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H. D. RAJAN**SWATANTRA**

Vol. XI. FEBRUARY 4 SATURDAY 1956 No. 1

WOBBLING LEADERSHIP

WE have been always of the view that the reorganisation of the country should proceed on a bilingual, trilingual or multilingual basis. But till recently there was no support in the Press for this view. There was a sort of mad craze for what may be called one-language-one-State idea. It was accelerated by the creation of the Andhra State. The Andhra State represents a denial of his own faith by the Prime Minister. He was never an apostle of linguistic division. But he yielded to a principle in which he had no belief when he constituted the Andhra State in the mental confusion that overtook him under pressure of the emotional reactions produced by Sri Potti Sriramulu's terrific ordeal of self-immolation. Herein lies embedded in a nutshell one peculiar aspect of our democratic set-up. Elsewhere, democracy represents an oscillation of power from party to party on the basis of the acceptance or rejection by public opinion of the outstanding principles upheld by the respective party leaders as symbolic of the political individuality of the parties to which they belong. Public support to a party is measured by the success of its leaders in the matter of taking the people along with them in the policies to which they are pledged on the major issues of the day. When this sort of support is found lacking by the ruling party, it resigns, and the principal party of the Opposition takes its place, or else there is a general election to test anew how the public stands in respect of the conflicting viewpoints

of the parties seeking its suffrage.

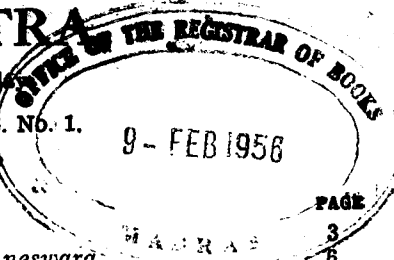
In India, in the period that has elapsed since Independence, Pandit Nehru has not shown himself bound in any manner by the almost worldwide convention of democracy as outlined above. Often, instead of leading the nation with a definite attitude of his own in controversial issues, he has been content to be led by it. In this matter of States reorganisation, though opposed to unilingual States, he adjusted himself to the demand for it when he found overwhelming support for the demand coming from the Andhras. This trait of the Prime Minister, of adjusting himself, without belief, to doctrines opposed to his own, has had a disastrous effect on our national politics. It has introduced an undemocratic spirit into our system of government, permitting the Congress party to continue in power even after major measures associated with it have ceased to command public support. By virtue of this undemocratic spirit the Congress looks like being enabled to continue its rule in perpetuity, making a mockery of the main essential of democratic government that the ruling party should cease to rule when its policies have demonstrably ceased to command public backing. Secondly, the impression created by the Prime Minister's wobbles between contradictory attitudes has been injurious to public stability. People have come to believe that if sufficient pressure is put on him, he can be made to abandon a course to which he is committed and resort to quite

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ON THE COVER:

Sri Kasturi Srinivasan who was awarded the title of Padma Bhushan on Republic Day.

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SWATANTRA

February 4 1956

an opposite course. In the past few days we have had a demonstration of this generally widespread belief. People in various parts of the country are putting pressure on the Prime Minister to pull him to their side, and in between the conflicting pressures of divergent sections, every sign of the Government having a mind of its own has disappeared, and we have reached a stage when the problem of States reorganisation will be determined by those who can give the most trouble and not those whose arguments are the soundest. Instead of the dog wagging the tail, the tail has begun to wag the dog. Outbursts of violence are natural to this atmosphere of revealed subjection to organised pressure. Legal counter-violence will not dispose of unlawful outbursts of violence when these latter have their root causes in the indeterminateness and other proved defects of the ruling leadership.

Pandit Nehru has now arrived at a very remarkable phase of evolution in his handling of the States reorganisation question. His changes of attitude have gone one full circle, and he has come back to the starting point with emphasis on mergers of linguistic communities into bilingual or multilingual States. We are not however as happy as we ought to be at the return of the Prime Minister after considerable wayward wandering, to a viewpoint identical with that of the pattern of statesmanship so far revealed, there is nothing to prevent the bilingual or multilingual States now contemplated from being split up once again into their component unilingual units when sufficient trouble towards that end is given by the linguistic fanatics in the country. So long as external pressure continues to be the ultimate criterion in the determination of Government policies, any settlement will only invite organised effort to overthrow it, and there can be no peaceful solution of any controversial issue.

As a result of ad hoc adjustments,

in fragments, of declared official policies, to suit oncoming pressures, we have now quite a chaotic medley of suggestions emanating from the Prime Minister with no internal consistency between one and another of them. If the merger movement fructifies, there is no need to superimpose on it a zonal system. Nor is there any virtue in an advisory zonal system. It will only mean the establishment of pretensions councils with imposing titles whose advice nobody will feel bound to take. The amount of money spent distributing largesse to favourites in elaborate investigations on questions that could be settled and are finally anyhow settled only by Ministers is appalling, and on this the Congress Government has quite beaten the record of their British predecessors whose extravagances amounted to downright profligacy. The essence of the zonal plan is compulsion of attention on economic issues transcending linguistic boundaries, and extraction from the Centre of sufficient executive authority for dealing with such issues intelligently and rationally. We are not very hopeful of the integrity of the responses to the Prime Minister's merger appeals, because only a few days earlier, the Chief Ministers to whom the appeals are being addressed, would not even tolerate the idea of a common Governor for two States. The Governorship is so little burdened with day-to-day functions that one Governor would do quite well for all the South Indian States. In fact no State would be any the worse in its enjoyment of intrinsic benefit if it had no Governor at all. If the Chief Ministers were so incapable of sharing in common with another State a functionary so wholly dispensable as the Governor, what value can one attach to their protestations of fraternal identity with neighbouring areas involving not merely a common Governor, but a common cabinet, common legislature and common administrative services?

We are led to believe that these Chief Ministers have lost the faculty of independent judgment if ever they had it. It has become their political profession to watch out for Homer's nods and adjust their minds and views accordingly.

SABOTAGE IN THE FAR EAST

ON April 11, 1955, the Air India International plane, the *Kashmir Princess*, crashed en route from Hong Kong to Indonesia. It was carrying members of the Chinese delegation to the Bandung Conference, some of them journalists. The Hong Kong Government instituted an enquiry into the accident and discovered that it had been caused by a time bomb lodged inside the starboard wing. The shock of this discovery on the world was enhanced by the additional disclosure that the Hong Kong Government had previously to the fateful day been warned of the threatened sabotage. We are now told that after eight months of investigation into the past and whereabouts and movements of 71 persons who could in any way have been connected with that particular plane, the suspicion falls on one Mr. Chow Tse-ming, alias Chou Chu, an employee of the Hong Kong Aircraft Engineering Corporation, who has now been discovered to have left Hong Kong for the Nationalist stronghold of Formosa. Mr. Chow is alleged to have admitted his guilt in the sabotage on more than one occasion before he decided to hide himself to the island. The Nationalist authorities who have been requested by the British Government to surrender Mr. Chow have replied that the request is not based on legal grounds since there exists no extradition treaty between the U. K. and the Nationalist Government.

This is the report which has appeared in the Press. There has been neither additional information nor comment in the newspapers

about this item which is the sequel to an accident which outraged the world barely a few months ago. This collective silence is, to say the least, disturbing. Is there more in this than meets the eye? Sabotage even in war time is hitting the opponent below the belt. But it has come to be an accepted part of the technique of modern warfare because it is thought foolish to make rules about how to conduct the business of killing. But in peace time sabotage is one of the most dastardly crimes judged by any standards. Whatever the condition of the time, however, sabotage is never an individual's crime. It is the collective crime of a nation or a country or a race or a tribe. The saboteur is only a tool in the execution of that crime. Has this investigation by the Hong Kong Government been fair and just? How strong is the legal basis of the Nationalist refusal to surrender Mr. Chow? Has the whole affair no moral basis at all? Someone must ask these questions. Because, if these questions are not asked the whole affair may well congeal into a stalemate leaving not even a smudge on the conscience of humanity. And all this talk of Justice, Freedom and Truth because of divergent interpretations on which the world is divided, will be proved to be mere words, mouthfuls of wind, meaning nothing.

Clearly, more than one petty individual is involved in the sabotage. Is that the reason for this ominous conspiracy of silence on the part of the spokesmen of nations?

Modern civilization is faced with a task of fatal urgency. Unless man can find ways of limiting war, modern civilization itself may perish. The difficulties of civilizing warfare are today far greater than the capacity of the major powers to wage total war with ever fewer restrictions and ever fewer survivors. Today, it is no longer a common belief in the dignity and destiny of man, but only prudence and fear, that can prevent total war.—HANS SPEIER in the Bulletin of Atomic Scientists.

tto Voce

A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE



WE have a Tamil proverb which laughs at the man who, being too lazy to look out for a suitable bride, plumped for his father's cousin's daughter. The gibe, incidentally, lost its point when our Peter the Great, bent on the sacred task of westernisation, ruled that *gotra* was bunk. Now you can marry almost anybody except your sister or grand-mother. I should not be surprised if some public-spirited philanthropist were to establish a foundation for awarding life-grants to the heroes who marry within their *gotra*.

The sanctions on which the old law-givers relied were mostly laid up in Heaven. No doubt they said that marrying one's own kin would result in deterioration of stock, in the birth of morons, nit-wits and hoodlums. But that foremost *Sastra* of the day, Eugenics, regards such dismal prophecies as the croakings of quackery. The *avant-garde* therefore snaps its fingers at the horrors of the Raurava hell or the possibility of nemesis in the shape of grandsons who might be stuttering idiots. But the marriage of convenience which Dr. Bidhan Ray and Sri Krishna Sinha have proposed may have to be consummated under inauspicious circumstances, as was the marriage of Rukmini's grandson with her brother's grand-daughter.

Rukmi, the brother, was a pioneer of the vendetta. He vowed he would not return to his native city before killing Krishna and remarrying his

beloved sister to Sisupala from whom she had been snatched away. And yet, logic not being the strong point of men of strong passions, he lived to give his daughter in marriage to Krishna's son Pradyumna, because, as the poet says, "he loved his sister," and love is always stronger than hate. In due course his nephew had a son Aniruddha and his daughter a girl, and Rukmi carried his fraternal affection so far as to insist on a marriage between them. But the old anger in his heart against Krishna still smouldered.

A mere straw set it ablaze. Egged on by his old crony the gambler Sakuni, he deceived Balarama at dice and added insult to injury by asking how could cowherds hope to excel in the Game of Kings. A blow with the dread mace sent the old sinner to his account. In recounting this ancient tale, I have no wish to appear as a prophet of doom. I am merely concerned to remind the uncommitted that stunts, gestures and improvisations are not a safe foundation for policy. It is no use saying that for generations Bengal and Bihar were administratively one. For half a century they have not only been apart; they have developed the familiar neurosis *dayadis*.

Political short-cuts have a had their fascination for the clan who is nothing else. He bates them in privacy and th to invest them with a spuric inspiration. At the Rou

Conference the Princes' "offer" of a Federation was born this way. It was as much a command performance as the notorious Muslim League demand for separate electorates instigated by a Hindu-hating Viceroy. Winston Churchill's offer of union to France in her desperate hour had a rather different motivation—Britain's need to ensure that in the heart of the menace of Hitler's Europe there would form one blood clot which might choke him. But it was a gambler's throw, and it failed.

The totalitarian menace of Russia-China is no less dreaded by the West today. But how is it that neither Eden nor Eisenhower has thought of Anglo-British Union as the solution? Why, English-speaking Canada prefers to remain with French-speaking Canada, however attractive might be the prospect of merging itself with the States. It may be argued that, whereas Canada and America are two independent countries, Bengal and Bihar or the amalgam which has suddenly become the hot favourite—Tamil Madras, Kannada

Mysore and Malayalee T-C.—are all parts of one country. But that country is a continent and the man from Belgaum is much more of a stranger to the man from Bhavani than the Frenchman is to the German.

Indian legend speaks familiarly of "fifty-six kingdoms." Tamizhagam of old was harried by perpetual wars between Chera, Chola and Pandya, all speaking the same language. The territorial bond—the sense of neighbourhood—was always stronger than the bond of language; familiarity makes even the door-post dear to us as the poet said. Man is so made that he requires a plurality of affiliations; loyalty to his own neighbourhood or State need not conflict with his loyalty to his country. Political unity requires a strong central power securely placed over compact units enjoying appropriate rights and functions for securing their social and cultural integrity, not the creation of *chota* empires which might tempt their little Caesars to emulate the Asaf Jahis of history.

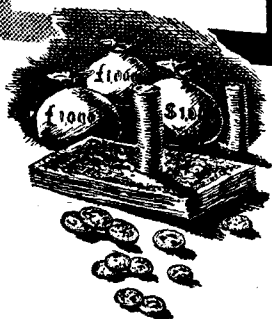
VIGNESWARA



The new Pediatric Department was opened in King George Hospital, Visakhapatnam recently. The Union Health Minister, Sri N. Sanjiva Reddi, Major K. N. Rao, Director of Andhra Medical Services, and Dr. P. Thirumal Rao, the Head of the Department, are in the picture.

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INDIAN AFFAIRS:

By SARANGA

—THE DRAFT PLAN —STATES IN CONFUSION

WITH its edges trimmed, the Draft Memorandum on the Five Year Plan will be floated again for the scrutiny of the public in the next few days. The discussions during the last one month have not perhaps given the Plan a different look. It will, of course, be claimed that the nationalisation of insurance has made some difference to the problem of resources. It would be unrealistic, to say the least, that the net new money that will be placed at the disposal of the public sector through nationalisation will exceed Rs. 100 crores in five years, (after deducting the expenses out of the annual premium income of Rs. 50 crores and the existing percentage of investments in Government securities.) If the Government can promote insurance by more tax concessions or through compulsory insurance, some further increase may be possible and it would be unwise either to assume or rule out these possibilities. In any case, no other advance has been recorded on the unknown quantities in the resources budget of the Plan. Its size may not be reduced on that account, but by saying that it will be flexible enough to enable annual detailed planning, the planners seek to make a virtue of necessity. The inclusion or non-inclusion of schemes would depend on the annual budget but the reduction or postponement of schemes may not necessarily lead to disaster. There are many half-baked schemes which may not mature as workable projects and the size of the outlay rather than the firmness of the blueprints has been the best recommendation for their inclusion to satisfy certain sections of opinion in the Government and the party.

A major development has been the provision made for the establishment of heavy machine-making industries capable of turning out steel plants during the third five year plan. The Prime Minister has been definite about not being ready to allow any lag to occur in this matter like the lag on the steel plants under the first five year plan. But the idea seems to have been inspired largely by the similar project in China, which the Soviet Union has been helping to build, which is said to be capable of turning out two steel plants every year of a total capacity of 1.5 million tons. Whether even here Soviet assistance would be sought in the last resort cannot be foreseen at this stage but the insistence on the idea at this stage might have been due to suggestions from those quarters. The main difference here is that our planning need not proceed on the basis of a siege economy which Communists assume because of our trading relations with all countries. But it cannot be overlooked that the difficulty now felt in securing supplies of steel and in building the very limited addition to our steel capacity is not very encouraging to make us rely on the normal availability of these facilities. So long as transport and agricultural and industrial production of consumer goods are taken care of, the building up of heavy industry at the expense of other development seems worth while. There is perhaps, scope for retrenching welfare and amenity proposals but these cannot be declared in advance by any politician; time must be allowed to do its work. That is the only meaning to be read into annual plans in the present context.

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With a Budget in the offing, the real puzzle is what other deeds will be committed in the name of the socialist pattern. The optimists have always been deriving much satisfaction from the Prime Minister's speeches, which have oozed sweet reasonableness all the time when shock treatment has been undertaken by his lieutenants. Indian and foreign business men, who were at first inclined to agree with the view that Indian socialism has a pragmatic basis and that its bite is less severe than its bark, are no longer disposed to be complacent. When the worst is said against their anti-social activities in business, their continued functioning depends on their and not the politician's assessment of the future, and the business man has no reason to be optimistic. In the short term, the large outlay in the public sector would be reflected in the contracts for supply of materials or for construction activity, placed in the private sector. That is good enough in the short period for those who are in a position to undertake them. But over the rest of the business sector, there is a feeling of uncertainty about the courses which Government policy will take under the stresses, political and financial. Last week, a group of business men were driven to seek clarification from the Prime Minister and there is no doubt that it was a satisfying experience to them. But in specific or precise terms, they could not have got any assurance.

In a speech at the Standing committee of the National Development Council, delivered on January 7, Mr. Nehru referred to the problem of reconciling the concentration of power under industrialisation with individual freedom. The Prime Minister there stressed the possibility of bringing about social changes under pressure of events, by the pressure of democracy and also by a friendly cooperative approach rather than by eliminating each other

through conflict. But in essence, the Prime Minister's approach on every occasion has been to regard nationalisation as the remedy, despite the concentration of power and patronage in the hands of Government, giving rise almost to the same evils as those to be found in private control. The socialist pattern cannot be mere State capitalism all the time which adds economic to political power in a manner which restricts individual freedom to a small area. It is difficult to place absolute faith in the rule of the majority as the guarantor of individual freedoms; the majority may give its consent but the power is located in a different set of individuals whose personal stake is often less and whose individual responsibility is hard to define. Mr. Nehru often referred on that occasion to the "authoritarian powers" of the Chinese Government and the fact that "they have a big club with them in their hands" but so far as the possession and use of State power in India is concerned, the trend in the short run is not towards enlargement of the area of initiative but in centralising it. The errors of this policy can be seen only over a period of time, when a democracy may call them to account, as it did on food controls. But until then, there seems to be no redress available against the evils of excessive concentration of authority in the name of socialism.

The all-round confusion that now prevails on the question of States Reorganisation shows the sorry mess into which the self-righteous actions of the leaders have landed them. It is probable that the Bill to be introduced in Parliament will be drafted on the lines of the Government's decisions, though even for this purpose, the future of Telengana and the Punjab is still left in uncertainty. Any further changes that may be made will be effected by way of amendments to the Bill at any of its

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subsequent stages. After the anti-climax of the Roy-Sinha agreement, there is an atmosphere of uncertainty. There is, perhaps, some impatience in Delhi over the fact that the Madras Chief Minister, Mr. Kamaraj Nadar, refused to be swept off his feet by the new wave of idealism that has been hailed on all sides, but his attitude was constitutionally proper. The ideal of integration is indeed a noble one and need not be questioned but can individual leaders in States achieve it by agreements on the purely personal plane? The extent to which the Roy-Sinha agreement has been uncritically accepted—even by such eminent persons like Rajaji—is not indeed a happy sign. The feeling of revulsion created by the Bombay incidents might have been responsible for this new enthusiasm for integration but this is a matter for patient and deep consideration. If integration under the

pressure of recent events should give rise to strains at a later stage, because of irrepressible group loyalties, there would be no gain in the end. A preliminary period of preparation of men's minds for integration would be necessary and dramatic moves, undertaken at the behest of our top leaders, cannot produce loyalty to larger groups overnight. Such moves only create suspicions about what these men are up to and these will gather momentum. Sufficient evil has been caused already by too clever attempts to create a case for a separate Vidharba or a separate Bombay city. It is time to cry halt to this confusion. In Bombay and in the Punjab, the statesmanship of our leaders is being severely tried; the solving of these two problems is task enough at the present time. There is no need to add to it by creating problems elsewhere.

IRRATIONAL APPROACH TO “RATIONAL” TASK

By K. S. S.

THERE is a widespread feeling among the intellectuals in the country that the approach of the Government of India and of the Congress High Command to the problem of the reorganisation of the States is manifestly irrational although the avowed purpose is to rationalise the administrative map of India. Prime Minister Nehru perhaps unwittingly gave the signal for what may be called irrationalisation of the administrative units of the country when he pleaded in the Lok Sabha that goodwill had to be considered much more important than logic. While one would agree with Mr. Nehru that the new States, whatever their shape, should be brought about with the goodwill of the peoples concerned, it appeared queer to assume that logic would bring in ill-will. The fact, however, is quite the reverse. The disturbances that broke out in Bombay and other parts of the country in the wake of the publication of the Government of India's decisions on the recommendations of the Fazl Ali Commission were to some extent due to the failure of the Government to take the public into confidence as to the rationale of the decisions finally arrived at. It appeared to the public that the whole approach had been to achieve goodwill among the politicians rather than the peoples concerned. This policy would have yielded good results had the politicians proved themselves true representatives of democratic opinion. But unfortunately the average politician has ceased to be an honest representative of democratic opinion in the country. His calibre has fallen deplorably. The politician of today is far more self-centred and power-hungry than the politician of say the 1940s. He considers every problem from his personal angle and examines every solution offered on the basis of the political advantages accruing to him. Almost all the S. R. C. proposals affect the different groups of politicians one way or the other and therefore, high-level consideration of the proposals became mostly a matter of wire-pulling, a lot of which has been in evidence ever since October, when the S. R. C. report came out. Hence the failure to reach agreements and the dissatisfaction of the public with these arrived at. When thus reorganisation of States became subjected to politician manoeuvring, the decisions of the Government naturally appeared arbitrary. There is not a line in the official communique embodying the Government's decisions by way of explaining the rationale of what has been decided regarding the various States and their boundaries. When the people have been treated with such discourtesy, how could anyone expect “sweet reasonableness” from them? Indeed the imposition of unexplained decisions on the people is indicative of a cynicism in the ruling circles regarding the people's reasonableness, a contemptuous notion that it is no use explaining things to the mob. Anyway, in the absence of any explanation nobody has a chance to know whether the decisions are good or bad. The truth of the matter seems to be that in their anxiety to hammer out solutions “least unacceptable” to the politicians the Government swerved from the path of rationalism. Hence their inability and unwillingness to

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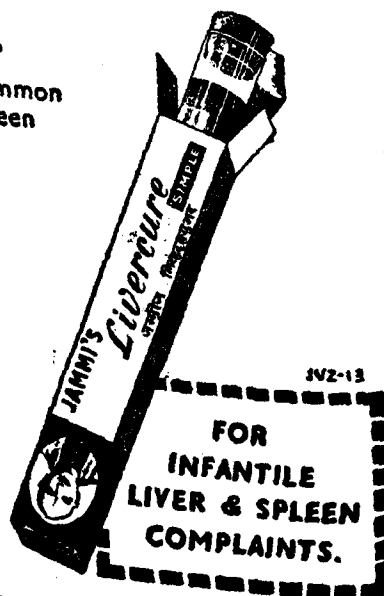
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convince the people of the merits of their decisions.

