literally went wild.

They made a mad lunge for shelter. When those in the vanguard reached the stairs, a man stumbled. Then another fell. A frightened girl plunged beside them at the bottom of the stairs.

In a few seconds, hundreds of shouting, terrified baseball fans shoving from behind were grotesquely piled atop a mass of squirming, screaming flesh. By the time 300 policemen arrived, a few minutes later, and forced the mob back from the stair—well, 64 fans had been maimed or bruised and two were dead.

This incident provides an insight into the assertion of veteran policemen that they would rather face the guns of cornered gangsters than be caught in a panicky mob.

Tim Reilly, a hard-bitten Chicago policeman, had more than 15 years' experience in handling crowds of all kinds. "A policeman must never let the crowd excite him," Tim observes. "If he does, both the crowd and the cop may be lost. We try to laugh at a jittery throng—and brother, we have to make that laugh sound convincing.

"One crowd-wise sergeant is worth a dozen excitable rookie cops in an emergency. 'Take it easy!' we say over and over again to tense crowds. And we smile, smile and smile. 'Take it easy!' I've seen crowds about to explode become rational, cheerful human beings within 60 seconds after a capable cop with a sense of humour arrives on the scene."

Tim recalls one evening when a roll of film caught fire in the projection booth of a theatre. The room was fireproofed and the operator quickly extinguished the blaze. But a fool in the audience, scenting smoke, screamed "Fire!" and the patrons became hysterical!

A quick-witted showgirl walked leisurely to the stage and called out: "Keep your seats, folks. The show isn't over. Why not get your money's

worth? Don't be gypped." Leaning toward the organist, she whispered: "Play a waltz. And make it good!"

The organist did, and the crowd was at ease within a minute. Tim, just arriving on the scene, was weak with relief as he visualized the horror the girl had averted.

In New York, a subway train was derailed in the Hudson tubes. The only ones seriously injured were those who were trampled by fellow passengers all trying to leave the cars at the same time. The derailment itself was inconsequential.

On Broadway, firemen pleaded with terrified factory girls in a lofty building not to jump, as they were in no danger from fire. It was useless. Many lost their lives in panicky leaps.

Disasters such as the famed Iroquois theatres fire in Chicago which took 575 lives in a panic by the audience, can usually be averted, if theatres are prepared for emergencies. But at the Iroquois a dozen exits were open and unimpeded. The crowd used only three.

One eastern theatre has a music library of "panic pieces" to be used by the orchestra or organist as soon as hysteria begins. It's harder to lose your head—and your life—if you're listening to a calming Viennese tune.

Parades are sinister breeding-grounds for panics. In New York or Chicago, it requires two weeks of exacting preparations by police before a large parade is permitted to be held.

"First, we have to know in advance every foot of the parade route," explains a veteran Manhattan traffic cop. "The parade route, divided into sectors of from 5 to 15 blocks each, is panic-proofed as far as we can make it." The parade sectors are then subdivided. A captain watches each division with a hawk's eye. Under him, lieutenants and sergeants are responsible for seg-

ments of the parade route allotted to them.

#### Authority Prevents Panic

Today in major cities, police establish a telephone or radio communications centre midway along the parade route to receive and handle any flash messages that panic has broken out along the line of march. As many as 100 policemen are stationed in each division during a parade.

"We always keep our eyes on the people and not on the parade," explains a Los Angeles police official. "Folks won't push if a policeman has his eyes cocked on them."

If this scrutiny fails and panicky shoving begins, police departments have a trick in reserve. This is the mounted policeman. Because, in a pinch, 10 mounties are more effective than 100 struggling foot officers. People have a strange fear of being trampled on by the police horses. Yet, these animals are trained never to step on human toes.

The value of the mounted officer was demonstrated when Lindbergh returned from Europe to face a throng of 50,000 roaring New Yorkers in Central Park. The crowd broke through police lines and women and children went down in the crush. Elderly people fainted; husky men had the breath pressed from their lungs by hundreds of elbows and shoulders. Suddenly, 50 mounted cops dashed up and within three minutes the dangerous mass was docile again.

To a veteran crowd-handler, prize fight audiences are the toughest to calm. That's because they're out for blood; a hurled pop bottle or even a jeer is enough to loosen the bonds of self-control.

On the other hand, football fans are the easiest people to handle. Most football fans take their wives and girl friends with them—and it's always easier to prevent disorder

when women are present as stabilizers.

Panic is always unnecessary. Consider the huge Yankee Stadium. If necessary, 80,000 people could be evacuated from it within 14 minutes, smoothly and safely. But if panic crept the tiers of seats, it might require hours to extricate the bruised, maimed, maddened and dead.

If you'll appoint yourself a panic warden without portfolio, you may save lives some day. Here are some tips culled from the men and women who have pulled the dead and injured from halls where panic was the killer.

1. Never seat yourself in a hall or theatre without fixing in your mind the location of the nearest exit. Remember, people usually head for the same door they came through.

2. If a panic breaks out, sit tight and analyse the situation. Above all, try to calm the jittery ones nearest you.

3. Don't run around looking for your hat and coat. Forget them. Once out of the place, don't come back. You'll only add to the confusion by pushing against the stream of panicky people still coming out.

Clubs, lodges and dance halls should clearly designate their exits. The paths to exit should be kept free of all obstacles. Check rooms should be provided at all meetings, for many persons have been trampled to death after stumbling over somebody's coat or wrap. All chairs should be anchored to the floor, so they can't slide around and get in the way of people seeking safety.

Most important of all, at every meeting there should be one person who knows what to do if an emergency arises. He should be strong of voice and have a dominant personality. A level-headed man or woman with an air of authority can usually restore order by acting tough!



does not patiently take to the constitutional remedy of unseating the party in power; but he takes the law into his own hands and goes out into the streets and indulges in violent demonstrations or in non-violent demonstrations whose exuberance provokes Governmental violence by way of police interference, often resulting in firing and death. Dr. Mathai said, "if a single monolithic party in long enjoyment of power suffers a reverse of public feeling it drags into the abyss of sudden disintegration not merely itself, but the State with it."

The remedy which Dr. Mathai suggests to avert this disaster of destruction of the State and the prevalence of utter anarchy in the country is that the small group of national leaders we have at present should withdraw from politics so as to allow the divergencies of opinion within the ruling party to crystallise into new party divisions. This is exactly what Mahatma Gandhi said on his death-bed as his last testament to the nation. No thinking person in India will deny that the present ruling party of the Congress is held together not by any consensus of opinion among its members on vital issues or by any feelings of loyalty to political principles or programmes. Such cohesion as the party displays is due entirely to personal loyalties without any reference to principles—apart, of course, from the selfish need for exploiters to hang together. Divergencies of opinion regarding basic principles were already evident when the Mahatma was alive, and even long before the attainment of our so-called independence. Even Pandit Nehru often thought of quitting the Congress. Subash Bose got actually excommunicated. But there was then the factor of the anti-British sentiment which held the conflicting elements together. But that sentiment was dissipated on the day that the Congress assumed responsibility for the Government of the country.

Thereafter, there was the conflict between Pandit Nehru and Vallabhai Patel which was resolved by the early demise of the latter. Now it happens that Pandit Nehru so outshines all the rest of the Congressmen that genuinely felt differences of opinion between him and the others fail to get legitimate expression with the result that all politics which is based on the fundamental freedom to express one's opinion becomes a mockery. Where is the sense in Mr. Tandon and Mr. Nehru pretending to belong to the same party? To pretend that the Congress is a party is a hoax which Congressmen play upon themselves and upon the public.

A party like the Congress, held together by personal loyalties unsupported by political principles, is bound to bring about national disintegration. A personal rule like the one that Pandit Nehru has established in this country has the inherent weakness of an indeterminate future. When such a rule comes to an end by the natural process of the demise of the personalities which sustain the regime, there is the danger of anarchy overtaking the country. The danger is not averted by just choosing a successor to Nehru because any such successor will not be able to hold together the conflicting elements which now constitute the Congress Party. The problem really is one of finding another party to succeed the Congress, not of finding a person to succeed Nehru. Today Nehru is the Congress and tomorrow without Nehru there will be no Congress. Hence the urgency to which Mr. Jayaprakash Narain has drawn public attention of the need to form a strong opposition party. Hence also is the urgency pointed out by Dr. John Mathai in his Convocation address for the Congress leadership to think of an early abdication in order to create the conditions favourable for the formation of a healthy and effective opposition party.

## SIDELIGHTS ::

THE death of the Tamil Satyagrahi, K. P. Sankaralinga Nadar, after a fast lasting 77 days, is a tragedy which has drawn poignant attention to a deep-seated malady from which the whole country is suffering. Sankaralingam's death has not been played up by the press in India to the same extent that the similar death of Potti Sriramulu of Andhra was played up. The Tamils are less demonstrative. But their emotions run deep. Both the martyrs took the Gandhian doctrine literally. Their sincerity was so transparent that none dared to question it. The difference in the publicity value attached to the two individuals by the press is due essentially to the fact that while the Andhra patriot commanded the backing of the Pradesh Congress Committee, the Tamil satyagrahi had to struggle against the opposition of his Pradesh Congress Committee. Indeed, it is shameful to record that certain Congressmen go about on a whispering campaign defaming the private life of the late Sankaralinga Nadar. All such nefarious attempts are bound to recoil on the traducers of the innocent martyr whose life, private as well as public, had no blemish.

The trouble with these martyrs is that they take Gandhism too seriously. While the country is being ruled in the name of Gandhi, the doctrines the Mahatma preached have been thrown to the four winds. Lip service is paid to the greatness of Gandhi. His image is worshipped with elaborate rituals. Temples are erected to perpetuate his glory. Giant statues of Gandhi dominate the cities and the towns. His pictures hang in every Governmental office and in every police station. But his writings are never read or under-

stood. His message is deliberately ignored by one and all. There is a conspiracy to worship his form and deny his substance.

But a few individuals like Potti Sriramulu and Sankaralinga Nadar take Gandhi seriously. They import meaning into his words. They try to discover his message. They dare to practise his preachings. These few misguided individuals constitute a menace to the powers that be, who have built up their reputation by exploiting Gandhi. It is inevitable, therefore, that these satyagrahis who make a genuine attempt to follow Gandhi should be treated as enemies by the Congress Party and the Congress Government.

It is reported that Sankaralingam's dying wish was that his body should be handed over to the Communists. He who risked his life to save Gandhism gave up hope at the moment of his death and by offering his body to the Communists proclaimed that the Congressmen were unfit to handle it and that the Communists were better fitted for that honour. The objects which Sankaralingam wished to attain by his ordeal were a strange mix up of many things, good, bad and indifferent, but they were all in strict accordance with the Gandhian doctrine and directly flowed from the precepts the Mahatma set up. Sankaralingam lumped together a demand for re-naming Madras as Tamilnad with a demand for granting of help to political sufferers and also a demand that Ministers, M. Ps. and all the higher-ups in the Congress oligarchy should practise simple living and high thinking even as the Master did. At the height of his power, when the Government House

at Delhi was at his disposal, Gandhi chose to live in a scavenger's hut in the colony of the untouchables. The Mahatma was a man of the people. He identified himself with them to such an extent that living with the lowest of the low came to him naturally and without any effort. But the picture we see around us in India to-day is just a prostitution of Gandhism. There is not a single Congressman, barring rare specimens like Potti Sriramulu and Sankaralinga Nadar, who have not acquired wealth and influence by exploiting Gandhi's name. Sankaralinga Nadar's self immolation spotlights this basic fact of Indian politics. He wanted the Ministers who invoke the name of Gandhi, in season and out of season, to live simple lives after the manner of the Master. He called upon them not to estrange themselves from the poor, with whom Gandhi identified himself, and not to outrage the sentiments of the people by riding about in sleek motor cars and by purposeless hopping about in aeroplanes. The cost of our administration should conform to some extent to the miserably low level of life of our population. Sankaralinga Nadar gave up his life to teach this much needed lesson to the leadership of the Congress Party. The teaching may be wasted on the Congress but the teacher will be treasured and honoured in history.

Dr. B. R. Ambedkar staged a colourful mass demonstration at Nagpur on the 14th instant. He embraced the Buddhist religion along with his wife and more than two lakhs of his followers, who belong to the political party of the Scheduled Castes. Religion is a matter of conscience for every individual. The essence of religion is that it should not be imposed upon others by the exercise of force whether such force is camouflaged under the cloak

of affection (as in the case of one's wife), or of political affiliation or of communal fellow-feeling or of a mass frenzy which bursts out in violence and killings of its opponents. All these varieties of the exercise of force, from obvious love and affection at one extreme to the brandishing of the sword at the other, are the opposites of that inner appeal to one's intellect and emotional make-up which leads to genuine religious conversion. It is obvious that Dr. Ambedkar has exercised force against his wife and his followers although he has not resorted to the more violent forms of force. But if Dr. Ambedkar persists with his political motive, the pleasing non-violent scene witnessed at Nagpur will gradually assume sinister shapes and we shall have rivers of blood flowing in the streets of our towns and villages.

The political problem that Dr. Ambedkar is seized of is caste which is fundamental to Indian society. The evil is so deep rooted that it is rampant not only among the conglomeration of communities called Hindus but also among the Christians and the Muslims who claim to have escaped from the stranglehold of Hindu orthodoxy. One cannot escape from caste by the simple process of changing one's nomenclature. Caste is something which is in the blood and inside the bones of every Indian. It is people who denounce it most loudly that practise it most assiduously. The fight against caste stirs the foundations of personality. To reduce it to a mere change of religion is to underestimate its hold upon individuals and upon society. Dr. Ambedkar's mix-up of religion and politics will not serve the end he has in view.

The Attlees are in India. Presently they are touring Madras and

are having a fine time, enjoying sights, inspecting factories and the institutions put up under the Five Year Plan. It is a conducted tour following the established method practised in communist countries for such tours. They will see what their friends of the Congress Party want them to see in India. They will not see what will be embarrassing for the Congress Party men to show them. But we wish they will find the time and the courage to pay a visit to the colonies of the Hindu emigrants from Pakistan. We wish that Earl Attlee should have a good time in India and enjoy his sojourn in the country whose destinies he moulded when he was the Prime Minister of Great Britain. But he should also have the benefit of looking at the miseries he caused to the millions of people who have been uprooted from their homes, who have lost their loved ones in the most bloody holocaust in all history.

Earl Attlee is the one man responsible for the partition. Probably, he could not have prevented the event of the partition itself. In any case, he did not make a serious attempt to prevent it. There were power hungry politicians in India clamouring for it and there was the equally clamant need for Britain to quit India at the end of the world war in sheer fright of the spread of communism. But the method of quitting was designed under the authority of the Prime Minister of Britain. The time table for the quitting was ruthlessly enforced by Lord Mountbatten with the backing of the Prime Minister. Poor Jinnah whose mind conceived the Frankenstein was frightened at the near approach of the monster. But he had no say in the matter. The fatal step to transfer the officers who com-

manded the power and the authority to enforce law and order before the tide of emigration of population subsided was taken by Lord Mountbatten with the full knowledge that it would lead to bloodshed on an unprecedented scale. It is a crime against humanity a million times more heinous than that of General O'Dwyer. The Prime Minister of England cannot plead before history that he did not realise the consequences of the action of his Viceroy in India. He must share in the guilt.

Let it be conceded that this crime would not have been committed in India if Churchill were in power in Britain. Not that the Conservative leader would have been more humane than the Labourite. But he would have been more forthright and would not have descended to the meanness of labour diplomacy which was more subtle, more selfish and more ruthless. They made a deal with the Congress to safeguard their own vested interests and left the people of India in the lurch. The result was the establishment of one-party rule in India which is a greater calamity than the partition because it will persist. It has already persisted for a decade. It threatens to continue for several decades more, condemning our population to totalitarian rule. Britain had to quit India. She could have done it in peace, with grace, with mutual goodwill. But she chose to do it with vengeance. No wonder it was accompanied by violence and bloodshed. And Earl Attlee is the man who did it. Let him remember that behind the facade of the polite welcome that India has extended to him there is the bottled up resentment of the people against the grievous injury he inflicted on them.

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## WORLD BANK AND INDIAN DEVELOPMENT PLANS

By V. S. KRISHNASWAMI

THE correspondence between Mr. Eugene Black, President of the World Bank and Mr. T. T. Krishnamachari, India's Finance Minister, released to the Press last week, must cause some misgivings to the informed reader. Mr. Black, while paying tribute to the financial stability which has been maintained in India during the past five years and the skill displayed in the management of public finance, emphasises that the potentialities of private enterprise have been under-estimated and are not given free play owing to the numerous checks and restrictions imposed on the private sector. The respective roles of the private and public sectors, he asserts, should be determined entirely on an economic basis and "not on any theoretical concept of the role that each should play."

As regards the Second Five-Year Plan, Mr. Black feels, Government have bitten off more than they can chew. Finance may be hard to obtain, administrative difficulties are likely to cause delay and managerial and technical personnel with experience of large-scale industrial operations is almost non-existent.

India must secure more external finance. Apart from borrowing and foreign aid, an expansion of exports is the only method of doing it and to this end, the competitive power of the main export industries, tea, jute and cotton textiles, must be strengthened and new items such as manufactures and primary products, must be exported. In some directions, Government policy, unfortunately, has the effect of discouraging exports thereby adding to the already severe

pressure on foreign exchange resources.

Coming to the important question of transport, Mr. Black stresses the serious effect that transport bottlenecks will have on economic development, and while not suggesting any addition to the allocation for transport development in the Plan, he feels that it should be given the first priority in any Plan financed by the Bank.

### T. T. K's View

In his answer to Mr. Black, Mr. Krishnamachari admits that the problem of foreign exchange resources is causing anxiety to the Indian Government. This he is seeking to meet by giving a high priority to those parts of the Plan concerned with earning foreign exchange, by looking for new export markets and by undertaking a comprehensive review of the policies and procedures that hamper foreign private investment. The Finance Minister is not convinced that "the motive of private profit is the only one which can ensure efficient operation of an industry," and does not believe that private enterprise is inherently superior to State enterprise. "Indeed the short experience we have had with State enterprises leads us to believe that they can often be more efficient than private units," he says.

In the face of this forthright opinion on what the Finance Minister himself calls "this complex and much debated question," the critical observer can only refer to the State enterprises, the administration of which, so far, has not been marked by conspicuous success. No argument on the

## PEDLAR'S PACK

'STRATEGIC control' is the latest in the search for a scorporific with which to lull the public into a sense of false security. The word 'control' has acquired an odium which is sought to be exorcised by the use of a meaningless but pompous adjective. It recalls an earlier slogan to which the Prime Minister gave a passing vogue when he spoke of fighting poverty 'on a war-footing.' The Finance Minister seems to have in mind some sort of regional control of the movement of food-grains. If it should be attempted, not only would it defeat itself, but it would give a fillip to smuggling across artificially set-up barriers. It is odd that people who swear by the matter-of-fact and mystic unity of the country should be so eager to fragment it for futile ends. In spite of the opening of fair-price shops, why is it that the prices of rice have not come down? The possibility that there might be a real shortage is not courageously acknowledged, because it would amount to an unanswerable indictment of our First Five-Year Plan which is supposed to have ensured our self-sufficiency in the matter of food. It is a Barmecide feast to which we are now being invited, for we have been officially advised to tighten our belts before sitting at table. The whole subject furnishes a depressing instance of the wonders that propaganda can do to make the worse appear the better situation.

Mr. C. R. is unlike Alexander in many ways. He is at no loss for new worlds to conquer. In his enforced leisure, he first turned his attention to the international scene, and opposed nuclear research. Then he turned to B. C. G. From there he effected a graceful and parenthetical transition to sing the charms of Dakshina Pradesh. Now—one dare not say, at long last—he has become anti-Hindi with a fervour which poor E. V. R. himself must envy.

Let's all confess we are  
Not half as clever as C. R.—  
Though his attack on weapons nuclear

Was far from being too clear:  
His opposition to B. C. G.  
Was marked by pedantic strategy;  
His love of a Pradesh Dakshin  
Has only added to the ruction  
And now he's raising a shindy  
By shouting Anti-Hindi  
What a rare treat  
When extremes meet:  
For like the egregious Periyar  
He's getting older, madder and—  
merrier!

Speaking at a function held in the Museum, Sri Sri Prakasa is said to have expressed regret at his approaching departure from our state, and wished that he could find a permanent place in the museum.

The translation which might be effected in due course, would be nothing more than from a dummy to a mummy!

The Kashmir Assembly has decreed that Urdu would be the official language of the State.

This would render its eventual absorption in Pakistan smooth and easy.

Opening the premises of the Indian Newspaper Association, Pandit Nehru is reported to have said that in our country people do not read newspapers. They lead a quiet life. They do not worry about disasters happening in other countries. If disaster comes to them they face it.

This is conclusively proved by the way that they are patiently submitting to all the planning now going on!

Says Sri Vinoba Bhave: 'Do not send a thief to jail; but send him to an ashram and give him two acres to cultivate.'

On the other hand, the policy of the government seems to be to take away the acres from those who possess them and send them to jail if they complained!

LIBRA.

## SWATANTRA

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COVER PAGE: Earl Attlee, former British Prime Minister, who is presently touring India.

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respective merits of the two sectors can be conclusive and results only will count. The danger, of course, is that, by the time results are assessable substantial damage would have been caused to the country's economy.

Coming to the question of transport development, the Finance Minister suggests that the time is ripe for a discussion with the Bank in regard to this problem. Any proposals that the team of railway consultants may make in this regard, are not likely to reduce the volume of required imports and even if the type of equipment to be ordered undergoes some change, railway development cannot wait till the consultants' reports have been considered and accepted.

On the important question of inflation, Mr. Krishnamachari doubts if the Indian record can be a source of anxiety on this score. As there seems little point in denying that a definite inflationary tendency now exists, the Finance Minister hastens to add that Government are fully aware of the dangers of inflation and "are determined in the future, as in the past, to avoid it." How it is going to be done is not indicated, but Mr. Krishnamachari claims credit for having substantially raised the excise duty on such an essential commodity like cloth, in the interests of financial stability. This, too, on the eve of a General Election! Our admiration for the Government would take an upward leap if there were in existence any political party which could fight Congress with any chance of success in the coming elections. Neither can one look upon the cloth excise duty as an anti-inflationary measure.

#### Reactions to the Bank's Study

Comment on this exchange of views between the Bank and the Government of India has been, as was to be expected, varied. The role of a candid friend is always an unrewarding one and Mr. Black's case has been no exception. Comparisons have been drawn between the case of the

Aswan Dam and Indian development, the implication being, to quote the *Manchester Guardian*, that "the West is using economic aid as a means of political pressure."

These opinions held outside India might well strengthen the suspicion that the approach of the Bank to the Indian question is not on the purely economic basis. It is good to see that responsible opinion in India is wholly satisfied about the goodwill of the Bank. In his letter to Mr. Black, Mr. Krishnamachari welcomes criticism of the Indian Plan from all quarters and adds that when criticisms come from a source, so well qualified through experience to make them and with a goodwill of which there is absolute assurance, they are "entitled to be and will be treated with the highest respect."

Mr. Nanda, the Planning Minister, in his turn, paid tribute to the "honest purpose" of Mr. Black's remarks and pointed out that the latter did not seek to challenge the basic policies of the Government of India. Mr. Nanda added that there was nothing in the industrial policy statement of the Government of India which would discourage the flow of foreign capital into India.

The Government of India, it will be seen, agree with Mr. Black that in the implementation of the Plan, there are many obstacles to be overcome. Mr. Krishnamachari does not minimise the seriousness of these obstacles but he is confident that they can be overcome. Mr. Black is not likely to share his optimism more especially after the Government of India's views regarding the public and private sectors have been reiterated with forthrightness. India needs help from the World Bank. To allow outside agencies to sway or dictate policy is unthinkable, but no considerations of prestige need stand in the way of the Government of India themselves making such modifications of the Plan as they deem necessary in the light of these exchanges.

## Short Story

# DISAGREEMENT

Miodrag Djordjevic

PAVLOVICH was deep in thought. "Why did you break with Vera?" asked his friend. "You loved her, didn't you?"

"Yes, I did."

"Didn't she love you?"

"I think . . . No, I'm sure she did," he faltered.

"Did you quarrel?"

"No . . . Sometimes we did, but it was only over some trifle or other."

"Well, that happens to all of us," observed his friend. "But was it only that? You still love her, don't you?"

"Certainly not. She has wounded me deeply. I shall never forgive her!"

"But what happened? Was there someone else?"

"We loved each other!"

"Well, what happened? Tell me. There must be some reason."

"We separated because of our different views."

"How is that? Wasn't she progressive?"

"That's the tragedy," stammered Pavlovich. "Let's sit down somewhere. We can't talk about it here in the street."

The two friends sat down at a table outside a cafe. Young women dressed in light summer frocks, chattering happily, kept passing their table.

"Well," said Pavlovich, lighting a cigarette, "we quarrelled about flowers!"

His friend looked at him as though he had not heard aright.

"Yes, really. About flowers. Of course, there were other things as well."

"I don't understand."

"What is there to understand? First

there are Snowdrops, then Hyacinths, and then Violets . . . And now (Pavlovich scanned the surroundings) Lilac everywhere . . . Before the war a chamber orchestra used to play here and girls sold these flowers. Now there are only old women to sell them . . . Of course, I mustn't forget Carnations."

His friend was consulting the waiter in the meantime.

"What will you have?"

"Oh anything will do."

"And what happened then?" his friend was all attention again.

"Well, there you are. You might say because of Botany . . ."

"You mean that your tastes differed? You liked Carnations . . . ?"

"No. I just didn't buy flowers for her, that's all!"

"Why didn't you?"

"I simply didn't want to humiliate her!"

His friend laughed; Pavlovich looked at him in surprise.

"I still don't see anything funny about it . . . Vera was progressive, you know, she was like me, only she's a girl . . . I often wanted to give her flowers, but I always decided not to. I wasn't sure how she'd take it . . . She wanted to understand everything and to know everything I knew, and she always spoke contemptuously of women who liked to doll themselves up. 'Don't pretend to be anything but a pretty little doll, and that a bouquet of flowers won't make you happy! Admit you prefer a bouquet more than a volume of political economy,' she would say to some of her girl friends. That's why I never bought her flowers . . . She never

said she liked flowers and I hadn't the faintest idea."

"And you separated because of that?"

"No, not only because of that . . . I considered her above other women."

"We all think like that when we're in love."

"Yes, but you knew Vera."

"Well, I must admit she was . . ."

"Her outlook, her frankness . . . Can you buy chocolate for a girl like that?"

"No," said his friend, "you can't! As far as I remember, there wasn't any chocolate to be had anyway."

"I'm serious . . . A girl like her—and chocolate . . . I used to bring her books! I refused to treat her like a child . . . 'You're only a silly child.' Some men treat women as though they were children because it makes them feel superior. I didn't want to offend her in that way. I didn't want to make her lose her dignity . . . I wanted to show her we were equals, and that pleased her."

"Did she ever buy you anything?"

"A pen. Socks. A shirt."

"Why didn't you buy her something?"

"I did buy her a pen. As for undies and such things—well, you know, I couldn't have done that. After all, we weren't intimate to that extent. But I did buy her books."

Pavlovich took a pull at his beer.

"I'll give my head if there's more than half a glass. It's a disgrace the way they fill them! Oh, where was I?"

"About chocolate."

"Oh, yes . . . I know fellows who buy chocolate and run around with all sorts of girls who think only about their make-up. But Vera . . . she's different."

"Didn't she make-up?"

"You know her . . . Well, that's all about the chocolate . . . There's still the theatre."

"At least you often go to the theatre. Did you ever go without her by any chance?"

"We always went together . . . We'd see the play, then during the interval we'd smoke together, and everything would be all right till the end of the performance . . ."

"And then?"

"Then we'd put on our coats or whatever it was and hurry off to catch the tram . . ."

"Well, what's wrong with that?"

Pavlovich became absent-minded.

"Sorry?"

"What happened at the theatre? Did you flirt with some girl or woman in a box opposite: French novels are full of that . . ."

"I don't like French novels, although there's Balzac and Flaubert . . . perhaps even Zola . . . Stendhal is good too."

"Stendhal is fine. But you're wandering: you and Vera are at the theatre."

"Oh, yes. Anyway, that's old history now . . ."

"Did you quarrel at the theatre?"

"Never!"

His friend rose.

"Where are you going?"

"To pay for our beers and leave . . . I told you I'm in a hurry."

"But don't you want to hear the end?"

"You're telling me about French literature."