In fact the whole process of reorganisation of States has been vitiated when the Government of India decided to accept the recommendations of the Commission in toto except in cases where the parties concerned urge agreed alterations. This policy amounts to the worship or exaltation of the members of the Commission rather than what they have reported or recommended. How can the rationality of the recommendations be assumed on the basis of the concerned parties agreeing or not agreeing on changes? How can a change in a particular recommendation be valid or invalid if the concerned parties unitedly urge it or individually or collectively oppose it? Does external agreement or disagreement affect the intrinsic value of a recommendation? From all this it is obvious that the Government has not considered the whole report in a dispassionate and rational way but just concentrated on the disputed recommendations with a view to hammering out hotchpotch agreements among the politicians whose political fate is apparently linked up with them. When the Government themselves refuse to be guided by the voice of reason, why blame the public for losing their heads? Had the Government laid down some broad principles and adhered to them strictly and firmly, instead of trying to appease as many politicians as possible, particularly the potential trouble-makers, there would not have been any room for mass defiance; at any rate, their decisions would have carried greater weight and met with less opposition. As it is, the Government have landed themselves in a muddle and they see no way to get out of it.

There has been a very lively debate in the country on the question whether States should be reorganised on a linguistic basis. The writer is

aware of the strong opinions expressed by SWATANTRA against the linguistic redistribution of States but ventures to point out that a linguistic State, pure and simple, is good for what it is. It has, however, been converted into a monstrous proposition by unscrupulous politicians who are out to earn cheap popularity by whipping up the base passions of the people, especially regional patriotism. Linguistic homogeneity and the availability of economic resources for speedy development constitute the best and the most rational combination of factors determining the size and shape of a State provided the approach is not narrow-minded. I would even say that economic development and welfare should be considered far more important than linguistic homogeneity. But even this approach could also be narrow-minded. The Commission did a signal disservice when it propounded the theory that the economic development of a backward region like say Telangana cannot be ensured unless it was made a separate State. This contributed in no small way to the growth of regional and parochial feelings. Likewise, the linguistic principle has been carried too far, and nasty fights occurred over small bits of territory as though each State is an independent country. In so far as the recent riots in the different parts of the country indicated separatist, secessionist and anti-national tendencies that are ruinous to the country's solidarity and unity, the Government's action in ruthlessly suppressing them is justified. But the causes of the disease remain. The whole trouble arose because of the inability of the Government to reject the linguistic principle outright though their conviction and inclination run in that direction and of their unwillingness to carry the principle to its logical conclusion. When it was decided to constitute the linguistic State of Maharashtra it was meaningless to exclude Bombay city

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from it. Another blunder the Government committed was that they did not adhere to the more fundamental principle that the reorganisation of States was thought of only to achieve the maximum possible administrative convenience, and that there was no question of regional self-determination. There is only one State in India and that is the Indian Union. The States are mere administrative units. No region has the right of self-determination. It is the nation as a whole that determines the administrative location of a region and not the people inhabiting that region. It is the will of the nation, or as Sri J. B. Kripalani puts it, the Central democracy that should prevail. This ought to have been made clear and the principle enforced with firmness. Also, when

mergers are proposed in the larger interests of the people, it is the opinion of the entire population of the regions proposed to be merged that ought to count and no individual region should have the veto. That the Parliament should take into account the various opinions expressed is a different matter. In this connection it is also necessary to point out that the public opinion claimed by regional leaders is often a boosted up affair. It is impossible to count heads before deciding on every issue, especially when rival claims are made. It should be made clear that democracy does not mean counting of heads on every issue. The Government can only be guided by democratic opinion, opinion based on well-reasoned viewpoints, in enlightened debate.

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BABES IN THE WOOD: OR THREE CHEERS TO OUR LEADERS!

By L. N. S.

A GAINST the sombre and shameful background of arson, loot and murder, a truly Gilbertian situation is being artificially promoted in the country. By a piece of *leger de main*, a dramatic attempt has been initiated to reverse a natural and healthy trend which we have been consciously promoting through more than one generation. The Chief Ministers of Bengal and Bihar are not merely sincere patriots; they are also among the most sturdy and alert men in our midst. And yet, flying in the face of facts, they have fished out a very unconvincing rabbit from their joint hats with which to charm an inflamed public opinion into permanent stillness. If the demand for linguistic States is to be gratified by total denial, then we must indeed acknowledge the infallibility of our leadership and pray for its abiding with us for ever. But taking a merely mundane and logical view of things as they are, and of the consequences of them as they have been, we are tempted to deplore such exhibitions of immaturity for which we may have to pay ultimately with interest.

That language could be the villain of the piece or that it could promote a fissiparous or suicidal urge in the people are latter-day propositions which it will take some time to din into the minds of our people. Not one voice of note was raised when Mahatma Gandhi re-drew the map of India on a linguistic basis, and carried on a parallel government with the help of regional tongues. We now know it for a fact that he thereby succeeded in generating mass-sanctions which did their bit in undermining the stability of the alien power. To cheat them now of their natural heritage would only

end in generating the same volume of disaffection against the Centre which would undermine it more than is now feared from conceding their claims.

With the advent of independence, however, our leadership has been inhibited by an unfortunate ambivalence which has been the fountain-head of our present troubles. Many lines of argument were invented to break the back of the demand for linguistic provinces, and erstwhile collaborators with the foreign power blossomed over-night into new-baptised patriots the burden of whose song was that we should perpetuate English permanently as the authentic symbol and invaluable cement of our new-found freedom and unity. Had the Government subscribed to such a point of view courageously and completely, they should have clamped down all agitation for the setting up of linguistic States as injurious to national solidarity. But they allowed the linguistic question to simmer and frequently boil over because of an uneasy consciousness that it was not such a wicked or unnatural thing as it was represented in some quarters. To that extent, let us acknowledge handsomely that they did not sin against the light that they had.

When their Fabian tactics were confounded by the *auto da fe* of a Potti Sriramulu, they surrendered in panic and hastened to set up the States Reorganisation Commission to advise them as to the further steps to be taken to placate or resolve linguistic demands and complexes. The conclusions of that Commission have however precipitated untoward developments on account of two factors which do not absolve our leaders of

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their undivided responsibility for them. In the first place, the report carried within itself the seeds of potential mischief. It is full of unexceptionable general propositions; but equally blatantly, almost all of them came to be violated in special circumstances or for special reasons. What was sauce for the goose was plausibly demonstrated to be *not* sauce for the gander! If the reason for such contrariness should be stated, if is, we fear, to be found in the prejudices and obsessions of the Commission themselves concerning the evils of linguism which they unconsciously equated with power-politics. For they proceeded on the assumption that Bombay under a Marathi State would not deal justly with the Gujaratis; and that as Gujaratis have no claim of their own for the city, therefore Bombay should not belong to either. A more jejune line of argument cannot be imagined. We suspect that part at least of the frustration of the Marathi people at the proposal to administer the city 'centrally' should be traced to the feeling that the Centre did not act impartially enough in the matter.

To illustrate our point, let us consider the analogous case of Madras and the claims made on it by the Andhras at and preceding the time of partition. The fight for the city seemed at one time likely to degenerate into riots; but happily nothing of the kind developed because of the withdrawal of the claim by the majority. Had the Centre then intervened and sided with the majority, we have no doubt that an ugly situation would have developed here too as it did in Bombay during the last week. Whether rightly or wrongly, there is a widespread feeling that the Centre loaded the scales heavily against the Maharashtrians, and it contributed its own share to the exacerbation of prevailing discontents.

The basic issue involved in this question is *neither linguism nor*

regionalism, but the formidable geographical and psychological fact summed up in the hoary old proverb: *Dilli dur ast*. If Bombay is to be administered centrally—a delightful euphemism for a brand of indigenous colonialism!—there is nothing to prevent a like solution being demanded on behalf of other metropolitan centres with mixed population. Politics, it has often been said, is the art of the possible; if it is possible to administer Bombay from Babur Road why not Chennapatna from Connaught Circus? In other words, the crying need of the hour is decentralisation, and linguistic provinces or States were devised as a means to that end. But the bogey of linguism as an enemy of national unity has been raised in different quarters, not always it is to be feared, without mental reservations. If it is such an unmitigated evil, may we plead with the Prime Minister and other prominent leaders to scrap the first stanza of our national anthem which bids us cherish Punjab, Gujarat, Maratha, Dravida, Utkala and Vanga—which indicate not geographical but linguistic areas? Are they to remain like the idols in our temple—ignored for the most part but taken out in procession on ceremonial occasions only?

Another myth which has been industriously propagated is that our unity would be destroyed if we allowed the linguistic units to become State entities. In that case, we give the whole show away by conceding that the unity that we brag about is an imposed unity, and not a voluntarily evolved emotional reality which we feel with all the strength of our being. If it has not been there all these thousands of years, it is unlikely to be crystallised by our sceptical, pretence efforts today. This is however a subject on which there is bound to exist the greatest diversities of opinion; but in the present context, it cannot be sufficiently emphasized that the enemies of our

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unity and freedom lurk in the most unlikely places, but not in the languages which have sustained us culturally and emotionally through the ages.

The fact is that we are learning in the bitterest school of experience—through trial and error. But it would be a grievous mistake if we should vent our wrath on wrong objects and decide to empty the bath-tub along with the baby; for there is no half-way house between providing free scope for the regional languages and choking them off incontinently. The former will happen in spite of ourselves; the latter is as easy of achievement as Mrs. Partington's attempts to mop up the Atlantic with her broom.

Had there been a clear appreciation of the issues involved in this linguistic business from the beginning, the limits of the reform might have been indicated precisely. For instance, a timely warning about the inevitable persistence of pockets and the determination of the Government to leave them alone wherever they have flourished for ages would have eliminated half the ugly ebullitions of feeling which we have been condemned to witness helplessly in recent days. Secondly, there is a disposition among some of the top leaders to indulge in visions of holism, to speak in fervid praise of India's role in international affairs, as if she has not a whole Pandora box of ills to overcome and set right on the domestic front. This linguistic question is the most urgent of them. To bypass it or sidetrack it as is now sought to be done by dangling before a perplexed public the notion of a bi-lingual or multi-lingual State is a desperate leap back into the dark abyss from which we have been slowly climbing into the light. For there is no knowing how soon the frustrated hopes or exaggerated expectations of people might again break forth in impulsive action, undoing the work of years in the frenzy of a day.

Should we not profit by the lessons of history? It will be noticed that the promoters of the bi-lingual idea have not yet given us a blueprint of what they mean. What is to be the medium of government and administration? Is the consummation of a classless state of society to be the emergence of a new governing class speaking a jargon which is carefully insulated from the speech of the people at large? Are the imponderable values of life to be rigorously taboo in this new Atlantis? Is democracy to be scrapped altogether? We may not grow efficient enough to govern ourselves, and we may be clogged with the costly trappings of democracy without its saving graces. But even more definitely, we are unlikely to be docile enough to be exploited by a race of supermen for ever. Let us give the linguistic States their head; if our leadership is worth its salt and can hold the reins firmly, it can always pull up the more contumacious of them in the interests of the rest. Instead of being frightened by slogans, let us put our trust in our own fellows. The one thing we cannot afford to do is to shut our eyes to the reality of the linguistic question; let us grasp it firmly so that it becomes a pliable instrument of our regional and national progress.

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY

Spiders are a very ancient group which have certainly inhabited the world for more than three hundred million years, compared with less than a million years by man. They had to wait about a hundred and fifty million years before flies arrived! Before that they lived on crawling insects, and I believe that their menace led insects, in the course of time, to hop like grasshoppers, and later on to develop wings, as the safest method of getting from one place to another. If I am right there is more point than has been supposed in the old riddle: 'Why did the fly fly?' The answer, you will remember, was: 'Because the spider spied her.'—W. S. Bristowe, in a BBC programme.

THEOCRACY IN A NEW GARB

By M. S. PARTHASARATHY

PAKISTAN'S Interior Minister Fazlul Huq's assurance the other day that when the proposed Constitution Bill, now being discussed by the Constituent Assembly, is finalised, the demands of everyone, including the minorities, will be met, should come as welcome news to all those who had been rather perturbed by the theocratic features in the draft. By virtue of his strategic position in the Federal Assembly as leader of the United Front which holds the balance of power, Mr. Huq is the only person capable of exercising a moderating and sane influence on the final decisions on the future constitutional framework. It has now come to be recognised by even the most rabid West Pakistanis and men in power that there are many flaws to be removed and many gaps to be filled in the proposed Bill. Perhaps many of them have already reconciled themselves to certain absolutely essential amendments if the Bill is to be passed by the Assembly with the necessary support and without serious opposition. But whether there will be any modifications to the more objectionable features in the Constitution appears doubtful.

It is as yet too early to predict what amendments will in fact be made, though it is easy to see that certain proposals to soothe the ruffled tempers of East Pakistan are sure to be accepted. The demand for greater provincial autonomy may be conceded as the price of maintaining parity of representation for the two units in the Federal Assembly—which incidentally will reduce the representation for minorities as they are almost exclusively concentrated in East Pakistan. The

frown of the people of the eastern wing can be allayed by such moves, but the more fundamental objection, from the side of the minorities, to the Constitution will even then be valid.

It is a matter for regret that the framers of Pakistan's Constitution, who have borrowed so largely from the Indian Constitution and from India's experience since the republican Constitution came into force on January 26, 1950—including the enumeration of a series of Directive Principles of State Policy, with Prohibition as one of the objectives—should have failed to imbibe even a little of that spirit of secularism which is the characteristic feature of the Indian Constitution. True, the struggle for Pakistan was launched with the sole avowed object of securing for Indian Muslims a homeland of their own. But the minorities problems in the two countries are more or less of a similar nature. It would have been perfectly understandable if those who won Pakistan proceeded to draw up a Constitution which accorded the status of second class citizens to non-Muslims. In the atmosphere which prevailed in 1947 it would have been a declaration that Pakistan did not want any non-Muslims to contaminate the pure stock of her Muslim population. Non-Muslims would then have known that they could never hope to be footing with Muslims, and might have followed the only course open to them—migrate en masse to India.

But the notice to quit has come after eight years have rolled by—and while Pakistan's High Commissioner

in India is accusing the Indian Government of indirectly encouraging the exodus of Hindus from East Bengal by its policy of freely issuing visas. In these eight years, the atmosphere which poisoned Indo-Pakistan relations in 1947 has changed, though there are still many problems to be resolved. Those at the helm of affairs in Pakistan have had time to take a dispassionate, unprejudiced view of things. In fact they should have experienced no difficulty in deciding what type of constitution they should evolve if they had borne in mind Mr. Jinnah's assurance to the minorities, on the eve of independence, that their religion would be of no account as far as the business of the State was concerned. It is indeed strange that the Constitution now drawn up should seek to throw the responsibility for its religious bias on Mr. Jinnah, who, it says, declared that "Pakistan would be a democratic State based on Islamic principles of social justice."

In trying to implement the dream of Pakistan's founder as they saw it, his disciples have framed a constitution which would have been all right in an earlier era. "In the name of Allah, the Beneficent, the Merciful", begins the Preamble and proceeds to affirm that "sovereignty over the entire universe belongs to Allah Almighty alone." This is followed by the statement that the Constitution is being drawn up so that "the Muslims should be enabled to order their lives in the individual and collective spheres in accordance with the teachings and requirements of Islam, as set out in the Holy Quran and Sunnah." The question which arises in one's mind on reading this is whether Muslims in countries with secular constitutions are not leading their lives in accordance with the teachings and requirements of Islam. Not a visitor to India from any Muslim country has returned home without being impressed by the freedom and status enjoyed by

Muslims in this country. Needless to say, in a country where Muslims are in a majority, special provisions regarding their way of life or hopes and aspirations appear peculiarly out of place. Nor are they at all necessary. On the other hand, it is the rights of the minorities which should receive special mention and express protection.

Instead, the proposed Constitution proclaims that the Islamic Republic of Pakistan is being set up to enable Muslims to live as good Muslims—who is a bad Muslim anyway?—and lays down, "No person shall be eligible for election as President unless he is a Muslim..." and "No person shall be eligible for election as the Vice-President unless he is qualified to be elected as the President." To the two highest elective posts in the country, non-Muslims are, by virtue of their religion, disqualified from being candidates. After this, all the fundamental rights listed and guaranteed, good as they are by themselves, lose their substance as far as the minorities are concerned. Of what particular value is this constitutional ban when it is clearly not possible for any non-Muslim to get elected to either of these posts without the support of a large section of the Muslim population? What it does ensure is to create a feeling of inferiority among non-Muslims and to perpetuate the artificial religious barriers and the continuance of religious considerations in political life. Separate electorates are also calculated to further perpetuate this unhealthy spirit and attitude, and it is to be hoped that the Pakistan Federal Assembly will decide in favour of joint electorates as only then the feeling of separateness created by communal electorates can be erased.

The chapter on "Directive Principles of State Policy" is in keeping with the general spirit underlying the Constitution. The Islamic Republic of Pakistan takes upon itself

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the task of strengthening the bonds of unity among Muslim countries, irrespective of whether the other Muslim countries want her intervention or not. The State is also directed to promote Islamic principles by promoting and maintaining the observance of Islamic moral standards, securing proper organisation of zakat, wakfs and mosques, and making the teaching of Koran to Muslims compulsory.

In Part XII there is a special chapter on "Islamic Provisions" which contains some more amazing clauses. After laying down that "no law shall be enacted which is repugnant to the Injunctions of Islam, it directs the President to appoint a commission, within one year of the coming into force of the Constitution, to compile the injunctions of Islam for the guidance of the Federal and Provincial Assemblies and to recommend the steps for giving effect to them. As yet we can but guess who will compose the commission, and the best guess is that the members will mostly be mullahs. The mullahs appear to be creeping in through the back-door, while the promising feature of the Constitution was described as the omission of

a clause proposed earlier requiring that all laws passed by the Assemblies should be reviewed by a committee of mullahs to see whether they conform to the teachings of Islam. An Institute of Islamic Research is also to be set up to assist in the reconstruction of Muslim society on a truly Islamic basis. Even the form of the oath of office proposed for Muslims and non-Muslims alike stresses the religious bias of the Republic of Pakistan.

Having adopted Islam as the State religion, the Constitution assures the minorities that they will be free to follow their religion, that they will not have to attend religious instruction not pertaining to their religion and that they will not have to pay taxes levied for defraying the expenses of the Institute of Islamic Research. It is to be noted that religious instruction for all is not made compulsory, nor can the State help other religious groups to set up research of their own if it is to be true to its religion. It is, of course, a matter for congratulation that non-Muslims are not to bear the expenses of propagating Islam, but that would be probably going too far back into history.

Newspaper Supplements

By N. GANGA RAM

UNTIL very recently the newspaper reader was delighted when he came across in his paper the announcement, "We have pleasure in announcing that a supplement of pages will be issued on—in connection with—." At a time of acute newsprint shortage our newspapers could afford to bring out very few supplements and fittingly enough they reserved these occasions to commemorate events of national or international significance like the V-Day, the Independence Day and the Republic Day. These supplements contained much information that was interesting and useful; their

contents were such that they amply repaid a careful perusal. The newspaper reader accustomed to reading thin-sized papers naturally felt happy when the bounty of extra pages was announced.

But it cannot be conceded that today the newspaper reader looks forward to the supplements with undiminished delight and interest. For one thing supplements have become all too frequent and common, sometimes a week is blessed with two or three supplements. For another, most of these supplements have acquired a commercial character; nowadays the decision to put out a supplement is not motivated primarily by a sense of duty and respon-

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sibility to spotlight an event of immense public importance and to provide the reader with information of interest to him. Thus no event of minor or negligible importance is considered too trivial to be celebrated with a few extra pages. A commercial establishment moving into a more palatial building; a manufacturer introducing his latest product; a film-producer releasing his prestige production—such occasions are reckoned fit enough to be greeted with supplements running into 4, 8 or more pages as the case may be. The average reader finds these commercial supplements singularly dull and useless; he cares little whether this or that firm did the white-washing to a new building. When he is unable to get sufficient time to go through the main news-items and the editorials, it is idle to blame him for skipping the supplements that do not contain much matter of compelling and absorbing interest. In consequence, the supplements go mostly unread straight to the old-newspaper vendor.

Hence is it not pertinent to ask, what useful purpose is served by these supplements? The reader is not much benefitted (except that if

there are many supplements he gets a few more annas when he sells the newspapers), and so is the advertiser as the advertisement value is doubtful, if not almost nil. The only people who benefit are the newspaper owners, for they get a sizable revenue by way of advertisement fees. But to regard the supplements as a source of extra advertisement revenue is very, very sordid indeed. A newspaper is not solely a commercial enterprise to amass as much profit as circumstances permit.

The unhealthy practice of putting out commercial supplements did engage the attention of the Press Commission and it suggested the introduction of the price-page schedule. No doubt such a measure will achieve the result sought, but it would be far better if our newspapers did some heart-searching. Let them think twice or thrice before deciding to bring out a supplement and satisfy themselves that the occasion deserves such a commemoration. Advertisers, one hopes, will hereafter begin to depend more and more on the regular pages for purposes of profitable publicity. And interesting supplements, if few and far between, would be greatly welcomed.

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Secretary.



EVM. 253-3

U. S. SUPREME COURT AT WORK

By C. R. PATTABHI RAMAN

(Sri Pattabhi Raman was a Member (Legal Adviser) of the Indian Delegation to the United Nations Tenth General Assembly in New York (Sept.-Dec. 1955) and returned recently to India after attending the Assembly session.)

AS is well known the Congress in the U. S. A. determines the number of members constituting the Supreme Court and fixes their salary. The judges are nominated by and with the consent and advice of the Senate. The Constitution provides that the judges shall receive a compensation which shall not be diminished during their continuance in office. The term of the court begins on the first Monday in October and usually ends about the first week of June. As a rule the sittings last for about two weeks every month during which time 25 to 30 cases on an average are either argued orally or submitted on briefs. In the alternative two weeks period of recess the judges study the cases in preparation for their discussion and disposal in conference. This is in addition to the writing of opinions by them. When the judges sit "in Banco" the sessions are open to the public beginning at noon and lasting till 4-30 p.m. with half an hour recess for lunch at 2 o'clock. On Saturdays the court holds no public session and the judges assemble then for their weekly conference. At this conference they vote on the cases which have been presented to them and have been discussed by them.