"Sorry . . . I'm getting forgetful . . . We would always take seats in the gallery—in the front row . . . And we'd always hold hands . . . I can still smell the red plush . . . Vera was wearing her hair short at that time . . . During the play I'd whisper remarks, and everyone thought we were laughing at the play . . . Actually the point about the theatre is the coats. That's what I wanted to tell you: I never helped her on with her coat."

"A matter of outlook again?"

"That's right . . . 'You're only a weak woman, while I'm a man, a knight, a troubadour, a cavalier, and without my protection . . . Besides, she never expected it . . . I did want

to help her on with her coat, but I always stopped half way, afraid she'd ridicule me and think I was identifying her with those empty-headed young women around us. The coats, the flowers, the gallantries and all the other trifles . . ."

"And now you're paying the price!"

"One day it was raining, and we were to meet in the evening. Sometimes it happened that she got to our meeting place a little late . . . I never reproached her if she had a good reason for being late, and I thought that I had the same right—after all we were equals, or so I thought . . . You know, she's not one of those women whom you sweep off her feet by false pretences, by playing the ladies' man, by arriving a quarter hour early, and all that . . . Whenever I was busy I'd be late . . . Well, the day in question I had had a conference . . ."

"I remember. About that time we were in the thick of it!"

"If we'd been just ordinary friends I'd have found some excuse to leave the conference . . . But I was sure Vera would wait for me."

"Why—didn't she wait for you?"

"Oh she waited all right. In fact she got soaked to the skin and froze . . . And it ended in the street! She told me off for being late . . . I apologized and told her she came late too sometimes, and anyway I had had a conference . . . We began to quarrel about being late. She said she had never been so late, which wasn't true . . . I quietly tried to convince her she was wrong. Then, probably because of the rain, she poured out a torrent of abuse to the effect that I was always like that, leaving her to get sick of waiting for me, that I didn't love her, that I was selfish and neglectful, that I was always late because I thought she had to wait, that I wanted to make her my slave, that I'd never bought flowers for her, and she had so much wished

to have a bouquet from me, that I'd never held her coat for her and that she'd had to blush for shame till she found her sleeve, while I stood studying my stupid face in the mirror or staring at other women who sneered at her, that in general I was conceited and egoistical and a ruffian . . ."

"My word!"

"I told her those were bourgeois prejudices and that I didn't want to offend and humiliate her, that I regarded her as a man . . . Anyway . . . you know the rest."

"What did she say?"

"She cried . . . I'd forgive her if she hadn't repeated through her sobs that I was a beast and that attention was one thing and bourgeois prejudices were another, that I was trying to find an excuse for my conceit, and that our entire love had been a humiliation to her, that I was a cad and a brute, that I didn't know how to do anything noble or good for her . . . Then I left . . ."

"Is that all?"

"That's all . . ."

"What do you think, who was in the right?"

"I don't know . . . I had the very best intentions. I loved her, but it just had to happen like that . . . All because of the damn rain . . . If it hadn't rained we wouldn't have quarrelled . . . Let's pay and go."

After ten minutes or so, while they were walking, his friend said:

"I hear Vera has got married."

"Yes."

"How does she get on with her husband?"

"I don't know. I've never spoken to her since . . ."

"Probably she's got all that she reproached you about: flowers and . . ."

"I don't think so. Her husband is progressive too. I've seen him . . . I tell you, if it hadn't rained that evening, everything would have been different . . ."

# AMERICA'S TWO-BILLION RUPEE PELLETS

By ROLAND E. WOLSELEY

WE were driving along the highway, headed north for the Canadian—U. S. A. border, when the friend who was touring with us said that we would soon be "at the taconite plant at Silver Bay."

Although we reside in the industrial eastern part of the U. S. A., we had heard nothing of either taconite or Silver Bay. The press of New York, Philadelphia, and other eastern states, with a few exceptions, is notoriously insular, so it had not bothered to report this gigantic development.

And what was this enterprise in the lake-studded State of Minnesota, which is in the extreme north central part of the U. S. A.? Nothing less than the first of three new industrial projects which, in only a few years, have cost their capitalizers more than \$500,000,000. But it was not news on the Atlantic seaboard.

As Silver Bay came into sight this is what we saw: a sprawling, grey industrial plant ending in a harbour on the shores of Lake Superior and, on the other side of the highway, away from the Lake, a new community of 3,000 persons, complete with school, church, stores, post office, bank, and other services. All this, while streamlined and pleasant, as industrial plants and towns can be, had successfully spoiled the natural beauty of the shore line of what is the largest inland body of fresh water in the world, one of America's five Great Lakes. The spoilage extended less than half a mile but it was a blemish. Yet, as another friend said, "you can't stop progress," which can be said of India's new dams, which also have marred natural beauty.

After looking over the project, we continued on our trip. Twenty-five miles on, we came to Taconite Harbour, a similar project, as yet not complete, and owned by still other steel firms. There we learned of a third and that others are in the planning stage.

## History of the Venture

The story behind this venture has to do with the mining of iron ore, for which the State of Minnesota is world famous. It really began 44 years ago with a college professor who is now considered the Father of the industry, which is a unique recognition for an academician.

Prof. Edward W. Davis of the University of Minnesota foresaw in 1913 the fact that low-grade iron ore (taconite) might some day be needed. So he proceeded to experiment with a process that would convert the taconite, which is hard rock infiltrated with tiny grains of iron oxide, into usable pig iron ingots. The minerologist did not succeed with this until ten years ago; during those more than 30 years of trying he was frustrated by many sceptics. On one occasion, for example, he was scheduled to speak in Eveleth, a Minnesota mining town, but the mayor ordered his ejection, deeming his scheme ridiculous and describing him a fraud.

Minnesota's great iron ranges rest on taconite. In these slabs of flinty rock are the pockets of rich ore averaging more than 50 per cent natural iron. These deposits have been mined steadily since late in the last century. Taconite rock from these pockets contains only from 25

to 30 per cent iron and it is scattered in small particles. At least five billion (U. S.) tons of taconite are available, sufficient to produce 17,00,00,00,00 tons of the concentrated pellets of ore.

In the ten years since the successful completion of Professor Davis' experiments, big steel companies have put millions of dollars into the construction of entire railroad lines, whole towns, complete docks for shipping, and huge processing plants.

A few days after we had our first look at the Silver Bay taconite projects, this particular plant was dedicated with elaborate ceremonies and visits from various dignitaries. President Eisenhower said in the message he sent that the new plant had "great significance for Minnesota and the nation and will contribute in great measure to the prosperity and security of the United States." It is, he also said, "symbolic of the American system which encourages new ideas and new methods to raise the standard of living of all citizens."

He paid a tribute to Professor Davis, after whom the project has been named. With Mrs. Davis, the professor has become a resident of Silver Bay. They have a home atop a hill overlooking the plant harbour, and the new-born town of 700 houses.

The Davises can watch the specially-built railroad transport the taconite rock, which is blasted by a jet process from the ground at Babbitt, Minnesota, a mine 45 miles inland from Silver Bay. Although they cannot from their home see it, they know that the rock is then converted into pellets, now at the rate of 3,75,00,00 tons a year. This concentrated ore, extracted from material once considered worthless, is transported, in the range ore boats that ply the Great Lakes, to the steel plants of Illinois, Indiana, and Pennsylvania.

## Expensive Production

The production of taconite pellets is by no means without economic risk. It has not yet been established that this low grade ore can compete successfully with the high grade material. It must be processed more than the high grade ore, and, therefore, is more expensive to produce.

Another factor is political. It was hinted at during the Silver Bay plant dedication in September by W. W. Sebald, Vice Chairman of the Armco Corporation, when he said: "The interest and co-operation we have received from Minnesota generally have been tremendously helpful and encouraging. A far-seeing legislature opened the way for this development in 1941 when it enacted the taconite tax law substituting a production tax on taconite for the *ad valorem* tax on direct shipping ore properties."

Although it is now remote, there remains a chance however, that with a change of administration in St. Paul, the state capital, there may be alterations in the taconite incentive provisions of Minnesota's iron ore tax laws. Certain changes might, therefore, eventually hamper the new industry.

Also it is expected that if the taconite development turns out to be eminently successful, the larger steel companies of the United States and other nations will begin such processing and provide heavy competition for those pioneers in Minnesota. But this is the story of industrial enterprise throughout the world. It is a risk usually faced by any modern business.

Whatever may happen in years to come, the story of taconite is a tribute to university researches and to enterprising businessmen.

## SPORTS

## CHEF-DE-MISSION EPISODE

THE Maharaja of Patiala, the President of the Indian Olympic Association dropped a bomb shell when he declared the election of Pankaj Gupta, as *Chef-de-mission* of the Indian team to the Melbourne olympics as void and later, appointed Mr. Arjan Singh in his place.

Recent happenings inside the Indian Olympic Association are not healthy for the development of sports in India. Some time back, the International Olympic Council gave a questionnaire for the IOA to answer and it was also decreed to amend the latter's constitution to bring it in line with the International body's recommendations. The necessary amendments were moved and accepted in a hurry. Then came the question of the amateur status of the members of the olympic contingent and this matter too was hurriedly disposed off.

In the meanwhile, it was temporarily decided that the Soccer team should not be sent as it was evident that our standard in the game was far below the International level. But the various State Associations and the All India Football Federation pressed hard for sending a team and it is needless to say, Mr. Pankaj Gupta, as the President of the A.I.F.F. took a prominent part in this move. This made the men at the helm in IOA angry and they set aside the election of Mr. Pankaj Gupta as *Chef-de-mission* on the ground, that he was a sports writer, even though in an earlier meeting Mr. Gupta had clearly stated that he had given up writing. It is evident that there is something fishy about this *Chef-de-mission* business. This phenomenon was unheard of in the Indian Sports Organisations before the visit of the Russian Soccer team. The Russians brought with them a *Chef-de-mission*,

and also his deputy. This term fascinated our sports authorities and they promptly included it in their diary. When the Indian Football team visited Russia, we had a *Chef-de-mission* in Mr. Pankaj Gupta. This cheap method of copying others must be given up. After all the officials of the respective teams will be sufficient to look after the interests of the sportsmen concerned and nobody knows what the actual duties of the *Chef-de-mission* are.

It is also doubtful whether the president of the IOA, has the authority to nominate the *Chef-de-mission* after quashing the earlier election. Surely our national associations for various sports, have become playgrounds for vested interests, dominated by a handful of persons. This does not in any way help the progress of sports in the country.

The Government of India placed at the disposal of the IOA three lakhs of rupees to finance the Melbourne pilgrimage of our sportsmen. While all the sports associations should have the right to share in this amount, the All India Football Federation has alone been asked to meet its bill from its own funds. This discrimination cannot be justified at all. Evidently the presence of Mr. Pankaj Gupta in the Football Federation has made the Maharaja of Patiala act like this.

The Government of India, who have generously given the money should also see that it is well spent and all sections of our sportsmen are benefited by it. A Government probe into the working of many of our sports associations will bring to light grave irregularities on their operation which result in colossal wastage of the funds of Government and non-official agencies.

SNK

# COMMUNAL POLITICS IN INDIA AND PAKISTAN

By K. R. MALKANI

THE Prime Minister has said more than once in recent weeks that people in India should take a lesson from Pakistan. "Communal politics" would fail here because they had failed in Pakistan. The loss of power by Muslim League in East Bengal and West Pakistan as well as in the Pakistan Centre, was proof that the people there were sick of communal politics.

I must say the analogy is ingenious. It can easily take in the unwary. For, the Muslim League which forced the partition of the country is out of power. But we should not delude ourselves with the fond hope that communal politics as such have failed in Pakistan. Communal politics have *not* failed in Pakistan. How can we say that communal politics have failed, when the State of Pakistan is still there? Here is a state born in communal hate. That state is very much alive, and very much kicking. The whole basis of this state is communal. Its founder continues to be revered. How, then, can we say that communal politics have failed in Pakistan? Let us not delude ourselves. Not till the people of Pakistan voluntarily liquidate that state, and exhume its founder's bones *a la Cromwell*, can we claim the failure of communal politics in Pakistan. We need not count our chickens before they are hatched.

## Communalism Still Alive in Pakistan

The Muslim League is out of power. Nobody need be surprised. It was beyond the wit or wisdom of any individual or party to manage Pakistan with credit. In West Pakistan—which is Pakistan proper, East Bengal being only a vast appanage—one

out of every 3 or 4 persons was a refugee. The State as such did not exist. Everything had to begin from scratch. We must give the devil its due. And we must acknowledge that its administrators made a fairly good job of organising the state of Pakistan. Of course, the Muslim League was never a party of revolutionaries. It was full of selfish men. Such a party—and none other was available—was hardly a good instrument for launching a new state. It is, therefore, no surprise that it stands discredited today. But let us not, at the same time, read more in its failure than is indicated. It is important to remember that even today the bulk of M.Ps. from West Pakistan—East Bengal being only a colony thereof—is for separate electorates and communal politics, Dr. Khan Saheb and Suhrawardy notwithstanding. East Bengal may conceivably secede from Pakistan. But the core of Pakistan will remain in West Pakistan. And the continuance of this Pakistan will be a standing monument to the basic success of the communal politics of the Muslim League. Prime Minister Nehru's major premise is wrong. His conclusion is, therefore, completely irrelevant.

Where is the comparison between "communal politics" in the two States? Even in the popular sense of the term we do not have communal politics in this country. Even the Hindu Mahasabha and Ram Rajya Parishad are open to non-Hindus for parliamentary purposes. They offered tickets to a few Muslims in the last general elections. By contrast the Muslim League has to this day, kept Hindus away from its doors.

**Hindus are not Communalists**

But this is only the most obvious difference between communal politics in Pakistan and their counterparts in India. Whereas Muslims pursued separatist politics, Hindus nurtured nationalist politics. It was Muslims—irrespective of whether they were a majority or minority in a given province—who wanted separate electorates, weightages and reservation of seats. The Hindus everywhere—even when they were a tiny minority in N. W. F. P.—always wanted joint electorates and no reservation of seats. It was the Muslims who wanted seven points, then fourteen points and again twenty-one and twenty-eight points. Later they wanted parity and the partition of the country. The Hindus only resisted these communal demands. Is it communal to resist communalism? Is a shield as aggressive as a sword? Is it a crime to resist crime? Is it theft to catch a thief? Is a medicine as bad as the disease it is calculated to cure? Is quinine as bad as malaria? Or chloromycin as bad as typhoid? And yet that is what the P.M. suggested when he denounced "communal politics" in India.

Nor does the incomparability of the two positions end there. The Hindus were prepared to set up a modern

democratic republic. It was the Muslims who wanted more power than their numbers warranted. It was they who dreamed of a second Mughal Empire. It was they who challenged the Hindus to a fourth battle of Panipat in settlement of the political issue. It was Muslims who looked beyond the motherland and thought of Turkey and Arabia to help them, and to establish an Islamistan from Morocco on the Atlantic to Malaya and Indonesia on the Pacific. Here were men who were Muslims first, second and last, and Indians only casually, almost accidentally.

Hindus went more than half way to meet the Muslim demands. But the Muslim appetite only grew on what it fed upon. Like the step mother in the story book, they preferred India partitioned than united strong and free.

Communal politics in Pakistan have not failed—at least not yet. And even if these were to fail, that would be no indication of the failure of the allegedly communal politics in India. It is only to be expected that a party which has all along appeased Muslims should find some other scape-goat for its errors and crimes and to throw up a smoke screen to cloud issues and confound the electorate. The tactics are as clever as they are dishonest.

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## BEFORE EVE ...

By N. GANGA RAM

THEY were two young men, college students, travelling in the electric train from Mambalam to Pallavaram last Saturday night. They provided me with yet another proof of my pet theory that at the sight of or in the company of Eve, most men are not able to contain themselves and they conduct themselves in a manner that is at once abnormal and whimsical. The moment these men find themselves face to face with a comely specimen of the other sex, they lose their head and are impelled by some inner force to indulge in all sorts of silly things to attract the attention of the beauty in question. They become changed and try to show off and impress. But to revert to the young men. Their attraction was a girl sitting near the doorway of that small compartment along with an elderly woman, her mother obviously. Though there was room to sit down comfortably, these two youths chose to stand at the doorway. They got down at every station and entrained when the train was in motion. They lighted their Berkeleys and puffed out rings of suffocating smoke and laughed wildly and talked to each other in half-baked Yankee English of the cinema house. Every now and then they stole a glance at the maiden. In short, in an attempt to win the girl's attention they made fools of themselves.

Don't think that young men are alone in this urge to show off. Take for example someone belonging to the common run of mankind, say a bus conductor. Normally speaking he is a good-natured fellow but observe him keenly when he is on duty in a bus with its rear seats full of giggling college girls. Our conductor gets tipsy and turns a humo-

rist. His utterances are all couched in humour. The way he collects the fare from the passengers and gives instructions to the driver is quite amusing. He does all this with an eye on the bevy of maidens. And if they show signs of appreciation or enjoy his words, the conductor feels excited and happy.

You might have observed that some men quickly come forward to lend a helping hand to a woman rather than a man and they are prone to forgive Eve rather than Adam. Supposing an assistant commits a typographical or some other error, the office manager summons him to his room, shouts at him for not less than ten minutes and warns him that a repetition of the mistake would entail his dismissal. But if that assistant happens to be a sweet-looking member of the other sex, and when she comes down in person wearing a Binaca smile and tells him in her mellifluous voice, "I'm so sorry for what has happened," the manager's anger vanishes into thin air. Grinning sheepishly he tells her, "That's all right, Miss Suguna. After all, to err is human but we should always be alert and avoid committing mistakes. When you do commit a mistake, you get into trouble, I get into trouble and our Company gets into trouble. You surely understand what I mean . . ."

Sometimes, even ardent misogynists succumb to the charm of Eve. I know of a particular woman-hater who professed to have nothing but hatred and aversion for anything feminine. He would often tell me that 95% of the ills and misery of the world could be traced to woman. I observed him at an informal garden party which we attended recently. We took a corner table, and the dishes served

looked appetising and delicious. When we were about to do justice to the dishes, our host came along hurrying with a late comer, a slim, shy creature. "Gentlemen," he told us, "this is Miss Sarala. She is a Tutor..." He showed her the vacant seat at our table and went away. My misogynist friend put on a stiff countenance and looked away. I was in a delicate situation. I wanted to set the ball rolling. "Well, Miss Sarala. Our host just now told us you are working as a Tutor. Are you a Tutor in English?" I asked her. She said, slipping stylishly the glass of water, "No. Tutor in Economics at the—College." Perhaps my friend could not remain aloof. "Tutor in Economics?" he repeated, "Then you should be knowing my sister Nalina? She is doing her Final B.A. . . ."

"Oh, yes, I do know her. She is very clever," she said and added, munching cashewnuts, "perhaps like her brother!" My misogynist friend caught the mischievous twinkle in her eye and it was evident that he greatly appreciated her remark. From then on he began taking immense interest in her. Their conversation soon gathered momentum and they went on merrily talking and giggling. At times it appeared as though they quite forgot my presence. They seemed to enjoy each other's company and finally ended with a date at a local picture-house the following Sunday afternoon!

I buttonholed my friend while returning home after the party. "It's all really funny. A hater of women suddenly takes a liking for a girl! How could you, Mr. Dorai?" I asked him.

Mr. Dorai palmed off this explanation: "I think you haven't understood me properly. When I say that I hate women I do not hate women as such but those commonly found womanly qualities like peevishness, jealousy, nagging and the like. But Miss Sarala is different. She is an innocent creature. This I could

easily find out from the chat I had this evening . . . " and then he went on giving me a brilliant description of her beauty and her other praiseworthy qualities in the traditional Kalidasian way! Hats off to Eve, what power you have on Adam!

Well, Reader, don't feel disturbed over my thesis. If man feels attracted towards woman it is no fault of his. Nature is to blame, for having endowed woman with those charming, feminine qualities. Mere men would do well to avoid the extremes and follow the middle path: Let us not take too much pity on Eve or pretend to hate her outright. Let us practise moderation and restraint in our dealings with woman, and control that urge to show off. Let us conduct ourselves as gentlemen.

#### "MELU KOLUPU"

Ananda Productions' maiden venture "MELU KOLUPU" which was released all over Andhra on 12th Oct. is a picture with a moral to the present day middle classes who are groaning under the weight of false prestige and hollow pride. The story is rather drab in the beginning, flowing smoothly afterwards and ending in a brilliant climax. Venkataratnam Naidu, a typical member of the middle class, is taught the value of work by his daughter-in-law, who in the attempt is subjected to an intense emotional crisis. She bears the trial calmly and comes out in flying colours.

G. Varalakshmi, as the daughter-in-law, has given a good performance. Sriram and C. S. R. as Shekar and Venkataratna Naidu are praiseworthy while Jamuna as the victim of the villain is refreshingly charming.

The powerful story, enchanting songs and emotional appeal will certainly win the hearts of the cine-fans.

## WHAT IS THIS ATOMIC ENERGY?

By JACK DIAMOND

LET us turn to the present, and the future. What is this atomic energy? How can we use it? What are the future prospects?

Your dictionary will probably define an atom as a body too small to be divided, but scientists have known for half a century that this is not true. The generally accepted picture of the atom shows a nucleus surrounded by electrons moving in orbits; that is to say, it is a system rather like the planets moving around the sun; and each of these electrons—the planets—has one unit of negative electricity.

According to this picture, not only is the atom divisible but its centre or nucleus can also be split up into parts. It is composed of protons, each having a positive electrical charge, and neutrons, which have no charge at all. Neutrons and protons are comparatively heavy particles, very much heavier than an electron, and practically all the weight of an atom is in the protons and neutrons which make up the nucleus. The number of protons in a nucleus determines a chemical element, but in any given element the number of nuclear neutrons may vary slightly. For instance, the nucleus of every atom of iron has twenty-six protons, but some iron nuclei have twenty-eight neutrons, others thirty neutrons, and there are even two other variations. Atoms of an element having different numbers of nuclear neutrons are called isotopes. Isotopes of an element are identical chemically, but because of the different number of neutrons in their nuclei they behave rather differently in some respects. This leads us to one most important element—uranium.

#### The Neutron As A Projectile

All uranium atoms have ninety-two nuclear protons—that is what makes them all uranium—but there are several uranium isotopes with different numbers of neutrons. The three isotopes of most interest to us are called Uranium 233, Uranium 235, and Uranium 238; the numbers indicate their atomic weights. Only the isotopes U235 and U238 occur to any extent in nature. Natural Uranium consists almost entirely of U238 and only a small part of it is U235.

Let us examine the nucleus of the isotope U235. The forces which bind the ninety-two protons of similar charge closely together represent a large store of latent energy. If the nucleus can be split up, some of this binding energy will be released. This is what we mean by "atomic" or "nuclear energy"—and the key to the splitting, or fission, is the neutron, which, as a projectile, is likely to split the atom, it hits.

If a neutron moves in from outside and enters the nucleus of a U235 atom, there is a very good chance that it will split the nucleus into two parts. Some of the binding energy of the nucleus is thereby released, and the two smaller nuclei, called fission fragments, fly apart at high speed, carrying most of the released energy as kinetic energy. They are then slowed down by hitting nearby uranium atoms and heat is generated in the uranium. This result of fission is extremely important because it is this heat which may be turned into power by removing it from the uranium and driving an engine with it.

#### Chain Reaction

This leads me to an important fact in nuclear fission. Almost im-

mediately after an atom is split by one neutron, two or three other neutrons are emitted at high speed. If there are more uranium atoms near by these new neutrons can cause further fissions, and so on. Thus a continuous chain reaction is possible. Now a nuclear reactor is designed to work by controlling this chain reaction.

The fission fragments, which were created in rather a hurry, are unstable and eventually radiate energy to achieve stability. After nuclear fission there is a lot of radio activity and most of it is due to the fission fragments.

The neutrons emitted after fission have very high speeds. They are called fast neutrons. Although there is a chance of a fast neutron causing fission in one of the nuclear fuels I have mentioned, it has a much greater chance if its speed is reduced and the greatest chance of all when its speed is what we call thermal: that is, when it has a speed appropriate to room temperature—2,200 metres per second.

Reactors which make use of thermal neutrons to cause fission are called thermal reactors. There are many more thermal reactors in the world today than fast reactors. This is because the very much greater probability of fission by thermal neutrons in U235 makes it possible to use very dilute fuels such as natural uranium in which only one part in 140 is U235. From the point of view of a thermal reactor we must regard the more plentiful U238 isotope largely as a dilution, although it must be remembered that U238 absorbs some of the available neutrons to form plutonium, and this is a valuable nuclear fuel.

But to get back to the thermal reactors themselves. Something must be done to slow down the fast fission neutrons, and the best way so far found is to put near the uranium a material called a moderator which slows the fast neutrons down by

making them collide with the nuclei of light atoms. The lighter the nuclei the more energy is lost per collision, and hydrogen, deuterium, beryllium, and carbon may be used.

Nuclei other than nuclear fuel may absorb neutrons without a fission. Materials vary enormously in this respect and great care must be taken in the design and erection of nuclear reactors to maintain freedom from impurities which would absorb neutrons wastefully. The moderators I have just mentioned—hydrogen, deuterium, beryllium, and carbon—have low neutron-absorbing power and are chosen partly for that reason. The carbon is in a very pure form called graphite.

#### A Typical Thermal Reactor

We can now begin to visualise the form which a thermal reactor must take. In a typical example, with natural uranium fuel and graphite moderator, rods of fuel in metal cans are laid in long holes formed in the graphite structure. They are placed in metal cans to prevent corrosion and escape of fission products. The distance between the holes in the graphite structure is governed by the amount of moderator necessary to slow down to the thermal speed the fast neutrons born in the rods.

Although more neutrons are emitted from each atom that is split, unfortunately some of them are lost to the surroundings, so the mass of fuel and moderator must be big enough to maintain a continuous chain reaction despite this loss. The amount which will just do this is called the minimum critical size.

As I said, the chain reaction must be controlled. It must be possible to maintain a steady power level. This may be achieved by inserting into the core rods of neutron absorbing material such as a boron carbide. These control rods absorb some of the neutrons and so allow the reactor to be kept working at any power required.

The neutrons and other radiation created in the reactor are dangerous to human beings, and some of these harmful particles and rays can escape from the reactor and so a thick absorbing shield must be placed round the reactor to protect the operators. This is commonly made of steel and several feet of concrete.

All the time the reactor is working, the heat generated in the uranium fuel rods must be removed by passing a cooling fluid over them. This fluid in turn gets hot and must be cooled outside the reactor. Obviously the fluid must be chosen carefully as it must not be one which absorbs neutrons heavily or the reactor will not work.

In a typical thermal power reactor the cooling fluid is circulated first past the rods in the reactor, where

it is heated, and then to a heat-exchanger. Here the heat is used to generate steam which drives turbines. The circulating fluid, now cooled, is returned to the reactor where it is reheated and the cycle is repeated.

The temperature of the cooling fluid has an important effect on the efficiency of a power plant, and many of the problems of the designer arise from his desire to achieve as high a temperature as possible. Thus the materials of construction of power reactors must not only have good nuclear properties—they must be strong and resist corrosion at a sufficiently high temperature as well. Such materials are few and very many difficulties have to be overcome.

—London Calling Asia

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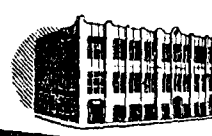
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## FACTS AND FICTION

By Prof. SUDHANSU BIMAL MOOKHERJI

“BRING me my liar,” Napoleon would shout when he wanted a volume of history. Carlyle described history as “distilled rumour.” Tagore called history “*mithyamoyee*” (full of lies, falsehood personified).

Strange as these descriptions are, they are not wholly untrue or unjustified. Myths and fictions do not unoften pass for sober history. Was it not believed for a long time, that seventeen Muslim horsemen under Ikhtyar-uddin Khilji conquered Bengal? Did not the myth of the Black Hole Tragedy, that “hoax of Holwell,” hold the field for generations?

The book-market is literally inundated with publications on Soviet Russia and People's China, on the latter in particular. Their authors, however, present conflicting pictures of the countries visited by them. Thus some would have us believe that if there is a paradise anywhere, it is to be found in People's China and Soviet Russia. Others again present the most dismal and depressing pictures of the same countries where, they assert, a free and full human existence is not to be thought, far less to be talked of. How are we to get at the truth?

### A Forerunner of the Mahatma

It is generally—almost universally—believed that Mahatma Gandhi was the first to use non-co-operation as a political weapon against the British rule in India. Yielding to none in our respect for the Father of the Nation, we would yet venture to point out that he was anticipated in this respect by Babu Ram Singh (1815-1885), the Namdhari leader of the Punjab. The Namdharis are a heterodox section of the Sikhs. The Namdhari movement, a Sikh reviva-

list movement to begin with, got involved in politics before long. In mid-April, 1857, the year of the Great Mutiny, Babu Ram Singh launched his programme of non-co-operation and the boycott of foreign goods for the expulsion of the English from India. The *Rahatnama* (Code of conduct) issued by him in 1863 requires the Namdharis, among others, (a) not to accept Government Services, (b) not to send their children to Government schools, (c) to boycott law courts and to settle disputes in local ‘Panchayats,’ (d) to boycott all British goods and (e) not to use the Government postal service. The Namdhari movement, its political bias notwithstanding, did never rise above narrow sectarianism. Nor was it non-violent and it fizzled out within a few years of its inception.

The “who's who” section of ‘Social Welfare in India,’ a bulky volume with an excellent get-up, issued on behalf of the Planning Commission of the Government of India (September, 1955) would have us believe that Raja Rammohan Roy was born in 1772 (pp. 781-82) and that Swami Vivekananda died in 1911 (p. 790). Are not the dates 1774 and 1902, respectively?

### Tagore in History

‘History’ has not spared even Tagore. It is common knowledge that Tagore was the first Indian to raise his voice of protest against the Jalianwallah Bagh massacre at Amritsar (April 13, 1919) and the ‘leonine violence’ unleashed by the Government of Sir Michael O'Dwyer, the Lt. Governor of the Punjab, to quell the disturbances that followed. Tagore renounced his Knighthood in protest against the barbarities. He

communicated his decision to the Viceroy, Lord Chelmsford, in a letter written by him on May 30, 1919. A Bengali translation of the letter by the poet himself appeared in the *Vasumati* in its issue of June 1, 1919.

We are, therefore, almost taken out of our breath to read the following statement, “1920 (Age 51)—on August 1, Gandhi wrote to Viceroy surrendering *Kaisar-i-Hind* gold medal and Boer War medal. *Rabindra Nath Tagore returned Knighthood*” (Gandhiji: His Life and work by Mridula Sarabhai, W. G. Tendulkar, Chalapati Rao and Vithalbhai Jalheri, p. 453). Tagore, we are asked to believe, renounced his Knighthood not on May 30, 1919, but more than a year later on August 1, 1920. The mis-statement, if deliberate, is criminal and, if not, regrettable. How old was Gandhiji on August 1, 1920? He was born on October 2, 1869. Is it correct to say that he was 51 on August 1, 1920?

### History made to Order

Interference by politicians in our cultural sphere has been on the increase since independence. It might, we are afraid, result in the distortion and mutilation of our history. Why has the Central Government's scheme of bringing out a complete and authoritative history of our national struggle been put in the cold storage? Rumour has it that one of our foremost historians, who was to play a vital role in the preparation of the work, did not see eye to eye in certain matters with some high-up in the Governmental hierarchy. They differed over the interpretation of one or more events and movements of Indian history in the 19th century. The politician, a very learned man in his own subject, it is alleged, insisted on having his own interpretation accepted by the now defunct Board

of Editors. The historian had the temerity to say ‘no.’ He tendered his resignation before long. If the above rumour has any foundation in fact, we should be prepared for a history of Indian freedom movement “made to order.”

What is the truth about the Great Mutiny of 1857? Was it purely military in origin and nature, caused solely by greased cartridges? Was it nothing more than the wholly unpatriotic and selfish Sepoy Mutiny with no native leadership and no popular support as described by Sir John Seeley? Was it due to a Muslim attempt to exploit Hindu discontent as General Outram says? Or, was it a full-fledged war of independence and India's first at that?

History has been distorted in the past, it is being distorted today and it will be distorted in future. What is the remedy? What Goethe said long ago bears quotation in this connection.

“The historian's duty is to separate the true from the false, the certain from the uncertain, and the doubtful from that which cannot be accepted. . . . Every investigator must before all things look upon himself as one who is summoned to serve on a jury. He has only to consider how far the statement of the case is complete and clearly set forth by the evidence. Then he draws his conclusion and gives his vote, whether it be that his opinion coincides with that of the foreman or not.”

A scrupulous adherence to the above principle and that alone can make history what it ought to be. Let the teachers, students and writers of history rise above their personal passions and prejudices, their pre-conceived notions and their ‘isms’ and the object will be achieved.

## THE GREAT SWINDLE

By HENRY HAZLITT

**WE LIVE** in the Age of Inflation. It has become a fixed idea among governments that their paramount economic aim must be to maintain "full employment," and that full employment can be maintained only by deficit financing, artificially cheap money, or direct recourse to the printing press.

Once under way, inflation sets in motion powerful special interests which demand its continuance. For, it benefits some groups of the population at the expense of all the rest. Inflation is a tax—the cruellest and most wanton of all taxes. Under it, all creditors are systematically swindled.

### Cynical Defence

"He that would hang his dog," says an old proverb, "gives out first that he is mad." He that would swindle a creditor must first give him a bad name. The late Lord Keynes did this by calling him the "rentier." He implied that the rentier was simply an idle plutocrat who lived on unearned interest at the expense of the struggling workers. In his *General Theory* (page 376), Keynes spoke of "the euthanasia of the rentier, and, consequently, the euthanasia of the cumulative oppressive power of the capitalist to exploit the scarcity-value of capital. Interest today rewards no genuine sacrifice."

But who in the modern world are the creditors, the "rentiers"? They include, in addition to the holders of mortgages and corporate bonds, the thrifty, the small people who put their money in savings deposits or life-insurance policies, and all the owners of government bonds, who were induced to take these bonds for patriotic reasons. And who are the

debtors who are being relieved of the allegedly dreadful burden of having to pay interest and repay capital in currency units of the same value as those they borrowed? They include the big corporations, the big holders of common stocks, and the speculators who have learned how and when to jump in and out and exploit the value of a depreciating currency.

I append a table compiled by Franz Pick for his forthcoming 1956 edition of *Pick's Currency Yearbook*. This shows the depreciation of 54 currencies in the ten years from 1946 to 1955, as measured by each government's own cost of living index:

### Loss of purchasing power, 1946-55

#### CURRENCY UNITS

|             | Per Cent |             | Per cent |
|-------------|----------|-------------|----------|
| Portuguese  | 0        | El Salvador | 32       |
| Dominican   | 2        | Turkish     | 32       |
| Egyptian    | 2        | Hong Kong   | 33       |
| Haitian     | 3        | Thailand    | 36       |
| Indian      | 10       | Malayan     | 34       |
| Pakistan    | 10       | New Zealand | 34       |
| Ceylon      | 11       | British     | 35       |
| Lebanese    | 16       | Colombian   | 46       |
| Belgian     | 19       | Uruguayan   | 46       |
| Swiss       | 19       | Iceland     | 48       |
| German      | 22       | Mexican     | 48       |
| Honduran    | 24       | Nicaraguan  | 49       |
| Irish       | 24       | Australian  | 50       |
| Italian     | 24       | Finnish     | 52       |
| Guatemalan  | 25       | Austrian    | 54       |
| Costa Rican | 27       | Peruvian    | 59       |
| Danish      | 27       | Brazilian   | 60       |
| Ecuadoran   | 27       | Greek       | 61       |
| U. S.       | 27       | French      | 66       |
| Canadian    | 28       | Japanese    | 67       |
| Netherlands | 29       | Israel      | 68       |
| Norwegian   | 29       | Indonesian  | 69       |
| Iranian     | 30       | New Taiwan  | 85       |
| Venezuelan  | 30       | Chilean     | 91       |
| S. African  | 31       | Paraguayan  | 91       |
| Spanish     | 31       | Bolivian    | 95       |
| Swedish     | 31       | Korean      | 99       |

This table, it will be noted, shows that the U. S. dollar, the world's monetary pivot, shrank 27 per cent in buying power over the past decade. The British pound sterling lost 35 per cent; the French franc 66 per cent. The currency units of Chile, Paraguay, Bolivia, and Korea had their purchasing power practically wiped out.

Some of the countries whose currencies suffered worst, such as Formosa and Korea, were struggling

with special war or defence problems. But this was obviously not true in Chile, Paraguay, or Bolivia. The truth is that this shocking swindle by governments of their own citizens was brought about in most cases by deliberate monetary or credit inflation. And it was all done under the pious calamity visited on a country by malevolent outside forces, which the politicians and monetary managers profess to be incessantly combating.—*Newsweek*.

## HOLLYWOOD FEATURES TOLSTOY'S CLASSIC

*War and Peace*, the picturization of the Leo Tolstoy novel, directed by King Vidor, produced by Dino De-Laurentiis and presented by Paramount, recently had its world premiere in New York and was highly praised by critics and audiences.

Bosley Crowther wrote in *The New York Times* about the three-and-a-half-hour film version of the classic: "The immensity of Leo Tolstoy's great Russian novel may have heretofore daunted film-makers. But it has not staggered the international group of producers, writers, actors, directors and cameramen that achieved the film version of the classic, which was given its world premiere at the Capitol Theatre. These people roll out on the screen a vast Technicoloured panorama of human drama and military spectacle which, while it may at times stagger the viewer, gives no evidence of having exhausted them. . . . There are sequences and moments of fire and beauty, and certainly the mighty spectacles of clashing armies and Napoleon's retreat from Moscow are pictorially impressive and exciting beyond words."

William K. Zinsser wrote in *The New York Herald Tribune*: "Tolstoy's

giant novel has tempted—and defied—movie makers for years. Now at last it has been conquered. The *War and Peace* which opened at the Capitol is a superb film, well worth waiting for. It is in Vista-Vision and Technicolour, and there is great beauty in its photography. It is three-and-a-half hours long, but miraculously, the time does not drag. This is a story of such vast scale that is constantly fascinating. In broad outline it is a Homeric epic. It tells of entire nations convulsed by war. . . . Against this background Tolstoy was also telling a story of individuals—how their lives and thoughts were shaped by the surge and ebb of war. In the movie this story is told tenderly. . . . Of course, all of Tolstoy's *War and Peace* is not here. Many characters have been omitted and many have been pared to one dimension. But the essential story remains, and it makes a brilliant movie."

Starred in the film are Audrey Hepburn as Natasha; Henry Fonda as Pierre; Mel Ferrer as Andrey; Oscar Homolka as General Kutuzov; Herbert Lom as Napoleon; Anita Ekberg as Helene; Vittorio Gassman as Anatole and Helmut Dantine as Dolokhov.—*USIS*

## BEWARE OF....!!

By KONGOT

NO... no, no; not the hackneyed 'beware of the dogs' when we have a legion of under-dogs lingering and hungering all over the land. Nor is it the cautionary advertisement of the 'beware of pick-pockets or thieves' either, when we all know that these terms 'pick-pockets' and 'thieves' mean differently to different persons in different strata of society constituted of Government servants, contractors, lawyers, doctors, policemen, sadhus and so on and so forth. When theft and pick-pocketing are literally understood the only man who may not be a thief or a pick-pocket may perhaps be the one who has stopped breathing.

I am not sure whether in any other nation in the world disharmony and discomfiture are so abounding as in our beggarly India, so verdant as the arid Gobi in the matter of sensationalism, if I may so coin a word, although that in itself may be sensational.

Not long ago a Kumari of Coorg, Dhanalakshmi by name, baffled the physiologists by running the machinery of her physical frame without any fuel or food...

Elsewhere, a Swamiji munched a bunch of nuts, bolts and such other junk given him not very long ago by a certain Adigal in Tanjore and belched like an Hon'ble minister after a bumper banquet...

Stood up one fine morning before a cluster of villagers a Paramahansa, as if suddenly disgorged by the earth with a story sounding and resounding phantasmagorian to the sober-minded. He claimed that he had been during the last six hundred years holding himself up in a sort of suspended animation in the subterranean world, witnessing therefrom the course of Indian history through his divine optics. He said he had had Parakayapravesana—change of this

gross body—six times, of his own accord.

The cowherd boys who had been to the neighbouring pastoral hills for grazing their cattle came back, panting, one evening with a stunning story that a sanyasin with a 29" beard was atop the hill standing on his clean-shaven head. The villagers scrambled to the spot. The mysterious mendicant would not allow any movements of his body except to devour the dainty dishes paraded before him by his dumb, deluded devotees...

I have often felt that these sporadic human eruptions on society are fit cases for diagnosis by the C. I. D.

The grand old tree is a standing witness of many many things said and done in that village. Many recriminations have been reconciled thereunder; belligerent husbands and wives have signed truces and 'stand still' agreements under its green foliage. The tree was a sort of an immobile tribunal for the whole villagers. Everyone in that village had some anecdote to say to associate himself with that tree. The old one with its billions of rustling leaves has heard whispers and heavings of many a rustic romantic pair. In short, it was the soul of that village. It had gravitated to its root-bound feet the entire villagers very often. Once it was a snake-charmer with a King Cobra coiled around his neck; another time it was an all-white bipedal being with a Gandhi cap on its head.

To such a tree it was that the villagers were congregating that evening. A snake-charmer? Swamiji? or, some other unheard of humbug? I did not have long to speculate because, came upon the westerly winds the vibrations of Raghupathi... Raja Ram... Sita Ram in chorus in a most melancholy contralto. One should not be blamed if he mistook that for a song sung by some

bearing a coffin. A tri-colour flag with the emblem of a Charka—not Ambar—was in the air, restless, beckoning the Akalis and all others to its succour.

"Brothers and Sisters! (Really?) you are now in the shades of the Congress because Sri Rajaji has compared the Congress to a big banyan tree with many branches and strong innumerable roots deep in the soil. Very soon will the day dawn when you all will march to the polls to determine the destiny of our country"—a stumpy sort of chap clad in white all over, excepting the tips of his fingers on the hands and face minus the forehead was elongating his neck like that of a giraffe to reach the mouth of the loud speaker that stood 2' taller in front of him. He continued braying:—

"Perhaps you are not quite conscious of the crores of good deeds the Congress government has done to the country during the past nine years or so. For that you must purchase a copy of the *Christian Science Monitor* and read what Neal Stanford has written there. Or, go and ask Dag Hammarskjöld (excuse me for the spelling if gone bad) who will tell you the exact degree at which the mercury of India's prestige remains in the thermometer of the UN. Prestige, friends! prestige! and not Porottas!

"Nothing to speak of the Bakra, Malampuzha, Kunda, Sindri, Hira-kud and thousand and one others, it was in this land of mangoes and diarrhoea, first time during the life of 6000 years of its chequered career our Congress Chief—our own—who sent abroad a basketfull of mangoes to an Irish playwright. The future historian of this country will be called a traitor undoubtedly, I may say, if he fails to record that in this land of coconuts, ropes and hanging it was during the Congress regime that Bhagwan Bulganin and Khrushchev Deva first sipped a few tender coco-

nuts. Did anyone send elephants abroad ever before?

"Gentlemen! the whirlwind of the general elections is on. We have no time to look back, pause and ponder. Close your eyes, care not what happened, happens and might happen. *Mahatma Gandhi Ki Jai!* Sri Vajravillain of your constituency may not be very much known in the South; but, believe me he is very popular in the North, West and Centre. You might not have seen him in your life time. Quite likely that you may not see him hereafter, either. To ask you to vote for Mr. Villain would be funnier than asking you to breathe to keep yourselves alive (Cheer, cheer called out a white 'Bundle' sitting near the speaker). From somewhere among the audience rose a *Chhi... Chhi...*

"Now-a-days we hear too much of electoral alliances; honeymooning of Vasukis with Garudas, Sitas with Ravanaas, Cats with Rats... But, Harken! Our Chief hath said: 'Ten lame men cannot make one perfect man.' One of our great mathematicians—call him Indian Archimedes if you are mad—says that a dozen 'minuses' can never make a 'plus.'

"The Congress was not created for general elections (True in the past tense). We are ready to step out as soon as we find someone worthy of being entrusted with the governance of the country. Where from is that someone to loom forth? From the Communist camp? They are now in a state of widowhood. Nehruji has taken the wind off their sails. That doesn't mean that that wind is responsible for the excessive flatulence in the abdomens of some of the Congress leaders, gushing out the wind in garrulous forms day in and day out.

"Friends! I now place before you our policy and programme in a nutshell, for the next 5 years:

*Pattern:* A conglomeration of all 'isms' known and unknown. An

*Land:* The present comedy of *dans* will contaminate even the remotest corners of the land . . . . The tillers without any wherewithals may

“Look at *Rajghat!* There rests the mortal remains of an immortal soul whose memory if you cherish, cast your vote to Sri Vajra Villain. *Mahatma Gandhi Ki Jai!*”

"In conclusion, our country needs the Congress at least for another 2500 years till our teeming millions are firmly saddled on beggary and destitution. If the Congress had not been there the Himalayas would have by this time melted itself into an ocean with the Ganges flowing upwards into it from the Arabian mountains, now called the Arabian

"The rhinoceros must really be envious of the thickness of your skin,

oh! Speaker!" read the man scanning the slip of paper.

One more question, another, another again, behind that, after that, following that, next to that, all the listeners had a lot of questions to ask that Congress crook. The latter became, by this time, a bundle of nerves, hurry and haste. He just disappeared!

The masses have awakened. They

are no longer blind listeners. They have questions to put. Satisfied to that extent, I returned home. My octogenarian neighbour was awaiting me after the meeting. "Beware of these electioneering comets appearing in the political horizon in these days"—he said. "Many comets have turned out and are on the move to bamboozle the masses and dig their graves. Beware!!!"

## THE WARP OF IDEOLOGY IN A PUNJAB VILLAGE

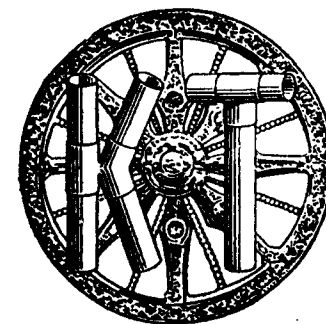
I HAVE been making attempts to introduce hand spinning in my village and the surrounding areas with the help of Gram Sevaks lent to me by the Kasturba Trust. These attempts failed, mainly because the earnings per day did not come up to the expectations of the poor spinners. We have had also to face many other difficulties such as non-availability of charkhas, supply of cotton and irregularities in the matter of working of the spinners. Not a single male came forward to spin or could spin. They take it as below their self-respect to spin. And women would spin only when they have time. This they can never easily find. They have to cook, bring up children and also do the menial services for the cattle which are a necessary part of the family duties. To make two ends meet, they would go out for pickings in the fields during the wheat and cotton harvests, collect fuel and assist the males in harvesting the crop, and in finding grass and fodder for the cattle. My observation is that they are very much overworked and if and when they find time, they are much more interested in their cattle than in the Charkha.

One evening while I was sitting at the fountains near the Mahatma Gandhi statue on the Mall, during a recent visit to Patiala, there was a

woman sitting close to me persuading some other women to join the Ambar Charkha Centre. I also talked to her and asked her to show me the women of her Centre. Next day I went to her and saw about half a dozen Ambar Charkhas at work. The old women and some girls, who were learning, were finding it difficult to ply the Charkha and to spin the yarn without a break. They could not even make hanks of cotton with ease. The lady worker told me that in spite of the allowance offered and free distribution of milk powder to attract them, sufficient number of women were not coming forward to learn this art. I came back greatly disappointed and my belief, which had already been shaken by my experiences in the past, was further weakened and I am almost convinced that investments on a large scale to make this venture a success in the commercial field would be a complete waste.

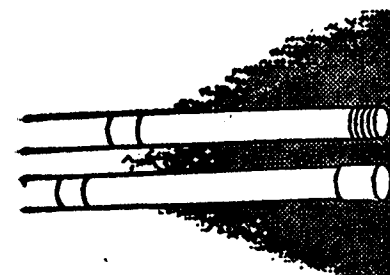
As a household hobby or a side occupation, charkha may have some value but it cannot supply national needs or compete with textile mills. When people go to the market, they want the best of materials and the maximum value for their money and not one in a thousand would buy an inferior stuff or an unattractive product.—A. K. H. in THE ECONOMIC WEEKLY.

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## FILMS

By V. P. SATHE

THIS has been a week of Muhurats in Bombay. On Dassara day itself five pictures (perhaps more) went on the floors. Prithviraj Kapoor launched his first film venture *Paisa*, adopted for the screen from his popular stage-hit, on Sunday 14th afternoon at R. K. Studio. The same cast which appeared in the play is appearing in the film. He began regular shooting on the 15th.

Hrishikesh Mukerji launched Film Group's *Musafer* at Mohan Studios on the same day in the morning. Featuring a star-studded cast, the off-beat story and screenplay is by Hrishikesh Mukerji and Ritwick Ghatak with dialogue by Rajinder Singh Bedi. Salil Choudhury is giving music and Shailendra is writing the dialogue.

Kishen Chopra, the erstwhile associate of Zia Sarhady, launched Roopalaya's *Heera and Moti* at Ranjit Studio on the same morning. Based on Munshi Premchand's short story *Do Bailonki Katha*, the screenplay and dialogue are written by Rajinder Singh Bedi with Nirupa Roy and Balraj Sahni playing the principal roles. Roshan is giving the music.

At the same studio, on the same day, Producer B. S. Puri and director Adarsh performed the muhurat of Puri Productions' *Sati Damayanti*, starring Abhi Bhattacharya, Sulochana and Mahipal. Chathurbuj Doshi has written the dialogue for this picture while lyrics by Pradeep and Bharat Vyas are being set to music by Shiv Ram.

On Thursday 11th, Director M. L. Anand, launched *Mr. Loafer*, written

by Omer Khayyam Saharanpuri and produced by G. M. Shaikh for Khayyam Art Productions. While Husanlal and Bhagatram are giving music, Nadira, Karan Dewan, Om Prakash, and Anita Guha lead the cast.

While one welcomes the advent of the new producers and their ventures, one must also point out that old and established producers are rather slow in their progress. A year is over since Shantaram, Raj Kapoor and Vasari released their pictures and so far, but for Vasari the other two ace directors have not started the shooting of their films. Mehboob's *Amor* was released two years ago and his *Mother India* is not likely to be released till March 1957. Bimal Roy's *Devdas* was released in December; Vijay Bhat's *Patrani* was released in April; but these directors have not yet launched their fresh ventures. Hence perhaps we find so many producers and directors working in the industry. But their average output is one picture a year. That is why we have more producers and fewer productions and our industry is fed by independent producers.

### Picture of the Week

Though *Chori Chori* is made in the South and bears the banner of A.V.M. it is entirely a Bombay production. For one thing, it is not based on any Tamil or Telugu film though, of course, it is not original, inspired as it is by foreign screenplays like *It Happened one Night* and *Roman Holiday*. It has a Bombay cast, a Bombay director, writer, cameraman and even a Bombay producer.

Thus but for spectacular production values, the picture is practically as good or as bad as any Bombay product. The story is thin concerning as it does the adventures of Kammo, a young modern girl, who runs away from her father's custody to meet the man she wants to marry. In her sojourn from Madras to Ban-

alore, she meets Sagar, a youth who helps her out from many predicaments. To spend a night at a strange place, twice they are forced to pretend to be husband and wife. Ultimately they fall in love and decide to marry. Just then, they are separated only to meet again after a surprising twist.

As far as the characterization of Kammo is concerned and the development of her interest in Sagar, the screenplay does full justice to them. Between them Kammo and Sagar provide many interesting situations enlivened with sharp witty dialogue. The only other interesting character is that of Kammo's father, Girdharilal. And all these three characters are superbly played by Nargis, Raj Kapoor and Gope. Nargis has a dominating role and she plays it with grace and ease; equally at home in his rather frivolous role is Raj Kapoor. As to Gope, not since *Pugree* which was also directed by Anant Thakur has he given such a good performance. Anant Thakur's direction is good and Agha Jani's dialogue is scintillating.

But the screenplay has failed in making other characters interesting: what is worse, most of these characters and sequences are not properly integrated with the main narrative. Similarly, though there are about ten songs and dances, not one of them is properly interwoven with the main story. But for the two or three duets of Raj and Nargis, all the songs appear to be superfluous. And even the dancing by Kumari Kamala, and Sayee and Subbalaxmi seems pointless and redundant. Raj and Nargis score over these accomplished dancers by giving a superb exposition of the puppet dance.

As a result, while the individual sequences are entertaining, the story as a whole leaves little or no impression and the picture turns out to be rather an inconsequential entertainer. The musical score by Shankar and Jai Kishen is undistinguished,

though a couple of tunes may become popular. The comic interludes of Johnny Walker and Indira Bansal, Bhagwan and Raja Sulochana, Mukri and Amir Banoo are of the usual variety, but they seem to delight the masses.

*Chori Chori* is a good entertainer; with a better story and characterization, it could have been a worthwhile film.

### Personality of the Week

Hrishikesh Mukerji joins the ranks of film directors and producers having already distinguished himself as a scenarist and editor.

If fifteen years ago, had any one told Hrishi that he would become a director, he would have laughed at it. For in those days after graduating in Science, he was working in Calcutta as a school teacher. His interest in art was confined to music. In the inter-collegiate music competition in Calcutta University, Hrishi had stood first in playing 'Sitar' and he had worked as an 'A. I. R.' artist.

Later he joined the laboratory of New Theatres Studio. While working in New Theatres he came in contact with Bimal Roy who brought him into the editing department. And after working as an assistant, he edited Bimal Roy's *Tathapi*.

Again he left films and resumed his studies. But a call from Bimal Roy brought him to Bombay, and he joined him as an editor and also wrote the screenplay of *Do Bigha Zamin*. That was the first script to be written by him.

While working with Bimal Roy, he had an idea of writing another script; in fact the idea for the script of his first directorial vehicle, occurred to him while writing *Do Bigha Zamin*. But he could not devote his time to script writing as he was busy all the time in editing work.

Hrishi went to Moscow as a member of the film delegation which visited the Soviet Union in 1954.

## THE SUEZ ISSUE AND THE SIX-POINT FORMULA

FROM BEHIND THE SCENES AS REPORTED BY  
'EAVESDROPPER'

Washington:

THERE is general agreement that the unanimous acceptance of the six-point formula by the primary parties to the dispute as well as by their auxiliaries has been the greatest single diplomatic triumph to the credit of Mr. Dulles. It was not merely a most acceptable birthday present to President Eisenhower, but something like a knock-out blow to the Democrats from which they are not expected to recover in time to make any impression on the outcome of the forthcoming presidential elections. Mr. Dulles was in a genial and expansive mood, and admitted that he was the sole author of the six-point plan. He claimed to have built-in the sanctions so effectively that there need be no further anxiety as to the future of the canal. He referred in particular to the wording and construction of clause 6; he admitted it was a syntactical freak, a grammatical monstrosity; but it ensured infinite freedom of interpretation. Dr. Mahmoud Fawzi did not ask for an Arabic or Coptic text of the formula, and so has committed himself to obligations which would make mincemeat of the twin slogans of sovereignty and nationalisation in good time.

He was mildly critical of his British and French counterparts. "I promised to deliver the goods peacefully, while they were itching to fight it out with not half the odds in their favour." Our correspondent then asked him how clauses 2 and 3 could be read together and harmonised with the notion of Egypt's sove-

reignty. By way of answer, Mr. Dulles said that by excepting the Suez canal from the purview of Egypt's sovereignty, it was in effect internationalised. For, Egypt cannot do anything about the canal without securing the agreement of the users of the canal. That was the heart of the matter, and he was thankful that Egypt had agreed to it in set terms.

Asked for his views about the application of the veto by Russia, he said that it was part of the plan as evolved by the Western Powers. Our correspondent was astounded, and begged for further clarification of such a cryptic remark. Mr. Dulles replied: 'You see, it was part of our job to save face all round. When Egypt agreed to insulate the canal from all political influence, the West scored its first tangible victory. But Egypt also had to claim a victory for herself. So we fished out the original formula about international control, and offered it up to be guillotined by the Soviet veto. Instead of international control, what we are going to have is Egyptian control with the agreement of international users. In other words, we have now vested a power of veto in almost every country using the canal. I do not care to find out if it is better or worse than the original formula; I only know that it is acceptable to Egypt as well as to us.'

Mr. Dulles was then asked: 'What is the next step?' He replied smiling: 'Ask the Egyptian foreign minister about it.' He explained that so far as the Western nations were concerned, the position today was quite

comfortable, thank you. Ships were going through the canal, while tolls continue to be paid to the old Canal authority. Sooner or later, Egypt would want funds for the running of the services; then would be the time for filling in the details in accordance with the six principles now laid down.