Promptly at 12 noon whenever the court sits to hear cases the Crier formally announces the convening of the session of the court while the judges walk to their places on the Bench and take their seats. He calls "Oyez, Oyez, Oyez." All persons having business before the Honorable the Supreme Court of the United States, are admonished to draw near

and give their attention for the court is now sitting. On Mondays the opinions are handed down and their delivery precedes all other business. On the remaining days motions for admission are made in the mornings and thereafter the cases are taken up according to the list. The appellant or petitioner who opens the argument has a right to close the case. The opposing party, viz., the appellee or respondent completes his argument following the opening of his adversary. Each side is given an hour to argue the case in addition to the briefs presented by him. The counsel goes to the Rostrum facing the judges and stands almost on a level to their seats. Whatever he speaks is recorded. As soon as a case is heard, the next one is called. All the judges sit together for the hearing of each and every case though some judges may abstain from the hearing on account of "disqualification" (e. g.) some former connection with the party. The quorum for a hearing is six.

It will be of interest to know that on an average 25 to 30 cases are presented during the two weeks' sittings. About 175 opinions are delivered during the term and the total number of cases disposed is about 1000. By about the first Monday in June all cases ready for argument have usually been heard and decided and the term ended. Justice Burton told me that they are already disposing of many 1955 cases and hope to be ready for the New Year work early in 1956. The work of judges however is unceasing. Legal papers filed during the vacation follow them wherever they may

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go. Most of these details are given in a brochure on the Supreme Court printed and circulated by the U. S. Government Printing Office.

With the purpose of keeping distracting noise and movement at a minimum, a quiet pneumatic tube system has been installed in the court room. This permits the unobtrusive dispatch of messages to many distant points in the buildings, to law officers, the clerk, Marshall and Librarian. The members of the press are afforded an easy and rapid access to telephones so that they can contact their newspapers or associations. In addition to the suite of rooms allotted to each judge of the Supreme Court there is a conference room, robing room, committee rooms and other Marshall's offices. Each judge's room comprises his private office panelled in oak, a room for his law clerk and a third for his secretary. Excellent research is made by brilliant law students who are taken in by each judge to function as his secretary or secretaries. They usually

stay for a short period with the judges.

The Supreme Court building was completed only in 1935. It is a magnificent white marble edifice with famous paintings and statuary in it. The judges can use their own chairs if they do not like the official chairs. Justice Frankfurter who is not a tall judge uses his own chair.

No institution in America can boast of a better or a more outstanding record than the Supreme Court. Some of the judges of the court have distinguished themselves so much that even during their tenure of office, books have been written about them.

I cannot close this brief article without expressing my sincere gratitude to the Hon. Justice William Douglas, to the other distinguished judges and officials of the Supreme Court for their genial courtesy and kindness to me during my stay in Washington. I consider their hospitality to me as a mark of honour to our motherland and in particular to my profession in India.

BEST COFFEE CLUB: Indian Style Restaurant In London

Sir William Steward, a British Conservative M. P. and owner of the Indian style restaurant known as "Veeraswamy's", who is on a tour of India to study Indian catering methods, dishes, etc., told Pressmen that he owned the establishment for over two decades now and it was his ambition to make it truly Indian in every respect.

Sir William Steward, who arrived here (Madras) this morning by air from Calcutta, left for Colombo.

I FELT happy when I read the above item in the day's paper. The usual rule is for our people to go to 'advanced' countries to learn a new trade or improved methods of doing an old job, as for instance, Japan for growing paddy, and China

for killing flies. And yet, here is a gentleman a 'Sir', an M. P. and a Conservative at that, coming to us all the way from London to sit at our feet and learn how to run a "Veeraswamy" Hotel. But all my jubilation vanished when I read the last line in the note. After spending so much money on the journey, the 'student' allotted only the short span of time between the arrival of the Calcutta plane and the departure of the Colombo plane, for mastering such an intricate trade. How, oh, how could he have been so ill-advised?

Can hotel business be learnt during the few pre-occupied minutes of garlanding, hand-shaking and how-d'ye-dos? There are a thousand details to be understood and imbibed. The subtle distinctions between restaurants, lunch-homes, bhawans, coffee hotels, coffee clubs, etc., defy clear-cut exposition. There is

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the cow-dung washed, smoky, black-hole type with its, often, palatable, individualistic cooking; and there is the marble-top-tabled, much-mirrored establishment with its near-nudist pictures and sweets with fancy names. Those two types are better not mixed, but if they are, a subtle understanding between the proprietor and the customer has to be established. The inner black-hole area, without tables and chairs, is for the esoteric few who could be addressed by the servers as Anna, Mama, Periyavar, etc.

The art of discriminating between those who could be served in plate (dingy aluminium) and glass-tumbler (stained brown) and the plantain leaf gentry, is not to be taught 'by post in 12 easy lessons'.

A foreigner will also have to be enlightened as to the how and the wherefore of the barrage of tins of cocoa, Ovaltine, Milo, etc., on the cashier's table, who alone could dole out the precious spoonfuls like an Acharya bestowing *uddharanis* of *thirtham* on the hunched devotees. If he were to persist and ask why the staff was trusted with hundreds of rupees worth of ghee (?) and sugar, but suspected with reference to these tinned items, I do not think that he would get a satisfactory answer.

But these are small matters compared to the characteristic orders: 'dosai-murugal', 'masal-rendu' 'uttappam-nalu', etc. A hotel in which the server does not cry these out with the correct stentorian inflection and with an individualised twist at the end, will soon have to shut up. I know a young university graduate, with delicate tastes, who started a 'rational' hotel and, among other things, wishing to lower the noise level in the eating-room, instructed his servers to get nearer to the kitchen and call out the orders softly and 'in prose'. The servers soon lost zest in their work, and started to seek employment in less inhibited and

more hotel-like hotels. This idealist's real idea was to go in finally for an electric (or should I say electronic?) installation with several push-buttons at the service end and indicators marked 'dosai', 'masal', etc., in the kitchen. Wisdom, however, prevailed, he came down to the earth and joined the herd—with good financial results.

I feel that Sir William would find these appetizing cries the hardest element to introduce in his London establishment. Even after a year's coaching, I do not think that his waiters would catch and reproduce the correct swing and delivery. Perhaps, he would be well advised to record these sounds and use them over there.

The other points are all minor. The English waiters could, for a consideration, be persuaded to agree to work without shoes and learn to prop the right instep against the left knee in the approved style and lean over the tables on their inturnd palms while taking down orders.... Tucking the pencil-stump in the ear-groove should also come easy.... with two or three years of mental and memory training, they should be able to reel off the menu and also keep track of the growing bill of a number of people; also there is the trick of shouting out a customer's dues just as the latter is reaching the cashier and thinking that he has been forgotten by the server.... The cleaners could also be sufficiently de-educated as to mop the messy crumbs down on the floor.... Records of film songs for the eating room and cockroaches for the interior could be flown every week.... A few gallons of brought-forward-oil could also be sent, with the b.c., from the oldest hotel here for the inauguration.

...But why am I taking all this trouble? The vital question is—how could we help a man who is simple enough to think that hotel-business merely means: cooking-serving-billing?

HAVE THEY FOUND LIFE'S SECRET?

One brilliant scientist believes that the basis of all diseases is the one factor—stress.

By BEN ROSE

MAN'S age-old dream of a longer life span, free from much of the sickness and pain we know, may be brought closer by research at the University of Montreal. This is the place where a team of scientists is working under the direction of a 47-year-old doctor who has developed and tested theories which make it possible to believe that by correcting a chemical imbalance in our bodies, we may be able to live longer, happier lives.

The work of Dr. Hans Selye is already well known. His theory that at the basis of all diseases there is one factor—stress—captured the imagination of people everywhere. When ACTH and cortisone came along, with their hopes and disappointments Selye's name cropped up more often than ever because his work had foreshadowed their discovery.

But what is not so well known is that Selye and a research staff of 45 at the University's Institute of Experimental Medicine and Surgery are plugging away, day by day, trying to fill in the gaps that will lead to the goal for which mankind yearns. Their efforts may not be spectacular, but they are steady, and they are co-ordinated with the world-wide research in endocrinology which Selye's stress theories began.

Briefly, Selye's work has shown that our body has a department of defence directing battles against disease, pain, fatigue and stress of all kinds. It regulates our body's reaction to attack by developing a

balance of chemical hormones. When working correctly, this defence system knows when to battle dangerous germs and ignore harmless ones, when to protect us from cold and exhaustion, from high-pressure work and emotional tensions. If it becomes unbalanced, our body either succumbs to stress or reacts too violently for the need at hand.

The key roles in this chemical defence are played by three tiny glands, the pituitary, which nestles under the brain and the two adrenals, which sit astride the kidneys. They are so tiny that all three together weigh only about a third of an ounce. But they are the body's mighty atoms.

This is what happens, according to Selye's concept: The stressor attacks our body (it could be fear, pain, nervous tension, mechanical injury, hemorrhage infections, allergic reactions, poisons of various kinds and many other agents.) The target organ quickly reports the invasion to the brain. The pituitary, the master gland, mobilises the body by dispatching two teams of hormones, chemical messengers which carry specific instructions through the bloodstream to the various tissues of the body. These messengers rush to the adrenal glands near the kidneys and the adrenals in turn release their own hormones. Some of these hormones stimulate the attacked organ to build barricades of connective tissue to isolate the invader, and others, of a more cautious type, inhibit the erection of these barricades

to prevent the body from damaging itself in the excitement.

The overproduction of our hormones plays a part in a wide range of diseases—arthritis, high blood pressure, rheumatic fever, gout, some allergies, circulatory diseases, even mental diseases, some forms of cancer and perhaps tuberculosis.

Dr. Selye is quick to admit that stress, the master villain in this picture, a product of our hurry-up lives, is here to stay. In fact, he thinks the caveman had to fight stress, too, though perhaps of a different kind. It is man's nature, he said, to produce conditions which lead to it. But it is his hope that he will be able to catch up with, and eventually get ahead of, the stresses of civilization.

One of the important recent advances in the stress research is the isolation of a hormone known as aldosterone. The preliminary experiments made so far indicate it may be the long-sought partner for cortisone, enabling them to work as a team to cut down the damaging side effects of cortisone.

For some years one of the chief criticisms of Dr. Selye's work was that there was no proof that a hormone named desoxy-cortecosterone (opposite to cortisone) existed in the body. But the isolation of aldosterone (it takes tons of cattle adrenals to produce just a few milligrams, though simpler methods may be devised) enables Dr. Selye to state that the presence of two opposing naturally secreted hormones in the bloodstream has been demonstrated beyond doubt by direct experimental observations.

At the Institute the death-dealing effects of stress can be dramatically illustrated. If a rat is put on a treadmill for 20 minutes three times a day it will have gastric ulcers in 24 hours. If it is left on the treadmill for three-quarters of an hour, it

dies. But if given a chance to adapt itself to the stress by being placed on the treadmill for 20 minutes twice a day, then for 30 minutes three times a day, it will be able to survive even an hour's run twice a day.

One experiment shows the growth-producing effects of one group of hormones, and the anti-growth tendencies of another, including cortisone.

Reaction is measured by the amount of hair grown on the shaved backs of a group of rats. After a certain period, the hair is shaved off and weighed. There was practically no new hair in the cortisone-treated group, while there were varying amounts in the other, depending on other factors in the experiment.

Much work is being done at the Institute to find a way to reduce the harmful side-effects of cortisone and ACTH, and one direction this is taking is to discover if there is some agent with which cortisone could be given.

Selye was not downhearted after the disappointing side effects of cortisone and ACTH became apparent. "I never thought they would be a panacea and pointed it out at the time," he said. There is a great difference between the body's self-defence mechanism, a biological mechanism meant to do what it does, and a foreign substance like a drug which, just by chance, happens to have a good effect.

The most progress will be made, Selye believes, when researchers are able to learn how and why the natural body defences work and how to imitate them.

Selye's plans are to keep working ahead in the field with which his name is now so permanently linked. He thinks there will be new developments from time to time, perhaps more startling than ACTH and cortisone have been.—(N. N. F.)

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Short Story

By J. W. Barrett

ZULU KING

He hardly had time to raise his gun before the mamba was almost upon him

SAWYERS, the district officer, was very hot. The noonday sun beat relentlessly on his shoulders, shimmered the air, scalded the barrel of the shotgun he was holding. He knelt behind a low brushwood screen, staring through puckered eyes at a long cascade of scree and granite boulders which sloped up before him to a rocky summit.

In the fierce sunlight the shadows under the boulders all seemed black as caves. From the hollow of one of these inky shadows Sawyers momentarily expected to see the wicked head of Zulu King dart out. The head, Sawyers knew, would be gun-metal gray, flattish, shaped like a spearhead, big as a man's hand. It would be raised a little from the hot grit. It would glance about, a forked tongue flickering from its bony lips. Twelve feet of sinuous coils would then ripple lazily into the stark sunlight.

Sawyers was afraid of snakes, but in Rhodesia one of the occasional duties of a D. O. was to act as hunter and pest exterminator. Man-eating lions, goat-stealing leopards, pillaging baboons, all had fallen to Sawyers' gun during his service—but not a snake.

Now on tour he had stopped to ask, at the remote village of Isamapalala, why, on its outskirts there lay some acres of deserted fields. The wizened black elders, respectfully gathered at his shoulder, had pointed to this hill, a granite outcrop around which a dusty track curled out of sight.

"That is the kraal of Zulu King," one of them had explained. "He has dwelt there a season now, bwana.

Already he has slain eleven milch cows, three men, a woman, a child, and more goats than I could herd. So we cannot use those fields."

"I will shoot this lion for you," Sawyers had immediately promised in magisterial tones.

They had all laughed, their white teeth flashing. "Zulu King is no lion. He is Imamba," they had shouted, and were secretly delighted to see Sawyers' face turn pale.

Imamba—the Bantu word meaning Shadow of Death—was, Sawyers knew, well chosen as the name of the swiftest, most ferocious and most deadly of all snakes.

"Why is this snake called Zulu King?" Sawyers had asked, trying to mask his apprehension.

"Because no one is safe from him," an elder had explained. "He attacks whomever moves within his view. And from that hill he can see even down to the river."

Sawyers' eyes had scanned the neck of land between the hill and river marsh. It lay, parched, gray, bisected by the dusty track. A glitter of water, far to his right was the river, trickling among its reeds. In one of its shadow a stork was delicately stilting, dipping his long, narrow bill in the muddy waters. Sawyers had raised his binoculars and looked at it. A secretary bird. He had let the binoculars dangle and gestured casually toward it.

"Zulu King doesn't bother him, I suppose," he had remarked. The elder, shading his eyes and identifying the bird, chuckled ironically.

Sawyers, though his heart was heavy and cold as wet clay, could not

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easily withdraw from his offer to shoot the marauder they called Zulu King, and so a hunt was organised. The younger men were ordered to gather on the far side of the hill, whence they would beat up its slopes. He himself would walk out alone along the dusty track, his shotgun under his arm.

Zulu King, resting, coiled loosely under the dank overhang of a granite shelf, had watched with inscrutable eyes as the stocky white man, in shorts, bush hat and bush jacket, trudged to a point on the road below him and there had knelt, taken one or two practice aims, and waved his arm to distant figures at the village palisades.

Behind the hill the gathered youths and men, at a faintly heard signal from the village, nudged each other into a straggling line. They began to stamp and shout, clapping their hands.

"The white man is waiting for you, Zulu King," sang one.

"He is waiting," they chorused.

"With his wonderful gun," roared the chorus leader.

"Gun, gun, gun," they grunted in unison and, at the magic word, surged forward up the rocky slope.

Sawyer's first intimation of Zulu King was a distant scurry of dust on the scree. His gaze, sharpened by fear, followed the dust billow down until, half way toward him, he could discern in it the violently wriggling body of a large black snake.

Zulu King crossed the last hundred yards toward Sawyers with appalling velocity. It seemed to the district officer that he hardly had time to raise his gun before the mamba was almost upon him. Head reared a full five feet from the ground, the Shadow of Death rippled swiftly toward him in a white, remorseless nightmare of evil silence. Panic whirled Sawyers' mind out of control. His nerveless fingers convulsed on the triggers of the gun.

There was a stinging double detonation, a haze of fumes, and Sawyers found himself trembling, staring dazedly at the empty scree. He had missed, but the spoor, a slurred wriggle in the dust, canted sharply away. The blast had evidently diverted the mamba from his strike. Sawyers glanced over his shoulder. The spoor crossed the road into the rasses and marsh rush beyond.

When the chattering natives reached Sawyers he admitted curtly that he had missed.

"However," he added, "we've got him now. Go, all of you, to the river and beat back from there. I'll walk up the hill and wait for him outside his lair."

He trudged up the hillside with listless indifference to the heat, the agony of climbing in such a temperature, the sick constriction in his chest.

He wedged himself against a boulder and steadied his gun across the rock. He reloaded carefully, laid the weapon on its side, brought his binoculars to his eyes to see how his beaters were doing.

He saw them gathered upon an ant hill, doing nothing but gaping and gesticulating. He trained his glasses along the marshy ground to see what they were staring at.

The attraction, at first glance, seemed merely to be the lonely secretary bird, now dancing a courtly measure on the sward. The ungainly stork, comically like a long-nosed Dickensian clerk with quill behind the ear, seemed to be prancing awkwardly to and fro on his stilted legs, trailing first one wing and then the other, like coquettish fans.

Sawyers, who knew well that snakes are meat to secretary birds, immediately surmised that Zulu King might well be the baffled and angry audience of this ungainly dance of death. He focussed his glasses more carefully and discerned

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near the bird the metallic glinting length of the great mamba. He was loosely coiled, his flat head reared two or three feet. As the bird danced by him he would lance forward, striking with terrific fury in a swinging lunge. The bird, pirouetting nimbly, would sidestep the attack or absorb its venomous shock in the long gray feathers of an opened wing. Sawyers remained tensely attentive, glasses at his eyes. He had often seen a secretary bird deal with a viper or cobra, but they were small fry. A black mamba, however was big game. The elegant lanky bird. Sawyers concluded sadly, had made a fatal error of judgment in challenging Zulu King. How could a spindly bird match that vicious speed, that ugly gaping mouth with its shearing fangs? One gash in the delicate plumage of the breast and the secretary would strut no more. And, as Sawyers watched, all at once the bird seemed to trip, and it teetered backward on its gangly legs, fluttering piteously.

Zulu King, seeing his attacker stumble, lanced toward him in a rippling blur. The fanged jaw gaped and gashed. But the secretary, with a galvanic, calculated leap, soared out of reach—his tripping and teetering had been a feint. As Zulu King, himself off balance slithered helplessly on across the grass the secretary's two long legs, armed with

their scaly prehensile claws, clutched down about his neck. Along the grass there was a wild snarling of coils which curled and threshed, but Zulu King was caught.

Sawyers, peering through his binoculars, saw the bird's head lower and the long thin bill close gently on the soft flesh behind the king's great spear-shaped head. The secretary took a decisive grip of the neck, braced itself to tug.

Sawyers lowered his glasses.

As he slithered and plunged back down the dusty scree, his heart was gratefully happy. A man reprieved, he suddenly saw the world around him enhanced with a new perfection of colour and beauty. He felt like singing.

The native beaters, filing back through the meadow, felt the same; they were singing.

"The fat white lord went for Zulu King with his wonderful gun," their leader chanted.

"Wonderful gun," they grunted.

"But the snake bird was waiting by the river with his much more wonderful beak," their leader sang. "By the river was waiting the thin gray one with his long, cruel beak," extemporized the chorus. They broke off and roared with happy laughter.

Zulu King, the shadow of death, was dead.

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

By M. KRISHNAN

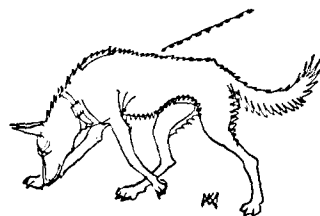
ATALK I thoroughly enjoyed listening to was the one on police dogs by Mr. K. Damodaran Nair, from Madras on January 12. Mr. Damodaran Nair understands dogs, obviously. His talk was inspired by a genuine love of man's best friend, and a genuine pride in the many fine performances of the Madras Police Alsatisans.

Talking of the breeds usually used for police work, he mentioned, besides the Alsatian, the Airedale, the Boxer, the Dobermann Pinscher and a few others. I do not remember if he mentioned the Labrador—he must have, considering how much the police in England depend on this solid and sagacious dog. But I have the recollection that he did not specify the Bloodhound. Historically, the Bloodhound is important as a police dog, and even today it is used in tracking down fugitives.

I wish Mr. Damodaran Nair would persuade the Madras Police to try out that much-neglected but splendid breed, the native, rural herd-dog ('Pariah' to most people). It is hardy, trustworthy, highly intelligent, capable of coordinated team work, and has an exquisite nose—conditions being favourable, it can wind a pig from a mile away. True that it lacks size, seldom being above 45 lb. in weight, but its size could be improved. Moreover, size is not everything, even in a police dog.

A policeman discoursing on the hounds of law may be allowed a certain enthusiasm for his subject, a certain faith in the prowess and discretion of his canine detectives. I thought Mr. Damodaran Nair's talk was scrupulously fair in its claims for police dogs. What follows is not so much criticism of those claims as a necessary note of caution. Mr. Damodaran Nair did not, in just that

word, claim infallibility for his dogs, but he did say that poor scenting conditions and the confusion of overlapping trails were responsible for



their failure on occasion, and that given fair conditions they made no mistakes.

I know they rarely do, much more rarely than we do, but they can and do make mistakes. I may point out, in defence of dogs, that it does our own highly-evolved biological status little credit to expect and demand infallibility in a dog. Having no wish to embarrass police work, or to set at rest the wholesome fear of police dogs in the minds of law-breakers, I will not go into details, but actually it is easy to avoid leaving behind a trail that a dog can follow. Demonstrations showing how a trained dog can follow an hour-old trail and detect a man hiding in the crown of a tree are most convincing, but they focus the onlooker's attention away from a set of necessary conditions. Moreover, since it goes so much by that organ, a dog can be led by the nose, and misled. However, that would need elaborate confusion of the trail.

All this, however, is somewhat beside the point. Given a reasonably fair trail, can a trained dog be trusted never to apprehend someone unconnected with the trail? Mr. Damodaran Nair said it could be, rather, what he said amounted to that. I would remind him of the factor known to those interested in

animal intelligence and behaviour as the Clever Hans Error. Can he say that where a police dog has had its suspicions directed, by some *unconscious* gesture or movement of its handler, to an innocent party, it will not demonstrate against the person so indicated? Were I a judge, I would never allow mere evidence of an accused having been tracked down by a police dog, unsupported by other testimony, to weigh with me; while I know that the chances of the dog being mistaken are slim, I also know they are there, and the law always gives the benefit of every reasonable doubt to the accused.

On another point, too, I think what Mr. Damodaran Nair said needs slight amendment. He said that a trained dog, holding a suspected man, would never injure him severely. Yes, it would not, so long as he keeps still, but when he makes a determined attempt at escape, or tries to beat off the dog, he might well get badly injured—so might the dog.

We are a democracy, with a predominantly rural, agricultural and illiterate population. Naturally our governments and public leaders favour rather desperate attempts at quick education of the masses, for the citizen with the vote must know how to exercise it. The idea of universal literacy is Western, but so is the idea of democracy. People like me, who feel utterly convinced that our culture has little to do with literacy and that the illiterate villager can react quite intelligently at times, may not sympathise with this fervid desire to educate everyone at once, especially if they believe, as I do, that the human being was not blessed with such a long period of immaturity biologically to be craft-equipped, educated, and mature at fifteen. However, luckily we are not concerned with the opinions of people like me here, but only with radio programmes. Today and in our country, a frantic stress on popular edu-

cation is, perhaps, understandable. It is right and proper for A. I. R. to realise that it has a potent means of communication at its disposal, and can do much to inform and instruct the public. It is also out to educate us musically, and no one who has enjoyed so many broadcast musical programmes as I have, can criticise A. I. R. for its slight tone of mentorship authority in matters musical. But why does A. I. R. appreciate so little the listener's need for entertainment?

No one even mentioned the vast, largely unexploited possibilities of the radio in providing entertainment to the tired citizen, at the many speeches made during the inauguration of the 20 K.W. transmitter at Avadi. T. A. Mathuram mentioned the retributive nuisance-value of the radio, turned on full blast, when the neighbours got too noisy, but the stress was all the time on information, instruction and culture (i.e. classical music). And Mr. Sri Prakasa said "we can never repay the debt of gratitude we owe the radio," marvelling at its physical wonder. He also said that A. I. R. had done much for us, and that it had helped to discover new talent—I am sure he said just that, but what the latter part of the sentence means I do not know.

I was reminded, irresistibly, of a grander occasion long ago, when A. I. R., Madras came into being. It was Mr. C. Rajagopalachari who spoke then, and I cannot recall his exact words, and if I am incorrect in my recollection, I can only say that I am incorrect—and very sorry for being so. As I remember that speech, there was nothing said about our owing man or God gratitude for the radio; yet, it was a wonderful thing that man should harness the forces of nature to make immediately audible words and music originating far, far away; but we should not, in our wonder at the miracle of the means, forget the end, especially the end

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where the broadcasts began; after all, it made little difference if one heard the donkey bray in a near-by field, or heard the bray brought all the way from Masulipatam to Madras by the radio.

Anyway, I feel tempted to protest, in a half-baked and semi-educated manner, at all this talk of gratitude. What we want is entertainment, fun, gossip, and the unmentionable cinema-music—not all this elevated stuff that does tired men no good. And why should we be grateful? Don't we pay house-tax and library cess and

A GREAT LOVER OF FLOWERS

SRI P. S. Swaminathan, founder of the Soundarya Nursery at Teynampet, was poignantly sensitive to the beauty and mystery of flowers even as a boy. They twinkled and beckoned and whispered to him when they tossed their dainty coquettish heads and swayed in the breeze in his father's garden.

His father was the late Justice P. R. Sundara Iyer, one of the legal stalwarts that have now become a legend. Though born to riches, he was stricken by adversity and smitten by ill-health. His passion for flowers sustained him in his long illness and slow convalescence and ultimately redeemed his life. He sought fulfilment in experimenting with and studying plants and flowers. In this he became an expert with a sense of mission. With trepidation but with faith he started a nursery at Teynampet in Madras with a few pots and plants in 1931.

The enterprise began in response to a call of love, absorbed all his attention and devotion. It developed into a business which retrieved his broken fortune and gave him an opportunity for service which should be the end and aim of all business.

Swaminathan's business integrity and his fame as an expert among those interested in horticulture drew a large number of visitors, consul-

entertainment-tax and water-meter-rent and doesn't all that money go to Government, or may be to some local, self-governing limb? And don't we—Great Alexander! I have just remembered I have not paid for my radio renewal licence and that today is the last day of grace! I don't know what the penalty is, but even if it is only imprisonment and not fine, I would rather avoid it. And so though I have several pertinent things to say re: radio, I shall say them another day—I must be off to the post office now.

tants and customers. He gave advice unstintingly and generously; the advice was always that of a genuine friend interested in beautifying the customer's home within his means rather than of a businessman interested in sales. He naturally won their warm regard, gratitude and esteem and they became ever afterwards his friends as well as clients.

In course of time the Soundarya Nursery became famous not only as a spot of tranquil beauty and innocent relaxation but also as an inexhaustible field for study and reflection. Gay children, tired latitudinarians, students, and seekers of aesthetic satisfaction flocked to it.

As the visitor moves about the Nursery he can perceive the missionary zeal which characterises Swaminathan in his work. And as the expert is also a man of generous impulses, workers in the garden share to a large extent this zeal of their boss. A common bond effaces the employer-employee relationship and makes them all co-workers in a land of beauty and colour.

Barely seven years after the Nursery was started, the late H. C. Buck, who was the chief of the Y.M.C.A. College of Physical Education in Madras, wrote to Swaminathan: 'We should all unite in honouring you; for, you have made South India a happier and a better place to live in.'

—KAUSIKA.

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HENRY DE WAROQUIER

By BARNETT. D. CONLAN

AMONG the really great French artists of today the name of Waroquier is better known than the artist himself. He lives apart and works apart, indeed he does little else but work. A Parisian, born in 1881, his art covers the whole of this century up to the present time. The last half century has been one of the most tragic and cataclysmic periods in the world's history. There are artists who have lived through these years without showing any awareness of this in their own work, and they have been praised for it. Both Dufy and Matisse are an instance. Despite the sombre character of the time their work has always been bright and colourful, a reflection of the present-day Mediterranean spirit and of the 'joie de vivre'.

Waroquier, on the other hand, has much of the Spaniards tragic sense of life, like Unamuno he sees deeply into the nature of his time. He is one of the very few great French artists who has this sense of the Beyond, of the realms of the spirit, and in this he is nearer to Pascal than to Racine.

It was natural perhaps that Waroquier should have been commissioned in 1930 to decorate the big Palais de Chaillot Theatre with an immense mural composition entitled "Tragedy". In this painting he has displayed a prophetic sense of the nature of our time, for the tragedy of the second great conflict of 1940 is clearly forecast in the apocalyptic figures and burning cities.

There is much in Waroquier's art that reminds us of the Greek dramatists. The same tragic mask pervades all his work, and there is an impersonal quality in his figures which is nearer to ancient Greece than to modern France. He has been led

into this not by any prolonged study of Greek art or literature, but by the tragic experience of his own country so similar, in many ways, to that of ancient Greece.

Indeed it is the creative activity of Waroquier that has brought him so near to the great spirits of the past. He told me that being confined to the house during the last war he started to read Homer, Plato, Shakespeare and other well known writers as if for the first time, having had hardly any leisure to study them seriously before.

He was astonished to discover all his own conceptions and imagery which he had acquired through intuition and contact with life set out in their language. It is this that makes his work so disconcerting to many, for it is derived not from his predecessors but from life itself and the spirit of the age.

In his early paintings Waroquier shows a preference for the mineral structure of the earth. His landscapes, lit with an apocalyptic glow contain rocks and stones above which buildings are piled up like fortified towns with no sign anywhere of trees or grass. This predilection for granite or onyx and marble suggests the architect and sculptor rather than the painter, and it is not surprising to find that he has been working as a sculptor at least thirty years. It is astonishing however, to know that he has always refused to reveal this side of his art, which he has kept during all this time, exclusively to himself. It was only in 1952 that the artist, then over seventy years of age, consented to hold an important exhibition of sculpture and drawing at the Museum of Modern Art in Paris. When one considers his tireless production in all the other media

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Etching by

'Leda and the Swan'

HENRY DE WAROQUIER

it is remarkable that he should have found time to execute a hundred and fifty pieces of sculpture. Some of these such as the Oedipus he reconstructed twenty times and more before being finally satisfied, others he worked at for fifteen years before having them cast in bronze. In some quarters his work is thought to be somewhat cerebral because of its constructive and architectural aspect. This however is not so.

"Just imagine," he once said to me when I asked him if a certain bronze entitled 'Meditation' was really finished. "I had forgotten the ears while modelling the head and it was only afterwards that I realized that a man in meditation should have no ears for what goes on around him!" Like Socrates Waroquier has his daemon or familiar spirit from whom he is always ready to accept such inspirations.

"The Greek order which was a perfect realization of the ideal, would seem to have been the supreme moment when man was able to approach divinity without leaving the earth" was the artist's conviction after his visit to the Acropolis at Athens. And yet Waroquier's art is not modelled on the ancient Greek type, for he is essentially baroque and particularly in his painting and graphic work. But he has much of the tragic spirit of the great Greek poets, shown in his profound comprehension of the figure of Oedipus and in 'homage to Aeschylus'.

Moreover, he has made the world of Greek myth his own having been familiar with it from his earliest years. 'Leda and the Swan' is a theme of which he never tires and

there are hundreds of drawings executed by him on this subject. In the etching where Leda is seen with the Swan amidst the stars, the artist has given his own interpretation of humanity destined to rise to a higher level by contact with the divine.

His engraved work represents over two hundred plates and in the big exhibition organised by the Bibliothèque Nationale two years ago, he exhibited his monumental Book of Revelations. In his preface to this masterpiece the poet Paul Claudel does not hesitate to consider Waroquier as the prophet of the 20th century, the visionary and recorder who sees more than other men see. There is no doubt that he is all this, but his most surprising quality is his creativeness, the power to express his visions in a multitude of ways. Only a few days ago he showed me a series of fantastic drawings so origi-

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nal that hardly anyone, not even Picasso could have displayed more invention.

"You are the first to have seen them," he explained after I had examined fifty or more "and there are hundreds of others."

And so with his poems and prose writings, the result of forty years of literary effort which are enough to fill five large volumes. Hardly any of these have been published and yet

they contain many striking passages:

"Even if I were convinced that my work would be destroyed after death, and that there remains nothing further for us to hope for, after this life, I should nevertheless continue to create."

It is this inexhaustible creativeness joined to a profound insight into life that makes Waroquier one of the most eminent and original figures in the Paris art world.

GREEN LEAVES

—The Producer Of Foods

By K. V. SRINATH

THE verdure of a landscape is so beautiful that it inspires poets and painters with many themes, and often gives unexpressed thrills to the rest of us. But few of us realise that we could not remain alive without the self-same greenness. Grasshoppers eat plants, many birds nourish themselves by devouring grasshoppers and such predators as cats, foxes and wolves feed on the birds. By some such series of steps, food passes from one organism to another, in each case furnishing the body-building materials and the energy by which life processes are carried on. Whenever any food chain is traced back to its source, it ultimately ends with green plants. Plants contain green-coloured bodies and in these, simple sugars are manufactured in the presence of sunlight. The raw materials are water and carbon dioxide, and oxygen is liberated as a waste product. This process is called photosynthesis. Without green colour and the process of photosynthesis, life, as we know it, could not exist, because there would be neither food supplies nor oxygen for either plants or animals and we should all starve and suffocate. Mankind has progressed from the Stone Age to the Atomic without a reduction in its dependence upon plants and their unique ability to utilise the radiant energy of the sun to prepare sugar which is both biologically and

industrially important.

With this sugar as a beginning, the plant can reorganize the elements, carbon, hydrogen and oxygen forming other carbohydrates, such as starch and cellulose; or by still different processes, can rearrange the atoms producing fats; or by the addition of elements from nitrates, sulphates and phosphates, can manufacture protein. Sugars, starches, and related compounds (carbohydrates) are known as energy-supplying foods. During photosynthesis the green-coloured material in the leaves absorbs light and makes it possible for the plant to put parts of water and carbon dioxide together, incorporating energy at the same time, thereby producing food. Animals are not able to carry on photosynthesis because they have no green colour. Neither can they synthesize proteins from the raw materials even when they have access to sugars and nitrates.

The successive reaction steps involved in photosynthesis have long remained obscure and all attempts to divorce these from the living cell have proved futile. In the last ten years, however, investigations in this field have made it possible to reconstruct part of the photosynthetic process outside the living cell. The main steps in the mechanism of photosynthesis are now fairly clear, but we do not yet understand how the green coloured bodies in the plants are able to absorb light energy and fix it in a chemical form.

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SIDELIGHTS ::

A reader who does not disclose his name is upset by *Sidelights* of last week. "Reading SWATANTRA has become a part of my life," he writes. But he now has misgivings as to how far it can be run hereafter as an independent magazine. He proceeds: "The editorial on the first page against nationalisation of Insurance has given me an indication as to its future tint. What made you write about this on the editorial page when matters of grave importance hang in the air?" I confess I do not know what makes me write on one subject rather than another. The selection of topics for comment is often made before the writer is aware of it, and last-minute choices not infrequently oust long-premeditated themes. This unpredictability of the mind in a vast terrain over which it can roam at will, is one of the never-ending excitements of journalism. There would be no joy in writing, no thrill, no feeling of adventure if one knew in advance what he is going to say and how and when. I can however satisfy the questioner on the second point he has raised. The answer is that editorials are written on the editorial page and nowhere else. But it is a wrong assumption that my distrust of nationalisation of Insurance is one week old or two weeks old. I returned from the United States four months ago a confirmed believer in the economic virtues of free enterprise.

The nations of the world vie with each other in turning to their own profit the experience of others who have progressed greatly in specific directions. If we want to build an economy of prosperity we must copy the example of those who have attained the highest level of prosperity ever reached by a nation. It is

unprofitable to go to exemplars of culture for the know-how of economic advancement. There are many misconceptions about the United States, some of them actively engineered for political reasons by adversaries of that country in the East-West power bloc alignment. But nobody can deny that economically the Americans are the most affluent of all people. Their level of income is the highest. Their standard of life is the most comfortable. Unemployment is practically unknown in the United States. There is no poverty. Nor is there any anxiety traceable to uncertain economic circumstances. A comprehensive plan of social security protects the whole population with a multitude of beneficent arrangements, amenities, privileges and blessings.

No Socialist country has done more for its people than the United States has for its own in the sphere of economic uplift and all the benefits flowing from it. Free enterprise is the economic counterpart of political freedom, and Americans who have tasted and enjoyed the enriching effects of free enterprise, now look upon it as essential for developing and consolidating the economic potentialities of political freedom. They are as little prepared to forego free enterprise as they would be willing to lose their political freedom. Their attitude to free enterprise is one of protective patriotic fervour, the same as towards freedom, as of something like life itself which is the basis of all other enjoyments, of everything that is precious. The patriot's duty includes to them defence of free enterprise as the greatest provider of plenty without which freedom would lose its purpose and significance.

Freedom of enterprise of the American conception means a multiplicity of the sources of employment, in contradistinction to Socialism which means State monopoly of the avenues of employment. When the State nationalises an industry in pursuance of Socialist planning, it means that all the employers in that industry have been reduced to one. In the absence of statutory guarantee of full employment for every citizen, such an arrangement would mean that the favourites of the men in power would flourish and all others would be left in the lurch. People would be driven under the terrific, inescapable pressure of a monolithic over-centralised executive power, to abject and assiduous ways of propitiating its will as the price of economic survival. The miserable regimented plight of the advertised beneficiaries of nationalisation in the Communist world provides ample historical evidence of this inexorable trend.

American sensitiveness to the citizen's duty of defending freedom of enterprise has solidified into a traditional national attitude. They look upon Government enterprise in the industrial field as an unfair challenge to all private industrial undertakings because nobody can compete with the Government in resources. They permit official encroachment in the industrial sphere only where money has to be spent without a return in profit to provide a much needed amenity to some section of the community. Thus electricity in towns and other crowded areas is entirely under private management. But in the sparsely peopled farm areas where often the owner is the monarch of all he surveys, the pioneering work of power supply is done by Government until it begins to be commercially profitable, when it is made over to private industry.

For all the free enterprise sustaining it, American capitalism has at

present few of the self-destructive, anti-social characteristics that Marx attributed to capitalism as such. American industry is in fact highly socialised in the sense that its ownership is being extended in increasing proportion to the workers, and its profits are through heavy taxation diverted to State revenues to supply funds for sensational social security projects. The wealthy industrialist can escape from exacting taxation only by means of philanthropy. What the State does not take, the millionaire spends in benefactions. The country is studied with hospitals, universities, museums and other institutions of significance for social or national welfare sustained by the rich endowments of great benefactors. Between the State and the industrialist there is an exciting competition for showering good on the community. The slogans of Socialism are never displayed in the panoply of class war on American political forums. But its Welfare State outlook dominates community life and has been combined with the safeguards of freedom of the democratic way of government to produce in the United States the highest levels of initiative, enterprise, prosperity, individual opportunity and social equality that it has ever been given to man to reach in the history of the world.

Here in India the pursuit of Socialism is accomplished with reverberating gusto. But it has distributed only poverty to its intended beneficiaries while heaping power and privilege on its official executioners. Our Ministers love to paint themselves as saints in office concerned with nothing else in their pilgrimage on earth except the promotion of an egalitarian society for Indian humanity's exclusive good. But the essential attributes of equality exist nowhere in visible, practical administration. The master-servant relationship and the phenomenon of the honoured parasite which have been

almost completely eliminated from American economy are all-pervasive in present day Congress administration in India. The Government secretariats are overcrowded with a growing army of liveried chaprasis. There is no city without its contingent of indigent homeless dwelling on pavements. The most pampered in the community on whom the greatest distinction and emoluments are lavished are the Governors living luxuriously in palatial residences having practically no work to do except when a Ministry falls. The administrative atrocities committed by some of the Ministers and "planners" to confer lucrative advantage on their relatives, near and remote, need not be specially expatiated on here, as readers of SWATANTRA must be familiar with them already. Our post-freedom rulers have misused power too much as it is, and it is un-

safe to entrust them with more of it in the name of Socialism. The social objectives of Socialism are excellent and they have captured the whole world not excluding the so-called capitalist countries. But they have brought happiness to humanity only where amply protected against the horror of regimentation and mass slavery under bureaucratic tyranny. Free enterprise plus a scientifically graded tax system devised to prevent excessive concentrations of private wealth will result in practice in the achievement of all the socially desirable aims and objectives of Socialism without the enthronement in power of an omnipotent bureaucracy that can never be shaken off once it is established. There is need of a party to bring about this consummation. It is the only feasible alternative to Congress rule in the country. SAKA.

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TEN YEARS

By N. S. RAMASWAMI

ANNIVERSARIES sanction reminiscences and I may perhaps be pardoned for diverging a little from the main purpose of this page on the eleventh birthday of this magazine and talk of the Agamemnons I have known. Two of these indeed have already signalled this anniversary in their own splendid manner and I may be considered presumptuous in attempting to tread in the path of the editor and "Vighneswara". But temerity is no vice if the occasion is proper.

"The South Indian wafer"! Ten years of the sparkle, the wit and the wisdom of "Vighneswara" have found their culmination in the glittering essay on the homely *appalam*, not to mention its 'tasty Kerala cousin'. It is seldom in the Indian Press that the periodical essay ever rises to the dignity of literature, but there can be little doubt that wherever good and clear prose is prized, and where strong thought, not afraid of portentous reputations, is cherished the weekly discourses of "Vighneswara" have been as balm in Gilead. The essays of George Warrington, one reads, were marked by "sense, satire and scholarship". These adorn "Sotto Voce", but they have also been irradiated by a sense of sublimity that was absent in Pen's cynical friend. Who that has read the moving essay on the rebuilding of Somnath, perhaps his highest achievement, can fail to have been aware of a vital force in Indo-Anglian writings, an intellect supremely at ease in many literatures, an understanding which would not be trifled with by the pretentious?

It was characteristic of the editor to have praised "Vighneswara" in terms which might have been considered excessive if applied to any

other writer. But he has never been niggardly in praise where he considers it due. His integrity of purpose, his high sense of his calling and his impeccable style render praise from him highly valuable. There have been innumerable writers, of small reputation indeed, but undoubtedly fulfilling their purpose in their own insignificant manner, who owe much to his encouragement. Of this band I am proud to number myself.

It is pleasant for me to recall that I have been associated with SWATANTRA from its first issue. One of my early tasks was to produce a series of articles on Mansfield's history of the British Press. Later, I became drawn to sporting themes. It was a momentous day for me when my first articles appeared alongside those of Dr. Subbaroyan, who was then the President of the Board of Control for Cricket in India. This proximity was a source of satisfaction when, as I read again in cold print my hasty judgments, my impertinent suggestions and my bland approval of the mighty, I wondered whether I had not rushed in where angels might fear to tread. I used to hear horrific tales of Dr. Subbaroyan's overpowering cricket erudition. It was stated, for example, that he possessed all the volumes of *Wisden*. I glanced in humility at my little array of seven volumes (now happily increased to fourteen), and wondered at my own temerity.

The tone of cricket criticism has altered in the ten years. Though the war, with its disastrous effects on creative thinking, had supervened, it was still true to say in 1946 that the influence of Mr. Neville Cardus was dominant. This consisted not merely in the pursuit of the happy phrase (a phase which Mr. Cardus himself had outgrown and was

rather startlingly to condemn in the years to come, but also in bringing to the task qualities normally associated with loftier themes. He looked for character and power behind the batsman's strokes and the bowler's delivery. He analysed the impact of scene and country on the game and formulated the well-known theory of the "sensitive plant". To him cricket was less a game to be prized for its moments of excitement and its moods of combatativeness than a way of life.

There can be little doubt that ten years ago these doctrines still held the field. It is equally undoubted that today they do not. They have been replaced by an obsession with facts as if mere figures can explain a cricketer, a pruriency in regard to the private lives of the players and above all jingoism. Test matches between two countries have come to be regarded as trials of strength between two warring nations. Should a fieldsman drop a catch he is excoriated from one end of the country to another. Should, however, a batsman compile a century by the most dreary methods, he is applauded as if he had invented the process of fire. In a word, the art of cricket criticism has degenerated.

There also remained this fact to be considered that intuitive and sympathetic criticism of Indian cricket had not so much as appeared. Statisticians and persons with an imperfect knowledge of the main-springs of cricket had held sway. It was necessary to replace these by the critic in the true sense of the term. It is difficult to say whether he has even now appeared. He is unlikely to have, for the task is arduous and responsible. But many attempts have been made in that direction.

SWATANTRA can take pride in the fact that its cricket writers recognised this need early. With what success it is not for them to say, but they have attempted to go to the

heart of the matter, the human impulse behind the stroke, the thinking behind the ball. They have endeavoured to present the game as part of the national life. They have attempted to stress the fact that cricket is one of the beneficent and unifying influences in this country.