Asked to comment on the alleged part played by Mr. Menon in crystalising the present proposals, Mr. Dulles smiled broadly, and asked to know what Mr. Menon's proposals actually were. He wondered if it embodied any sanctions. He reminded the correspondent that it left the whole thing very much in the air; it contained such innocuous terms as *liaison*, *advisory*, *supervisory*, *consultative* and so on. He said: "You know the old proverb about two classes of people being fools—those who give advice and those who do not take it. That was the distinguishing mark of the Menon or Indian proposals. If we had accepted them, Col. Nasser would have got away with it all—lock, stock and barrel. We have thus had to fight not only for ourselves but also for India in spite of herself."

London:

Both Sir Anthony Eden and Mr. Selwyn Lloyd were off colour, and had not yet quite got over their whipped-up, bellicosity and over-dose of fire-eating. But they were definitely set for convalescence. They said in effect: 'We are not yet out of the wood—normalcy is still far off. We dare not demobilise yet, and the con-founded thing is costing us a pretty penny. It has been most annoying, playing second fiddle to Dulles; but our only consolation is that our betters had to do it before us. However Mr. Dulles has got Egypt on the hip, and that is after all the main thing.'

Paris:

M. Pineau was more pugnacious than his British confreres. He said

that he did not propose to budge an inch from his stand. Things had begun to look up in Algeria already, he claimed. Asked if Russian espousal of Egypt's case had not averted war, the French Premier denied it brusquely. 'Mon Dieu,' he exclaimed, 'it was all bluff on their part; *par bleu*, they dread a war more than we do. For it would mean the liberation of the satellite countries from their thralldom to Moscow. *Ma foi*, Nasser is in no hurry to embrace the Russian Bear. After all, he is a child of the West, in spite of his recent naughty ways. He will return to us like the prodigal son, take my word for it. Mr. Dulles has called his bluff for good and all. You know, *mon ami*, an auction collapses when there is only one bidder. See? That was Meester Dulles's *coup de grace* to Egypt.'

Dr. Mahmoud Fawzi of Egypt had not yet left for Cairo, but was still haunting the corridors of the UNO. He seemed tired and distraught like one who had not yet fully recovered from a recent course of shock therapy. But the courtliness of immemorial Arab manners sat on him more naturally and gracefully than his well-cut English clothes.

Asked about the import of clauses 2 and 3 of the formula, he admitted that though they were not to his taste, they had committed themselves to them by their own earlier promises and assurances to the world at large. The correspondent then asked him if they did not separately and cumulatively abrogate the claim of Egyptian sovereignty materially? 'Oh, no,' he replied airily, 'we mean that we shall not allow the politics of any other country to interfere with the working of the canal.' Asked whether the new terms did not put an end to Col. Nasser's grandiose dreams of building the Aswan Dam with the help of the canal dues, he replied that it still remained to be seen. When

asked who was to decide whether a fair portion of the tolls should be used for development projects, and whether the clause did not provide endless scope for wrangling, he threw up his hands in mock despair and exclaimed: 'Oh, you journalists, you are too clever for me. We feel that these clauses safeguard our sovereignty. Who are you to come all the way from nowhere just to upset our faith?' He was next asked when the second round of explorations would begin, and what Egypt proposed to do about collecting all the tolls herself; but before he could answer, an aide rushed in from the next room and informed him that he was wanted over the phone by Cairo. It provided him with a chance of retreat from an awkward situation which he embraced with alacrity.

#### M. Shepilov:

The Russian Foreign Minister was in a very peevish frame of mind. Everything had gone contrary to his expectations. He had half a mind to veto even the agreed part of the Western proposals. At the last moment, he desisted because he realised that it would make him look ridiculous in the eyes of all the world. Asked to account for the backsliding of Egypt from her original uncompromising stand, he feared that it was partly due to distrust of Russia and partly to the Arab states pulling in different directions. In his view, it was the oil of the other Arab states that had to be poured on the waters of the Suez Canal with a view to promote accord between Egypt and the Western nations. 'Nothing further remained for Col. Nasser than to surrender to the West at discretion. He would doubtless get a few more millions flung at him like the proverbial sop to Cerberus. But our mills are like our God's; they grind slowly, but they grind sure. The future is with us.'

#### V. K. Krishna Menon:

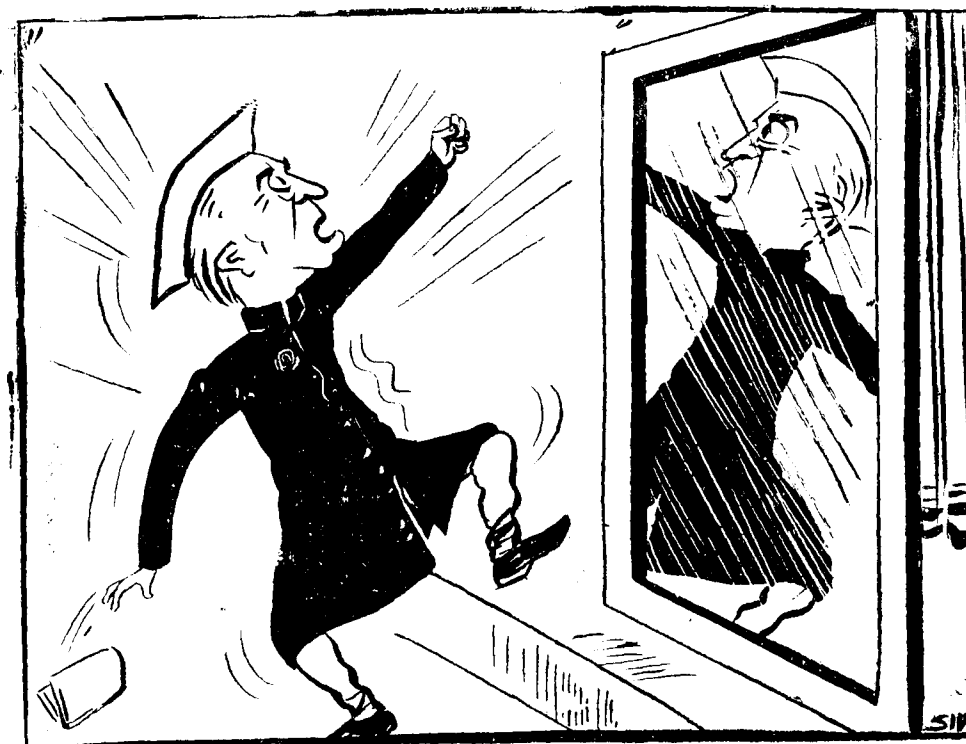
He was seen busily entering into or getting out of an aeroplane. For a man without any portfolio, he carried too many cases of files and documents. He was poring intently over a pocket-book in which were listed his tally of trips, meetings with diplomats and proposals for the peaceful and negotiated settlements of all disputes in the world for the rest of the twentieth century. When at last the correspondent caught his eye, he found him in his most Mephistophelean mood; for he snapped: 'Nothing doing.' He was naturally annoyed at being excluded from the negotiations altogether. The correspondent sought to cheer him up by suggesting that the six-point formula owed its spirit if not its phraseology to his original inspiration. 'What's the good of your saying that. The Western nations have boycotted me! It is true that my draft had no teeth—being but a new-born infant. Now that it has grown through discussion, the teeth too have grown in the ordinary course of nature. But the old proverb is still true. No prophet is honoured except in his own country.' Asked for his further plans he said he was now working on the Six-point formula by filling in details.

C. R., a new entrant into the arena of international politics was frankly crestfallen. He complained that Egypt had let down her friends rather badly. He had prepared a masterly brief proving to his entire satisfaction that she was perfectly justified in nationalising the Suez canal without giving notice. He could not congratulate Egyptian leaders in trusting to America more than India. She would find before long that the material help of America would be like dross against the moral and spiritual prestige of India as expounded by Indian leaders (including himself) from the press, pulpit and the platform.

Pandit Nehru was the last to be approached by our representative. The glamorous and unique embodiment of the spirit of resurgent Asia was in one of his taciturn moods. He pointed out how he had issued no statement about the decision of the Security Council, nor had he any intention of summoning a special session of the Lok Sabha to discuss the international situation. He felt relieved that negotiations had yielded such positive results. He felt, moreover, that his Five Year Plans were now saved. The great thing was the recognition of the principle of nationalisation of the Suez by the Western nations. He was giving no secret away if he should say that he had been working in closest accord with both sides in the present crisis. He referred pointedly to what he himself had achieved in

regard to the nationalisation of the Kolar Gold Mines in the Mysore State of the Union. He has backed the Act of Nationalisation by promising compensation to the old expropriated company and also re-appointing them as the managing agents of the new set-up on better terms for a period of five years. Thus he has been able to satisfy all interests. He concluded by expressing the hope that similar agreements and adjustments would be made by Egypt with the representatives of the old company and the Western Powers. There should be neither losers nor gainers, neither victors nor vanquished in this world. That was the casteless, classless meaningless state of society to which he was leading the masses of this great land . . .

#### THE ANTI-FASCIST



"There is a Fascist in front of me. Bring him here! I shall deal with him!"

## U. S. POLITICAL PARTIES FORGE UNITY ON ESSENTIALS

**U**NDER today's system of political parties in America, vital and controversial issues are brought before the voters for decision. This provides a means of resolving even the deepest rifts among the people. Once the voters decide, the country unites to carry out the approved policy. Sometimes the issues are fundamental, directly determining the nation's course in world affairs or in the development of internal programmes. In such cases, the whole country is aroused. Political feeling runs high, and emotions become explosive, but the parties and elections usually are effective in relieving the pressures.

Only once in the United States' history, has it proved impossible through peaceful political processes to arrive at a decision which the whole country would accept. In the Civil War, from 1861-65, the states divided on the issues of slavery and union. After five years of war, slavery was abolished and the country remained united. On other basic problems elections have controlled issues. Here are three examples:

For almost a century, the two great political parties were divided on the issue of protective tariffs. Numerous Presidential contests were fought with this question as one of the major policies in dispute. Another issue which caused deep divisions involved the alternatives of a "sound", or gold-based currency, or a "soft", silver-based currency. A great political battle was fought following World War I over the question of U. S. membership in the League of Nations. In each of these instances, political passions at times reached the boiling point. Yet in the end, reasonable minds in both parties were able to find ground for

agreement. Political processes eventually produced these solutions:

1. Members of both political parties have come generally to accept the view that tariffs should be related to the country's position as a trading nation and should be employed simply as an economic expedient to safeguard its essential interests as required. A flexible provision of the Tariff Act not only makes it possible to adjust rates upward or downward to meet changing internal or external conditions but has paved the way for reciprocal trade agreements with other countries.

2. For the purpose of international trade, the dollar is still based on gold. For internal use, it is backed by a substantial gold reserve, but the currency system has greater flexibility than formerly.

3. After World War II, in the light of changing world conditions and new international responsibilities, leaders of the great political parties became united on the question of U. S. membership in the United Nations, successor to the League of Nations.

### Bipartisan Foreign Policy

Inter-party unity has been achieved to a remarkable degree in the search of the United States for a just and lasting peace. As always, when faced with an international crisis, Americans of all political faiths have closed ranks, buried their party differences, and backed the country's elected leaders. A prime example of this was the conduct of Wendell Willkie, Republican Presidential candidate in 1940. Following his defeat at the polls, Willkie used his great influence in rallying Republican support of the Democratic Administration's foreign policy. President Franklin D. Roosevelt acknowledged

that contribution in these words: "We might not have had Lend-Lease or Selective Service or a lot of other things if it hadn't been for Wendell Willkie. He was a god-send to his country when we needed him most."

As time went on, leaders of the major parties conferred, compromised, and developed an international policy above party lines—a bipartisan or, more accurately, a non-partisan policy. Many members of the minority party were appointed to help represent the United States at international meetings. President Roosevelt and his Secretary of State, Cordell Hull, after the 1944 elections, took the initiative in consulting with the defeated Republican candidate, Thomas E. Dewey, and his chief foreign policy adviser, John Foster Dulles, now U. S. Secretary of State. Hull viewed the "future peace as a nonpartisan" topic, and Dewey agreed, provided this attitude "did not preclude full public nonpartisan discussion of the means of attaining a lasting peace." Dulles was appointed as an adviser to and later, a member of the U. S. delegation to the United Nations. He also served President Truman and his Secretaries of State as Special Consultant in the Department of State and was chief architect of the Japanese Peace Treaty.

No name is more closely associated with the nonpartisan foreign policy than that of the late Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg, Republican from the State of Michigan. During World War II he discarded his old belief in national isolation and became an outstanding legislative spokesman of interparty cooperation on international policy. His character and achievements as chairman of the U. S. Senate Foreign Relations Committee from 1940 to 1948 testify to his influence and leadership. The Senator was also a delegate to many United Nations conferences and a leading advocate of U. S. participation in that organisation. Among his outstanding contributions to U. S. foreign policy was the Vandenberg Resolution, implementing Article 51 of the U. N. Charter which provides for regional collective security arrangements. From this grew the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation.

Thus, American political parties have fought and resolved their differences, eventually forging a programme that could command the support of the great majority of the voters on many significant issues. Political campaigns are frequently hard fought and bitter, but in the end differences are resolved in a way that tends to produce an essential unity among Americans on fundamentals.—*USIS*.

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## ON AUTOBIOGRAPHIES

By C. L. R. SASTRI

THERE is a good deal to be said for writing one's own life-history: it would be an eye-opener to many. Every man should be compelled to tell his life's story. It would not matter if he told it ill. Literary craftsmanship is not necessary, though, to be sure, it would not be a hindrance if one could encompass it. But it can easily be dispensed with, in an emergency. Your illiterate man would not be a bad one for reciting his experiences, for telling the bead-roll of the pains and pleasures that fell to his lot in his sojourn through life. It is even possible that an additional charm may be lent to it by its being rough-and-ready and unalloyed with the doubtful virtue of skilful narration. There will be more truth in it, at any rate. There will be no glossing over discreditable events. There will be no attempt to unfold a fine tale, with the first person singular always in the forefront. There will be no sifting and arranging of material under glittering heads. Everything will be natural, just as it occurred, with the good and the bad cheek-by-jowl and, if anything, the bad preponderating. There is a widespread notion that most men's lives are dull—depressingly dull on occasion—and are, therefore, not worth going over with the reader. The notion, fortunately, is a mistaken one. Life is not full of joy, it is true, and success does not lead on to success in a never-ending chain. Happiness is only for the few—it is, indeed, not a plant that usually grows on mortal soil—and all men are *not* born equal. But when the worst has been said, when all the wine has been drunk and but the lees remain, even then, I take leave to suggest, all is not over and there is a substratum of liveliness left

with which to "greet the unseen with a cheer". The lives of the unfortunate, of the down-trodden, of the forlorn, are, in fact, more interesting than those of the blatantly successful. Ill-luck is not without its own relish, without its own compensation. After all, there is no picture-squeness in a straight and level road: the beauty belongs to the incessantly undulating path, "the verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways" of the poet's nostalgic imagination. Variety is the spice of life; and the unexpected is not less its charm. An unsuccessful man's life, I submit, should be chronicled as well as that of the successful man: a bad man's no less than a good one's. All will be found to be equally instructive.

### No Procrustean Bed Of Tradition

Autobiography need not be in a set-form: there is no Procrustean bed of tradition to which it should be compelled to adapt itself: it can reveal itself, like Providence, in multitudinous modes. There is scope for personal touches even in fiction; and, though they may not be complete, they are generally sufficient to satisfy the legitimate curiosity of the reader and to furnish him with material for forming a reasonably accurate judgment of the author. No one can deny that, whatever a man's external accomplishments may be, it is, in the final analysis, his inner self that enables us to make a more or less correct (if sometimes "agonising") appraisal of him. The two are not, as is often erroneously supposed, separate entities but run into each other imperceptibly: it is as though they were tethered in neighbouring stalls and a kick would, at any moment, bring down the parti-

tion. One's essentially inner life is thus reflected even in one's most public—and professional—acts. I am not to be understood as implying, however, that a man's public life must, of necessity, be judged by his private life: what is suggested is that, where his outward self alone is not sufficient to explain his actions, recourse should be had to his inner life to supply the requisite data. It is here that autobiography becomes useful, where it bears a revealing light. An individual's life cannot, in the best of circumstances, be all in all: the most it can do is to supplement what, otherwise, may be but a partial, an inadequate, evaluation.

### Letters

In a man's letters also we can, with a modicum of luck, pierce the veil of his being. It is here, if anywhere, that he drops off the dress-coat of conventional life and appears *en deshabille*: he is here himself, with all his vices and virtues in bold relief. He cares not for his audience, for applause from the pit and gallery in a last desperate attempt at stalls, nor does he appeal to the mockshows and make-believe. He is not talking *at* posterity. He is communing with an intimate, a friend in his retreat to whom he may whisper, "solitude is sweet". It is eminently a case of mind opening on to mind and heart talking to heart. There are no intimacies so confidential that he dare not impart to his *vis-a-vis*. He is audaciously frank and is in his most natural, most uninhibited, vein. His soul, he shows, is still a child by the sea, picking up shells. In fine, he revels in being indiscreet to the top of his bent. Most people, when the outer layer of affectation is removed, are refreshingly simple at heart: their souls are fair, "bright as the children of yon azure sheen". It is because they are so seldom allowed, by the cruel conven-

tions of the world, to be thus delightfully carefree that they appear to be so complex, so impenetrable.

### Conversation

There is yet another way of pulling aside the curtain just a little and exhibiting the rare show of one's innermost life. A man, unless he is born dumb, reveals himself, be it never so slightly, in conversation—"that great international congress", as Robert Louis Stevenson happily calls it. "In short," he says:

"the first duty of a man is to speak; that is his chief business in the world; and talk, which is the harmonious speech of two or more, is by far the most accessible of pleasures. It costs nothing in money; it is all profit; it completes our education, finds and fosters our friendship, and can be enjoyed at any age and in almost any state of health."

For ideal conversation the company must be strictly limited. It must be conducted only among intimates. If authentic reports of some men's conversation could be had, they would shed a flood of light on their real selves. Dr. Johnson, for instance, is known more by records of his conversation, faithfully conveyed through the medium of Boswell's admiring pen, than by all his books put together. Good talkers are, unfortunately, rare, and even of these we know not all. Hazlitt was a consummate talker, and so was Charles Lamb. We know the latter more and love him the better because of reports of his talks and personal characteristics that have been transmitted to us by his more intimate friends. It is an irreparable misfortune that we have not been similarly rewarded by reports of *Hazlitt's* prowess: Hazlitt was as fine a talker as, if not a finer talker than, "Elia" himself. Hazlitt both loved good talk and was an excellent hand at the game himself. His brilliant descriptions of his friends' conversa-

tional abilities have become classics of English literature:

"Wordsworth sometimes talks like a man inspired on subjects of poetry (his own out of the question)—Coleridge well on every subject and Godwin on none. Mrs. Montague's conversation is as fine-cut as her features and I like to sit in the room with that sort of coronet face. What she says leaves a flavour like fine green tea. Hunt's is like champagne and Northcot's like anchovy sandwiches. Haydon's is like a game of trap-ball, Lamb's like snap-dragon; and my own (if I do not mistake the matter) is not much unlike a game of nine-pins."

Hazlitt was one of the most irremediably unfortunate men that ever lived. He was not judged fairly in his lifetime, and even now people are loath to give him his (belated) due. The conjecture is not highly fanciful that if portraits of the man as he revealed himself in conversation with his closest friends—among whom Lamb was foremost—had come down to us, the world would have been less harsh in its estimate of him.

#### Private Diaries

After all, a man is known by his small actions no less than by his great ones: he is the sum of all that he is daily and not merely what he is at rare and inspired moments. He must be judged not only by the peaks of his achievements but also by the depths of his degradation; and the truth, no doubt, would lie somewhere in the middle. There is a good deal to be said for keeping a private journal and for recording passing thoughts. Pepys did a very meritorious thing when he bequeathed to posterity his personal diary of umpteen volumes. Most of us, I am confident, can contrive to do the same—

or as nearly the same as makes no matter—if we, too, decide to keep a diary and record assiduously therein all that we do every day of our lives. Exaggeration notwithstanding, there is some undisputed good sense in the notion. Life, at best, is very short: most of us are not known even during our lifetime. As Hazlitt puts it, rather poignantly:

"It is not surprising that we are forgotten so soon after we quit this mortal stage; we are scarcely noticed while we are in it. It is not merely that our names are not known in China; they have hardly been heard of in the next street."

We are here today and are no more the next; but the giant wheels of the world will ever roll on. Why should we not, then, strive to take stock of the present—while we may—and make it imperishable? Is it not a pity that by far the greatest part of our existence should be lost in what Sir Thomas Browne calls "the unforgettable night of nothing"? The late Mr. H. W. Nevinston, in the preface to his autobiography, *Changes and Chances*, gives his excuse for it in the following memorable words:

"It is nearly incredible that all the vital experiences of today will, by tomorrow, have become a blank of nonentity, like the sums a child washes from a slate, irrevocable as the millen ages before man made himself. It seems an extravagant waste, a lamentable squandering. And so a book of memories like this becomes an attempt to clutch at transient time before it whirls into oblivion. It is a fond endeavour to retard this hurrying chariot, to grasp the vanishing shadow, and with Faust to cry to the moment: *Verweile doch, du bist so schön*. Or, if the moment be not fair but grisly, still one would not have it blotted out for ever."

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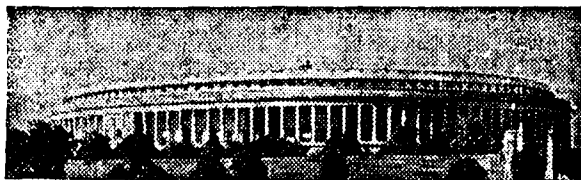


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# NEW DELHI DIARY



By V. V. PRASAD

THE Prime Minister's performance at Ahmedabad clearly demonstrates that he has failed to understand that the demand for linguistic states is a cultural question and not a sign of provincialism. India is a multi-national State. As long as this simple fact is not recognized by the holders of power, our troubles will continue.

The Congress Party, under the leadership of Mahatma Gandhi, demanded linguistic provinces year after year. The British Government, which believed in the principle of "divide and rule," knew that if India were divided into its natural cultural units, there would be no quarrels between the cultural groups. If Madras were not a bilingual State, there would have been no struggle between C. R. and Prakasam, and between the Andhras and the Tamils. If Bombay were not a bilingual State, there would have been no quarrels between Munshi and Nariman, and between the Maharashtrians and the Gujarathis.

The Congress organisation was divided on a linguistic basis. Both the Andhra Provincial Congress Committee and the Tamil Nad Congress Committee functioned in the South, although there was no Andhra State at that time. But when the Congress Party came to wield undisputed sway over the whole of India, the Centre understood the need to continue the policy of "divide and rule," and was therefore most unwilling to concede its own previous demand for linguistic states. The fissiparous tendencies, which are so heartily condemned, receive a filip

by the continuance of bilingual states. The Ahmedabad students, young as they are, fully understood this. But our Prime Minister did not.

When the students of Ahmedabad gave expression to their strong feelings on this question, the Prime Minister should have paused to consider whether he could possibly have been wrong. To err is human.

To accuse the students of "fascist methods, neurotic frustration and juvenile delinquency" is only to confess that one's sense of vanity has been wounded. The fascist method consists in forcing down the people's throats what has been found to be against their declared wishes. The Bombay legislature had categorically expressed itself in favour of a separate Gujerat and a separate Maharashtra. The Lok Sabha, therefore, had no business to pass a measure which went counter to these wishes of the people of the region.

Pandit Nehru's thesis on Democracy is rather queer. Democracy is rule according to the will of the people. In the case of Bombay State, the will of the people is to be ascertained by consulting the Bombay legislature, if not by a referendum among the people themselves. Even the Lok Sabha must not do anything which is not in keeping with the will of the concerned region.

It is not right for the Lok Sabha to come to a decision which is known to be contrary to the wishes of the people of Gujerat and Maharashtra. It is wrong to defy the will of the people, and ask them to change the decision five or ten years hence. To ask them to do so smacks of Fascism.

It is not proper for a Prime Minister to take bets with "juvenile delinquents." Betting is not to be encouraged, especially by the head of a Government. And to bet with juvenile delinquents (as the Prime Minister has done) smacks of delinquency which has not the extenuating circumstances of being juvenile. You are showing no respect to the Lok Sabha if you are going to bet on the decisions of such a sovereign body. Bets can take place even in the most reckless gambling circles only when there is a reasonable chance for each of two or more possible ways.

The students of Gujerat have greatly helped to combat the cult of personality that is assuming alarming proportions in our country. The Prime Minister began to talk about the great prestige that he was enjoy-

ing all the world over. It may be true, but it was quite unedifying to find the Prime Minister thus praising himself.

Dr. Ram Manohar Lohia pointed out that the Indian police treated human beings as flies. They killed people as if they were flies.

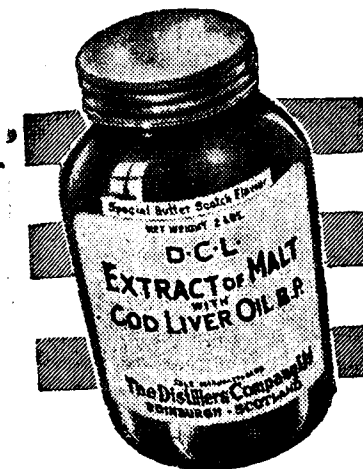
We have in India today callousness towards human life, of which we cannot be proud. When the police kill human beings again and again, we hardly ever raise a voice of protest. The frequency of police firings in our country has blunted our sensitivity.

It smacks of the sweet will and pleasure of an autocratic monarch—although the Prime Minister anticipates the charge and denies that he is a monarch.

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The Voice of the Martyrs.



# SWATANTRA

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## PANDIT NEHRU THINKS

**S**PEAKING in a press conference at Calcutta on October 21st, Pandit Nehru took one further step towards the identification of his ideology with that of the communists. The Prime Minister was replying at Calcutta to the criticism made by Mr. Eugene Black, President of the World Bank, who pointed out the dangers inherent in the Second Five Year Plan, which is designed to suppress private enterprise and boost the public sector. Pandit Nehru characterised Mr. Black's point of view in favour of private enterprise as the American point of view, which equated democracy with private enterprise and which Pandit Nehru asserted was not justified according to "our thinking."

We do not presume to fathom the significance of the word's "our thinking" uttered by Pandit Nehru in this connection. It is good to know that there is some thinking being done in this country these days. Amidst the din of slogan mongering and shoutings at high pitch, there is little evidence of the exercise of the thinking faculty which is the feature distinguishing man from the brute. Pandit Nehru's reference to "our thinking" probably indicates that not only he but certain others are also attempting to exercise their reasoning powers on behalf of the people. The word "our" conveys the impression that the three members of the inner circle of the Central Cabinet, against whose supreme authority the ex-Finance Minister Mr. C. D. Deshmukh rebelled, are all of them jointly and severally engaged in the strenuous exercise of thinking. Or, did Pandit

Nehru indicate that the entire Congress High Command was furiously thinking? Or, did he simply use the royal "we" and meant that he, as the Prime Minister and the only effective politician in India, was exercising his prerogative of thinking on behalf of the whole country. Whatever may be the significance of the plural number he used in his press conference, it would be futile for us, humble folk, to attempt to probe the mystery of the authorship of this unprecedented endeavour in thinking. It would be more useful for us to investigate the content of the thinking process indulged in by the august personalities whoever they may be.

Mr. Nehru begins with an admission that some of his friends have told him that under his guidance India was moving towards state capitalism through state ownership of industries. Mr. Nehru blandly admits the truth of this criticism but exclaims in self-defence that "there is no other way." He does not vouchsafe to us the reasons which induce him to take up this uncompromising attitude. Why is it that we in India are unable to adopt the methods of America and other Western nations which have achieved political freedom as well as economic prosperity? And why is it that we should follow blindly the method of state capitalism adopted by the totalitarian communists who have not yet achieved either political freedom or economic prosperity? The world is coming to know a little more intimately of the happenings within the iron curtain countries and no one in

## PEDLAR'S PACK

THE warmth of the welcome accorded to Earl and Countess Attlee has exceeded the expectations of the most ardent anglo-phil amidst us, not to mention the discomfiture it must have brought to the most confirmed Indo-phobe anywhere: The Attlees have been so touched by this demonstration that they have decided to prolong their stay in the City for another day. Many interesting rumours are circulating in knowledgeable circles as to the future dispositions of this charming pair. According to some, he is likely to be invited to make India his home for six months in the year. It is again thought not unlikely that a deputation consisting of Messrs. C. Rajagopalachari, Dr. John Matthai and other eminent intellectuals would wait on him with a view to persuade him to accept the leadership of the opposition in the country and thus help the growth of democracy through its teething troubles. He seems to have learnt a good deal of highly valuable information as to the working of democratic institutions in our state, and to have expressed a genuine admiration for Sri Kamaraj Nadar who, he was told, was in the habit of relaxing only during the sessions of the local legislature. That, he acknowledged, was a possible use to which even the House of Commons was put as a general rule.

Some enthusiasts are even prepared to include in the current five-year plan a comprehensive project for erecting temples or halls in his honour which could be dovetailed into our community development projects. They are to be styled 'Atli peetam' and are to be built *ad libitum*! Whatever may be our national failings, ingratitude is not one of them—as all the world knows. One wag with a legalistic turn of mind is of the view that to give added significance to the phrase 'Father of the Nation' as applied to Gandhiji, and in view of the doughty role of Mr. Attlee (as he then was) in granting us our freedom, it would be the barest truth to dub him in our national records 'The Father in-law of the nation.' For where would we have been today but

for the transference of power to us by Mr. Attlee!

The Sultan of Morocco has demanded the return of Tangier to him by abrogating its international character. He said that the Western powers had no right to be there.

**The Western powers are in Tangier  
Like the proverbial dog in the manger!**

Asked whether the Tory Party would be defeated and whether Labour would come to power again, Earl Attlee replied that he had no doubt of it. He added that the Tories generally get sick of themselves and so lose the elections.

This is of course in refreshing contrast to the experience of the Labour Party which loses elections when the public gets sick of it!

It was reported that barbers and dhobies were able to sell passes for entry into the palace during the recent Dassara celebrations at Mysore.

After all, selling the pass has not been an unknown national pastime even of their betters in our hoary history.

The second part of the Western resolution on the Suez issue was vetoed by M. Shepilov, the Russian delegate.

**In Arab circles, there was a deal of  
Frantic joy when M. Shepilov  
Applied the Veto**

**And was supported by Tito!**

Announcing his conversion to Buddhism, Dr. Ambedkar has explained that he would establish a new sect of his own to be called Navyan which would have nothing in common with any other sect.

**So Dr. Ambedkar as a Buddhist  
Would be nearest to a Nudist!**

It has been officially announced that the Police Force is to be harnessed to do rural reconstruction work.

This would be not to harness them but to harass them!

LIBRA

## SWATANTRA

(Issued Every Saturday)

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COVER PAGE: Mr. N. Sanjeeva Reddi, the Chief Minister of the new Andhra State.

*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.*

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his senses dare venture to assert that a Soviet citizen today enjoys either a higher level of life or a larger measure of freedom than any citizen even in the most backward of the Western nations. What the Soviets have achieved, after half a century of the most ruthless dictatorship over one-fifth of the globe, is that they have produced a military machine equipped with all the latest gadgets for waging a terrific global war. The method adopted by Pandit Nehru of following in the footsteps of the communists would, if time and circumstances favour him and his successors, lead India to the achievement of a similar result of producing a mighty war machine which might be a real threat to the whole world. And the present miserably low level of living of Indian population will sink further down. Is that the object that Pandit Nehru is driving at as a result of the strenuous thinking which he says he has been practising? Is there no other way open except state capitalism for our country? Why should we not adopt the well tried method by which other countries have achieved democratic progress?

One line of argument indicated in Mr. Nehru's press conference is that India being a backward country, she cannot wait for the ordinary method of achieving prosperity and she has to adopt a short cut. But what if there are no short cuts and progress has to be paid for in this work-a-day world in the shape of laborious and prolonged toil? Why should India risk the danger of a dictatorship which will be worse than economic backwardness?

The question arises as to whether India is really so backward that she cannot adopt modern techniques of production through normal channels and she has to be spoon fed by totalitarian methods. What nation can be more backward than Germany after the last war when the bulk of her

youth was either killed on the battle fields or so maimed and distorted, physically and mentally, that they were a terrific burden to the nation, when her factories were either destroyed by the enemy bombings or were dismantled and exported against claims for war damages advanced by enemy countries and when her entire transport system was destroyed and put out of commission? Similar was the fate of Japan which was specially picked out not only for the perpetration of the atrocity of atomic bombings but for protracted occupation by enemy forces whose depredations, physical and moral, were felt in every Japanese home, in town and village. But Germany and Japan have revived, phoenix like, out of the ashes of their funeral pyre and their prosperity today has won the admiration and the envy of their erstwhile enemies. It was not the pity of their neighbours, it was not foreign help that accomplished this miracle; and undoubtedly it was not totalitarian communism that was responsible for this sharp recovery. The miracle was achieved by the toil and the sweat of the two peoples who felt their bond of national unity urging them towards a supreme effort at rehabilitation in spite of their misery. Nothing is impossible if the energy of an awakened people gets yoked to the task of national reconstruction.

Instead of achieving such an awakening among our people, Pandit Nehru and his Government are putting the people of India to sleep by brandishing before their eyes the illusory hopes of the early attainment of prosperity by the cheap method of imitating the communists. The Nehru method is just a copy of the method adopted by Stalin in Russia which has recently been condemned by Stalin's successors. It is based on the presumption that the private sector is necessarily inefficient and corrupt, while the public sector is at any rate more efficient and less corrupt than the private sector. But

experience in India and in other countries including Russia have proved just the contrary. Public management of industrial enterprise has produced phenomenal waste and crippling inefficiency. And public undertakings of distribution of commodities have not only produced injustice and corruption but have also given birth to and nurtured a black market side by side of the Governmental agencies. Stalin's Russia was filled with people who sold as well as bought essential commodities on the sly, outside the fair price shops established by Government. Similar has been the experience in India whenever price control and regulated distribution have been attempted by Government.

Speaking at the 15th anniversary celebrations of the Sri Rama Vilas Service at Kumbakonam on the 3rd instant, Dr. C. P. Ramaswami Ayyar, who has had extensive administrative experience as member of Government and as Dewan of the Travancore State, said that "everything the

state started tends to slacken bit by bit while the reverse is true in the case of the private sector." Mr. S. Anantharamakrishnan, the prominent industrialist of Madras, speaking on the same occasion, said that "the public sector is quite inefficient from whatever standard it could be judged while the private sector could do very useful service in much shorter time." The statements of these two men who have achieved eminence in politics and in industry will be supported by others who have had opportunities of similar experience not only in this country but elsewhere.

The problem, then, that is posed for thinking minds, if any still exist in India, is as to whether our country should blindly follow Pandit Nehru who is gradually heading towards the communist orbit or whether they should pause and consider the alternative method which is still open to them of following the beaten track of the steady build up of our industrial structure on the bed rock of free enterprise.

## SIDELIGHTS ::

PANDIT G. B. PANT, Union Home Minister, addressing a public meeting at Rajkot on October 21st, deplored the present miserable plight of the Muslim League party in Pakistan. He painted in withering words of sarcasm the faded glory of that political party which was responsible not only for the creation of Pakistan but also for the fashioning of an Islamic Constitution for that country. As a contrast he pointed with pride to the glory that is India, where the Congress party is treading the path of love and peace shown by Mahatma Gandhi, the prophet of non-violence. Time was, not long ago, when the Muslim Leaguers in Pakistan were deeply immersed in self-adulation and in the glory that was theirs as

the accredited followers of Mr. Jinnah, the prophet of Pakistan. The Muslim League party men hoped that they had achieved power which would abide with them for eternity even as their opposite numbers of the Congress Party in India still entertain the hope that the power bequeathed to them by Mahatma Gandhi will endure for ever. But political hegemony is not within the gift of individuals, however great they might be. Jinnah is still worshipped in Pakistan as the Father of that Nation. But the power of his personality has melted. His bequests have lost their potency. Similar will be the fate of the Mahatma who is to-day hailed, worshipped and exploited by Congressmen as their

patron saint. The process of disintegration has already begun. It started with the bare-faced flouting of the Mahatma's last will and testament to dissolve the Congress as a political party. The wheels of destiny turn slowly but they grind truly. The time will come when the Congress party in India which shares with the Muslim League party in Pakistan the guilt of the dismemberment of the country will also share the fate of their political coadjutors and will, in the words of Pandit Pant, "be cast away by the people."

The process of de-Stalinisation started by Khrushchev at the Twentieth Congress of the Russian Communist Party is to all appearances having a successful fulfilment and is creating that favourable reaction in Western countries which was exactly what Khrushchev aimed at. The easing of the international tension has gone on in spite of the Suez crisis. In fact, the Soviet veto took an extremely mild form at the Security Council and served only to reinforce the prior Six Point agreement which was forced down the throat of Egypt with Soviet connivance. For the first time a kind of unanimity has been achieved at the U. N. O. with the active co-operation of the countries within the Iron Curtain. Such a result could not have been achieved but for the dire necessity of the Soviet Union for inducing the world to believe that International Communism had really turned a new leaf in its history. Then came the spectacular meeting of Khrushchev and Tito which left the world guessing as to the real objective of the participants but which ultimately ended in the drawing closer together of the two personalities and necessarily of the countries they dominate. Later a *coup-d'etat* was staged at Warsaw bringing back to power the Titoist Gomulka who was till then languishing in prison. And now in Hungary riotous

scenes are witnessed in the streets of Budapest where Imre Nagy, who had been denounced for his "right deviationism and anti-Marxist, anti-Leninist and anti-party views," has re-emerged as the premier. The dramatic changes in Poland and in Hungary have been accompanied by an exuberance of mass frenzy which, however, has not been accompanied with much violence. To all appearances, it looks as though there is a genuine democratic upsurge in the satellite countries of the Soviet regime and a spontaneous re-instatement of the real representatives of the people in the seats of power.

But, is all this real or is it a put up show? The communists are past masters in such show business and they go to any lengths to make the worse appear the better reason. Freedom loving people all the world over hanker for a genuine change of heart in the communist world so that the threat of another global war which would destroy humanity with atomic bombs may be avoided. But it is possible that the master-minds behind the communist regime are really designing to put the free world to sleep by a pretended change of heart, while they carry on with their nefarious plans to undermine human freedom. The events that have followed the famous speech of Khrushchev at the Twentieth Congress of his party have taken such a pre-ordained sequence and have been embellished with such rosy and tempting features that they suggest careful planning and execution by trained showmen, and not the spontaneous expressions of peoples who have achieved freedom. India has taken Khrushchev at his face value. But the rest of the free world is still sceptical.

The redivision of India on a linguistic basis will come into operation on November 1st. Excepting for the solitary instance of Bombay, all

the states in India will be unilingual. And practically all of them will be more or less fully occupied with their frontier problems, because it is impossible to draw geographical lines of division across living peoples who are endowed with the migratory instinct. Neighbouring populations not only inter-mix across the frontiers but they penetrate further abroad and permeate areas where their mother tongues are not understood. The progress of modern means of communication facilitates the process of such inter-mixture and militates against impositions of linguistic divisions. It was an evil day when the Nehru Government appointed the States Reorganisation Commission. Now it is too late to regret the mistake. India will have to go through the agonies of this second partition which, in some respects, will be worse than the first partition which produced Pakistan. The present further fragmentation has rekindled slumbering fanaticisms.

So far as the South is concerned we are now faced with four States under the new set-up. Of the four, there will be the least change in Madras. Chief Minister Kamaraja Nadar will continue, more strongly entrenched in power, because of the severance of the districts on the west coast. His position is now quite comfortable. In fact, he is a more permanent fixture in Madras than Pandit Nehru is in Delhi. His star has been on the ascendent ever since the fortunate day when the late Mr. Satyamurthy proposed him to be the President of the Tamil P. C. C., sixteen years ago. He has continued in power ever since and it looks as though he will continue in power to the end of his days.

The picture in the neighbouring state of Andhra is entirely different. On the eve of the inauguration of the new State of

Greater Andhra, the rivalries within the Congress Party came to a head and the Deputy Chief Minister, Mr. N. Sanjeeva Reddy, dislodged his chief, Mr. Gopala Reddi. The new Chief Minister is a younger man and has a reputation for being more affable and more amenable to democratic influences. His rival, Mr. Gopala Reddi, was overbearing in his demeanour, was aristocratic in his outlook and was a defender of vested interests. Mr. Sanjeeva Reddy has imbibed the spirit of the times and is expected to make a better success of his job than his predecessor.

The outlook in Mysore has also changed. A group of politicians wallowing in the conservative traditions of the old princely state and unwilling to merge their interests with those of the less developed areas outside where Kanarese people lived, have been ousted from power by the election, as Party leader and Chief Minister, of Mr. Nijalingappa who has always stood by the idea of greater Karnataka.

In the state of Kerala on the West Coast, which is the smallest in India, nobody seems to be happy. The Rajpramukh has finally lost his job. The state itself is under President's rule. There is a fear entertained by Congressmen that the Communists will come into power at the next general elections. And everybody is agreed that the state is over-populated and does not produce enough food and is backward in industrial development. The silver lining in the cloud is that the people are the most educated in all India, the percentage of literacy being the highest. The Central Secretariat at Delhi is filled with Malayalees. The Menons have monopolised the foreign service of the Government of India. With such material, anything is possible in Kerala.

SETHU

## PEDLAR'S PACK

THERE is no assurance that amateur cartography which has been such a favourite hobby with our leaders will be given up after November 1. A whole Pandora box-ful of border disputes is waiting to be emptied down the devoted heads of a badgered public. We have mammoth states like the new bilingual Bombay at one end, and tiny tots like Pondicherry at the other end. The Prime Minister has declared that he is now all for bigger states. Then why does he give the comfort of his countenance to such a ridiculous farce as a state of Pondicherry comprising half a dozen villages? Kashmir is getting the best of both the worlds; it is an annexe of Pakistan in all but name. We are flinging crores into that unnecessary and undependable out-post in the teeth of commonsense to soothe the susceptibilities of our Prime Minister who has grown monomaniacal about it. The moment our army is withdrawn from that area, it will have as great a fall as Humpty-Dumpty; and not all the wizards in the world can set it up thereafter. Pandit Nehru offered a bet to the students of Ahmedabad that the new set-up would come into force on November first. But will he take a bet that the new arrangement would remain undisturbed for the next five years? In the old days, India used to be described as a geographical expression and as a museum of antiquities. It still remains a geographical expression, but instead of being a museum, it has now become an emporium of novelties.

The fade-out of the Princely order—exceptions excepted—from the Indian political landscape will not prove an unmixed blessing. Preservation of them as a class is repugnant to our new-embraced egalitarianism; liquidating them in modern, approved ways is abhorrent to decencies as old as our history. If they could be fitted into the new order as an unlabelled but effective elite, they might well save not merely themselves but also the finer points of the national

life. But the trend seems to be to honour the hereditary principle only in the case of parvenus, as when a person is pitchforked into a Governorship for merely being her mother's daughter!

In the course of an article Mr. Bevan says: 'America has money-power and uses it. The Tories have gun-power but dare not use it.'

Mr. Bevan himself has neither, but abuses both with unfailing gusto!

Reports from the East European countries under Soviet control indicate that riots have broken out extensively. Anti-Soviet demonstrations have occurred in Poland and Hungary. Indications point to a diplomatic retreat on the part of M. Khrushchev, Secretary of the Soviet communist party.

Whoever foresaw

Rebellion in Warsaw?

Or 'Comrades' put to test

In the streets of Budapest!

Conflicting versions

Follow leaders' excursions.

All this tinkering and pottering

Show an empire that's tottering:

Speaking on the Bill to integrate all systems of medicine, Dr. Sir A. L. Mudaliar, the leader of the Opposition, declared that he was sure the modern system would take care of itself.

That's the trouble with it. It is so concerned with taking care of itself as to find no time to take care of the public!

Referring to the new constitution, Bakshi Ghulam Mohamed, the Kashmir premier, is reported to have said that the passing of it into law would mark the consummation of the process of liberation begun under the leadership of Sheik Abdullah.

But the liberation of Sheik Abdullah himself from detention seems to be a matter of consternation to the present premier.

LIBRA

## WHAT PRICE MY VOTE?

By NILKAN PERUMAL

ACCORDING to the amendments passed to our electoral rules, two years ago, any person whose name was not found on the electoral-roll had to pay one rupee in the first instance to have it included. At a later stage, he was asked to pay ten, and later still Rs. 50. This means that if I want to have the right of franchise in my country, I should pay for that privilege an amount of Rs. 50.

The State is the reflection of the people. The right to vote in a democracy is the process of reflection. The peoples' voting has a bearing on the make-up of the State. Realizing its importance, the State prepares the electoral-roll on a correct basis. Still, in no country can the electoral list be aimed to be perfect, nor do all the people in a country record their votes at election time. In India, of the 360 million people, only 17 millions are on electoral rolls and of that, not even fifty per cent exercise their franchise. That was the record during the 1952 elections. In Great Britain, on an average 76 per cent of the voters exercise their votes in a general election. In Canada, it is 60 per cent, and in the United States, it is 51 per cent. In New Zealand, during the last general election, out of the 1,113,852 names on the rolls, 1,041,794 people registered their votes. That was 93 per cent, and perhaps the highest record of those who voted in any election in any country. Now, in India, I realize that it is a difficult task to prepare a perfect electoral roll, and our list is not complete. All the same whilst I feel for the imperfection of those who prepared the list, the remedy does not lie in imposing a fine of one rupee, ten rupees or fifty rupees, on the citizen to get his name included. The sacred privilege of the vote is something the State should always freely

confer on the people, and not make them pay for it.

Take my own case. I have lived in India at a stretch for the last eighteen years after returning from my travels abroad. Three cities claimed me as their citizen during this period—Madras, Calcutta and Coimbatore. In none of these places did anybody approach me at any time for the purpose of ascertaining my status, for including my name in the electoral roll. I was paying income-tax too. In Madras, I was entitled to at least the literacy vote for the municipal elections, but even that, I was denied! Now, in the last general elections, I was persuaded by friends to declare my candidature for a Parliamentary seat, from a certain constituency, but then, I found out that I was not a voter! When friends prevailed upon me to deposit the necessary Rs. 50 penalty and see my name included in the voters' list, I flatly refused. My simple objection was that I was not prepared to buy my voting right with cash, even as it is wrong for a candidate to purchase a vote in his favour! I have always thought that a vote should have no price!

The Vote in Modern Democracies

Since I have no vote I am not one among the 17 million Indians who have it. I never took any interest in any elections that took place in India during the last eighteen years! My wife suffers from the same disadvantage. But, there are others who have their vote and yet, they do not participate in any election. It may be due to three reasons, inability, indifference and doubts as to whom to vote for! In countries where the voting is taken as a patriotic duty, they penalize those who default to vote. Take the case of Brazil, for example. There, if a man wants to have anything done by the government for him, he must, first of all,

prove that he possessed the vote. In Belgium, the voter who did not go to the polls is fined about ten rupees, and in Australia and New Zealand too, similar penalties are enforced. Some folk in those countries feel that if a man did not vote consecutively in two elections, he should be made to completely surrender his voting-right in the third election! Others have said that if a man failed to vote, he should be deemed as unfit to vote. But some people like Harry Russel, a famous American lawyer of Nebraska, believe that "it is wrong to attach a penalty for non-voting, and to do so, would be inconsistent with the inherent nature of free citizenship."

What shall we do in India? The perfect electoral-roll is an unattainable ideal, but we can at least try to do our very best in the matter. There is a large staff of officials engaged

for the purpose, and they should work with all the vigilance they are capable of, to secure the most-complete list possible. The man who defaults in his income-tax is promptly traced out, but why not the man who has the right to vote? A vote is to be weighed, not counted, said a wiseacre somewhere, but it will take a long time indeed in our country to attain that standard. Meanwhile, it is the duty of the State never to deny the vote to the deserving, through negligence or indifference. The election-authority should always be ready to look into the matter whenever called upon to do so and rectify an error or an omission. But, asking people to pay for the inclusion of their names in the voters' list is not decent in any democracy! If revenue-raising is what we have in mind, let us look to other sources!

## DR. TOYNBEE ON BIRTH CONTROL

I will start with the most hazardous answer of all. In my expectation, the major conflict ahead of us does not seem likely to take the form of a third world war fought with atomic weapons. Our new weapons would annihilate combatants and civilians alike, and this on both sides impartially; and these are two such revolutionary changes in the traditional presuppositions of the institution of war that I should not be surprised if the result were to be abolition of war instead of the self-annihilation of the human race. This would open up new and happier prospects for mankind, considering that, in the past, war has usually been the immediate cause of the declines and falls of civilizations. All the same, the abolition of war cannot be expected to bring with it the abolition of tension, strife, and trouble. These evils were not abolished by the abolition of slavery that was achieved in the nineteenth century. They are the perennial fruits of the 'Original Sin' which is inborn in human nature.

The abolition of war, working in combination with the lowering of the death rate through our recent vast improvements in public hygiene, is going to raise, in an acute form, the problem of population that was foreseen by Malthus more than a century and a half ago. Is mankind going to rid itself of two of its three traditional scourges—war and pestilence—only to be done to death by the third scourge, famine? Surely we are not going to be so stupid as that. Yet, when we have done all that science can do to increase the world's food supply, the only way left open to us for coping with the continuing increase in population through the reduction of the death-rate will be to offset this increase by a corresponding reduction in birth-rate; and here we come up against a problem that is a formidable one, because of its political and religious implications. The death-rate can be lowered easily and rapidly, even in a

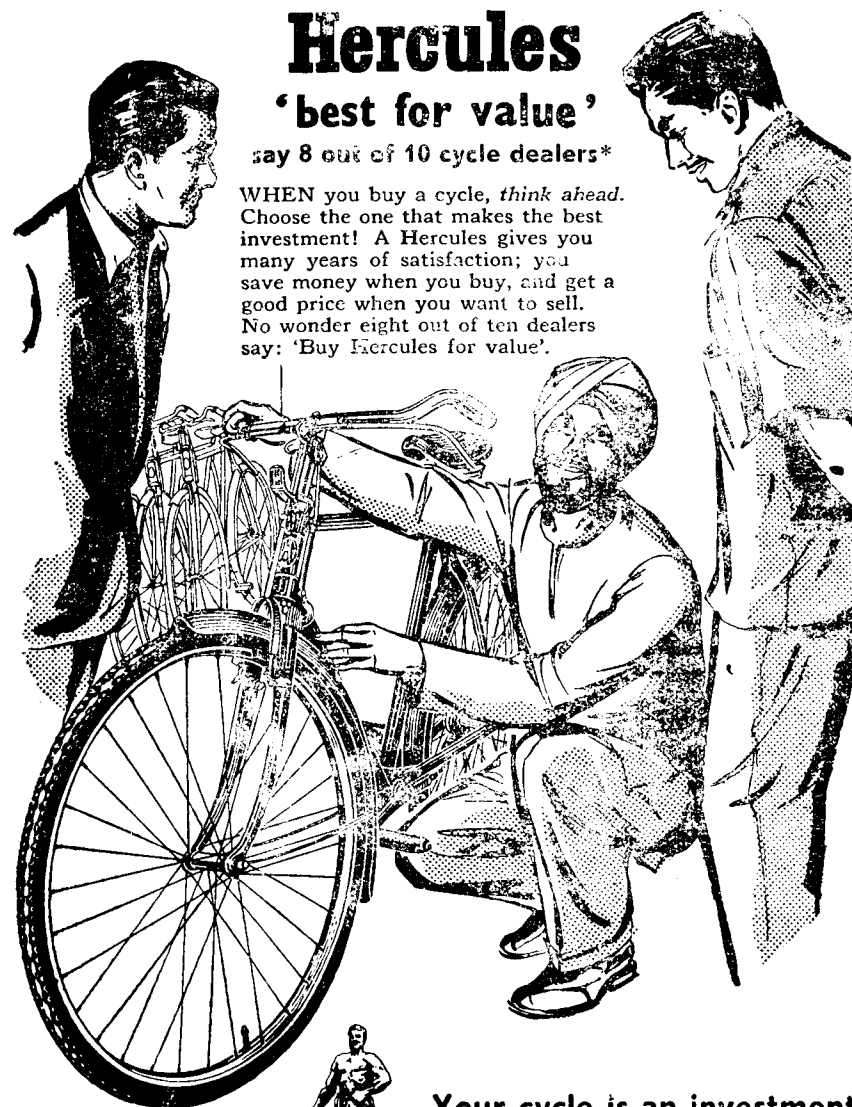
(Continued on page 13)

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TIC. 3781

# THE OPPORTUNIST

By N. GANGA RAM

**A**<sup>1</sup><sub>1</sub><sup>2</sup> opportunist is a Machiavellian determined to wait and exploit a situation for his own purposes. He is an ardent believer in the end-justifies-the means maxim. The attainment of personal prosperity by any means governs his thought, speech and deed. His heart does not scruple about ethical considerations and he cares two-pence whether his words and actions could be justified from the stand-point of honesty and morality.

The opportunist is pre-eminently a worldly-wise and practical man. He is a quick-witted fellow, gifted as he is, with shrewdness, intelligence, and commonsense. He does not fail to make the best use of his natural gifts to achieve his mission in life.

## The Politician as an Opportunist

It could be safely said that opportunists abound in the ranks of politicians. Politicians are turn-coats. It pays them to have no settled principles or views of their own and, in a sense, they keep an open mind. They promote particular ideas and actions which find general approval. They find out which way the wind blows, and when the direction of the wind changes they also change their views, and effect compromises and alliances. They give up one scheme and take up another if political expediency dictates such a course. The rapidity and frequency with which they do this takes one's breath away. For example, when an opportunist politician senses that support to the Dakshina Pradesh idea would do him good, he will begin broadcasting the benefits that will flow from its formation. But if the idea loses its popularity and if the politician realises the *pro-Dakshina Pradeshism* will do him no good he will at once change over to the other side and will begin a campaign of vigorous

condemnation of the Dakshina Pradesh.

Similarly, the opportunist politician will sing the glory of the Ambar Charkha and make an eloquent plea for the countrywide introduction of the Charkha. He will say that in the Ambar Charkha is to be found the one and the only solution to salvage rural economy and thereby the nation's economy. But in case circumstances change against the Ambar Charkha, the opportunist will at once denounce it and begin exposing the emptiness of the scheme to popularise it. "Ladies and Gentlemen", he will say, "permit me to point out in the interests of the well-being of our nascent democracy, that the tax-payers' money is being frittered away in implementing all sorts of wild-cat schemes doomed to failure from the beginning. The Ambar Charkha scheme provides a classic instance in point. To talk of the useless Charkha in this modern age of gigantic textile mills is highly fallacious, nay, foolish. I'm inclined to exclaim with the bard, "Oh! Reason thou hast fled to brutish beasts!"

Ask him plainly, "Sir, till recently you pleaded for the Ambar Charkha. Now you are condemning it. How do you reconcile your stand-point?" You may think that you have thus cornered him but the opportunist is ingenious enough to tide over such situations. "True," he will tell you, "I was a votary of the Ambar Charkha. But I have had opportunities to make a thorough study of the working of the Ambar Charkha and also the economics of it. I am now convinced that the Charkha scheme is useless and a sheer waste. Having found this out, tell me, which patriotic son of the soil will continue to sing the glory of the Ambar Char-

kha? Don't you think it is his *duty* to tell the masses of this mad venture, and appeal to the Government to wash their hands clean of the Charkha sheme and thus prevent the squandering of public money? . . . "

## Weapon of the Opportunist

Rank, downright flattery forms an important weapon in the armoury of the opportunist. He uses this powerful weapon with consummate skill to further his personal well-being. If occasion demands the boosting of a worthless individual, he will not hesitate to do so. "I'm not flattering you, Sir!" he will tell the individual, "I know very well that you are among the very few people who find flattery irritating and revolting . . . "

"That short speech you delivered at the end of the public meeting" (this is how he will refer to the brief, dry vote of thanks) "was indeed a great achievement, and it makes a new approach. Many people think that proposing a vote of thanks is a simple thing, but you have amply demonstrated that it is an art by itself! It doesn't consist in saying, 'Ladies and Gentlemen, I have great pleasure in proposing a vote of thanks.' It is something more than that . . . You spoke for nearly 12 minutes but not a soul stirred! . . . At the end of the main speech usually the crowd begins to melt away but that was not the case the other evening . . . " These flattering words of the opportunist inflates the ego of the concerned individual from whom our opportunist extracts the obligation for which he approached.

Whatever you may say on the means and methods adopted by the opportunist to win his way through, you have to concede that opportunists have achieved success in life. They have flourished in the past and will continue to get away with the prize in the future. You should be knowing many successful opportunists holding positions of authority and influence. Perhaps their shrewd-

ness and practical nature deserve to be rewarded in this way!