A second decade has opened. What the future developments will be can hardly be prophesied. But it may be useful to indicate some profitable paths of development of Indian cricket. There will be need, against lessening opposition, it is true, to insist that cricket has become the national game, that it should be pursued in the proper spirit, as an agent of national regeneration, and that nothing should be allowed to tarnish its fair reputation. It is the privilege of this magazine to take part in this national service. Its efforts may result in little or nothing of good. But it is necessary to make the effort. It may be hoped that whoever writes this column ten years hence will be enabled to record that these aims have been achieved.

ART GALLERY IN KOVVUR

THE first art gallery in West Godavari district will be located at Kovvur shortly. Sri Koduri Baburao, a well-known Andhra artist, is making necessary arrangements in a building on the bank of the Godavari. His own paintings, numbering about 50, have already been housed there.

Twenty-year old Baburao is a prodigy among Indian artists. While in the Government School of Arts at Madras he was given a merit scholarship. He is now in the J. J. School of Arts with one more year to go for completing his studies.

Recalling the eminence attained by authors in the realm of art, Baburao has expressed the hope that the art gallery at Kovvur will be appreciated by the public in view of the fact that the people have the "art-instinct" in them.—G. Rajanna

A DYNAMIC MOVEMENT IN INDIAN PAINTING

By K. N. RAMACHANDRAN

MR. EDGAR A. ALBIN, a visiting Professor of Art from the States had occasion to remark that the South Indian artists "showed a realisation of the power of colour which is symbolic of a dynamic movement in Indian painting." The truth of this analysis is borne out by some of the exhibits put up by the Madras Group of Painters, now on view at the Centenary Hall, Government Museum, Egmore. Yet another vital feature runs through most of the exhibits which helps to strengthen the impression that this group is well on its way towards making a lasting contribution to Indian art. The impact of post-Independence national resurgence seems to have influenced the artists also: some of their works indicating a reflection of the new life based on a new found faith in national tradition and culture. With this is blended in harmonious unity the legacy of the finest traditions of world art in general and that of the West in particular. Most of the works denote a national way of seeing and feeling, yet without any puritanic tendency to put the clock back by an attempt to revive in toto values of 'pure' Indian art of past centuries. The ineradicable influence of Western thought and culture, which is a reality of the Indian scene today in all its aspects, is unobtrusively present in many of the works also, in a manner which indicates that the artists have been able to assimilate these influences and make them an organic part of the artistic outlook. As in other phases of national life and outlook the artists too, with some exceptions, seem to have got out of the blind alley of ununderstanding imitation of the West and decided to delve deep

into national tradition to evolve a new synthesis of the East and the West. While the pictures, at least many of them, are truly Indian they are not insularly and hypocritically so. A few of the artists in this group still appear to cling to Western academic values which are overdone and apt to tire critical visitors to the Exhibition. It is to be hoped that they will realise this and cease to harp on values which have had their day.

The positive aspect of the foregoing remarks apply with exceptional force to the works of Sri K. C. S. Paniker. Here is an artist who has already made a definite contribution to art and who is on his way to achieve greater things still. He is a votary of colour. Every bit of the surface is a challenge to his feeling for colour. A virile interplay of contrasting colours applied with a gusto that bespeaks his joy of painting and mastery of technique, is the high note of his works. Although there is an absence of linear perspective and representational proportion of forms it is evident that the artist has deliberately eschewed these to conquer greater heights of expression through colour and pattern. The absence of academic values however is by no means noticeable and never gives a sense of deficiency because even in his distortions he shows a powerful feeling for form and linear strength. "Harvest Song" perhaps represents the artist at his best.

Sri S. Dhanapal has exhibited some outstanding works in terra cotta. It is indeed a pity that this artist has yet to earn the national recognition that is his by right of the supreme excellence of his works. His terra cotta figure 'Mother' can hold its own

February 4 1956.

in any exhibition of sculptures anywhere in the world. The childlike naivette of construction along with the air of studied under-statement and simplicity helps to cast a veil over the tremendous values of mass, line and construction embodied in this fine work of art. The work is not loud or blatant precisely because of this approach. But by the soothing power that it radiates, the work has a tendency to grow on any one with aesthetic response. The eye finds unending delight and inspiration from it. It is interesting to note that this work had the honour of being twice rejected by the Lalita Kala Akademy exhibitors. But it can be predicted that this loss is bound to be temporary and that his works will surely gain the recognition due to them. Among his graphic works may be mentioned 'The Buddha' the draughtsmanship of which is reminiscent of Chola and Pallava artists.

Sri H. V. Ramgopal reveals himself as a creative draughtsman of quality endowed with a delightful understanding of colour. He is equally at home in figure work and landscape.

ATOMIC ENERGY IN MEDICINE

Dr. John C. Bugher, Director, Division of Biology and Medicine, U. S. Atomic Energy Commission is of the opinion that "There is no aspect of medicine that has not already been influenced by the progress in atomic science." He continues:

"The widening of our horizons that has occurred in the physical sciences is no less true of our knowledge of the physiology of man.

It has become possible, for the first time, to observe and measure intricate biochemical processes within the living body without injury to it. Not only are better means of recognizing well known diseases emerging, but it is now also possible to appreciate disturbances that formerly were not even known to occur.

Sri P. L. N. Murthy's works remind one of the conventional Indian tradition. They are decorative in their quality. Sri Krishna Rao reveals a good response to local colour in his on-the-spot studies. Sri P. K. Prabhakar has exhibited some good works which are Indian in content and contemporary in technique. 'The Cavalier' is specially noteworthy. Sri Santhanaraj impresses with portraits which have a dominant subjective quality characterised by intensity of feeling and vividness of expression. Sri S. Murugesan's portraiture deserves special attention. Here is an artist who has approached his subject in an entirely original manner opening up in the process new creative vistas. He is bound to go far. Sri Munuswamy's abstractions perhaps express the search of the artist through the later work of Picasso and Braque in the style of his own. The competent and full

Antony Das and Shanti Shah seem to be engrossed in the realistic aspect of landscape. They reveal a tendency to stick closely to conventional European art forms.

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Just as in the field of nuclear power, a profound change in our medical concepts and understanding has already occurred. If these preliminary developments are an indicator, the ultimate impact will probably exceed even the most sanguine of scientific predictions."

SWATANTRA

On Sale Every Saturday

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ON THE COVER:

The Gandhi Gopuram at Guindy, Madras.

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SWATANTRA

Vol XI. FEBRUARY 11 SATURDAY 1956 No. 2

ANTIDOTE TO "TRIBALISM"

"THIS tribalism inside the Congress", said the Prime Minister at Amritsar, "is the most dangerous thing", it is "more strong than the whole Congress." He also added, referring to recent happenings in the country, "I, as the Prime Minister in whom the people have reposed confidence, am prepared to shoulder the whole responsibility." Shouldering responsibility for the development, inside the Congress, of this most dangerous thing, tribalism, stronger than the Congress itself, will mean, it is to be hoped, recognition of the blunders that have led up to it and the adoption of a sounder and safer policy for the future. Looking back, it is clear that the language issue is intimately connected with States reorganisation, but the ruling party has not to this day arrived at any clear-cut policy on either of the two issues. It has fumbled and wobbled and prevaricated and shifted its positions so confusedly that a premium has been placed on pressure groups. The impression has been created that the response of the Government is quicker to violence than to logic, and if only sufficient pressure of a troublesome sort is maintained, the Government could be impelled to abandon old commitments and embark on courses quite the opposite. There would have been no riots if the Government had given proof of a firm policy from which nobody could hope to deflect it by resort to pressure tactics.

If, instead of yielding negatively to hectoring trouble-givers after they have made themselves unpleasant, the Government were to pursue a positive line of constructive approach based on the requirements of national welfare, even now, the developing crisis can be averted, and the dignity of the Government saved. In a democracy the first essential is the establishment of basic administrative units where a mutually responsive relationship shall prevail between the rulers and the ruled. In this sphere there should be the reality of self-government, decentralised from authoritarian, supervisory intervention by higher hierarchies of executive authority. It is a sphere marked out for the local mother-tongue. There can be as much of intensive and concentrated play of the local language in local affairs as its devotees can hope for; it will not involve the local administration in any of the undesirable aspects of linguism. On the other hand, all the regional patriotism that through fraternity of language can be stimulated to excite the passions, will find safe outlets in literary and artistic endeavour without entailing hurt of any kind to members of other language groups. Local administration, operating in the language of the local community, should be fully geared to the task of taking it up to the highest level of good it can reach, on democratic lines, without the intrusion of any sort of external control. At the next stage, there is need of inter-linguistic mingling.



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with suitable administrative devices, to emphasise the principle of national unity. At the apex, we have the Centre itself, standing out for the whole nation, over-riding all its diversities, in the configuration of international relations and politics. At the lowest level, there is no room for controversy as to which language is to predominate. At the intermediary level, there is a mixture of languages, and none of them can, by executive fiat, be proclaimed superior to the others. Any attempt to do so would precipitate just the dangerous type of tribalism which the Prime Minister has condemned as a thing to be avoided. At the Federal Centre, the whole world is the stage, and the test of value lies in the extent of communicability. English has established its hegemony as the most widely understood language in the world, and in most international conferences, the first place as a practical medium for the transaction of business has been

wrung by English from all competitors.

In between English and the local language, there is a vast area in India where supremacy in a national sense belongs to no language, and can certainly not be claimed or conceded by any arbitrary mandatory method. In the fixation of administrative boundaries, it would be wise to provide for the fullest development of every language without allowing any to grow teeth for aggression. Economic interests can synchronise more safely and advantageously with administrative boundaries than linguistic. As the ruling party, the Congress should formulate specific principles in the matter of State reorganization, and stick to them. There should be some point at which loyalty to declared principles should be insisted on as involving the right and title to rule and over-flexibility as the panacea for all difficulties should be abandoned for the sake of the decencies of parliamentary democracy.

Sotto Voce

LEFZ-ROT IN THE UNIVERSITIES

THE interim report of the Committee that enquired into the indiscipline in Allahabad University reveal a rather Gilbertian situation. At the Convocation last year some students had behaved in a disgraceful manner towards the Chancellor and the invited guests. It was pleaded by them that they were more sinned against than sinning.

Some of the partisans of the Vice-Chancellor among the teaching staff had, they complained, organised a section of the students to break the boycott. And they alleged that the strike-breakers had resorted to the tactics of bone-breaking.

The Committee has not been able to discover the identity of any of



the aggressive anti-boycotters. Nor has it found any positive evidence of a conspiracy on the part of teachers and students to counter the boycott move and to fight it out at the porch, up the staircase and on the balconies in the spirit of Montagus vs. Capulets. The verdict, in short, is "Not proven." The Committee is yet to go into the question of the guilt or otherwise of the boycotters themselves. But it is severe on the unsatisfactory arrangements for Convocation Day.

The Committee declares, "There was not only lack of imagination, but a good deal of indecision and indifference on the part of the organisers." In any executive such deficiencies must make for weakness. And in the conduct of a university's affairs they may prove fatal. High-spirited youth is apt to be characterised by impatient idealism and inchoate longings. Only a teaching body endowed with vision and fired by zeal for creative activity can supply it with the leadership which will give it direction and purpose. Above all, the teacher should be able to establish effortless moral ascendancy.

The introduction of Honours courses in the second decade of the century on the model of the older English universities was a move in the right direction. That innovation is now to be reversed with the introduction of the three-year degree course. Every generation has its thoroughbreds as well as its dray-horses; it is the task of the universities to sort them out and train them separately for their proper uses. The flooding of the colleges has no doubt made the Honours classes as much swollen by detritus as the Pass courses. But at least the Honours classes could have been kept much smaller and turned into nurseries of the elite.

The pick of the season is always to be found in a few small bunches. But a tiny nucleus in every first class college, training itself in a spirit of dedication for the task of expanding the boundaries of knowledge, can have a catalytic effect in transforming the attitude of the mass of under-graduates towards their studies and their responsibilities. High jinks, often verging on rowdyism, are not unknown in Oxford and Cambridge. But the average undergraduate there is not easily swept off his feet by the mouthings of current patriots. The tone of college life is set by the highest tier. It would be difficult for the most hardened rabble-rouser to get British youth to rally to such phoney cries as that which emptied a Madras college the other day. "Give us back our Devicolam and Peermade," they let out their parrot screech, innocent equally of geography and history.

Far more harmful than the invasion of the unfit is the tragic watering down of the quality of the teaching staffs. Among the score or more of universities and institutions of university status genuine research is possibly being done; but, if qualified observers are to be believed, there is precious little evidence of this in the published output. The pitifully inadequate emoluments explain this partly. But to my mind the real cause is to be found in the fact that our chaotic society has lost its faith, by and large, in knowledge as the great liberator. In the name of economic uplift and equalitarian socialism, our universities are being turned into factories for mass-production of artisans.

The best men do not go into university service. Not only are the gew-gaws offered by other walks so

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SIDELIGHTS ::

AFTER an absence of a quarter century, Sri G. V. Krupanidhi has returned to Madras as the Manager of the Southern Languages Book Trust. A law graduate, he was originally to have joined the bar. But while apprenticing for Sri Prakasam, he was caught up, along with his senior, in the whirlwind of the great Non-co-operation movement. They felt the need for a newspaper which was to be not merely an objective recorder of events, but a dynamic medium of political action. The launching of *Swarajya* was the result.

My first acquaintance with Krupanidhi was in the office of *Swarajya*. He was called Manager, but the title was a very inadequate one. He was more correctly a Jack of all trades. He did sub-editing, leader-writing, proof-reading, bill-collecting, advertisement-canvassing, and miscellaneous errand-running. No work that had to be done was too big or too small for him. Those were days when the trade union spirit was practically unknown. There was no compartmentalisation of responsibilities, and no limiting of work to any specific time schedule. Everybody laboured as well and as hard as he could, trying his hand at any odd job that fell to him, drawing delight not from income (which was both meagre and irregular) but from the joy of participation in the running of a beloved institution deemed to be of great national importance. All the discontents in the land went into the contents of the paper in spirited editorials and fiery headlines. Krupanidhi was the moving spirit that kept together all the disparate elements of the staff and taught them the great art of wrestling contentment

and consolation out of short rations. His most delightful trait was an indefatigable sense of humour that always found ways of laughing at himself. It drew to the office streams of visitors for the sheer joy of good talk, and in return for what they got, they loved to play host to the staff in neighbouring restaurants. We were hungry enough to be ready for all the hosts that came, but G. V. K. taught us to cover necessity with banter and accept hospitality with an air of condescension.

Swarajya roused the emotions of the public as no newspaper in South India has ever done, and every evening the environs of the office were crowded with eager buyers avid for the day's issue, who literally blocked the traffic. It was a sensational success in the hold it established in the affections of the people. But it was a dismal business failure. There were far too many empowered to receive money and they waylaid the postman before he could reach the cashier. When the inevitable crash came, Krupanidhi went to Delhi, assigned by Sadanand to the editorship of a daily called *Guardian* to be started there as one of a chain of papers to cover the whole country.

In Sadanand's scheme, daily papers were to be started, apart from the *Free Press Journal* of Bombay, at Lucknow, Lahore, Delhi and Calcutta. He had bought and installed the machinery and printing equipment for the new papers. The staff had been engaged. He had a gigantic plan of linking the new papers with a worldwide news-collecting organisation. Had the plan gone through, he would have overshadowed all

competitors and risen to the stature of a veritable Northcliffe of the Indian Press. But an untimely quarrel with the financier on whom he was dependent, destroyed at one stroke all his grand projects. Krupanidhi found that the paper which he was to edit in Delhi, would not be started at all.

There is this to be said for the old *Swarajya*. It put its members through a hard school of discipline with little scope for indulgence in expensive tastes, and so nothing ever daunts them in after-life, and they pass through all vicissitudes without a dent on their fortitude, quietly content to be teetotallers and non-smokers in the most hectic and exciting of environments. After a brief spell of freelancing, Krupanidhi joined the *Hindustan Times* and rose to be its Joint Editor. With his shining example he has built for himself an enviable reputation as a chaste journalist in lascivious New Delhi's Fourth Estate.

The Southern Languages Book Trust must be complimented on its choice of General Manager. It perhaps could not have found a better Manager. But in other respects the ways of the board of trustees have been devious. The Vice-Chancellors at the helm, those of them more intimately connected with the initial arrangements, seem to have converted a great opportunity placed at their disposal by the Ford Foundation into a hole and corner conspiracy to plant in strategic positions in the Trust retired men from their own offices. Apparently the veteran Vice-Chancellors have treated youth as a disqualification in the enterprise they have taken as their trust. I have also my doubts as to whether the mass circulation of second-hand imported material through translations is a fit occupation, *en masse*, for all the combined host of

South Indian Vice-Chancellors whose eminence, one would think, should be justified by greater concentration on authorship and research of a more original character. It is a rather pathetic sight to find the entire personnel connected with the direction of higher education over so large a part of the country, bent on the production of translated second hand stuff for Indian consumption as though the stimulation of original authorship were a feat beyond their hopes and capacities.

Cases have come to my notice of subsidized publishers passing only a fraction of what they get from American sources to the translators, themselves pocketing the major portion. Agencies like the USIS and the Southern Languages Book Trust, should, for the sake of the integrity of their aims, devise safeguards to prevent publishers cheating authors in this way.

SAKA

(Continued from page 5)

tempting that they attract young men of promise who have not sufficient moral ballast to prefer the hard and noble way. Freedom is so much at a discount in the groves of Academe that one who was high up in the hierarchy could tell me some years ago, swelling with pride as he did so, "Having chosen Mr. X (a politician who was then very much the rage) as my guru, should I not accept what he says as gospel truth?" The men who have steel in their composition, who are not overawed by pretentiousness in high places, who could bring to their task just those qualities of curiosity, scepticism, and unwavering fidelity to truth which our universities so badly need, are shooed off by liveried flunkies.

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STATES REORGANISATION MUDDLE

By P. N. SAMPATH

THE publication of the States Reorganisation Commission Report has landed both the Government and the Congress in difficulties. It has in fact let loose a whole Pandora's box of evils on the country. The torch of discord was thrown on materials only too inflammable. It touched off a spate of mass demonstrations and mob violence. A mob vies with nature in its most uncontrollable mood. Much destruction had resulted to life and property. Hooligans and enraged people on one side and the forces of law and order on the other fought pitched battles in the streets of cities like Bombay and Cuttack. The people in other parts of India were kept on tenterhooks of apprehension and suspense for a whole week. Nehru's reputation as the unchallenged authority in the Indian political life was at stake.

There is nothing intrinsically wrong in the idea of linguistic States. The Congress had nurtured it for forty long years and it had the blessings of leaders like Mahatma Gandhi and Sardar Patel. But the implementation of the idea required a certain sense of timing and some modicum of statesmanship. It required some amount of political maturity among the people concerned and economic and social stability in the body politic. When basic and more pressing economic and sociological problems affecting the welfare of the mass of the people are awaiting urgent solution, it was sheer folly to have ventured on the uncertain and hazardous undertaking of reorganisation of States on the linguistic pattern.

The leaders of public opinion, especially of the Congress, have woefully

failed in their duty. They have not prepared the different linguistic groups for an orderly transition by mutual adjustment and understanding. On the other hand, they did everything to promote language-fanaticism and drive out the last vestiges of nationalism which had remained in the minds of the people even after eight continuous years of Congress rule. The assertion of unbridled provincialism could only produce a welter of conflict. Thus, if the different linguistic groups are behaving like 'tribals' as was alleged by Rajaji at the Hyderabad Congress session three years ago, the responsibility therefore rests principally with the men who belong to Rajaji's party. When eventually the people indulged in violent manifestations of protest, these leaders who had the temerity to sound a note of warning in the Parliament of the people that the fate of Bombay city would perforce have to be decided in the streets of Bombay, regarded themselves as above the battle and yet, like the Gods of Greek mythology, descended from time to time, to enter the fray. But these leaders who belong to the ruling party have been let off scot-free while trade-union leaders of the Leftist opposition parties have been rounded up and put behind bars, most of them even before the Government's decision regarding Bombay city was broadcast to the nation. The authorities called it preventive detention, as usual. There is nothing strange about this since it is well known that in parliamentary countries the owners of power abandon democracy in favour of non-democracy when they feel seriously threatened by movements of protest. Hav-

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ing done so, it will also be suggested that the country's present ills flowed from an excess of democracy! The Leftist leaders who matter having been detained long before the trouble started in Bombay, if it is still maintained that the mob excesses were organised by political leaders, it goes without saying that the leaders involved were Congress leaders themselves. It cannot be suggested that the Leftist leaders directed operations in absentia! This apart, it is sheer political obfuscation to describe the violent goings on of the people in different parts of the country as anything but the spontaneous popular reaction to the S. R. C. Report. The truth is that public opinion, which as a political force only emerges, it seems, in spasms of disgust or delight, was outraged. If public opinion is not well-formed, if it is inchoate and is unable to rise above narrow regionalism, if it has retained no reservoir of national sentiment powerful enough to assert itself successfully, we cannot totally blame the people. The real reasons are the lack of proper education, the illiteracy of the masses, the latent social and economic inequalities, the paucity of proper leadership, the psychology of separatism engendered and promoted by the erstwhile British rulers, all these and more.

Even though it may surprise many, the hard truth is that Nehru himself had sealed the fate of the S. R. C. recommendations. When he told the people that he was himself not satisfied with portions of the Report and encouraged them to voice their protests freely and emphatically, he created the impression that the Report was not final and that it could be modified if the people affected clamoured for it. This in turn gave free rein to voices of discord and dissonance. When people demonstrate in their thousands, discipline becomes the first casualty and lawlessness takes over command of the situation. The Nehru Govern-

ment had invited all this trouble by trying to tinker with the tough linguistic problem. It has since paid the penalty. Seldom has the Government's ability to put down lawlessness been put to such a gruelling test. It is fortunate that it has emerged out of the ordeal.

The decision on Bombay city was very undemocratic and arbitrary. It was as though in the counsels of the Government, the handful of mill-owners of Bombay mattered more than the lakhs of Maharashtrians who claim the city as of right. Public opinion is a factor which democratic leaders neither can nor should ignore. The Gujaratis would not have seriously objected if the city had been made over to Maharashtra, since by virtue of their wealth and business acumen they would continue to be at the top in Bombay.