However it is open question whether opportunists should be appreciated and encouraged or whether they should be condemned as constituting a menace to society. Listen to the answer given by an opportunist himself when I posed him the question: "Many of my friends have often called me an opportunist. But I would prefer to be called a practical man. For, I think, to be an opportunist is to be practical. Condemn airy dreamers and empty preachers but not practical opportunists. The objective of the opportunist is, I believe, common to every man: every man seeks first and foremost his personal well-fare. And if you want to achieve this goal, you have to be opportunists, or else you will be failures in life. Don't talk of honesty, morality and all that, which are all man-made. When everybody is honest, moral, then you can also be honest and moral, but not when many are dishonest and immoral. Until man learns to rise above selfishness and cherishes in his heart the welfare of *all* the people, I tell you that opportunism has a role to play! . . . "

(Continued from page 10)

backward country, by a small staff of trained public health officers applying fairly simple measures. The birth-rate, on the other hand, can be lowered only by persuading or compelling parents to limit the size of their families. To persuade them might mean persuading them to change some of the tenets of their ancestral religion. To coerce them would mean a tyrannical interference, by the public authorities, with a man and wife's freedom to bring children into the world—a freedom which, in the past, has been respected by all governments.

Yet the problem of limiting the birth-rate will have to be faced. The alternative is starvation. —V. O. A.

## FILMS

By V. P. SATHE

FOR the first time after the war, American films are likely to be shown in the Soviet Union. Eleven films are reported to be under consideration. All these films were produced by independent producers between 1945 and 1952. In return, an American concern has agreed to buy two Soviet films.

The New York *Herald Tribune*, commenting editorially on this development, writes "If these movies are widely shown to Soviet audiences without distorting excisions it should mean a tremendous step forward in their understanding of this country. The American movie has been, in every corner of the world, the showcase of life in the United States and of the conditions which make it possible. The Soviet citizen knows as well as the American, that actors and actresses he sees are richer or poorer, handsomer or uglier, more virtuous or more wicked than the average person. That is the theatre. But he will also see what the streets of a big American city are like and perceive the characters and quality of a small American town. He will understand that humour, sorrow and passion are shared by all human beings."

In the same strain one can say that if the Soviet movies are widely shown to American audiences it should mean a tremendous step forward in their understanding and the American citizen will find that the Soviet people share the same feelings of humour, sorrow and passion and are as simple and interesting as Americans. Indeed, one can go further and say that a free exchange of

films between the two countries would go a long way in dispelling the prevalent prejudices and bring about a real understanding and goodwill between the two peoples who have been too much indoctrinated with hate for the last so many years against each other.

While the exchange of films is most welcome, the respective Governments in selecting films should give special preference to classics—film versions of authors like Steinbeck, Theodore Dreiser, Arthur Miller on one hand and Gorky, Tolstoy and other famous Soviet writers on the other. The American Government in spite of its anti-red attitude, it is hoped will not ban the new version of Gorky's 'Mother' nor will it adapt the strange attitude of the Ministry of Information of India which, it is learnt, has objected to its dubbing in Hindi and its exhibition in the forthcoming Soviet Film Festival to be held in India.

### Picture Of The Week

The readers of Bankim Chandra owe thanks to Filmistan for not publicizing his name in the advertisements of 'Durgesh Nandini' which it claims to have been inspired and adapted from the novel of the same name by Bankim Chandra. For, the picture and novel differ considerably in treatment as well as in approach.

'Durgesh Nandini' is perhaps the most opulent and costly production to emanate from Filmistan studio. The sets are rich and there is a new set for almost every scene; some of them are tastefully designed and others are rather fantastic and out of character for the historical period in which the story is set. But thanks to 'red' and deep blue sky and false moon, they have an air of artificiality throughout. The colours are gaudy and in the *holi* sequence, they are used without consideration. Yet, the beauty is that though the whole screen appears to be sprinkled with colours of different shade the dancers dressed in white are spotless and

remain so—another touch of unreality to the entire settings. "Durgesh Nandini" is the story of a Rajput Princess who fell in love with Kumar Jagat Singh, a Rajput Prince, the son of her father's rival and enemy. But both the families owed loyalty to Akbar and fought against the 'pathan' ruler of Orissa whose brave Commander captured Durgesh Nandini and her father.

The political conflict is, however, relegated to the background and the picture develops into a triangular drama with Nawab's daughter Ayesha falling in love with Kumar Jagat Singh who appreciates it and is even prepared to sacrifice his life for her though he does not reciprocate her feelings. Here is the only interesting and unusual and ticklish character handled with admirable dignity and restraint. In contrast, the character of Ayesha's father is very poorly drawn and his villainy and lust for Durgesh Nandini reduces the entire picture to a hackneyed formula. Indeed but for Ayesha and Usman, almost all the characters follow the usual Filmistan pattern and have nothing in common with Bankim Chandra's work. What is worse, Bibhuti Mitra has repeated all the stock situations and clicks from 'Shabnam', 'Heer' and other Filmistan pictures to deprive 'Durgesh Nandini' of any refreshing quality.

The direction by Bibhuti Mitra is pointless. He has shown bad showmanship in juxtaposing the dream sequence and the *holi* dance together. And he has failed to keep up the interest of the audience with his handling of the story which as presented on the screen offers a mild melodrama. Among the artistes, Nalini has given a good account of herself as Ayesha though she hardly looks as a Pathan girl. Bina Rai looks bewitching as Durgesh Nandini and it is a pleasure to watch her in geva-

colour. Ajit does better than Pradeep Kumar.

The music by Hemant Kumar is pleasing and at least two songs *Mat Maro Shyam Pichakari* and *Raat Andheri Dar Lage*, have popular tilt and rhythm.

'Durgesh Nandini' is a drama treated in the old familiar manner.

### Personality Of The Week

Tall, fair, handsome, Dilip Sirkar looks too young to don the mantle of a producer. Educated and refined like his illustrious father, B. N. Sirkar, who through New Theatres contributed a great deal to the development of film art, he is what David described 'a chip of the old block.'

He has now stepped into the shoes of his father and completed his first picture 'Bandhan' under the banner of Sirkar Productions. This is the first picture to be produced on a co-operative and partnership basis between Bombay and Bengal with part of the picture shot in Calcutta and part in Bombay.

Dilip Sirkar's first venture is based on Anupama Devi's renowned Bengalee novel "Mantra Shakti". Dilip Sirkar has found the atmosphere in Bombay quite congenial and he hopes that this and subsequent ventures would keep up the high tradition of the New Theatres going.

After completing the picture, Dilip Sirkar met the film journalists at a party given at Taj and discussed freely his project. His unassuming amiable disposition created a good impression on the journalists who also expressed the hope that Dilip would prove worthy of the tradition set by his father.

### News Of The Week

Raj Kapoor is soon launching a picture in gevacolour depicting the story of Bharat Scouts. His son, Daboo is expected to play the principal role. Bhanu Pratap is writing the screenplay.

## Theatre

### RASPUTIN

By Nanjil Nataka Kala Nilayam. Staged at the Kalki Mandapam, Adyar Art Academy on 20th October, 1956.

**R**ASPUTIN, the rascal monk who exploited religion to achieve his own ends, lived in pre-revolutionary Russia. Religion was his fortress guarded by a moat of ignorance of the people. Rasputin professed to exercise powers of hypnotism and people were afraid to expose him.

In the story dramatised, Rasputin loved his wife dearly but she deserted him because of his poverty. He began to hate the entire female sex and determined to crush women as far as he could. Rasputin proclaimed himself as the representative of God. His fame spread throughout the length and breadth of Russia. Beautiful women who came to be blessed by him were victimized to quench his lust and his hatred of the feminine sex. Whenever any woman scorned his approaches he became a sadist and destroyed her. The Czar and the Czarina were his puppets. The Russian empire was at his feet. But his misdeeds were put an end to when he was shot dead by a group of nobles.

Ram Singh as Rasputin gave a thrilling performance. His eyes expressed the monk's cunning, his laughter was mockery at the ignorant world. Ram Singh's acting was spell binding, particular in the second half. Orson Wells came to my mind when I was witnessing this actor on the stage. Other players were not very impressive, but Ram Singh did more than compensate their defects by his powerful portrayal.

The dramatisation was not so very effective. Rasputin should have been given greater scope to develop his character. Supporting characters robbed most of the scenes. There were two persons, supposed to be comical, who made frequent appearances on the stage; but I could not find the significance or the purpose

of these two characters. By omitting these two and other unnecessary characters and by giving more scope for Rasputin the play would have been far superior.

The dialogue was good though the construction of the play was not perfect. The lighting was bad and the orchestra was unbearably noisy.

NILEN

### ART EXHIBITION IN CITY

An exhibition of paintings, drawings and sculptures by A. R. Krishna, organised under the auspices of the South Indian Society of Painters, held last week at the Centenary Museum Hall, Egmore, drew a large number of art lovers. The exhibition was declared open by Sri P. V. Rajamannar, the Chief Justice of the Madras High Court.

In addition to a few sculptural pieces and self-portraits, the Exhibition consisted of over seventy items. The paintings of landscapes and life models included in the exhibits represented some colourful specimens of the impressionistic school of art. The art pieces reflected the author's imaginative vitality and sense of beauty. The sketch of Marina beach, portraits of an old man, a sleeping nude and a Lambadi darling were particularly striking.

The artist, Mr. A. R. Krishna hails from Guntur district and had his early training in painting under the late Kulapati Adivi Bapi Raju and at Nagarjuna Silpa Kala Peetam, Macherla, under Sri Pramoda Kumar Chatarjee. Later he studied at the Government School of Arts and Crafts where Mr. Devi Prasad Roy Chowdhury put him into shape.

Mr. Krishna's paintings deserve to be exhibited in all the cities of India and in foreign countries. They breathe the air of originality and will draw warm tributes from all lovers of art. They will also enable foreigners to study Indian art which is now undergoing a period of revival.

—By Our Staff Correspondent

## KERALA IN THE NEW SET-UP

By N. RAMANATHAN

**I**N the redrawn map of South India, Kerala State occupies a strategic position. Nestling amidst the blue waters of the Arabian Sea and the tall ranges of the Western Ghats, it will be a thin but long stretch of coastal territory, from Kasragode in the North to Trivandrum in the South, a distance of about 700 miles.

The Kerala State, formed by the addition of Malabar district to Travancore and Cochin, from which the five Tamil taluks of Thovala, Vilavancode, Agastheeswaram, Kalkulam and part of Shencottah will be detached, will be the smallest of Indian States in extent. It will have an area of 14,980 sq. miles with a population of about 13.6 millions. It will thus be the most thickly populated state not only in India but in the whole world.

The formation of the new Kerala State opens another chapter in the long and chequered history of the Malayalees and satisfies their long cherished hope of achieving *Aikya* Kerala, bringing within its scope all the Malayalam speaking people. Though linguism has not been the only yard stick adopted by the States Reorganisation Commission while making its recommendations, the Kerala State will be a composite area with no major linguistic minority within its fold, for, ninety four per cent of its population speak Malayalam. It was, however, the combination of several weighty considerations like geographical contiguity and cultural affinity that prompted the Commission to recommend the formation of this State by the merger of Malabar district with Travancore-Cochin State which has already been functioning as a homogeneous unit for the last eight years. In the words of the Commission, "Malabar district is physically and culturally somewhat isolated from the rest of the Madras State and its problems are different

from those of the eastern part of the Peninsula. Above all, efforts made in the last few years for the formation of an *Aikya* Kerala represent a vigorous drive launched to unite the three regions of the State which got separated in the last few centuries due to historical accidents. The new state is a revival of the old Chera Kingdom which held sway from Gokurnam to Kanyakumari.

### President's Rule

From many points of view, the progress of the new Kerala State will be watched with great interest by the rest of India. While the other States of India will begin their new careers with popularly elected executives guiding their destinies, from its birth, Kerala will begin its journey as a President administered area. The sitting members of the present Madras Assembly from Malabar district will lose their seats on the 1st of November when the President's rule of Travancore-Cochin State will be extended to Malabar also.

This presidential rule of Kerala is an index to its politics and provides a touchstone for studying its problems. Though it has the highest percentage of literacy in India and the people take a keen interest in political developments, Kerala, unfortunately, has shown a surprising lack of ability to run democratic institutions. Like France in Europe, Travancore has earned an evil reputation for unstable ministries. Since 1947, the State has witnessed the formation and the dramatic collapse of five ministries, punctuated by two general elections and two periods of President's rule.

### Communal Politics

Politics in Kerala revolves round personalities and communal groups. Even in the "brute majority" days of the Congress, the fate of T. C. Ministries was decided by power politics.

and rivalries within the Party. Travancore was a cock pit of communal strife, generated by the triangular fight for power waged by the Christians, the Nairs and the Ezhavas, even during the spacious days of the Maharajahs and the Dewans. The commercial and financial leadership of the State is provided by the enterprising Syrian Christians while the educated and intelligent Nairs form the middle class community of Government servants. The Ezhavas though formerly a backward community, are moving up in the social scale thanks to the efforts of certain leaders like the late Sree Narayana Guru. Travancore politics is a curious compound of the internecine quarrels and perpetual rivalries of these communal groups.

The political instability of Kerala is due to the fact that no single party obtains an absolute majority in the general elections. The strength of the Congress and the Communist parties in the State is almost the same and as a number of splinter leftist organisations like the Revolutionary Socialist Party, the Praja Socialist Party and the Kerala Socialist Party are always able to bag a few seats, the Congress or any coalition ministry is completely at the mercy of these other small groups with the result that a crazy political body which fails to get its share of the loaves and fishes of office, is able to precipitate a crisis and make President's rule inevitable.

Before the formation of the Praja Socialist Party, the Congress in Kerala was in a really enviable position. Sri Pattom Thanu Pillai, the stormy petrel of Kerala politics, was able to rally round him all the democratic forces in the State and command the loyalty of all the communal groups and caucases in the Party. But, when he left the Congress in 1950 to organise a Socialist Party, the strength of the parent party was considerably reduced and the seeds

of political disruption were sown on a wide scale.

#### Strength of the Communists

The Communists in Kerala are a closely knit organisation. By skillful exploitation of the economic situation in the State, the high percentage of educated unemployment and by infiltration into the trade union movement among the coir workers and the peasants, the Communist Party has been able to extend its influence. The economic and industrial life of certain towns like Alleppey, Quilon, Tellichery and Kozhikode, is dominated to an amazing extent by the local leaders of the Communist Party. In the general elections held in 1954, the party was able to win 34 seats in an Assembly of 107 members while the Congress captured at the same time only 50 seats in spite of the fact that the national leaders like Pandit Nehru and Govind Ballabh Pant toured the State to canvass support for the Party.

The Praja Socialists and the other leftist organisations are strong only in certain areas of the State. Their leaders, however, have statewide popularity as individual personalities with distinguished records of national service. As these parties have so far not succeeded in forming a united front on the basis of a common programme, their strength is not expected to increase in the immediate future. If the Communists and the Praja Socialists succeed in forging an electoral alliance, the chances of a leftist ministry emerging in Kerala after the next elections would be bright.

#### The Legacy of Malabar

The merger of Malabar with Travancore-Cochin will alter the constitutional contour of Kerala to a great extent. Malabar is the home of six lakhs of turbulent Moplahs who still owe allegiance to the pernicious theories of the Muslim League, and sometimes even openly express their loyalty to Pakistan. The League—

which is dead for all practical purposes in the rest of India—is still alive in Malabar. Its strongholds are Malappuram and Tirur in South Malabar where the candidates sponsored by the League have been sweeping the polls in the last few elections to the Madras Assembly and the local bodies. The decision of the Malabar Muslim League to extend its activities to Travancore and Cochin will undoubtedly stir up the communal megalomania of other socio-religious organisations like the Catholic Congress and the Narayana Guru Dharmapariपालana Yogam and draw them into the vortex of power politics. The addition of Malabar—the native district of Messrs. A. K. Gopalan and E. M. S. Nambudiripad—will also strengthen the Communist Party in the State.

The new Kerala State will have a host of economic problems to tackle. It will be a deficit area in the matter of food. The staple food of the people is rice, the internal production of which is sufficient to keep the people on a low level of sustenance only for five months in the year. The State has to depend upon imports for feeding its teeming millions.

#### Economic Problems

Unemployment is another problem that will worry the administrators of Kerala. After the formation of the new State, it will be difficult for Malayalees to find jobs in other linguistic regions. At the same time large numbers of Malayalee settlers are returning every week from Ceylon, Burma and Malaya where the avenues of employment are now being closed against them. The Travancore Government have recently settled some of its agricultural families in Bhopal and Andamans. But, these attempts to reduce the pressure of population on its economic resources are not likely to succeed unless a systematic drive is launched for increasing the land under cultivation, and raising its yield per acre. Positive steps will

also have to be adopted for checking the alarming rate of population growth in the State.

From the point of view of irrigation, Kerala is one of the most backward States in India. The only big irrigation project is the Malampuzha Dam in Palghat Taluk, constructed recently at a cost of Rs. 6 crores. The State has a plentiful supply of rainfall (nearly 120 inches per year), the water from which now runs to the Arabian Sea and is wasted. The construction of a series of reservoirs in the upper reaches of the innumerable mountain streams in the ghat areas can alone bring more land under controlled irrigation.

Though Nature has bestowed Kerala with plenty of natural resources, the State has no big industry to boast of. There are a few coir and rubber factories and spinning mills, but the establishment of a number of medium sized and small scale industries is the first step to be taken up in the campaign against poverty, unemployment and economic backwardness. The new State also has to start veterinary, engineering and medical colleges as well as polytechnic institutions and industrial schools.

#### Central Aid

The implementation of these development schemes will require crores of rupees which the new State will not be able to raise by means of taxation or public loans. But as Kerala exports a wide variety of plantation products—from pepper to tea—and attracts thousands of tourists every year, (thus helping the country to earn millions of much needed dollars) the Central Government has a moral responsibility to view the State's claims for economic development sympathetically.

The formation of the Kerala State is, however, not an end in itself. Its only justification can be the betterment of the people of Kerala culturally, economically and politically.

## Short Story

# THE REPTILE

Mile Stankovic

"HE'S humiliated me for two years, your honour . . . I've even thought of jumping into the river although we live at the other side of town . . .!"

A pretty, young woman, about as gentle as a tigress, drew a long breath and then elaborated her basic statement in ten different ways: that she was a weak, sensitive woman and her husband a brute without manners or human feelings, a rough bully who tortured her, and would soon be the death of her . . .

The judge, accustomed to domestic tragedies, turned through his papers.

"Does he beat you?"

"Does he beat me?! No, your honour, he's even more cruel than husbands who beat their wives. There isn't a scrap of goodness in him, although he swears he loves me and pretends he can't live without me . . ."

"Facts, please," said the judge in the voice of a confessor. "We must have a faithful picture of the factual state of affairs."

The plaintiff trembled with rage:

"I've been living in a factual state of affairs for two whole years. The facts that occur every day are poisoning my life. I didn't marry this criminal your honour, to be buried by him after two and a half years. I'm sure I'll have a stroke one of these days from worry."

The judge frowned.

"Examples, please, facts!"

"I'll give you examples. Facts are more important to you than the condition of my soul! Well, last Sunday I lost my treasured souvenir . . ."

"What kind of souvenir?"

"A valuable crystal vase. You can

just imagine my feelings as I picked up the pieces! I cried all night."

"What has that got to do with your husband?"

"I broke the vase on his head, on his wooden head, that's what! He irritated me so much that I could have thrown the big mirror at him."

"How does he irritate you?"

"With his behaviour, with his coolness!"

"Coolness?"

"Yes, with his damned coolness—and by hurting my feelings."

The judge rubbed the back of his neck and then bent over his desk:

"Describe the abuses that you have to endure."

"I didn't say there were any abuses. That's the point. He doesn't swear."

"Then how does he offend you?"

"He's silent, your honour."

"Silent?"

"Silent as a clam. He's a real brute, your honour!"

"Then you have to be silent too?"

"I'd be silent if I were as unfeeling as he is. I scream, I shriek, I howl, I tear myself to shreds, my nerves are gone, and my heart's in a bad state, but much he cares—just as if we weren't married. All he says is, 'Be calm, dear,' because he knows that drives me mad."

The judge rubbed his forehead:

"And why have you been shouting at him these two years?"

"Why?" the tigress bristled. "Because he has no ambition, because he's set in his ways. Everyone else goes abroad, but all he does is go to conferences. He says he can't take advantage of other people. Every-

one can't go abroad, he says. He says what would happen if all the seventeen million of us were to decide to go off abroad. Well, things like that almost make me forget I'm a lady. I've smashed everything in the house. And I tell him every day what this friend of his brought from England, and that friend of his brought from Germany, what some of his acquaintances brought from as far away as Asia Minor. Just look at me: Why, I'm home products from head to feet, except for this blouse. I bought it at a secondhand shop. And when I go along the street, I imagine everyone saying, 'She didn't get that really from abroad, she got that at a secondhand shop.' The other day he began explaining that his job has nothing to do with foreign countries. I told him, 'Why did you let yourself in for such a job? Why don't you find some contacts so your job will have some foreign connection . . . If he can't be a diplomat, he can push himself into some trade agency, or a tourist office, or a commission, or delegation, or get sent abroad to specialize—the main thing is to get foreign currency and have a current account.'

"Is that why you want a divorce?" the judge slipped in a question while she stopped for breath.

"No, it isn't. There are a hundred other reasons. Look, the other day we were queuing for cinema tickets—all he can do is to queue for something or other—and by the time he got to the box-office, all the tickets were sold. And just imagine what he did. He suggested a walk in the park . . .!"

The judge nervously jabbed at his papers with his pencil.

"Now the factual state of affairs is clear. You blame him for not being resourceful, and he is deaf to all your reproaches. I understand your anger, but I'm afraid that isn't enough . . ."

"Not enough? I've had enough. If you were in my shoes, you'd have had enough too. I can't stand it any

more. I can't! I've stood it long enough . . .!"

"I understand, I understand," said the judge in a soothing tone to the young woman, who was stamping her feet, "but, according to the law, if his own offence is silence, while you scream and break your crystal souvenirs on his head, there are no grounds for divorce."

"It's not only that. He does something even worse . . ."

"What's that?"

"He keeps a logbook."

"A logbook?"

"He writes down everything I say when I'm angry. Just look at him, even now he's entering it all up. Now you see! You've given yourself away! It's horrible! He's putting down every word I say, quite calmly, as though he were keeper of the records. And when I drop with fatigue, when my heart breaks, he crawls up to me like a cad and says, 'Darling, you say I'm a gangster and an idiot and a slacker, which is a contradiction in terms, because gangsters are resourceful people. Then you call me a dishrag and a leech, and these are also contradictions in terms. You also make abundant use of zoology: you say I'm a hippopotamus, an old bear, a stupid sheep. In only one week you've remarked ten times that I'm the monstrosity of the twentieth century, which is rather vague. You exhaust yourself with your compliments . . . and then he kisses me and pats my hair, just imagine the cheek!"

"And what do you do?"

"I just stand it and swallow his insults. And now you tell me that according to the law such violence is not punishable! Look at him: making himself at home, sitting there calm, silent, entering up his logbook. I demand of the Court to protect me from this tyrant, to prevent a crime . . ."

"What crime?"

"I've already told you he's killing my spirit and my heart is a wreck."

Don't let him write! Don't let him! Protect me, at least in this Court! Stop it you accursed monster, or I'll scream! Even if you do keep the records at the conference, you don't have to be Keeper of the Records and a bureaucrat in your own home! Married life is not a conference! You're a butcher, a hangman, you're . . . you're a reptile . . .!"

"Who's a reptile!" the calm husband suddenly jumped to his feet as though an electric current had shot through him. "Mind what you're saying!"

"I'm sorry. I meant to say crocodile!"

"No, no, I see through you, you snake. And before the public too. Your honour, she's called me a criminal, a poisoner, a Quasimodo, a hyena, a cannibal . . . an angry woman is capable of saying anything. If she's really angry, I don't mind, let her thunder sway—she'll feel the better for it. I've read that such persons should not be goaded to even greater fury by direct taunts. After all, I belong to the stronger sex, and my nerves are tough enough to take the bad with the good. But lately she's begun to insult me openly: she said I was a moth and that she would sprinkle me with DDT, although I'm incompetent, because I didn't buy the DDT. You see how she contradicts

herself. She's going to sprinkle me with what we haven't bought. Then she told me I'd swallowed a rotten ostrich egg, that I must have had freckles when I was a boy, that I snore, which is absolutely untrue! I can show you a picture of me as a boy, and you can see I didn't have freckles. You'll probably say that I've retouched the photo, but there are witnesses, your honour. As for snoring, I consent to have a tape-recorder placed at my side while I'm asleep. I join the plaintiff in her request for a divorce. My character doesn't allow me to tolerate insults from someone I still love. If she had called me a hippopotamus in her rage, I'd have understood, but to be called a spotted moth and a reptile which snores—absolutely no, that's a big too much!"

The ill-treated wife listened. Her mouth fell open in astonishment. Then, all aglow, she flew to him and embraced him as though he had just given her an engagement ring, and shrilled:

"Darling, you're angry! I don't want a divorce, your honour. My own darling, you're angry with your little wife, and now you'll know how to get angry with whoever sends people abroad! I'm sorry I called you a reptile . . .!"

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Secretary.

## NEWS-REELS AND DOCUMENTARIES

By "NAMBS"

A colour film made of the English Queen's tour of Nigeria has been refused permission for exhibition by Britain's three biggest cinema circuits, Odeon, Gaumont, and ABC which control over 1000 theatres because it lacked public interest, says a news item in a motion picture journal. Here in Madras, a week ago, I saw a news-reel of 910 feet which included three appearances of the President of India, two appearances of the Prime Minister of India and one appearance of a local Minister. I do not want to see these leaders on the screen. But, I have no option because if I go to a picture I have to sit through this which comes in the beginning. And being a regular visitor to pictures I have to see it in English on a Friday in one theatre, in Tamil the next day at another theatre and again in Hindi at a third theatre the following Monday. And sure as a winner another two months later, if I go to the nearby suburban theatre for a picture, I will see this same news-reel 'showing the latest news.' I pity the mind that wants to make us all cinegoers sit through such news and views whether we want them or not. If we want to read the news we buy the newspaper, if we want the jokes we buy the magazine. When we buy a journal for entertainment we are not forced to read through news which we do not want. The scheme of news-reels in this country is that the Government of India forces the cinegoer to compulsorily see Bhakra Nangal being visited twenty times by twenty different celebrities, while the problems of the people go unreported.

The Government of India have taken powers to enforce a compulsory exhibition of news-reels and

documentaries made by their publicity department's film section, better known as the Films Division. The Government have made it a condition of the licence of all theatres that they *should show* and also *pay* for these documentaries. The theatres book their feature films on a competitive basis, they take what they want and reject what their patrons will dislike. But they *must* show the news-reels and documentaries distributed by the Films Division, to keep their licence. That is freedom for the cinegoer! The sweetest thing loses its charm when one is compelled to have it. Why the Government and the powers that be should forget this simple fact, passes one's comprehension. Let them make news-reels and put it in the open market. If theatres find it worthwhile they will buy it and then they can charge their own price too. Otherwise to show the fist and compel as they are doing is a bad commentary on the efficiency of their own department. Because, it means by implication that the products of the Films Division are not worthy enough to find a market.

### An Example

There was a recent instance in Madras to show that if the product is good the trade and the exhibitors would automatically come forward to take it. From 1st October 1954 to the 1st of August 1956 the people of Madras were spared these films, thanks to the effort of an individual who fought and won on principle. The theatres in Madras were free from compulsion because a Supreme Court judgement declared the compulsion clause *ultra vires*. Still when the news-reels of Pandit Nehru's tour abroad arrived, many theatres came

forward to bid for it and show it, because they knew that the customers would like to see it. This is proof enough for the Government to stop running the publicity at the expense of the film producers, whose money it is that they compulsorily take away when they charge fixed and high rentals to the exhibitors and ask them to show their news-reels and documentaries.

Last week, when I went for a picture, I was forced to sit and gaze at a long documentary on the Indian Institute of Science. I give praise to the veteran who has made this documentary. I only pity that his efforts should have been wasted by showing it to a wrong audience. If the film, over 1700 feet in length, is shown to students in Physics, Mechanics, Chemistry or Medicine they would benefit by it and appreciate it. But instead of that, people who visit the theatre for entertainment are made to sit and desperately and silently gaze for eighteen minutes and get tired seeing it. Are not the government of India wasting the time of the public by enforcing such films on them? And sure as anything students who benefit by it will never have a chance to see it, because it is not going to be supplied to schools or colleges.

Four years ago, I went to a theatre on *Pongal day* to see a prize Tamil picture of the day. After a real feast that noon, the audience were all in gay dress and gala mood to see the film. The show started and lo! it was a documentary on Cancer that we were asked to see. Is it the treat for a festival day? I wondered. It makes sick to think of the way in which picturegoers are forced to see news-reels and documentaries whether they want it or not. It is a colossal waste of the time of the ordinary man who is cheated of the entertainment tax he pays.

#### Injustice To Theatre-owners

The Films Division has been there from 1948 onwards. They spend over

thirty-six lakhs of rupees for their upkeep every year. Of this, the Government of India's publicity budget of fifteen lakhs forms one source of revenue. The rest of the money is made up by a compulsory levy on theatres. It is even more repressive than taxation, pure and simple. The amount is fixed at the percentage of the gross collection of the theatre. That means if a theatre runs popular films it has to pay more. What a piquant situation that the government department should be taking away the honey that an individual producer's effort has brought by making a popular film! The theatre man has to show and also to pay. He has no option in the matter. One week he gets a news-reel, another week he gets a documentary. In the festival day if he gets a documentary on Tuberculosis, he has to show it. Another day he will be teaching tailoring on the screen. Whether his theatre is full or half full he has to pay without any difference.

From the time of the Films Division's establishment this compulsion has been going on. The Government has used the long arm of the law to compel the theatre owner to pay for its publicity schemes which serve also as fine propaganda for the Congress Party and its leaders. It cannot also be said that all the pieces produced by the Films Division are technically of a high standard. Apart from parading day in and day out the antics of the Ministers and the stooges of the Government, they have no claim even to be considered as a medium for the education of the public. Our documentaries—with a few rare exceptions—cannot stand comparison to the productions of some well known British and American movie makers.

Will the Films Division show its guts and faith in itself by giving absolute freedom to the theatre men in the matter of screening the documentaries and news-reels? Will the

Government of India see the justice of saving cinema goers from being forced to see DVC eighteen times a year, the Palam airport once every week and flag hoisting all the year round?

Warner Brothers in Hollywood are reported to have closed their news-reels because they felt there was no need for it. It would be well for our Films Division to follow the example of these illustrious Americans.

## OUR NORTHERN FRONTIER

FOUR years ago, the Chinese Red Army marched into Lhasa, the Capital City of the most religious country in the world—Tibet. Tibetans were too weak to offer any resistance and from then on Tibet has been a Chinese protectorate. Large military bases have been built and Lhasa has been connected by road to the interior provinces of China. Thus, the Chinese have acquired complete control over our Himalayan neighbour. The Government of India watched the proceedings in pathetic silence.

Much water has flown down the Yangtse during these years and the Chinese tactics have changed. China has shown by the *Panch Shila*, and has ruled out military operations against other countries.

The small kingdom of Nepal, ruled by a monarch, was more or less a British protectorate during the British rule of India but became totally independent after 1947. Its dense forests, snow clad mountains and its strategic situation, provide a very good field for guerilla and underground workers. From Nepal, it is not very difficult to enter either China or India without passports.

In mid-September, an agreement was reached between Nepali and Chinese officials about Nepal's relations with Tibet and on 7th October '56 the agreement was ratified by Mr. Tanka Prasad Acharya, the Nepali Prime Minister and his Chinese counterpart, Mr. Chou-en-Lai. By that agreement, Nepal will have to withdraw all her military escorts in Lhasa, but she can open her consulates and trade agencies in important Tibetan cities with reciprocal facilities for

China. Nepal will now lose all her previous privileges and Nepali citizens in Tibet must either become citizens of Tibet or quit. The free and unhampered movement of people between Nepal and Tibet, which existed for centuries will now cease. The movement will here after be controlled by the issue of passports. Finally, China will give Nepal an aid of 60 million rupees over a period of 3 years!

This agreement is nothing but a virtual acceptance of the Chinese sway over Tibet by Nepal. India's interest in this agreement relates to the nature of the work of the Chinese consulates and trade agencies to be opened in Nepal. At present, in Nepal there is no organised political party to run the Government. Each of the mushroom political parties maintains its own army. And Communist activity—both underground and open—is on the increase. Under these conditions, Khatmandu becoming an Indian *Yenan* is not improbable. That the Communists have no respect for treaties and agreements is well known. The border incidents in Burma must serve as an eye opener to all South East Asian Countries which have not come under the Red rule yet.

In recent years, it must be noted, Chinese diplomacy has been successful because of its flexibility under Mr. Chou-en-Lai, the modern Machiavelli. Indian policy towards Nepal, Tibet, and China must always take into consideration the vital 2,000 mile Himalayan frontier, ill protected, as it is, on our side and very well protected on the other side.

SNK

## DEEPAVALI PROBLEMS

I DO not know who was responsible for all these Hindu festivals which are so many and a great drain on my purse, but whoever it was he could have had no idea of the enormous consequences, social and economic, to all those who come under their tyrannical sway. Most of these festivals are weighted in favour of children and women and anybody who has had anything to do with these two categories of human beings will testify to their rapacious nature, which is seen at its worst during *Deepavali*, miscalled 'Queen of Festivals'.

My wife, normally a pleasant creature, thinks big and acts big on these occasions. She prepares a budget which would have astonished a Ford or a Rockefeller, so generous is she with saris for herself and presents for her children and relatives on her side. She plans to make all the sweets in the world, not herself, but through a special cook on rupees three per day.

When she has finished with her demands, my children present themselves and their long lists of demands individually and jointly. Crackers, of course, form the main item and the ambitions of my son and heir knows no bounds. He would like to buy up the entire China Bazaar, but since that is not practicable in these days when we are thinking in terms of a socialist pattern of society, he would be satisfied if I made a sweep of all the things spread on the pavements by hawkers in Triplicane and Mylapore. In any case he must always be one up where the neighbour's son is concerned.

My son believes in blowing up crackers on a mass scale and not one by one which he feels is not only dull and a waste of time, but also against the spirit of the times, when atomic

bombs, hydrogen bombs and what not hold the record for noise and destruction. In his list, top priority is given to a thing, which is called 'Atom Bomb'. He is careful to explain to me that this is no relation of the great discovery of the scientists which devastated Hiroshima, but of sufficient noise power to make a claim for that appellation. His plan is to string half a dozen of them together and have a common fuse to set them off simultaneously.

He is terribly excited by the idea which he thinks is original and he has already started dreaming of *Deepavali* night when the biggest show will be on. I tried to damp his enthusiasm somewhat with the remark: "The *atom bomb* is banned, you know. I do not think you can get it."

My son, who is really a small fellow, not more than eight, clapped his hands in glee and said mockingly: "Poor dad, you don't know anything." Since the queen of my home has repeatedly stressed and dinned into my ears that I knew nothing, so often in fact that I had almost come to believe it myself, what my son said was nothing new and I waited for him to follow up his wise observation.

"The Government may ban anything they like" he said, "but it does not mean you cannot get it. Liquor is banned in our state, but Ramu has told me that his father and his friends regularly drink and they do not even have a permit. The milkman who comes in the evening, with blood-shot eyes, smells all over of drink. What do you say to that? Come with me to Mylapore and Triplicane, I shall show you *atom bombs* being sold right under the nose of policemen."

I gave in on that point and tried to tackle him from another angle. I

said: "Your grand mother is very old; she cannot stand the noise of the *atom bomb* and she may collapse from heart failure." My son laughed again and repeated the familiar words: "Poor dad, you don't know anything." "Don't you know that grandma is stone deaf and even a *hydrogen bomb* cannot disturb her, much less affect her health?" he asked.

He was right there and what he said recalled to my mind my father's pranks on *Deepavali* night of which my mother was the chief victim. My mother is one of those women who are standing examples of the theory of *karma*. Nothing can move her, fortune or misfortune, they were all the same to her. She was not elated with possession of money nor was she depressed for lack of it. She did not worry if a child died or rejoice if a new one arrived and it was a matter of unconcern to her whether her husband loved her or did not love her. To her he was her husband and she served him in her own way and therein lay her satisfaction.

My father beat her often and with whatever came into his hand at the moment. He was an impulsive man and short tempered. Once, it seems, he got angry with her while he was eating and threw the rice mixed with *sambar* which he held in his hand at her face as she came to serve him and rose in a huff. My mother did not weep, nor did she betray any emotion, but quietly went to the tap, wiped her face, spread another leaf for her husband and went to his office room to call him.

When he was in a good mood he said endearing things to her and tried to make her happy, but she remained unaffected either by praise or blame like a philosopher. Her husband's cruelties nobody knew, for she never spoke a word about him to anyone, not even to her own children. Once her mother-in-law saw marks of ill-treatment on her face and body and horror-stricken asked:

"Did my son beat you?" My mother replied: "Why should he beat me? I slipped and fell near the well and injured myself."

*Deepavali* every year was an eventful night for us and weeks ahead, we lived in daily anticipation of crackers by the dozens and sweets in plenty. My father bought crackers in cases and we burned them wholesale and perhaps it is the family tradition which has put the same idea into my son's head.

Every year my father had a peculiar way of waking up the family at 3 a.m. for the sacred bath and the other rituals. He put two or three dozen packets of crackers in a kerosene tin near my mother's bed and set fire to them. They went off with a bang and roused not only our house, but the entire street with their explosive chatter. My mother was not frightened, but she was very nearly burnt once because one of the exploding crackers fell right on her chest. She did not show the slightest fear, but threw the burning thing away as though it was a piece of harmless stick. But the noise did affect her ear drum and through successive *Deepavali* years it became worse and worse till she became stone deaf.

I turned to my son and reminded him that the neighbours might object to the *atom bomb*. Don't worry dad," he said coolly and with great assurance, "all my friends in the street have planned to buy *atom bombs* and at this very moment they all will be asking their fathers as I am asking you."

After this there was nothing that I could say or do except to bow to the inevitable.

And now it was the turn of the daughters. They were totally opposed to my buying *atom bombs* for the son or, for the matter of that, any crackers at all. Their plea was that instead of spending money on crackers I should buy more of coloured matches and sparklers and the like.

But they were not allowed to say more.

With lightning speed my son had jumped on them and pulled them to the ground and hit them with his hands. I realised a battle had developed and the situation called for stern measures. I shouted to them to separate, but it was of no use and the position grew worse and order was not restored till my wife emerged from her sanctum, namely the kitchen, with the wooden pestle which was at the moment in her hands. She exercised a healthy influence on them and on hearing her voice first and seeing her in person later, the combatants separated and a truce was declared.

My son, battle-scarred and marks of tears in his face, implored me not to listen to the girls who were jealous, he said. The daughters, however, maintained their stand and threw a bomb-shell by saying: "He hasn't got the guts to fire the crackers; in fact he wouldn't even go near them and it is Kandan (our servant) who is going to play with the crackers."

This information was contradicted by the boy who was vehement in claiming that he was not afraid of crackers. "You ask Ramu", he said. Ramu was called in, but this was objected to by the girls who said that Ramu was as frightened of crackers as their brother and it was Ramu's father who usually set fire to the crackers. Ramu hotly denied this, but shyly admitted that his father usually held his hand and supported him while he lighted and threw away the cracker.

It seemed as though we could not come to a decision on this vital matter when my wife made another of her periodical interventions and forced a decision by her personality and the weapon she held in her hand. "Why burn money on fireworks?" she asked. "Let us have a grand feast and sweets and savouries

and let us buy clothes for the children to last for a year."

The children collapsed and there was dead silence while my wife continued: "I expect uncle to come and I am sure he would bring with him crackers for the children. So we can save on crackers and utilise the money to better purpose."

The children were not happy, neither was I. The children were not happy because uncle's appearance was problematical and even if he did come there was no guarantee that he would bring crackers with him. They were not willing to mortgage their happiness on such slender hopes. I was not happy because what my spouse had said had not indicated any reduction in the charge on my depleted purse. It was only transference of money from one head to another, the budget remained as big as ever.

Meanwhile my wife had given me advance notice that I should keep tomorrow (Sunday) free to escort her to the silk saree shop. I underlined the word 'escort' which clearly was a warning that I should do no more than escort her. Knowing her as I do I have already armed myself with a dozen detective novels to while away the time while she makes her selections in the couple of shops which are her favourites.

—SARATI

#### NEW RICE PROCESS YIELDS WAX AND OIL

Rice oil processors in the United States are tapping an additional source of income as the result of a new solvent extraction process for simultaneously recovering wax and oil from rice bran.

The process, developed by the U. S. Department of Agriculture's Southern Utilisation Research Branch at New Orleans, Louisiana, employs hexane as the solvent. The process is expected to have world-wide application within a few years.—USIS.

## SOCIALISM vs. PRIVATE ENTERPRISE

By S. NARAYAN AIYAR

MR. EUGENE BLACK (President of the World Bank) has rendered Indian industry a very distinguished service by posing to the Government of India the straight question whether their expansion of the Public Sector almost to the point of complete elimination of the Private Sector in Indian trade, industry and the public utility services is based on their choice of the best and most economical way of getting things done or on their ideological preference for the superior merits on other counts of their idea of a Socialist State. His right to pose that question is indisputable, as he has to shoulder a personal responsibility in recommending (or refusing to recommend as the case may be) to the World Bank the sanction of India's application for loans in astronomical figures, to see her through her second Five Year Plan, such a large proportion of which is to be spent through the Public Sector. The well meaning or ill meaning concern that some English papers have shown for India's independence and Mr. Black's incursion into a domestic issue is either buncombe or an ill concealed attempt to create ill blood between India and U. S. A., just at present when U. S. A. is not too popular with England and Englishmen.

#### A Timely Service

Mr. Black has done today what the united voice of Indian businessmen should have done immediately the first Industrial Policy resolution of the Government of India was published. The Indian business community has consistently failed to do its obvious duty of putting forward effectively the case of the Private Sec-

tor for the exclusive management of trade, industry and the operation of the public utility services of India. Because owing to a variety of causes, chief of which is the ideological leaning of Pandit Nehru, there is a widespread illusion in the country that India is almost unanimous in wishing for a Socialist State with practically everything managed by an omnipotent Government. The classes that really favour such a development are Government servants of all classes, a large majority of active politicians, organised labour in cities and possibly a section of the country folk, who are exclusively communist led and inspired, and the respective reasons for their preference are pretty obvious. Referring to the case of Government servants in particular, it can be stated that during the British regime as well as since the advent of independence, India has been a land where the Government has been of the people for Government servants by Government servants.

Excluding these four classes, all other classes in the country have always been critical of the development of the Public Sector. But because the former are the classes that are represented almost exclusively in the press, Parliament and the public services, there is a widely prevalent illusion that this policy of Pandit Nehru has the almost unanimous backing of the nation. The business community like almost everybody else has been misled by this apparent unanimity, and felt apologetic about its own preference for a different way of arranging the national interests in asking for the retention of the Private Sector and has been extremely

half hearted about it. At the same time thinking that the onward tide of Socialism cannot be resisted, individual members of the business community have short sightedly concentrated their attention on pretending to agree with the Government of the day in their policy and confined their efforts in securing for themselves individually (including for any groups they are interested in) as large a share as possible of what is allotted by Government to the Private Sector during the short grace period that is allowed for it.

#### Record Of The Public Sector

Meantime what are the facts in respect of and what is the record of the Public Sector in India? Every public utility service that has been nationalised has immediately on nationalisation ceased to be worth the name of service in any sense of that term. Residents of Madras who are obliged to depend on the State-managed bus service of the City for their daily movements who may have had occasion to visit Madura even for a few days and done a little bus travelling there, can have an excellent conception as to how a State managed service compares with a well conducted private service. Our Finance Minister, Mr. T. T. Krishnamachari in his reply to Mr. Black has claimed that some Government of India institutions in the Public Sector are more efficiently run than Private companies. If that is the case, I should like to know the names and addresses of those miraculous entities. For short of changing the connotation of the word efficiency I consider such a thing a real miracle. The chances are, however, that some official responsible has been pulling wool over the minister's eyes and ears. The famous Sindri Factory with an investment of 25 crores of rupees has a capacity to manufacture about 7 crores rupees' worth of goods a year. Proportion

of annual output to invested capital (one of the standard criteria for efficiency) is 28%. A recently started cycle factory in Madras with a capital of 75 lakhs of rupees has in the second year of production had an output of 1½ crores and is expected to go up to 2 crores next year. Proportion of annual output to capital invested is 200% for last year and 266% for the coming year. I am aware that these proportions are not the same for every type of goods and the Government provides amenities to the employees that private industrialists don't, but all that accounts only for a small part of this huge difference in proportion and undeniable inefficiency of Government management accounts for the bulk of it. If we compare figures for these three heads in respect of some Indian Government Factories (1) Capital invested (2) Annual expenditure on labour and management (3) Annual output in rupee value minus the value of the raw materials utilised (because that represents the actual production value of the factory) and compare the figures with some similar or other institutions in the private sector or when similar institutions in the private sector are not available in India with similar institutions in foreign countries we are faced with the appalling fact that our show institutions have just a 35% or less efficiency and there are other Government factories about which Mr. Scaife's scathing indictment passed on the Prototype Machine Tools and The Hindustan Machine Tools viz;—"Any private concern would have produced five times the result at one fifth the cost" tends to be literally true. About our State managed Railway system an efficiency team is reported to have stated that they are running at 36 percent of *normal* efficiency. A casual reader may be inclined to think that since Indian labour has only a fraction of the efficiency of

American labour (for instance) this percentage is quite reasonable. As a matter of fact this assessment is in terms of cash expenditure and results achieved (has nothing to do with the relative efficiency of Indian and American labour) and points to a very serious state of affairs in management. The same story meets us everywhere about the affairs of every industrial, trade or public utility concern run by the Government.

This general state of things has nothing to do with specific cases or causes and is true of all Government managed work in India, for while some of the best brains in India eagerly seek and get into Government service, once they are in service they cease to have any incentive to work or learn and in addition to the tempo of all Government managed work being slow red tape, reluctance to take responsibility, want of discipline, the constant unhelpful interference from an all pervading audit, and a general lethargic attitude cumulatively lead to a phenomenal disproportion between moneys spent and results obtained. In fact things go so far in some cases that it becomes doubtful if in some Government factories Government is not

actually putting in more money under various heads than it takes out in the shape of output. In a private institution such a state of things if it happens would result in insolvency and the institution closing down once for all. But in the Public Sector, cheques on the Reserve Bank and the authority of competent Financial Authorities to write off losses keep draining public money into the sink.

It is presumably because Mr. Black has obtained through some of his agents who have made investigations in this matter unimpeachable information that the general tendency of Public Sector institutions in India for trade, industry and the administration of public utility services is to drain public money and produce extremely inadequate value that he has felt justified in raising the issues at the very considerable risk to himself of being accused of trying to sabotage India's progress towards her Socialist goal. Now that a foreigner has at such risk to himself raised this issue, it is up to us, Indians, who desire the prosperity and glory of our country to examine this matter of how this Socialist economy of ours is working in actual practice and devise such remedies as the case will admit of.

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## GENERAL ROMULO'S CALL TO NEUTRAL POWERS

GENERAL Carlos P. Romulo is the Philippine Ambassador to the United States. Since the inception of the United Nations he has been the spokesman of the Philippines in the world body. He was the first Asiatic to be elected the President of the General Assembly of the United Nations. This outspoken statesman in an interview gives the following message to Asiatic countries who have emerged after long years of subjection to freedom. He says:—

No matter what the sweet words of Soviet leaders may be, the basic fact remains that the nations allied with the Soviet Union are subject Powers, used as pawns by the Soviet leaders in Moscow. In every case (and I emphasize the word "every") a nation which has become part of the Soviet system has lost its freedom and independence.

On the other hand, there is not one single nation (and again I emphasize!) allied with the United States which is subject to the United States.

My own country, the Philippines, is an example. Last July 4th marked the 10th anniversary of our independence and we have full sovereignty because we made a choice to be a democracy, and an ally of the United States of America.

On the major issues between communism and democracy, between the Soviet Union and the United States, how can any nation, now free or striving to become free, remain "neutral"? This is not an academic question for cloistered halls. It demands decisions now by leaders of all nations, and particularly the newly freed nations of Asia and Africa. The mo-

ral difference between the two systems is so vast that no man who values his liberty and the liberty of his nation can stand aside, or walk on the other side of the street.

Many Asian leaders have languished in jail, have suffered grievous wounds in the fight to attain freedom. Yet now, I fear, there is real danger that some may be placing a higher premium on straightforward nationalism than on freedom.

Are the leaders of free Asia going to return to a worse form of imperialism than they have been experiencing? Or are they going to choose the side of democracy, which in truth, is their own side?

This is not a choice just between two powerful nations, the U.S.S.R. and U.S.A. It is a choice between two basically different systems, communism and democracy. Those leaders of the free Asian nations who speak of neutrality on this issue must understand, that had it not been for the most powerful of the democratic countries, the USA, they would already be in chains.

This is true, not because I say it, but because it is in the very nature of communism to stamp out freedom, not alone at home, but in all the countries of the world.

I offer the record of history to those who think they can be "neutral" between democracy and communism. Its message is clear enough. Take side! Freedom is precious—defend it! It is not cheap, or easy or neutral. It is dear, and hard, and real. Take sides for freedom—or you will lose it!

—P. G. Krishnappa's Service

## ELECTORAL POLICY AND POLITICAL MATURITY

By DEMOCRITUS

THE crucial sentence in the letter of Shri Jaya Prakash Narayan to the P. S. P. Executive is, "It is a sign of political immaturity to think that parties in order to come to a working electoral arrangement, so as to avoid triangular or multi-angular contests, must have a common ideological basis." Let us be clear that what we are discussing is a matter of election technique and not an ideological principle. Any argument that mixes up the two will cause unnecessary confusion.

Shri Asoka Mehta differs from this view. The reference in his statement to "artificial adjustments devoid of any principle," unfortunately, confuses the issues and is not in line with his own approach. Out of all the leaders of the P. S. P., it was probably Shri Mehta who favoured and initiated a process of *ad hoc* inter party alliances for specific purposes. He was probably the first Socialist leader to speak from a common platform with the Jan Sangh. Within and outside the Parliament, he has sponsored many a joint front with Communists, Hindu Sabhaites, Akalis and, in fact, with anybody and every body on a number of issues. On no occasion can it be said that he compromised his ideology. Now, the type of electoral adjustment conceived by Shri Jaya Prakash is also of an *ad hoc* nature—involving as little ideological controversy as do other *ad hoc* alliances. But some allowances should indeed be made for its more far reaching effects than of the other alliances. That difference can be precisely discussed without magnifying or under-rating it. But in no case, it raises the issue of electoral adjust-

ment to an altogether different category.

It is nowhere implied in the above argument nor the view is imputed to Shri Asoka Mehta that technique has no ideological implications. In fact its only test, besides its not being immoral, is how far it furthers an ideological movement. One technique might do it better than the other. A technique can be criticised for being less effective, defective or ineffective but cannot be condemned—if it is morally justified—as "un-principled." Nor should one be as rigid about them as one should be about ideological matters.

### Electoral Adjustments And Joint Fronts

Electoral adjustments on particular lines would certainly influence the ideological movements in the country in a particular way. But so, the joint campaigning even on specific issues also does. Joint fronts on—say, Maharashtra, Goa, labour strikes, civil liberties etc.—on a number of occasions—did weaken Congress influence in the concerned areas and increased that of the Communists and communalists besides that of the P. S. P. On no occasion was it a case of a preference for one party over the other. It was a question of who was right on a certain issue. By joining hands with parties on issues on which their policies are right, we continuously tend to divert the course of the ideological movements in this country in healthier directions.

The question in the election also is simply this: how far the present balance of political forces is conducive to the growth of democracy and in which direction the balance ought

to be tilted in the interest of democracy and socialism.

Shri Asoka Mehta's fears of the pulls of the communalists and communists on democracy are quite genuine. But need not one be afraid of the pulls being exerted by the ruling party? It is true that ideologically and potentially communists and the communalists are more dangerous than the Congress. But which danger is more real at the present occasion? Will the present danger spare us to fight the future dangers—if at all they assume serious proportions? The capacity to fight potential and future danger is some times enhanced by successfully fighting an actual present danger. The warning of Shri Asoka Mehta against "short cuts" to the building up of a strong and stable opposition should be complemented by a similar warning against making the "cut" too long when the country might be faced with a *fait accompli*.

The crucial question to be kept in mind in the discussion of electoral strategy is not a preference for one party and its ideology over the other and its ideology. The question simply is, firstly a preference by a party for its own candidates over others and secondly at whose cost—the Congress or the opposition—should the party seek to increase its strength?

Two lines of arguments can follow from this question. On the one hand it can be held that the prime need of the country is rapid economic development which necessitates a co-operative and constructive attitude on the part of the opposition and a stabilised politics based on some understanding between democratic parties and the elimination of the extremist parties of the right and the left. This line can further suggest a complacent attitude towards growing regimentation; being something of a necessary evil in the transitional period, which should be capable of being tackled subsequently by the democratic forces. The other view, on the other hand, can maintain

that the danger to freedom and democracy is, in fact, the supreme national problem today and that without freedom economic progress would simply be illusory. It can further be held that the real danger comes today from the totalitarian trends of the ruling party. This view can suggest a complacent attitude, for the time being, about other undemocratic forces.

The propounders of the one or the other view can blame each other at the most for a miscalculation of the trends or for an error of judgement. The temptation to read anything beyond that in the explanation for the view point of which we do not like should be strictly resisted.

#### J. P.'s Proposal

The limited adjustment by the P. S. P. with the opposition parties, on the lines suggested by Shri Jaya Prakash, would help in clinching the issue of elections to the dangerous trends towards one party rule. That should provide the P. S. P. a grand opportunity of launching an ideological offensive against the communists and other undemocratic elements. For, that would demonstrate the faith of the P. S. P. in a multi-party system enabling it to make an appeal to the ranks of the monolithic parties in favour of this faith. The far reaching implications of the Twentieth Soviet Congress have already created a lot of doubts among Communists and their fellow travellers regarding the virtues of the Soviet system. By participating in an election campaign on a slogan against one-party state, it would become further difficult for them to reconcile it with their attitude towards the one party system of Soviet Russia. We should, of course, help in spot lighting these contradictions and inconsistencies which may cause a liberating type of confusion among their ranks and may expose them before the people.

Unfortunately, the P. S. P. has a wonderful knack of importing the

confusion of other parties and ridding them of it. Before the Avadi resolution denoting a dramatic change in the objective of the Congress could cause any confusion, as it should have caused, in that organisation, the nervous reactions in the P. S. P. precipitated a crisis within itself. Can't the party grow maturer and refuse to oblige other parties in taking over their differences?

#### A Challenge to Communists

The Communists would, indeed, try to spread confusion in the P. S. P. ranks, by trying to, what they may call, extend the logic of electoral adjustments to the direction of electoral alliances, joint fronts and coalitions. But isn't there a more logical direction which the P. S. P. can pursue (as described above)? Is it not logical to insist that the minimum understanding between parties comprising a joint front should be the right of existence for each of them if the other happens to form the Government? We do offer the Communist a right not only to exist but also to have freedom to function democratically. Would they reciprocate such an assurance? Do they believe that there is a need for more than one party even in a land of socialism? If so, do the people of Russia also need it? Do they condemn the lack of opposition parties in the Communist empire? If the Indian Communists follow the logic of the electoral adjustment—and we should exert all pressure that they do so in that direction—so much the better for them and Indian democracy but much worse for the cause of international communism. If they refuse to accept the logic of their own stand, the opportunity of exposing them relentlessly should not be missed.

It does need much vigilance and alertness on the part of the leadership of the opposition parties to see that an electoral adjustment instead of spreading confusion is availed of for creating utmost clarity on

ideological issues and practical policies. The refusal to compromise policies and principles for the sake of electoral adjustment can also be helpful in stemming the trend towards opportunistic electoral practices being encouraged by the ruling party. Shri Mehta asks his party to emulate the example of the Congress electoral policy in Andhra viz., of forming an alliance of the like minded parties. He could also easily have warned his party against the type of alliances Congress is having in other States for remaining in power. In Kashmir they have formed a coalition government with the communists. In the Punjab they have joined hands with the Akalis. In Bombay they had an alliance with the Fourth party (former Muslim League). In Madras they have effected a merger with the Toilers' Party of the Vannia Community. In each State the Congress party makes compromises with, what it would otherwise call, undemocratic and communal elements. By retaining the right to criticise and refusing to form coalition with parties with whom adjustment is being sought, the P.S.P. can set a higher tone of national policies than is being done by the Congress.

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## SALT AND ALLIED INDUSTRIES IN ANDHRA PRADESH

By A. V. SURYANARAYANA

SALT is an indispensable item both in human and animal diet. It is as essential as air and water for the existence of all living beings. It is also essential for the vigorous growth of vegetable and plant life. It is a common enough sight to see cattle in a sea side place congregate at the beach and imbibe the salt carried by the spray. Also perhaps many people might have been familiar with the "Salt Licks" (big pieces of Rock Salt) placed at the wayside in villages and towns so that cattle may lick at them and satisfy their natural craving for salt.