The Maharashtra Congress is in a dilemma. While the people who elected the legislators want them to resign en masse in protest, the High Command require them to brave the crisis and stick to their positions. The people in Delhi are oblivious of the temper of the people in Bombay State. To enforce party discipline is to provide a convenient face-saving alibi to Congressmen who have been caught up in the meshwork of their own demagogy. While some Congressmen quail before the High Command anxious for their ticket, there are others who are worried over what the people will say and do. Some consensus must exist in the Maharashtra Congress if the organisation is to be capable of action. If the Congressmen go against the people's mandate, it may perhaps spell the doom of the Congress in Maharashtra at least for purposes of the next general election.

If the Andhra State had been formed without violence, the clamour for linguistic States could have been kept under check with some persuasion. Unfortunately, however,

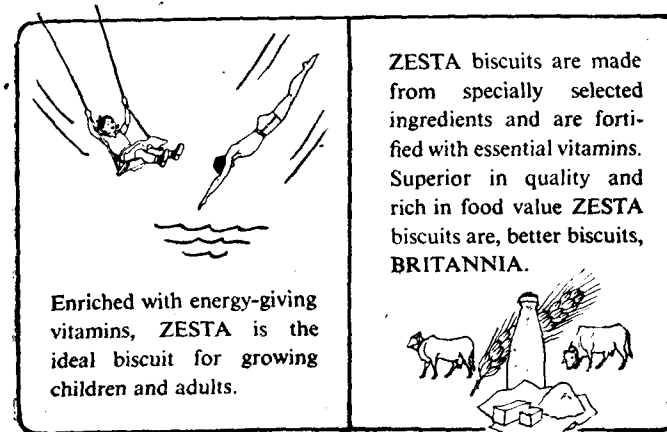
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Nehru conceded to violence what he had refused to grant to argument. The formation of Andhra through martyrdom has set the pattern for separatist agitation. A few veteran Congressmen are now suggesting that the linguistic redistribution of States should be put in cold storage, even though they do not appear to have carried on any worthwhile agitation inside the Congress organisation for the abandonment of the idea even at the incipient stage, before the birth of the Frankenstein. One such leader says that he spoke out against it at the Hyderabad Congress session held three years ago. Even that was too late coming as it did close on the Andhra agitation. It was not as though he did not know anything about it prior to that. It should be remembered that the linguistic State idea was first mooted forty years ago. These leaders have all failed in their duty and are now trying to be wise after the event.

The Government's policy still continues to suffer from a dangerous ambivalence. New Delhi found itself in a quandary when reports began to pour in from all parts of the people's reaction. Sri Jagjivan Ram suggested something casually and it was clutched at desperately as a drowning man clutches at a straw. Dr. Sinha, the volatile Chief Minister of Bihar, who had threatened to resign only on the previous day, made a snap deal with Dr. B. C. Roy of West Bengal, and between themselves they decided to merge West Bengal with Bihar into a single State. This is the so-called "lead" that they have given and which Rajaji and others have recommended for universal application. The very people who had cried hoarse for separate linguistic States are now made to dwell on the relative merits of composite multi-lingual States. People cannot be expected to stand this nonsense. The Congress leaders have apparently no fixed or firm convictions on any matter.

By opting for multi-lingual States, the Government is only inviting further trouble, further complications. Rajaji wants us to give it a trial and see how multi-lingual States work. We have already seen how they have worked. If their working had been satisfactory, Andhra for example would not have gone out of Madras. In the composite State, the Andhras genuinely felt that they were not getting the treatment that was due to them. We have also seen that in a composite State linguistic consciousness and rivalries are more acute than elsewhere.

We are now aware of very serious defects in our body politic. The recent disturbances will be deplored by all right thinking men. So will be the largescale police firings and repression. It is fortunate that the forces of law and order have held their own against hooliganism. This ugly episode has been a blot in the escutcheon of Nehru. Nehru has to rehabilitate the country's reputation, which has reached its nadir.

The Government cannot afford to ignore public opinion either. The responsibility for instructing and evolving a coherent public opinion lies with the leaders. Democracy, if it means anything, means government by agreement and consent. The freedom of influencing public opinion is indispensable for the success of democracy. As such, any agitation by peaceful means against the merger proposals should not be stifled or suppressed. Further, there cannot be a simultaneous solution to all the boundary disputes. Let the authorities proceed in cases where agreements have been reached at the popular level. To that extent, the Government's problems would be lessened. Simply because two individuals had agreed about a certain thing it does not follow that the same arrangement should be extended countrywide.

BOTH EARS OPEN IN THE MIDDLE EAST

By ANDREW ROTH

THE robust speaker, with his broad Manchester accent and candid North Country face, repeated with approval and with appropriate gestures, the analysis of Colonel Nasser. "Here you (British) have Jordan in your pocket," he quoted the Egyptian Premier as saying. "You have the Baghdad Pact countries in the other pocket." "Then," and this is where the gestures came in, "in transferring Jordan from one pocket to the other, you drop it in the middle!"

The man who repeated this story with much relish was none other than Alfred Robens, chief spokesman of the Parliamentary Labour Party on foreign affairs. If Labour is returned to power in the next election, he is likely to be its Foreign Secretary.

This possibility is one of the most encouraging to emerge in the long weeks of hopeless mismanagement which has encouraged riotous disturbance and international tension in many parts of the Middle East.

Alfred Robens, recently returned from the Middle East, demonstrates a facility rare among British political leaders. He has been able to lend a sympathetic ear to both Arabs and Israelis and use his own sound common sense and lively intelligence to put forward new and practical solutions.

It is due to his suggestion, above all, that Labour has put its emphasis on a neutralized no-man's-land between the Israelis and Arabs, manned by a UN police force of neutrals in the 'cold war.' He feels that until the tension aroused by raids and counter-raids is eased there is no

possibility of talking about anything else.

It is also his idea that the question of Arab refugees should not be tackled directly, but indirectly through economic development of the Arab countries. When he asked Colonel Nasser about absorbing Gaza's 200,000 Palestinian Arab refugees, the Egyptian Premier told him: "I have 500,000 unemployed here in Cairo. How can I take on another 200,000? Why doesn't Britain take unemployed Italian coalminers into Britain's coal mines?"

Alfred Robens admitted the justice of this, because it is his most distinctive quality that he can see the justice in another man's point of view. Therefore he returned with the conviction that it is only by mopping up unemployment in the Arab countries through economic development that the unemployed in Palestinian refugee camps could be pulled out. This was happening to a limited extent already in the Lebanon. But it could not be done, he insisted, by making the absorption of Palestinian refugees the condition of economic development. He returned from the Middle East fully aware of the sensitivity of Arab nationalism. And not only Arab nationalism. He felt Britain's refusal to come to terms with Cypriot nationalism was a "colossal blunder."

This forthrightness is typical of Labour's new Foreign Affairs spokesman. "I am unorthodox," he delights in telling you. Certainly he does not fall into the usual pattern of either Rightwing or Leftwing Labour—nor even the cautious Centre. The *Tory Yorkshire Post* described him recently as "a judicious mixture of caution

and extremism . . . He knows just when to shout for the Left and when to hold back with dignified reserve."

In fact it would be more accurate to say that Alf Robens has the solid common sense of the intelligent working class lad without the inhibitions or excessive humanity which has so often gone with it.

Born in Manchester 46 years ago, he started life as a clerk in the Manchester Co-operative at the age of 16. He was a director of the Coop by the time he was 22. Three years later he became an organizer for the Union of Shop and Distributive workers, a post he has held ever since.

He has the force and efficiency one expects in a good labour organizer, and also the knowledge that one has got to meet the people concerned in order to solve any problems.

He applied this experience when he became Minister of Labour in 1951, after Aneurin Bevan resigned from that post in the Cabinet in his break with the Labour leadership over the pace of rearmament.

When Minister of Labour he found that it was not enough to read the reports of his civil servants. He had to go out to meet the contending industrialists and trade unionists to find out the feelings behind the words. This undogmatic human approach to labour disputes made him difficult to define at the time in political terms, but successful in his handling of long-festering disputes.

This same attitude in foreign affairs is showing remarkable results. He made a competently robust speech on the Middle East before he went there. But having been there he now shows a sureness of touch and a sensitivity to the aspirations of all inhabitants of the area which is rare indeed in any Western politician.

Typical is the force with which he insists on Colonel Nasser's intentions about the High Dam at Aswan: "Make no mistake, he is going to build the dam." The only question

is who is going to help him, and it is up to the West, Robens thinks, to make its terms more advantageous than the Soviets.

Robens is also a wholesome change from the average leading politician because he does not treat the Russians like Supermen or devils incarnate. Asked what he thinks about the Bulganin-Khrushchev performance during their tour of India, Burma and Afghanistan, he answered without hesitation that he would have done exactly the same if he were a Russian Communist. It was the West's fault that it waited until the Soviets took an initiative and then simply countered their action without taking an adequate initiative unprovoked. How much better, in short, if the West had made its recent, more generous offer to finance the Aswan High Dam before the Soviet offer.

Robens has a refreshing attitude toward the Russians. When others panic about the Soviet leaders visiting here in the Spring, he asks, shaking his head, "Are we children?" In short, are the panic-mongers so lacking in confidence in the intelligence of the average Briton or American that a few speeches by Bulganin and Khrushchev can tear them apart?

To Robens, Bulganin and Khrushchev are "only a couple of chaps who happen to be the bosses for the time being." He feels that while he himself has infinitely less power, he is an infinitely better insurance risk should he fall from favour. In short he seems to combine all that is human and commonsensical in the British Labour movement.

His willingness to be friendly to the Russians does not imply any coolness toward the Americans. He is a firm believer in the Anglo-American alliance, provided that each partner can talk frankly to the other, and that Britain is not expected to dance at-

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A TRAVESTY OF DEMOCRACY

By FENNER BROCKWAY

I HAD hoped the Mau Mau had shocked the European settlers in Kenya into sense, that they had read the warning on the wall.

There were signs of this. In Nairobi last October I saw Africans in restaurants and hotels from which they would have been excluded four years ago.

I hoped the decision to ask Mr. W. F. Coutts to make recommendations on how Africans could be given votes was a further indication of bruised enlightenment. As I suppose, it was.

But nothing has made me despair more of the ability of the white community in Kenya to adjust themselves to the fact that they are living in the African country than the Coutts report and European response to it.

Mr. Coutts proposes that Africans should get votes on a points system. They will score points for education, for five years' national service, for agricultural and industrial experience, for public service in local administration and for incomes and property.

The official estimate is that forty per cent of the men will be barred from votes. I would say that not more than half will get votes. Very few women will be enfranchised at all.

But not only is there to be a partial franchise. There is to be a plural franchise. The points system will allow some Africans to have two votes, some to have three votes!

If you have been a good African; if your father is one of those rare Africans rich enough to send you to a good school; if you have a good income and property—then you will

be given three ballot papers while your neighbour is shut out of the polling stations altogether!

The income and property qualification is particularly ludicrous. Points can be secured if an African earns £120 a year or owns property valued at £500. For comment look at the United Nations figures published in December, 1953.

The per capita income of Africans was given at £5 18sh. a year. That is the average share of each African—man, woman and child. For the head of a family of seven that would be an annual income of £41 6sh.

Or take the average income of African wage-earners in Kenya. It is given as £27 a year. There has been some improvement since these figures were published; but only a fraction of Africans reach an income of £120 a year.

As for the African who owns property worth £500 a year—you would have to search for him as for the proverbial needle in a haystack.

The test for African candidates is even more severe. Candidates must have earned £240 in the preceding year or own property valued at £700. (There is the one loophole that if an African qualifies for half the other voters' points, he may be nominated even though his income is not more than £120). All candidates must be able to speak and write fluently. There won't be much competition for candidatures!

The repudiation of democracy does not end there.

The African population of Kenya approaches six million people. The privileged among them are to elect six members to the Legislative Coun-

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cil. One member for each one million.

The Asians number 140,000. They elect six members. One member for each 23,000.

There are 40,000 Europeans. They elect 14 members. One member for each 3,000.

This is the democracy which we are teaching the African people!

The alarming feature of the situation in Kenya is that even moderate Europeans regard these proposals as liberal whilst diehard whites regard them as disastrously generous. It is this fact which makes one begin to doubt whether the European community can ever adjust itself to realities.

The danger lies not only in the manifest present injustice but in what it portends for the future.

Why this system of plural voters? The Africans are to vote only for African representatives in the Legislature and they will number only six out of the 28 elected members. Why all this elaborate procedure to weight the African electorate?

The explanation is that the Europeans are looking to the future. when a common electoral roll becomes unavoidable. They want to establish the principle of plural voting, so that when that time comes, Asian and European voters can similarly be weighted.

A few Africans are to be given two or three votes now so that in the future when a common roll is introduced. Asians and Europeans can be given still more votes—perhaps each Asian five, each European ten? The Europeans want a system whereby they can keep control even though they are a small minority of the population.

The Labour Party should have no doubts about opposing this travesty of justice.

If the Africans in Kenya are to be encouraged to look to the Legisla-

ture rather than to violence as the means to secure their progress, they must feel that their elected members represent not the privileged among them but the whole African community.

If we want them to turn to democratic methods, we must give them the opportunity of practising real democracy.

An African should be given a vote because he is a human being. That is the only principle on which a democratic society can be built.

Certainly the European and Asian communities should be guaranteed minority rights. I should like to see the principles of the Declaration of Human Rights embodied in the Kenya Constitution for this purpose.

But the day of race and colour privilege has gone. British Labour should not compromise on this issue.

(Continued from page 14)

tendance on Mr. Dulles as he rushes up to the brink.

It is a pleasure to listen to Robens, even when you do not necessarily agree with him because you feel his mind has not been frozen into the patterns set by the cold war. Thus, he feels that the real danger zone for international war is not Asia or the Middle East but divided Germany. In this conviction he approaches the traditional British mind. But then he goes on, explaining that he thinks the Russians will only agree to a unified Germany if the West gives up NATO. He is not sure but that this might have to be considered, however carefully.

These views are perhaps not so startling coming from the mouth of a journalist or back-bench M.P. But to hear such warm-hearted, non-doctrinaire, human and both-sides-of-the-question ideas coming from Labour's leading spokesman on foreign affairs is an encouragement to those who have to listen endlessly to the same frozen minds in the second decade of the 'cold war.'

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RURAL PROPERTY IN THE SECOND PLAN

By P. V. IYER

THE plan frame of the Second Plan and the provisions of some of the State Acts like the recently published Madras Rent Bill betray the Cinderella treatment that is shown to rural property interests. These ambitious social and economic reforms require scrutiny in the light of fundamental economics. The orthodox economists of the 19th century included both land and buildings and factories as economic goods. It is only some of the economists of the 20th century that tried to make a distinction between land and factories in this respect and even now there are many economists who still stick to the fundamental view that land is capital. It is easily seen that land that is in harness for cultivation is not the same type as fallow land on the slopes of the Himalayas. Agricultural land has become both cultivable and fertile through the media of both finance and work and property exists in land as it exists in the shares of an industrial concern. At any rate in India it is proposed to set up an evolutionary form of socialism and in the context of our social evolution from Mohenjodaro to modern times property rights in agricultural land have been continuously recognised.

The doctrine of State ownership of land is no counter to this position, for the State owns the medium of paper currency equally and bank deposits and the public debt arise out of currency. We do not seriously think of freezing bank deposits and the public debt. The Welfare State limits itself to controlling and regulating finance and industrial wealth and it is equally desirable to derive a theory of evolu-

tionary socialism based on the control and regulation of rural land property.

In the rapid strides of the Industrial Revolution the factor of paper currency which is the prime medium of national exchange, has assumed great importance. The Marxian theory of polarisation of classes has a scientific basis and is derived from similar phenomena in the positive sciences. A high degree of polarisation tends to class wars, the struggle for markets and colonial wars.

The Marxian remedy of dictatorship of the proletariat, the establishment of a Communist State and the fading out of the State into an Utopian social anarchy, is at best a theory of social humanism which may or may not be acceptable in the liberal tradition of free opinion. One thing that has to be noticed is that Marx who is the father of socialist economics does not make a difference between land and industrial wealth. His thesis and the writings of Thoreau and Mahatma Gandhi are a criticism of the class polarisations arising out of the Industrial Revolution.

It is difficult to trace the central theory of evolutionary socialism to any particular economist of eminence. At best it is the product of the Second International which was mainly directed to support the work and wage conditions of European industrial labour. It has to be noticed also that an overfed industrial working class is a social evil in class polarisation and tends to affect agro-industrial parity. The failure of French democracy arising out of the recent Franco-German wars is

the best condemnation of the economics of the Second International.

Also in USA which is industrially very advanced price supports and differentials have become necessary to support both the farm owners and the farm workers and many millions are unable to find employment in industry or agriculture. The USA is obliged to export her unemployment by a process of commercial imperialism and she is slowly retracting from the Monroe doctrine of Isolationism.

Marx himself noticed the growth of big cities as part of the Industrial Revolution. The population of greater Calcutta has increased in the Industrial Revolution and nearly doubled itself in about ten years. The populations of greater Calcutta and other metropolitan cities support the theory of internal class polarisation arising on the wages and profits structure of the industrial sector.

It is not safe to draw lessons from the Chinese Revolution. For one thing China was more or less in political anarchy since the fading out of the Manchu dynasty and was the victim of petty war-lords. It is easy to see that the Chinese, with so much of a sick political history, should gladly accept any form of settled government. It has to be borne in mind that one of the secret clauses of the Russo-Chinese treaty of friendship is said to be that the Chinese leaders should work for a diminution of the Chinese population by a hundred millions. If this is true, it is an admission by the Cominform that their economy cannot support the present density of the Chinese population.

Asia carries the bulk of the world population and a theory laid in the social values of humanism has to accept this fact. Marx made the mistake of thinking that human progress is merely social and economic. Similarly Malthus made the mistake of thinking that human progress is purely biological. Perhaps the cor-

rect view is that human progress is both socio-economic and biological.

The Industrial Revolution has led to both internal polarisation of classes and colonial polarisation of nations. In consequence have arisen empires, colonies and the struggle for markets. A periodicity of wars more or less follows. Now and then there arises the great urge for peace and simultaneously disputes and differences and the urge to gain strength in the next possible war.

Quicker and more efficient means of production increase the volume of goods and services. Naturally a bigger market is necessary and more and cheaper goods are available. Population tends to rise more and more. Also more efficient means of production require less labour and only some skilled labour. The means of exchange, banking and paper currency structures and also the structure of employment get complicated. Unemployment in a free society and slave labour camps in a totalitarian society are evils posited by Malthus which operate on the biological plane to keep down the rate of increase of population.

A birth control check on the rate of increase is meaningless, for the actual increase in population is in geometrical progression and the increase in volume of goods of the Industrial Revolution is in algebarical progression. The pestilence of unemployment and under-employment will exist even in such a society.

The only alternative appears to be a sensible taming of the Industrial Revolution and revised views on the structure of profits and wages in the urban and rural sectors. The existence of unemployment is the first warning signal for a class crisis.

Foreign adventure is a convenient dope for politicians to keep internal control when class polarisations increase. Veiled forms of colonialism such as the Russian hegemony

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over satellite countries and American commercial imperialism also arise. It is easy to see that some affinity and control over satellite countries helps the wage bills of both Moscow and New York workers.

Meanwhile the agro-industrial parity gets gradually worsened. American, Indian and all farmers are affected. Agriculture is more affected by the law of diminishing returns than industry. Also the structure of banking and paper currency adds to the load on agriculture. The polarisation of industrial profits and wages is so heavy that it is impossible to administer a full haul scheme of State agricultural finance.

It is significant that the provision for rural banking in the Second Plan is only about 200 crores. In India a kind of circle of bankmen's wage awards and bankmen's wage disputes is going on. We can easily understand the volume of help that will reach agriculture out of this meagre allotment. To allow even this measure of State help in the hands of non-official agencies will create pockets of social corruption worse than the activities of private rural investors.

The financial clauses of the Treaty of Versailles had the indirect effect of exporting German unemployment. The fast pace of American industrialisation had also a similar effect. Things came to a crisis in 1929 in a decade's time after the Peace treaty. The first effects of the crisis appeared in the grain markets of Chicago and then followed the great agricultural depression. In such a political soil Hitler was bound to rise. He repudiated the financial clauses of the treaty and started the armaments race. The rest followed.

It is thus seen that internal polarisations arising in the framework of a national society induce and develop wars. In agro-industrial relations the basic polarisation arises

between industrial profits and wages on the one hand and agricultural profits and wages on the other. The law of diminishing returns depresses the agricultural sector more and more. Agriculture as a whole becomes the marginal firm of capitalism. The big farm owner himself is a marginal firm. The small owners and tillers are sub-marginal firms.

The Second Plan frame makes the very big mistake of assuming that the tiller-owners who are sub-marginal firms of capitalism can support a good and vital agricultural economy. If you weed out the farm owners, you cannot expect the sub-marginal firms of tiller-owners either to support an efficient system of agriculture or to give full production. Further, various debt relief Laws have put the rural creditors at the mercy of the debtors. Land laws intended to crown the tiller-owners will aggravate the already bad situation of rural unemployment.

The tiller-owner does not constitute the mass of the rural population. He is only a percentage of it. The mass of the rural population consists of daily and casual workers who do a day's job for a day's wage to farmowners and tillers alike. Some small finance enough to carry an investment on a pair of bulls makes the daily worker a tiller. In India there is now occupational freedom in village life. It is prudence and thrift that builds the tiller from the daily worker. If a class of tiller-owners is created by State action, they will lose the incentive to better production just as we can imagine the fate of the banking structure if banks are nationalised and turned over to bank clerks and officers.

The tiller works on the land on an average only for five months which is all that is needed to keep the seasons going. For the rest of the year he is a daily worker or in leisure or in unemployment. How he is a more useful member of society than the

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farm-owners who live in villages and give administrative skill and finance to rural economy, it is difficult to see in fundamental economics. Drawing profits out of land is not the same as drawing dividends or interest once in six months on the bank counter.

One has to seriously consider whether the tiller-owner is able to stand the stresses of the law of diminishing returns in agriculture. If that were so there was no necessity for our various debt relief laws which came more or less in the wake of the European wars.

It only requires a little acquaintance with Indian village life to understand that a tiller-owner is a bad patron of agricultural labour. He will so rotate his crops that he carries on with the minimum of hired labour. This will worsen both agricultural production and rural unemployment. It will create a new class of refugees drawn both from farm owners and village workers and we need more and greater Calcuttas than we have and cheaper editions of them in provincial towns which will be a lesson in greater polarisation of classes.

Armaments are consumed in war in an anti-social way. The complications of paper currency and the public debt are the legacies they leave. Still armaments are economic goods and we come to the strange position that agricultural land is not capital, at any rate not such a capital as affords compensation in full.

In the theory of the Second Plan there is not much evidence of an intention to give adequate compensation to the victims. The State does not accept employment responsibility for the victims. On the other hand the State is interested in puffing up both public expenditure and deficit financing to accelerate the pace of the Industrial Revolution. The economics of the Third International is at least more logical. It puts both land and factory in the same pigeon hole.

It accepts employment responsibility for all. Its only weakness is the virtual impossibility of a State which means so much of total regimentation ever fading out.

When we lose occupational freedom we stand a fifty-fifty chance of being a privileged industrial worker or an unprivileged citizen of a slave labour camp. The small middle classes of rural India are not made of the blood of saints or revolutionaries. They are loyal good citizens and will more easily adjust themselves to the economics of the Third International than the hybrid economy of the socialistic pattern of society contained in the Second Plan in which their small land holdings and their small investments are sought to be given the first axe.

The Fourth International was born in the revolt of the intellect to total regimentation. The fortunes of Trotsky and his associates dished it.

It will be a delight to see the seeds of a Fifth International sprouting in India. There is no evidence of it in the Second Plan frame. On the other hand the seeds of the civilisation of the prodigal son are in it. The Tugh-lakhs of history will laugh in their graves at the ways and means of deficit financing it proposes. It proposes to regulate agriculture by first emaciating and then weeding out the marginal firms, of farm owners big and small. And then a kind of hero worship grows on the sub-marginal firm of tiller-owners. A pious wish for providing more employment in the rural sector is there. There is no guarantee of full employment at the end of five years. Meanwhile disputes and wranglings are going on in public over a modest allocation of 80 crores for the Amber Charka out of a total outlay of 4,800 crores in the Plan budget.

The Second Plan, if successful, will lead to a greater polarisation of the higher middle classes in India. We can have the satisfaction of limiting

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the one Asaf Jahi of history, and creating millions of them in the public administrative sector. A worse form of bureaucracy will surely arise. The institutions of political democracy which are in a nascent stage in India will easily be affected by the factors of social corruption which have nearly ruined French democracy. The marginal firms of rural capital will first fade out. Then small middle class life in the urban sector will go worse.

The ideal of a classless society is a noble one. Even so, where do we find one such? Even in Russia classes have arisen on the wages and employment structure. The Moscow industrial worker is a privileged one. The rural worker is his opposite number. That is why there is so much of discontent in the densely populated areas of Ukraine and White Russia.

We can build a Welfare State with fluid polarisation of classes in which large numbers can have a career from paper boy to President. Are the farm owners of India a liability to such a society? They have arisen out of prudence and thrift in village economy. Should they be given the first punishment roll? These are matters for deep consideration.

The Madras Rent Bill takes all the weaknesses of the Second Plan. Without mentioning a word of it, it practically transfers the land to the tenant. The owner has no voice in land management. He cannot even determine the crop to be grown. The tenant need not make any references to him. In the second crop the tenant becomes the owner more or less. Can an owner forbid the tenant from raising a second crop? Are our factory bosses ready and willing to pass over to their workers the entire profits of a second shift taking only the depreciation charges allowable for that shift?

Suppose a tenant wantonly raises an illusory first crop of a short duration type? He can diminish the

income of the farm-owner much more than the Bill and take a good profit for himself in a well worked second crop and possibly a third crop. Both the owners and the rent courts seem to be powerless in such and allied situations.

It requires a sizable sum of money to dig a well in a field. The owner of the well is punished with a reduced share. It is not clear whether a well irrigation crop itself becomes the first crop, in which case the owner of a field with a well gets double punishment.

The obligations on the tenant are not fully defined and enunciated and there is no provision to eliminate him for just cause. His dependents may not be fit for cultivation. Still they become his legal heirs. The question naturally arises, "Is this the first step in passing the property to the tenant?" If that is the idea, decency requires that it should be openly stated. The farm owners are a sizable sector of village life and they should not be left to the winds in the way of the Partition refugees.

Also the differential treatment that is shown to agricultural property is clear from the fact that the States levy a transfer fee of as much as 7 or 8 per cent on the transfers of land. Both farm-owners and tiller-owners humbly pay this fee. The Second Plan and modern financial practice do not posit such a high transfer fee on the stock exchanges for the transfers of the public debt and shares of industrial concerns.

The long range effect of the second and allied plans will be to further accentuate the polarisation of industrial profits and wages. Such plans may have the effect of making worse the unemployment position and the general cost of living. Especially as our paper currency is based on the sterling securities of the fading British Empire more and more of deficit finance may land the Indian economy in trouble.

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NEW PHASE IN BATTLE FOR MEN'S MINDS

By M. S. PARTHASARATHI

THE Soviet Union's sixth Five-Year Plan announced last week marks the beginning of a new phase in the battle for men's minds. When the Communist leaders started making offers of economic and technical assistance to the underdeveloped countries some months ago, many eye-brows were raised in the West and sceptical—and at times derisive—comments were made in the Western Press about the Soviet Union's capacity to fulfil those promises. There was a tendency to dismiss the offers as having been made with an eye to their propaganda value and it was confidently predicted that the intended beneficiaries would soon enough wake up to the role of the dupes they had been made to play. As if the Soviets were interested only in their immediate propaganda advantage and did not see that permanent friends could not be secured by promises alone, and every promise broken meant one more unfriendly nation which would cease to have faith in whatever the Soviet Union might thereafter say or do.

To all the critics of her offers the Soviet Union has given the proper answer in the content of her sixth Five-Year Plan. Drawn up on the usual ambitious scale, this plan is calculated to strengthen still further the heavy industry base of the country. Only so could the Soviet Union hope to compete with the West in extending aid to the backward nations. It is not only the Asian nations which are likely to benefit from Soviet help; far-away Latin America, for over a century the preserve of the United States, is facing Soviet economic and technical "in-

vasion". It is true this policy of emphasis on heavy industry is rather hard on the Russian consumer, though the worker's wages will also go up by thirty per cent. But it is an indication of the willingness of the Government to subject its people to comparative austerity for the sake of a chance of victory in the worldwide struggle.

Contrast this attitude with the view of the dominant group in the United States, and you see the unequal terms on which the combat will take place. Whatever may be the attitude of the majority of the people in the U. S.—and they may very well bemoan their lot in having to pay a fifth of their income in taxes—the politicians in control of the finances of the nation, in the Senate and in the House of Representatives, can kill any plan the administration may draw up, if it is willing to draw up one, to meet the Soviet challenge. The only Western nation which has the diplomacy to beat the Soviets at this diplomatic game and can show sagacity in taking the proper steps is Britain, but unfortunately she has not got the money to wrest the initiative from the U. S. and Russia.

It is not only because the West is led by a vacillating nation with uncertain policies that the Soviet challenge assumes seriousness. There is a far greater and insurmountable disadvantage the West suffers from a "peaceful economic competition", in which the Soviets are confident of beating any capitalist nation. It is necessary to bear in mind that such competition does not consist solely in the increases in production

which can be achieved in any given period. In that the United States is a good way ahead and may be able to maintain it for quite a few decades. As far as per capita output is concerned Russia may have some difficulty in overtaking even Britain and Germany in any short time.

But, when the Soviet Union offers to buy Burma's surplus rice or to supply oil machinery to the Latin American countries without wanting to supervise their operation, or to erect a steel plant in India on advantageous terms with a loan at a low rate of interest, the U. S.—and the West in general—is unable to compete. Wedded to free enterprise, the U. S. cannot compel its importers to import a particular commodity from a particular country or direct its businessmen to adopt liberal policies in offering to erect factories for other countries. Much less can the West match the Soviet Union's performance if the latter were to offer to erect factories at much less than the real cost, for Western businessmen cannot undertake to perform such tasks for less than what they will cost. The Government cannot offer subsidies either without appearing to acknowledge that their system—free enterprise—is less efficient than the Communist system. Whereas nobody will know or need know that the Soviet Government is subsidising the construction of a plant, all the world will know if the U. S. businessmen were to be helped by their Government in meeting this sort of Soviet competition.

It almost seems as if there is no way out of this tangle. But there is hope in that the Soviet Union cannot continue such subsidising for long or for every kind of industry. In certain lines they may in fact be more efficient than the West and may be employing the cheapest processes. May be because of the comparatively lower wage level, they have decided advantage over the

U. S. and are employing equally efficient processes of production. To offset this advantage the only way is for the West to be constantly improving industrial techniques. But better techniques may be of no avail if the willingness to help others on the required scale is not more readily exhibited. In the present struggle it will be of no avail to say that Asian nations like India must offer sufficiently attractive terms to attract private capital from abroad. In these strategic sensitive areas, acceptable terms may never be forthcoming, and if on that account American capital were to stay at home, the battle will be lost without the bugle even being sounded. It is a dilemma which looks like defying solution. Also in the international cold war climate and in the domestic political conditions of the U. S. disarmament is out of the question. But without reducing this crushing burden, the U. S.'s ability to help others, apart from the political difficulties, is limited. Well may Khrushchev say, "In peaceful economic competition between the two economic systems, victory will go to the socialist system as being the more advanced and progressive." In an atmosphere of co-existence Communism's war is to be waged with new weapons in a new arena. What is the West going to do?

If a sizable number of us will begin to live by the faith that we are our brother's keeper, we as a nation will begin to provide ourselves with purposes mighty enough to constitute the "moral equivalent of war." Once we begin in this way to solve the problems of Class and War on a world level, we will find as a by-product that we have achieved the only genuine containment of Communism possible.—CHESTER BOWLES in *The New Dimensions of Peace*.

KIND AND UNKIND THOUGHTS ABOUT THE SAREE

By SAKUNTALA

FASHION has always been a specialised subject. The rules are laid down by a handful and followed implicitly by another handful, who therefore, get nominated as the world's ten best-dressed women. As for the rest, they merely let their waistlines sag and indulge in no more rigorous exercise than lolling on a sofa and rustling the pages of fashion magazines.

The well groomed Indian woman is about as rare as her counterpart in other parts of the world. Whatever our individual notions of beauty may be, in these days of Miss Universe Contests, we have learnt to look for certain general conditions in our considerations of beauty of face, form and fashions. The most conscientious and cosmopolitan amongst us, have voluntarily adopted many Western details of fashion and dress for the obvious advantages and conveniences they mean. But, unfortunately, these have not yet acquired the popularity they deserve due to the stigma of their being foreign to our culture. This is definitely due to a section of our women who hold "what is good enough for granny is good enough for me." Granny lived in an age when she deserved all the protection and pampering she got. But in these modern days, we have to shoulder more responsibility whether we like it or not. It is too busy a world for the working woman to care daily and lovingly for ankle-length hair or keep herself tidy and smart in the graceful and impractical saree.

There is a lot of talk these days about the saree. It has invaded European fashion houses and reappeared in hardly recognisable creations. It has perhaps encouraged

visions of gloriously clad and suitably inactive women in a Maharaja's harem. While it has gained worldwide recognition and given fabulous ideas to foreign designers in a slack season, at home the little woman wrestles with it in her own way.

What is ideal material for the saree? It depends upon the kind of person you are and the kind of life you lead. Even in India, there are ways and ways of wearing the saree. The saree is a length of material ranging from three to nine yards worn in a variety of ways by a variety of women. A few wear it over the most expensive of imported foundations and many with hardly any; and of the two, my bet is, the latter are the happier. There is no doubt that the saree should be cherished as our heritage, and like a treasured heirloom, displayed on rare occasions!

It is more practical to encourage in our young women a readiness to try other kinds of dress also. Playing games, hiking, driving a vehicle, or shopping in a crowded bazaar, can be a terrible strain when the dress is not suitable for the work undertaken. The saree is at its best when the wearer is sitting for a portrait or languishing in a palanquin. It even inspires in revolutionary minds the suspicion that it was perhaps originally designed to keep its wearer helpless and frustrated in its folds.

Peasant women and women of certain provinces wear their sarees in a different way, with a minimum of frippery and trappings, to enable them to devote full attention to their work without worrying about keeping their clothes in place. The housewife has her own way of tack-

ing the length and loose edges, but the sight of her geared like this, is anything but elegant. Some of our women, especially in the educational sphere, have attempted to curb the graceful exuberances of the saree by controlling it at strategic points with brooches and pins. But this is usually achieved at the cost of transferring the look of frustration from the wearer to the saree.

The saree gets crushed if it is cotton, goes awry if it is thin material, overwhelms the puny figure, exaggerates the puissant outline, and incidentally, fulfils the claim of covering a multitude of sins. It still remains true, however, that the woman alone can lend character to the garb. Not all creations of fashion are successful in themselves. The woman who is downright ugly, plain or dull, can never hope to look stunning in a dress worn by a fabulous model. It is also as impossible to reconcile a Banaras saree with a bus ride as it is to think of Hartnell gowns and breakfast dishes in the same breath.

It is a fact that sarees, woven as sarees are, are the best of their kind; while it is true that it is merely a length of material, it can in the hands of a clever woman acquire all the harmony and completeness of an ensemble.

Nylon and Chiffon bought by the yard and worn as sarees require suitable foundations, demand perfectly chosen accessories and correct make-up. Even then they have a foreign air and suit only those who are inclined to have a European or foreign cast of face and figure.

Indigenous Georgettes and crepes have done their bit to give the saree its new look. Their colour combinations are overwhelming and their designs bewildering. All this frenzy of design and colour seem more appropriate for our fictitious film extravaganzas than for discreet and elegant evening wear.

Recently the trend among certain cotton manufacturing houses is to

introduce a range of voil print for saree wear. These have all the colour legend and myth of Indian fables. But their wearability value is very doubtful for the inexpensiveness and profusion of these materials make it more attractive to Ayah on her evening off or at the most look passable when worn by a fresh-looking, vivacious school-girl.

For the woman of means and leisure, handloom cottons and silks are perhaps the best of their kind. She has to have means enough to care for her saree and leisure enough to look graceful and well-groomed. The distinction and charm of expensive cotton handloom sarees are undoubtedly worth the price they bear. As for silks, even though Banaras has reigned supreme, South Indian silks have come into their own. Inspired designing, both in the South as well as the North has experimented successfully with traditional patterns in a modern setting. Or, the classic favourites appear again and again, changeless and unchallenged by the passing whims of temperamental fashions.

There is something about a *Kornad* South Indian saree, which, when it is properly designed and chosen with an eye to the individual who wears it, invests her with an air of distinction. It does wonders to the ageing woman, in setting the mood for sombre elegance. In its beguiling beauty it is a fitting raiment for the shy young bride also. It stands for an investment of a lifetime when a new era is born every morning and a thousand other catchy names chatter shrilly in the market.

But even among *Kornads* there is a trend towards the garish under the stress of modernity. There is a deplorable preference for gaudy colouring and crude designing obviously influenced by the film-making and film-seeing public. A shred of sanity however is preserved by a section of the clientele which designs its own exclusive patterns. These are some-

times new but mostly well-loved old favourites.

Then there are the very popular printed silks that have an appeal all their own. They are ideal for hot and humid summers. They are dainty in design, sometimes daring and have variety enough to suit all moods and tastes. However, these also require careful balancing of colour and pattern with more subtle accessories than are generally chosen.

It is a fact that most Indian women who wear make-up are stared at rather than appraised. "Pink thunder", "shameless red" or "Begum's blood" may be all right for a young Parisienne to try on. But with our skin coloration varying from Magnolia to Mahogany we need special colour ranges to accommodate our looks and also blend with the forehead decorations like sindoor and tilak some of us still cling to. It is not unlikely that in the near future make-up will be recognised in our country also for the innocuous pleasures and valuable aid it renders the woman of non-descript looks.

Indian fashion-consciousness is at the cross-roads today. There is a current vogue for materials, designs and ideas that have a marked Indian accent. There is also a section that attempts to incorporate a foreign

flavour in their Indian preferences. Then there is a majority that looks at and buys everything it is shown or sold.

If some sarees are beautiful it seems an accident. If some women are beautiful, well, it is just their luck; but how exhilarating to meet a beautiful woman to whom her clothes are a 'fitting' compliment by a conscious effect on her part to wear what is good in itself which is doubly so on account of being worn by her!

Perhaps what is really needed is serious organization. The advertisements by leading manufacturers or the window displays by individual shop-owners do little by way of guiding public taste. Shop windows are crowded with a thousand things anyhow. The man behind the counter is quite often an obnoxious personality with half-baked ideas of high-pressure salesmanship. It is no wonder therefore that the little woman next door always chooses clothes you shudder at.

The range of materials available these days is unbelievable. The catholicity of the townswoman's taste also is something to marvel at. Perhaps the day is not far off when we'll see the Modern Indian woman in trams, buses and parks and at home, dressed suitably, elegantly and quite often with distinction.

GREATNESS OF ARUNAGIRI-II

By S. PARTHASARATHY

"SWAMIJI" I asked, "you said that Arunagiri condemned the discussions about the comparative merits of worshipping this or that God. Why should a *jnani* like him worship Skanda? If yogis will only teach us to worship God in His unmanifested form, then all this wrangling about religions will cease and there will be greater spiritual unity in the world."

"I am very glad you ask me this question," the Swami complimented me. The intellectual materialist of the modern day often finds himself in this position; he cannot simply dismiss the idea of a God as a fiction imposed on a credulous world by self-seeking priests nor can he with his scientific outlook think of an anthropomorphic God. He therefore misinterprets the Upanishads and argues that God is formless and that to worship Him as Shiva or Vishnu or Skanda or Ganesa or Sakti is rank superstition and not a genuine pursuit of the Spirit. The basic misconception is to think of God as formless. For He is not formless though without a form. In the latter sense, His manifestation is not confined to any one form, He can assume as many forms as He likes, being all-pervading. He is not merely Christ or Mahomet or Buddha or any one of the Hindu Gods but He is all these and many more. Sri Ramakrishna was able by his yogic power to worship Him in such several forms. For the manifested states of the Divine are the creation of the mind. His unmanifested state or the Parabrahman is beyond the frontiers of the human mind; I mean that the unmanifested state cannot be grasped by the human mind, for it can only be grasped when the mind is destroyed. But the attainment of

God realisation is through the instrumentality of the mind, though the mind gets destroyed in the process. If the *sadhak* or the seeker starts the pursuit of Him in his unmanifested state, he is seeking something very difficult. In the Gita it is said "the difficulty of those whose thoughts are set on the unmanifested is greater, for the goal of the unmanifested is difficult to reach by the embodied beings." Sri Aurobindo is of the opinion that in attempting a surrender to the Impersonal, there is every danger of the Ego being mistaken for the formless existence.

"So long as the objective world is regarded as real and so long as the sense of differentiation is present in the human mind, it is futile to think of unity even in God worship. For even assuming that the whole of humanity begins to worship God in His unmanifested form, there will still remain irreconcilable differences about the path to be adopted to reach Him and even about His ultimate state. For the human mind so long as it continues to be subject to the Ego and the *Gun*as will find delight in exercising the sense of differentiation."

Swamiji continued, "Take, for instance, the two great Advaitins, Sankara of hoary past and Ramana Maharshi of the modern age. In the yoga and philosophy that they propounded image worship is not a desideratum. But yet both worshipped the Divine in its manifested forms. To Sankara the God forms that manifested the Divine were several. To Ramana Maharshi God was manifest in the form of the Hill of Arunachala. Listen to what he has written about the Hill:

I came upon something new.
A Hill that like the magnet drew

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S. KRISHNASWAMI,
Secretary.

February 11 1953

The lives of men. But more;
If a thought about the Hill
Had crossed your mind, wherever you
be

Then your life's ways are circumscribed
And willy nilly to the Hill you must go,
To be immured within its orbit.
Desireless you become, not seeking
Travel or travail, remaining immutable.
All glory to you, O Arunagiri Yogi,
Thou devourer of restless lives!

The path of Divine Love propounded
by Narada in his Bhakti Sutras
and sung by Arunagiri in his Tiru-
pugazh is nearer to the Source than
mere bhakti, jnana or karma yogas.
For the *sine qua non* of the path of
Divine Love, is the birth of love in
the seeker's heart for Divine. Such
love is itself an experience being the
result of Divine Grace. The seeker
does not start seeking God as in
other yogas for God had shown him
His love; he is engaged in getting
absorbed more and more into that
love; until his personality is dis-
solved completely in the ocean of
Divine Love. The greatness of
Arunagiri therefore consisted in this;
having had the vision of the Divine
bestowing on him love, when he was
about to jump from the gopura, he
never let that love go. Skanda was
like the magnetic Hill and Arunagiri
allowed the magnetic force to draw
him closer and closer. He never
attempted to swerve from the path
of the force nor did he remain to

take stock at any point in the path.
He was drawn along quickly and
steadily and his ultimate realisation
was not different from that of the
Advaitic yogis. Listen with devotion
to his description of his entire
experiences:

When I knew you first:
You had such lovely form
That I could caress Thee
Now you have become formless
And ceased to be.

When I knew you first
You were a bud that held sweet
promise
Now you have blossomed into fragrance
sublime.

When I knew you first
You were like a gem precious to men
Now You are the shining light within.

When I knew You first
You held Your secret inside an egg
Now You have burst the shell
And are the Life of Lives.

When I knew You first
I thought You caused my changing
fate
Now I know that You are my sole
refuge.

When I knew You last
You were my guide and guru
Now I know that you are the Dweller
In the cave of my heart.

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(To be continued)

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U. S. PROFESSOR ON UNITY OF RELIGIONS

BY JAIBOY JOSEPH

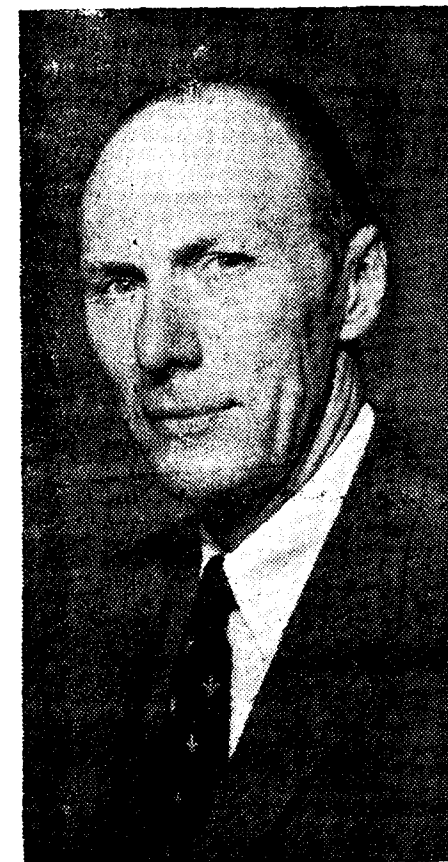
STUDY of many religions over a
period of 20 years has confirmed
the initial belief of an American pro-
fessor in the basic unity underlying
all faiths. "All reach out for God,"
he says, "though methods to reach
the goal vary."