Salt has many other industrial and domestic uses. It is also used in agriculture, in the preservation of food, fish, and hides. Perhaps the Indian housewife need not be told about the importance of salt in the preparation of pickles, *chutnies* and vegetable curries. It is no wonder that in ancient times many battles were fought to gain control over the sources of salt production. Circular cakes of fused salt were used in ancient times as money and the word "salary" which we now use for our monthly emoluments is reminiscent of such practices.

The most important and perennial source of salt is the sea. The main process by which salt is recovered from the sea is by solar evaporation of sea water, which is called brine. The Andhra Pradesh has a long stretch of coast line of about six hundred miles. The climate all along this coast is quite suitable for the manufacture of salt, since on an average, there are at least five dry months with plenty of sunshine, per year. The average rain fall is about

45 inches per annum, and, though some places are prone to visitation by cyclones, there are many areas suitable for the manufacture of salt. In fact, salt has been manufactured in this coast from times immemorial.

The present salt works extend from Ichchapuram in the north to Pakala in the south. They are divided into two administrative salt circles, viz., Naupada circle and Penu-guduru circle. The quality of salt manufactured is not all good though the salt manufactured at Naupada is much whiter than that at most other places (in Andhra). But the average purity is only about 93% which is admittedly very low. For the past five years, the Salt Department has been taking much pains to improve the quality of salt manufactured and bring it up to at least 96% purity. But I fear it has not made much progress due to the apathy of the salt manufacturer.

### Present State Of The Industry

The total area under salt cultivation in Andhra at present is about 8000 acres and the total number of factories is about twenty. But these twenty factories are run by about 1800 licencees, which is admittedly detrimental to the efficiency and economy in manufacture. The average yield is only about 31 tons per acre with wide individual variations. The lowest is at Pundi with a yield of only ten tons per acre, while at Pakala, 72 tons per acre are obtained. Most of these works are very small and very badly laid out. They are run very inefficiently without any scientific or technical control. As far as I am aware, there are no qualified chemists on the staff of any salt factory.

in the Andhra area. All the factories are run with the help of hereditary labourers who have been traditionally engaged in the industry. In almost all the factories, the production is left to the labourers on contract basis, the licensee agreeing to supply the necessary brine, all other operations being carried on by the labourers. They are paid according to production and no particular care is taken regarding the quality of the salt produced. In spite of the efforts of the Salt Department to realign the salt fields on a scientific basis, very few factories have fallen in the line. Practically no effort is being made to remove or recover the by-products of the industry. In fact most of the factories do not eliminate the "bitterns" (residual mother liquors obtained after salt has crystallised), but mix them with fresh brine under the mistaken impression that by raising the density thus, they would be able to gather crops more quickly. But this is at the expense of the purity. Salt can never be pure unless the bitterns are eliminated.

#### Need for Reorganisation

Most of the factories are very small and very badly laid out. Even the few bigger factories are divided and sub-divided into smaller fragments and are sub-leased to a number of individuals. The fragments are worked by each individual separately. Under these circumstances, there is no scope for pooling of resources or economy in such operations as pumping of sea brine, gathering of the harvest or storing of the finished product. Consequently the cost of production is very high and the quality is poor. It is essential that the factories are clubbed together, say, on a co-operative basis, and operated in units of not less than 100 acres each. This is recognised to be the minimum economic unit for a salt factory working on Solar Evaporation System on the East Coast. The factories should be realigned on a scientific basis and the processes of

manufacture mechanised wherever possible.

There should also be scientific control of the process of manufacture. It is good that the Government have established some testing laboratories for salt at some important salt producing centres. The laboratories should be empowered to control the process of manufacture also and more such laboratories should be opened to serve the needs of all other manufacturing units. With such scientific control and banning release of salt of less than 96% purity for human consumption, not only purer salt can be manufactured but it is also possible to increase the production of salt in the existing salt factories in Andhra from the present annual production of about 2.25 lakhs to about five lakhs of tons per annum. Of course, more salt can be got by bringing fresh lands under cultivation.

#### Recovery of By-products

It is very regrettable that no attempts are made now anywhere in Andhra for the recovery of the by-products. For an annual production of 2.25 lakhs tons of salt, the following by-products can be obtained.

| Name of by-product.                    | Estimated yield in Tons | Estimated value in Rupees. |
|----------------------------------------|-------------------------|----------------------------|
| Calcium Sulphate (Gypsum)              | 12,000                  | 12,00,000                  |
| Magnesium Sulphate (Epsom Salt)        | 18,000                  | 54,00,000                  |
| Potassium Chloride (Muriate of Potash) | 9,000                   | 27,00,000                  |
| Magnesium Chloride                     | 42,000                  | 42,00,000                  |
| Bromine                                | 700                     | 28,00,000                  |
| Total                                  |                         | 1,63,00,000                |

This means that we are literally throwing away into the gutter more than one and half crores rupees' worth of valuable chemicals per year. Every effort should be made to recover at least a few if not all the above by-

products. This will help not only in lowering the cost of production of salt, but will add considerably to the wealth of the nation. In fact, it is a crime against the nation if we do not recover these by-products while manufacturing salt.

Further, the by-products can profitably be utilised in subsidiary chemical industries in the Andhra Pradesh itself. The Calcium Sulphate can be used for the manufacture of Plaster of Paris which has many diverse uses. The Magnesium Sulphate can be purified and used as a drug. The Potassium Chloride is a valuable fertiliser. The Magnesium Chloride can be employed for the preparation of Magnesia cements, in boiler lagging compositions, as flooring material for buildings as well as railway carriages, and in the refrigeration and iron industries.

Bromine, which can be recovered by utilising the Chlorine obtained from the Electrolytic Caustic Industry, (which should be established for utilising the surplus of our salt production), can be used for the manufacture of such valuable drugs as Potassium and Sodium Bromides.

It is quite evident that Andhra Pradesh is even now a surplus region as far as salt is concerned. At the rate of 12 lbs. per head per year, the three crores of Andhras would require about 1.6 lakhs tons of salt per year. I have already indicated that the production in Andhra can be increased to five lakhs tons per annum by scientific methods. Thus there will be a large surplus in our hands. Fortunately we have ready markets in Bengal and even in Japan. But I would stress the necessity for utilising the excess salt in the State itself by starting a modest sized Alkali Works for the manufacture of Soda Ash and Caustic Soda. In my view, the Visakhapatnam region is best suited for such a factory. There are vast stretches of contiguous lands suitable for salt production near there. Power can be had cheaply and

abundantly from the Machkund System. There is adequate rail and ocean transport facility. The only point for investigation is the discovery of a suitable source of high grade lime needed for the purpose. No doubt, we have vast deposits of high grade limestone and marble deposits in Andhra but we should find one near about Vizag.

We have now achieved the political unity of all the Andhras and our cherished dreams in this respect have been fulfilled. On this happy occasion our industrialists and Government should join together to develop all our natural resources. I hope and believe that a co-ordinated plan for the development of salt, its by-products, and Alkali industry will soon be drawn by the new Government of Andhra Pradesh. At any rate, as a first step in this direction, let us reorganise our salt industry on a scientific basis and improve the quality and quantity of salt produced in our area.

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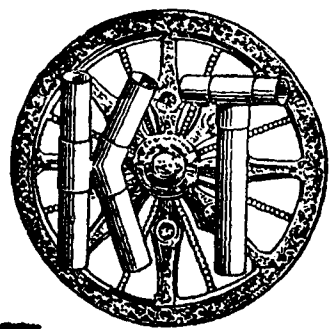
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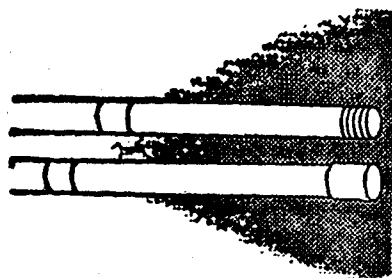
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ET 2

## DESPERATE HOURS

By S. GANPATI

IT was one of those days when you wake up unreasonably depressed. You lazily turn around in bed, with a half-articulate curse, and perceive a huge, dark, ghastly cloud devouring the sun. Somehow, you have made up your mind that the day isn't going to be any cosier or sweet; nor would it turn out magnificently tragic and melodramatic. An instinct leads you to anticipate a monotonously dull time. And the absurd logic of events conjures a chain of situations just in the right shade to confirm your forebodings. To tone up the melancholia, your mood starts playing foul. You cannot even whisk the wind and feel inflated over that sixth sense which supplied you with the handle about the shape of things to come.

You frantically experiment a couple of neo-Pavlovian methods. Nothing seems to warm up your emotion and ignite your countenance. You are ditched and down and green. All the song and poetry depicting nature, beauty and life in blythe, adulatory tones, strike as so much smug hypocrisy. You recognize in the projected sequence your own self. You revolt and rage. You detest the role you are playing: You fume and fret at the second-fiddler-position, you occupy in the orchestration of life. Without waver or hesitancy, you pass judgment. You feel you are unjustly caught asnare. An unholy conspiracy of circumstances and events has preyed on you. You feel like annihilating the entire scheme of things; to unleash an uprising against the hideous pattern of factual world. Alongside this grave and noble sentiment, an awareness sneakily swims up the surface and proclaims your utter helplessness and impotency. You despair and register a righteous indignation.

The anatomy of my thoughts was just of this pattern as I decisively kicked the blanket aside and sulkily abandoned the bed. I stood in the middle of my one-room-apartment and yawned. My eyes surveyed the place and I wondered how on earth, did I come to spend a whole year in this disgusting digs—the ugly, dishevelled windows, door and shelf, unpainted walls, the ageless chair precariously standing on three legs, the two-legged table magically balancing against the wall, the squeaking, unwilling cot, the stubs of all brands of *bidis* and cigarettes, the squalor all round. Incredible, that a year had really slipped by and I had bravely stood, enduring like Prometheus. Time seemed to be without count. We merely assigned a lot of importance to Time and went about in a flurry.

I vacantly walked over and sat on the window-sill dipping the jaw into a cupped palm.

I considered the prospects offered by the situation. The previous day had closed with bearish trends and unless a miracle worked the way out, I knew, the whole day would display a persistently depressed tone. A mad coffee-craze plagued me.

There was a knock on the door. Who the dickens was this intruder? I began a series of quick conjectures. Could it be the land-lady who had issued an ultimatum, last evening? Would it be the dhobi who had threatened me with direct action? Or, may be it was one of those odd creditors who had decided to be hostile! A qualm seized me and I writhed as my thoughts jumped about. The taps became incessant. I mustered all the courage and released the bolt. "Holy Gods!"

"Have you been sleeping still?" It was an acquaintance—somewhat on

the thick side. He blew into the room and sat on the cot.

I regarded him rather confusedly. "Whatever have you been doing with yourself . . ." His voice was conventionally affected.

I smiled without replying.

He took out his cigarette case and proffered it at me. I grabbed one, lit and inhaled deeply.

We relaxed.

"Have you been writing anything of late?"

"No. Sir."

"How is life?"

"All green and blue."

He clicked his tongue, disapprovingly.

"Why don't you Sunday-editors put some of our stuff in your columns and help the pots boil in our homes?" I abruptly chafed letting off a volume of smoke.

"Oh. Sure. Just give us what the readers want."

"And, what do the readers want?" I quizzically eyed him.

"Just read my weekly issues and find out for yourself."

There was a pause. I enjoyed a second cigarette.

"Seriously, how would you like some stuff from me? You know I badly need some cash."

Suddenly a patronising air descended upon the guy. He beamed animatedly, before speaking.

"The trouble with you is that you are never practical. You are more of a romanticist and dreamy. The cult died long ago. And this impractical approach affects your writings as well." "I see . . ." I ejaculated with a masked seriousness and puffed. I fiddled about for a while and then coquettishly helped the conversation.

"So, you'd like me to spin some yarns, pad it up with a touch of fantasy and grotesque, and give out, say, some super-natural ghost story under a super-imposed title—Do the Dead Come Back?"

"Precisely." He was appreciative.

I relieved him of one more cigarette. He got up and shot another parting doze: "As I say, you must try to be practical; come down to earth and stick on the surface of it."

The remark suddenly inspired me.

"I say, I'd like to try the first lesson. How about coughing out two or three rupees?"

He was taken aback.

"You are not joking?"

"Joke! I've never been more serious in my life."

He considered and calculated and finally brought out two white-metal pieces.

"Thanks, buddy."

"It pays to be practical!" I mused.

It suddenly occurred to me that a sure way of watering down the depression was to see a picture and the next instant, I was off.

Two hours of macabre mirth on Hollywoodian prescriptions. I fell in love with the celluloid dame who did some hop-step in a striptease sequence, pitied the one who fell a martyr to the cunning of a hairy, huge guy; and felt strongly jealous of the Valentino who had the luck to portray roles which kept him eternally hot on the heel trailing fat and prosperous widows.

I lived the two hours in the dark auditorium without, and the bright Walter Mitty World within, while it rained ferociously outside.

The lights were switched on and I walked out.

The downpour was absolutely violent. A thunderstorm swept off the lights. Everything was dark, pouring and dreadful.

My legs ached miserably bearing me for over an hour. There was no sign of the rains abating; every moment it was on the increase. I decided in favour of a good and deep shower-bath and *padayatra*.

I charged forward. I kicked and cut through the water inundating the streets. A faint regret suggested itself for my foolish decision.

I continued my walk with Tensing determination and stopped opposite the cross roads. Two long, narrow roads wound a vast—and what must have been once a burial ground—area of barren land. Usually, I cut through the field and saved nearly two miles. I wondered for a while if I should do the same or take the long-distance marathon. I decided that I should cut across the field.

It was a crooked, zig-zag path, very quiet and deserted. The entire field was a very silent and dreadfully calm place except for a handful of men who worked on a reclaimed piece of land in one corner, during the day. The nights were really frightening and many brave hearts had been scared here.

I paced along the path and my thoughts skipped over a thousand things. I thought of the guy who had paid a social call on me during the day and his unwilling gift to me. I thought of his advice and the seriousness with which he went about offering it. I thought of those dreary, impossible ghost stories and histories of haunts.

I must have walked for over a quarter of an hour, immersed deeply in my thoughts when suddenly, I directed my eyes straight on my left. A faint shadow-like figure seemed to be standing at some distance. It did not move or stir. I looked a little more keenly and the figure appeared slightly different from the human forms. I moved forward in the direction of the figure. It seemed to have dressed all in white and strange, it did not stand on *terra-firma*. I became curious and advanced a little further. The feet appeared at least two feet above ground level.

As quick and severe as the atomic blast, my memory retreated and I lucidly remembered all the ghost stories I had heard from my grand-

mother, the ominous incidents my aunt had narrated about haunted houses in her village, the extraordinary experiences of an uncle of mine in a thick bamboo grove, and the various spiced versions I had listened to, about *Mohinis* and *Muniswaras*.

And then, I seemed to recognise the figure exactly conforming to the descriptions of a ghost, I had heard. The feet would be twisted: Yes, the feet appeared twisted. And a ghost will never tread on the ground: Undoubtedly, this figure had its feet clearly above the ground-level. The head would be turned about: Indeed this also appeared true. I could see all these things all right.

So, this was a ghost, real and monstrous—just a hundred yards ahead of me. My legs sank, spirits deflated and a cold shudder shook me to the fibre.

The sight and its identification blew the wind off me. A dark fright enveloped me and I stood like a lifeless corpse.

I couldn't pump in reason or courage and like a sleep-walker, I moved on.

Somehow, I felt certain of my end. I was sorry that I had to depart in such an inglorious manner. I felt the icy hands of Death clamping me down.

I was within five yards of the hideous figure. I expected the Thing to get hold of me and squeeze the life out any moment.

I stood face to face before the figure. I dare not lift my head. I submitted meekly like a condemned man before the executioner.

An eternity seemed to pass by. Yet, nothing happened. I was a trifle perturbed and peevishly lifted my head. My eyes greeted the figure and stayed fixed on the figure. I gazed without winking for long . . .

It was a SCARECROW.

## CORRESPONDENCE

## Foreign Tours

The time has arrived for a careful review of the entire question of foreign tours by Governmental and quasi-Governmental agencies. The public must know how many delegations from this country are abroad at a given time and what expenditure is incurred by Government out of public revenues. A parliamentary delegation is now in China, headed by the Speaker of the Lok Sabha. The report goes that 22 M.Ps. have been included in this delegation of 26 members. When Prime Minister Nehru was some time back in Saudi Arabia, 3 M.Ps. were reported to have accompanied him. A team of M.Ps. visited Kashmir during the recent Kashmir festival; the Home

Minister also attended that festival. Several other Ministers of the Central Cabinet and also of some States, are now abroad on some business or other. Apart from the phenomenal expenditure incurred by India on its embassies abroad the expenditure incurred on these delegations of a multifold nature must be enormous. There do not appear to be many Legislators in Parliament who care to question Government on this point. Travel abroad appears to have become something like an infection. Travel abroad and ceaseless travel within the country by Ministers and officers, the repeated and almost never ending conferences at all levels, are throwing on the tax payer burdens which, in all conscience, he is entitled to be relieved from.

R. S. SRINIVASACHARYA

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## CRICKET *et al*

By L. N. S.

MACAULAY's omniscient school-boy, the *beau ideal* of an earlier generation of studious youth, is now as dead as the dodo. I have always had my own doubts as to whether he ever lived at all. My guess is that that prodigy was a wholly mythical entity who camouflaged the self-conceit and exhibitionism which were such strong traits of Macaulay himself all through his life. At best, he (I mean the type) was a book-worm with a premature pair of spectacles from which most people were ready enough to infer a pleasurable but disconcerting precocity. But his range was definitely limited. Taking Macaulay himself for our purpose, we know that he was a mutt in mathematics and so lost his place in the Greats at Cambridge. Nor did he evince interest in any of those aspects of life which dealt with the advances of science and their bearing on the progress of inventions, commerce and industries. His was a thorough knowledge of the classics, European history and the alleys and by-ways of biography, specially of the makers of history. With such a stock-in-trade, he dazzled his readers the majority of whom are allergic to reading.

Not only was he incurious to all but law and letters; he seems to have been an uncharacteristic type of Englishman in his indifference to sport—both in the singular and in the plural. He who drew his figures of speech from a wide range of human interests has not used any of the national pastimes or recreations to illumine his epigrams or embellish his antitheses. Or, rather to be fair, there is only one such figure which I can call to mind at the moment, testifying to his interest in racing. And it was so typical of the man to use that occasion to underline a literary judgment when he declared: 'Eclipse first and the rest nowhere.' *Eclipse*,

it may be explained for the benefit of the present reader, was the name of a horse which left its rivals so utterly behind as to deprive them of even the solace of 'Also Ran!'

Our present-day schoolboys have earned a bad name for their compendious ignorance and endemic indiscipline. Quite definitely there are no budding Macaulays among them; one adequate reason for their paucity would seem to be that there is no demand for them in prevailing conditions. But I should like to put in a plea here in defence of our youth, because their good points are not being publicised for the reassurance and gratification of their elders.

Ignorance may be no excuse in law, but I think it is a hopeful state of mind in the young; for it holds out infinite prospects of their living and learning. Inaccuracies or mis-statements of fact which are seized upon with ghoulish glee by frustrated pedants are but facts as the victim would have them. The poet is doing the same thing on a magnificent scale, and gets praised, petted and pensioned for it. Plato was both just and philosophic when he banished the breed from his commonwealth. If our young men cannot explain *Panch Shila* I submit that the responsibility for it, in part at least, should be ascribed to the platitudinousness of it. If geographical mistakes are made, they may for aught I know, be but prophetic intimations of the shape of things to come. Whoever could have said till the other day that Goa was a part of Portugal? Is not Hongkong a British colony? Parts of India are shown on Chinese maps as belonging to the Peoples' Republic without any protest being lodged by India. Kashmir is found in the maps of both India and Pakistan. The Persian Gulf may still become a Russian lake while the boundaries of the

Tamils may expand to include Indo-China and Malaya. If in the region of contemporary history, there are to be found people who swear that Hitler and/or Bose are still alive, it is no more extravagant in my view than to suppose that Caesar or Napoleon is irrevocably dead. For it was a very wise man who said that history is a 'fable that is agreed upon.' These discrepancies which we deplore in our young hopefuls are proofs that we are going through a transition period in which one set of agreed fables is being upset to make way for another which is in the process of taking shape.

But that is merely negative defence. Let me carry the war to the enemy quarters and show that the youth of today is as well posted with information on subjects nearest to its heart as other youthful generations have been at other times. First of all, the youth of today, and of both sexes, are walking encyclopedias of terrestrial astronomy—if I may so describe the gorgeous lore and lure of the silver screen. They know all about stardom even as the pious children of other times knew all about martyrdom. Next, their command of an inexhaustible repertory of catchy tunes is an unfailing treat since they undergo a sea-change through deviations and aberrations which are pure inspiration. Their intellectual pabulum is predominantly distilled from leftist literature. They look to Moscow with a mystic and muted veneration which is the most hopeful indication of the falsity of the basic assumptions of the Marxian dialectic. In Tamil Nad in particular, they evince in addition a compendious admiration for things Dravidian which are grist to the grinding of the mills of a new mythology of *Tamilagam*. Their zeal for anti-religious and anti-Hindu slogans has the same naivety with which some bright children enact funerals of their parents after seeing a funeral procession. There is a standing public to greet parodies of

the Aryan classics with delirious enthusiasm. But more than all, they are all ardent cricket 'fans'. From urchins who have not yet learnt to wear their dhoties to grey-bearded and cautelous old men, from heads of departments eating their heads off for want of work to do to clerks eating their hearts out for want of a living wage, all forget their complexes in a common and liberating fascination for this game.

This growing vogue of cricket in our midst is a phenomenon which has not yet been properly analysed or assessed in relation to our new-furnished national set-up. Next to democracy and the parliamentary system which we have borrowed from Britain, nothing has proved our zeal for playing the sedulous ape to others more convincingly than this mounting mania for cricket. I remember that soon after the transfer of power to us, a right-wing paper in England declared that the most hopeful sign in India was the manner in which cricket had caught on with the people here. The comforting conclusion was drawn that so long as this tendency persisted, there was no prospect of India going red. I must leave it to our communist rank and file to give a fitting answer to this audacious and unctuous claim.

It is however interesting to record that Cricket usurped first place in English affections only from after the middle of the nineteenth century. The thrasonical brag about Waterloo having been won on the playing fields of Eton had less reference to Cricket than perhaps to football and other games. Drake and his cronies who are ascribed the honour of defeating the Armada instead of a storm which was an act of God, played bowls which, evolutionarily speaking was a prototype of modern cricket. The growth of Australia into a colony (from origins which need not be too closely pried into) brought cricket to the fore as a connecting link between the daughter and

mother-country. Communities of race, language, culture and institutions have made the evolution of common modes of recreation and entertainment easy and natural.

On the other hand, when the American colonies broke away from British imperialists, they made a clean break with the mother country in all respects, though superficial similarities still delude the unwary into the fallacy that America is an extension of England or that England is an appanage of America. The differences between the English and the Americans are far-reaching and profound. The Americans wear belts, the English braces; the English cannot live without tea, while the Americans cannot get on without coffee. The Americans have Tammany Hall while there is no exact counterpart to it anywhere else in the world. English of a sort is still used in England, while America has evolved a slangue out of it which has made the whole world kin. Americans go mad over base-ball without their committing the mistake of electing their Babe Ruths to the White House. In England on the other hand, membership of a cricket team at Eton or Harrow or of the eight at Cambridge or Oxford has almost always entailed the membership of a cabinet with ten to one chances of being thrust into the Prime Ministership the blue riband of imperial politics!

We Indians on the other hand furnish a romantic instance of taking to a foreign game as if to the manner born. According to some of our top ranking leaders, we speak and write English better than Englishmen; it therefore stands to reason that we should play cricket better than the Englishmen. The fashion was started by Ranjit Singh who set up as many records as he broke—a sure test of greatness according to English authorities. In the days of our political nonage, when the goal was to prove our fitness for self-gov-

ernment, we cultivated cricket with more than sportsmanlike zeal—there was a political urge behind it. Oddly enough Gandhiji's home province, Gujerat and Maharashtra, fiercely anti-British throughout, have turned out to be the cradle of Indian cricket. Bombay became a cricket island in the tropics, and continues to be the teeming nurse of Indian players.

Sweet and varied are the uses of cricket. Short of playing it, we can do almost everything else with it. We can bet on it, write about it, witness it and talk the jargon of it without necessarily understanding the difference between *off* and *on*, *break* and *spin*, *googly* and *gully*, *yorker* and *bumper* and so on. Anglo-Australian relations were strained to breaking point twice in recent history on account of cricket. First the *casus belli* was the mammoth scoring of Bradman who broke the hearts of the spectators and the backs of bowlers; then it was the furore caused by Larwood's body-line bowling. It was the natural answer to impossible Bradmans; but Larwood had to be withdrawn as a gesture of appeasement to inflamed Australian opinion.

We too have our own politics associated with cricket. For, it has been a sort of golden gateway to official and political success in life. Many a bumpkin whose brains were found more in his wrists or fingers or feet than where they properly belong has managed to get into the padded seats of government offices. An amiable district judge developed a grand passion in middle age for cricket, and organised week-end matches with the help of paunchy old gentlemen practising before him who had to pant up the pitch or run epileptically after the ball in the interests of their practice and for the better satisfaction of their clients. There was another young man fresh from England who was noted a cricketer, and who was taken in hand by a set of British officials who inducted him

into the seat of the chief minister of a state in the old, dyarchic dispensation. Race clubs, Red Cross societies, Boy-scout companies, welfare organisations and of course cricket federations offer the vantage of neutral ground from which you can hob-nob with the great ones of the land. The cinema and the world of sport so closely inter-linked have been over-run by our princely order who now rule without reigning in contrast to the old era when they reigned without ruling.

Writing about cricket as I am trying to do is as respectable a kind of fraud as any other. The higher your literary pretensions, the greater is your vogue. It was A. G. G. (who had other titles to remembrance) who set the fashion of treating a game of cricket as a piece of literature to be interpreted in the jargon of literary criticism. Others have followed him and fared worse. I remember having come across the adjective 'marmoreal' applied to some player or other. Goodness knows what was sought to be conveyed; but it conjured up for me visions of a player cut in alabaster and petrified into immobility while catches went a-begging all about him.

Whether one calls it the popularity of the game or a craze for it, it is too formidable a fact to be ignored or under-estimated. The indignation of the moralist is as much out of place in denouncing the racket that is being made of it as the apathy of another section of the public to it. It is, in my view, one of the dwindling refuges of the bourgeois mentality in its futile attempts to survive into a new era without faith either in the old or in the new. It is fortunately restricted to big metropolitan centres like Madras and Bombay, and has left the country-side untouched and undisturbed by its simulated furies and whipped-up ardours. It would be a tragic thing if in regard to language we should swear by English, and by cricket in sport as we do by the two-party system in poli-

tics. There are some creatures which are condemned to live a parasitic existence; is it to be our destiny to be a parasitic nation?

Let me conclude with two quotations to show that the fetish of cricket as a manly, national game was debunked by two of the most pugnacious Englishmen of this century. Wells called it a silly game having all the appearance of a group of lunatics behaving incomprehensibly while a large number of mutts watching them went into raptures over their antics. And Wells was an evangel of the *avante garde* for his time. Kipling at the other end of the scale—a true-blue tory-spoke with withering contempt of the 'flannelled fools at the wicket and muddled oafs at the goal.' If you add 'light-weight jockeys on the saddle' you get the English seasons with the *precision* of the equinoxes.

But as an instrument of policy, cricket is as much a *propos* as any other diversion. The government is promising us bread and more bread; cricket and its variants are the circus to round off the horizon of the proletariat. The gladiators had a box-office justification, even as our professional cricketers have. Let us think kindly of the game by thinking of their desperate attempts to please their employers—a thing which no other class of workers are keen about now-a-days!

#### READ & SMILE

When the historian, Bernard de Voto, was introduced to a young lady at a reception in his honour, he asked politely what type of writing she did. The young lady happened to be a guest, not a writer, and her only contribution to literature was a society item sent into a small valley newspaper. Unwilling to admit her status among so many prominent authors and members of the press, she answered, "I write for the Valley News."

"And how is your circulation?" asked de Voto.

She glared at him haughtily. "As far as I know, Mr. de Voto," she retorted, "I'm in perfect health."