Dr. Marcus Bach from whom we
have this testimony is currently on a
three-month's tour of Indian cities
through a programme sponsored by the
U. S. International Educational Ex-
change. Dr. Bach's schedule includes
not only visits to shrines and inter-
views with spiritual leaders, but lec-
tures to classes on religion in various
Indian universities.

Dr. Bach is associate director and
professor in the School of Religion
at the University of Iowa. His father
hoped that he would become a musi-
cian in order to live up to the Bach
name. "At the age of eight my father
placed a violin under my chin, but
after years of practice I could not
even play Bach. During this period
I heard Yehudi Menuhin, then eight,
who astounded me with his wonder-
ful skill which almost made me
believe in re-incarnation." Bach
then quit the violin to explore fresh
fields.

He discovered his creative expres-
sion lay in writing. He received his
Ph.D. in creative writing from the
University of Iowa. His thesis was
an interpretation of certain phases
of unusual religions in the United
States. His approach was new and
startling. He believed that the only
way any religion could be understood
was to enter into the spirit of the
faith in question.

In addition to being a scholar
and authority on religions, he is also
a playwright (folk drama), a profes-
sional lecturer, and author of a number
of books on lesser-known religions of
contemporary America.



Dr. Bach

His zeal for religious truth has led
him to monasteries, ashrams, and
many other religious sanctuaries
where he has participated in the
religious life of various communities.

He believes that emotionally all
religions lead to the same experi-
ence. Exemplifying this view he
says: "Bathing in the Ganges I had
the same feeling of religious emotion
as when I stood before the grotto in
Lourdes, France, several years ago."

Though a believer in institutio-
nalised religion, Bach advocates a
policy of tolerance between religions
and religion. He is also an expon-
ent of a philosophy which he calls a "will
to believe." This involves the plac-
ing of trust in the teachings of one

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own religion, a trust born of a will to believe in the truthful nature of evidences of the supernatural order presented by great religious teachers.

His philosophy is explained in his recent work "Will to Believe." The book is a comforting work presented in simple, direct manner by a rational idealist after years of research.

In it he makes an impassioned plea for greater spiritual commitment in modern times. He hints at various simple spiritual exercises to draw solace in times of stress and outlines the valuable role of religion in daily life.

Though Dr. Bach considers the mystics of all religions the salt of the earth, he also thinks that a good life may be summed up as the highest of religions. "In Jagernath, Orissa," he says, "where it is customary for loved ones to burn their dead, there is a

tomb which is called Kabir's, inscribed upon which is the saying: "O friend, live so with good and bad that, after thy death, the Musselman may wish to bury you and the Hindu to burn thee according to his rite."

Dr. Bach admires the work of the Ramakrishna Mission in the United States and numbers among his friends Swami Nikhilananda and Swami Prabhavananda. In India, Dr. Bach, and his wife have already confirmed many of their theoretical religious findings through personal experience. They believe that the United States, a fertile ground for diverse faiths, and India, with her rich religious tradition, need each other. As an example, the study and widespread appreciation of Vedanta in the United States is indicative of the great drive to borrow from the valuable resources of India's religious past.

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A. A. M-AN APPRECIATION

By SANTHA RUNGACHARY

MORE and more these days a particular word is being pressed into the service of literary criticism. It is—'significant'. It is a word which has a long history of usage. From Freud who ushered in the century with his Interpretation of Dreams to Spender coping in melancholy ecstasy with his World within World, we have had many 'significant' literary occurrences. In fact, one of the first things that has to be done before one attempts the obituary of a writer is to discover by a process of comparison, elimination and identification what 'place' could be allotted to him in the history of contemporary literature. Mr. T. S. Eliot, Mr. Ernest Hemingway, Mr. Arthur Koestler and Mr. Aldous Huxley, for instance, are well assured of their respective 'places' in literature, their own special niches where they will eventually be enshrined. Mr. Alan Alexander Milne who passed away last week after a prolonged and painful illness does not qualify at all for a 'place' in history in this sense. It would be difficult to assign him one. It is admittedly more than probable that children five generations later would still be reciting *They're changing guard at Buckingham Palace* or *The King's Breakfast* in nurseries all over the English-speaking world, but it might only be as our own children now recite *Twinkle, twinkle, little star* or *Jack and Jill*. How many even of us parents know the names of the authors of these two poems? Mr. Milne's 'place' will not be in a book. It will be in the hearts of connoisseurs, not critics, of literature.

Versatility was truly one of Mr. Milne's humbler virtues. He tried his hand at many kinds of writing—drama, poetry, essays, amusing sketches, third editorials, detective fiction. Mr. Milne, the playwright, was

not an outstanding success. Many of his plays sound like short stories which have been written up as dramas. They would have been too exquisite, too delicate for the British stage of the first half of this century resounding with the witticisms of Oscar Wilde or echoing with the categorical denunciation of Shaw. They are delightful till about half way when the author gets carried away by his own creations and the plays thereafter slowly begin to go to pieces. Each of his few novels is a chain of exquisitely rounded and technically perfect chapters which read better separately than together. You fall in love with all his characters, men and women, because they are so delightful, witty, lovable and immoral. Chloe Marr is an elusive legend. His short stories move you—to admiration, very rarely to tears. His verses for children may continue to delight the children of many generations to come. But his contribution to literature which will be remembered with a warm and lovely feeling in the heart are his light articles and his essays. He was much more subtle than Stephen Leacock whose humour achieves the same effect. He was the master of the innuendo in the written word. He always wrote a simple style. It was the simplicity which is the ultimate in literary sophistication.

When he was small, he tells us in his autobiography, he looked like a mixture of Shirley Temple and Little Lord Fauntleroy with blue eyes and long, flaxen hair. He wore a velvet suit and a lace collar. His father was the headmaster of a private school called Henley House and his mother, before she married his father, was the head of a school for young ladies. As a child, Alan loved his father more. Later on when he realized his father was not invaria-

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bly right about everything, he turned to his mother. "She didn't argue," he says, "she didn't drive the moral home. She was simple; she was wise; she was affectionate. She was restfully aloof." He and his brother Ken brought themselves up on *Reynaud the Fox* and *Uncle Remus* and *Aunt Judy's Magazine*; their Papa read out Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* to them. They slid down banisters, they swam in the sea at the end of a rope the other end of which was held by their father on shore, they went on collecting expeditions and walking tours. Those were the days, of course, when waves were real waves and made one blue, black and red all over and one could have high tea, bed and breakfast for a total of three shillings. The boys also dreamed dreams. One of their best was that they should wake up one morning and find that everybody else in the world was dead. They saw themselves stepping with delighted anticipation over the dead bodies of proprietors of sweet shops and ice-cream shops and driving buses and doing all the heavenly things they were constantly being forbidden to do.

The next stage was Westminster, the public school to which Alan won a scholarship at eleven. They moved out of Henley House to Strete Court, Papa and Mama became Father and Mother and he saw his first play. His letters home were considered not "good enough for Punch", of course, but not bad, not bad at all; after all, "we can't all be Dickenses, you know" as his father said. Alan did extraordinarily well in maths, "cheated" at French and spent most of his leisure time in the library reading anything and everything that came into his hand. His itch for writing started about 1900. From the outset Alan was certain he was destined for great things in literature. He was determined one day to edit the Cambridge University magazine, *Granta*, and to become the editor of *Punch*. For a start, Ken and he began to write

limericks to each other in their letters. At Cambridge, he "kept lectures, cut chapels" and got up late in the mornings. He climbed the Napes Needle in the Lake District, an achievement the memory of which was a great consolation to him in later moments of despair and disappointment. He also received a letter from R. C. Lehmann, "played outside-left in the freshmen's match and a silent Greek maiden in *Agamemnon*." What his father wanted him to do was what most of the fathers of his generation wanted their sons to do—get a first, come out top in the Civil Service examinations and gradually turn into one of those be-knighted gentlemen who were "the real rulers of England." Alan graduated in the third class, took his share of the paternal inheritance and hid himself to London to set the Thames on liquid fire with his literary outpourings. Quite early he discovered that he had to work with a system. When *Punch* refused his articles, he sent them on to *Vanity Fair*; when *Vanity Fair* refused them, he despatched them to *The St. James's*; then to the *Westminster*. The *Globe* was the last resort. Alan earned fifteen shillings the first month. Slightly daunted, he decided to swallow his pride a little and write a funny story about policemen, umbrellas and knockabouts and that sort of thing which was the literary rage of the time. He wrote one about 400 words long, read it through and resolved to keep his pride and starve his belly. *Punch* paid 16sh-6d for his first set of verses and a few months later £2-5sh. for a dialogue. At the end of the year Alan found himself broke having spent all his patrimony and the £20 he had earned in the whole of that year. On the momentum generated by an empty pocket, he turned to writing in real earnest. Success came almost at once. He earned more, spent more, always had an overdraft at the bank. He became Assistant Editor of *Punch*, married the Editor's daughter, wrote a book and dedicate

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it to "any collaborator who buys the ink and paper, laughs and, in fact, does all the really difficult part of the business." and, when war broke out, enlisted. He believed, as humanity has continued to believe from the beginning of time, that the war he was fighting was a war to end all wars. He went through it feeling sick at heart and in body. When he returned he left *Punch* and moved from essays to his second love, the theatre.

In 1920, Christopher Robin was born.

There are many who feel that Mr. Milne will be remembered by posterity only as the father of Christopher Robin. When C. Robin or Billy Moon, as he liked to call himself, was three, Mr. Milne began writing verses for children. When we were very young and Now we are six went straight to the hearts of children. They loved them and they love them still. The characters in his verses came from Billy Moon's nursery. Winnie the Pooh came from there. Mr. Milne did not sentimentalize childhood. His children are often bad-tempered, they hate rain and rice puddings and keep mice; their thoughts are most of the time casual, selfish, disconnected. But they have the ring of authenticity. They are the thoughts of adults shrunk to the size of children or the imagined thoughts of children romanticised into a syrupy mess.

Mr. Milne belonged to the same epochs to which Bernard Shaw, James Joyce, Virginia Woolf, D. H. Lawrence, Rebecca West, Oscar Wilde, Somerset Maugham, J. B. Priestley and C. E. M. Joad belonged. He acclimatised himself as did these to the changing social and political climates of the reigns of four sovereigns and to the collective maladies of a pre-war and post-war world. Other writers had no doubt influenced him. He was conditioned in the fire of other men's genius and his own, like gold which shines brighter with every contact with fire, matur-

ed to a warm, translucent lustre. But what endears Mr. Milne to us was that the waves of unrest and disillusionment, of morbidity, guilt, violence and anxiety which have swept over the world in the last fifty years, have passed over him leaving no scar, no mark of anger or bitterness. While Eliot wrote *Waste Land*, Lawrence wrote *Sons and Lovers*, Virginia Woolf *Jacob's Room* and Shaw *Arms and the Man*, Mr. Milne went blithely on creating his little gems of essays and little rhymes deliciously free of every 20th century malady. He wrote for some years the third editorials of the *London Times*. He never for a moment believed, as Graham Greene did, that "the human race is implicated in some terrible, aboriginal calamity," nor did he recognize, as Virginia Woolf did, that "on or about December 1910, human character changed." He found human nature changing all the time in little ways, forever defying, forever compromising, and the sight fascinated him. "Very few of us," said Joyce Carey, "have the will or capacity to look under the surface of familiar emotions." Mr. Milne was content to look at the emotions themselves and discover new beauties with every passing thought. He drew no parables of modern civilization. He made gentle digs at it, and crinkled his nose at it and laughed at it fully aware that he himself belonged to it. He tried to convert nobody or expose anything or save the world. He merely made conversation and told delightful stories about delightful people—too delightful to be real—so that while you waited you might be amused. Under the iridescent surface of his prose was the sparkle of pure, unmalicious humour. When you read him, everything seems worth while. *To thine own self be true*, said Shakespeare. Mr. Milne never strayed from this injunction for an instant. He humoured himself first in his writings and never cared to write

(Continued on page 38)

New Books

Saint On The March. By Hallam Tennyson. Victor Gollancz; London. 13sh. 6d.

THIS is a sprightly and sympathetic account of the progress of the Bhoodan movement initiated by Sri Vinobha Bhave. Mr. Hallam Tennyson who came to India in search of copy celebrates his discovery of a saint in action. He had already given the world a very readable cross-section of Tito's Yugoslavia which combines right historical perspective with a shrewd appraisal of significant trends against the shifting background of current (and often confusing) politics and personalities. The mixture having proved efficacious, the dose is here repeated with such variations as are enforced by Indian conditions. The result is an entertaining record of the author's tour through the heart of India, enjoying and reporting a busman's holiday.

The book opens with a prologue which sketches in bold and sweeping lines the change-over from British rule to independence through partition and culminating in the martyrdom of Mahatma Gandhi. We may now acknowledge with thankfulness that both the fears and hopes entertained in those hectic days have alike been falsified by the course of events. We are back again in a national frame of mind in which we are patting ourselves on the back for having 'solved' almost all our problems successfully. In particular, there is much complacency that the threat of communism has been contained by preventive and prophylactic measures. The Bhoodan movement has been claimed as the greatest solvent of it. On the other hand, it is also possible to contend that we have been improvising as we have been going along, that we have

scattered loose-ends all about us, and that wherever we have taken positive action it has been to smoothen the path of communism instead of averting it.

Mr. Tennyson touches but lightly on the contentious aspects of the Bhoodan movement. What impressed him (as it has most of us) is the spectacular and overwhelming fact that Sri Vinobha suddenly became the moral possessor of 5 million acres of land. But whether this extensive and scattered area has been distributed completely and how much of benefit has been derived from their exploitation are questions to which there is no reliable answer. Mr. Tennyson implies that Vinobhaji's ministry has dished the communists at least for the time being. This is however an over-simplification which does not square with all aspects of the contemporary Indian situation. The fact would seem to be that the setting up of the bogey of land-hunger was as tendentious as the knocking down of it which has been picturesquely promoted by Sri Vinobhaji's conferences and jathas and prayer meetings. This is not to deny the economic potential of cultivating 5 million acres of land; but at the moment, they stand like the lions in the path of both revolutionary and reformer in the country.

Mr. Tennyson's portrait of the hero is lovingly minute and meticulously objective. He whom the author himself considered at one time but as a pale imitation of the Mahatma gradually emerges impressive, poised and individualised. The Mahatma himself was somewhat in awe of his formidable disciple, says Mr. Tennyson and so called him 'Acharya'—which is a piece of amiable build-up, but which we are inclined to dismiss as fanciful. The Mahatma delighted

in flinging honorific epithets about his chelas; they were the hoops of loving steel by which he bound them to himself and to the cause. There is no doubt that Vinobhaji excelled his master in bending body and mind to the dictates of an iron will, in combining amiability with austerity and in reaching the hearts of the masses by example more than by precept. What Mr. Tennyson calls the 'lunatic fringe' which is found in all countries and which is somewhat more thickly populated in ancient ones like ours leaves men like Vinobha severely alone. That is how the saintly succession has been kept up in our society through the ages. They are generally one-idea'd people, though living intensely full and exciting lives themselves. Vinobha has become associated with the attempt to knock the bottom out of communism by dulling the edge of the doctrine of liquidation and depriving the avenging furies of their scapegoats.

The sketch of Sri Jai Prakash Narain contained in the book is no less worthy of commendation. His withdrawal from the political arena has been more sensational than the fabled vanishing trick, and has received no more publicity!

There are numerous other agreeable touches which enliven the narrative with flashes of insight and humour. Thus Vinobhaji bids the author photograph his victims on the sly as only then could one hope to get natural portraits. There is a passing reference to a Jain crank who fulminates against a wicked generation which goes to its dinner after sunset! Tennyson becomes Tensing, while Tensing yields place to Tansen the famous musician only to suffer the final sea-change to Mrs. Tension the American lady journalist covering Vinobhaji's Bhoodhan Yagna. As a joke it is passable even though suspiciously synthetic. There is also a delightful inset of Sumitra, granddaughter of Mahatma Gandhi

trying to live down the handicap of her formidable ancestry. 'I know how difficult it is' adds the great-grandson of the great Victorian poet. Above all President Rajendra Prasad is thus hit off: 'He is a self-confessed pacifist who periodically reviews troops and takes the salute at the march-past of the country's fighting forces.' That is the sample of humour which pervades the entire book—quiet, urbane and ever so faintly but unmistakably feline!

The book is bound to have value both as a documentary and for its sympathetic interpretation of the Indian character in its age-long milieu.

The Fall Of The Sparrow. By Nigel Balchin. Collins, London. Rs. 9-6-0.

THE sparrow 'that shall not fall on the ground without your Father' is John Pellow. The book opens with Jason being prosecuted in a court of law for a number of offences (dishonesties amounting in all to about £2000). He pleads guilty, and the judge, who is as fair a judge as Jason can get, says in his judgement:

Jason Pellow, on your own admission you are guilty of a long series of offences . . . many of them have about them an element of meanness and ingratitude . . . Not only have you stolen and misappropriated and cheated, but you have not hesitated to do these things to friends who trusted and believed in you. Your counsel has said that it is a tragic thing to see a man of your type and record in such a position. With that I agree. You were born the son of a distinguished soldier. You were given a first-class education. You served your country gallantly during the war . . . Yet . . . you chose, for the sake of money which you put to no sensible use, to enter on this career of sordid crime . . .

Henry Payne, the narrator, interrupts the judge to pursue the irony which he, as a friend of Jason from schooldays, finds in the statements which the judge is making, unconscious of their merely factual and

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external validity and their real, unkind significance in the context of Jason's upbringing and the way the world treated him. Nigel Balchin divides Payne's pursuit of their ironic content into four chapters, into a series of four flash-backs into Jason's previous history. Yes, he was the son of a distinguished soldier, General Pellew—but what sort of a husband and father was this distinguished soldier? So bad that we are relieved when he is at last shut up in an asylum for the insane. What kind of first-class education did Jason get? What did he go through in the war, before and after he won the Military Cross, when he had the honour to hold His Majesty's Commission? What happened to the only girl he loved? Just how awful was the very rich and very promiscuous Kathy to him? How about his good friends? How many of them stood by him and how many turned away when they had no more use for him?

Mr. Balchin's flashbacks answer these questions competently and interestingly. Though there is no unbearable tension in his pages nor no steady mounting of suspense and the gladsome relief of resolution, there are nevertheless few occasions when Mr. Balchin is not interesting and no occasion when he is dull. It is surprising and even annoying to find how pointless after all such an able and interesting writer like Mr. Balchin can be. Mr. Balchin is fascinated by psycho-analysis; he is, paradoxically, both stimulated and paralysed by it. Jason Pellew's case is, in its structure, taken straight from the files of an intelligent psychoanalyst. Mr. Balchin thinks of nothing during the entire length of his novel except of the need to prove that Jason came to this because he was thus done unto at home, at school, by the army, by his friends, the women in his life, etc., etc.

The structure of his novel is thus prefabricated, but Mr. Balchin is seen to better advantage when we

watch him dressing it up and decorating it. Here there is life in creation, not much but enough; there is a naturalness of incident, and ability to draw broad types of men and women. (The only instance we think that this ability rises to the talent for characterisation is that of Henry Payne, the narrator, whose sedate, distant and dutiful concern for Jason—it can hardly be termed friendship—is ably dealt with.) This failure with the theme and success in decoration appear to us as curious as a wedding would be at which the pandal, the guests, the garlands and everything else are real—everything except the bride, who alas, is but a stone image!

We are not impressed by Mr. Balchin's contributions to literature, but can think of no one who has made psycho-analysis so interesting, and shall we say, so juicy. *The Fall of the Sparrow* will annoy you, but will not weary you even for a moment. Take up this book, and we can promise you that you will tell yourself that Mr. Balchin has little to say only after you have read every page he has written.

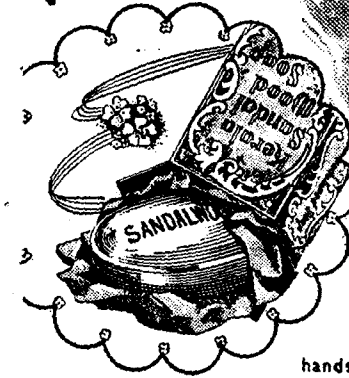
(Continued from page 35)

a line which it did not give him acute pleasure to write. No man surrendered himself more completely and joyously to his subject than Mr. Milne. Does his writing mirror the times, posterity might ask. Does it matter? "Talent alone cannot make a writer," said Emerson, "there must be a man behind the book." Mr. Milne's writing reflects his personality, gentle, lovable, witty, tolerant—tolerant not with the determined humanitarianism that is so humiliating to the tolerated but tolerant as only a man can be who because he is aware of his own weaknesses has been able to see through yours.

Mr. Milne was not a great writer, it is true; he was merely a wonderful one, that is all.

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THE CLUB CRICKETER

By N. RAMAMOORTHY

CLUB cricket is the cradle in which are nurtured the nation's leading cricketers. The club cricketers are the backbone of the game. It is they who foster the game in its noble aspects. The camaraderie which is so very evident among them seems to be unfortunately absent in the higher class of competitive cricket.

The player who has represented his school or college joins a club not only to continue to play the game regularly but also to try, if form warrants, to play for the State or country. Essentially, one plays for the mere joy of it, for, the octopus hold which the game has on its numerous votaries is everlasting.

Playing for a club is not so easy as it seems. Generally a new member is looked askance at. However the talented are accepted immediately. They are few. The not so talented have to go through the mill. They go to the nets with trepidation, for none except the professional comedian likes to be laughed at by his fellow men. In his anxiety to do well, the youth makes a fool of himself. The senior members, in their complacent security, stare with critical and malevolent eyes at the silly antics of the freshman at the nets with the bat. To take his measure the best bowlers of the club are asked to bowl. The new batsman rarely does himself justice. If the green youngster is from the districts, he is all in ditters, what with the strange surroundings, the uncertain welcome and the strange bowlers. Very few survive the ordeal of the first few days at the nets.

There are more miseries in store. The untried youngster is not asked to play in the next practice game. He has to wait for his chance. Finally

one day he finds his name in the list of fifteen from whom the team will be chosen for the match. Even then his place is not secure. Some older member will certainly be given preference. During the match proper, he is offered either the honourable post of an umpire or the less honourable one of a scorer. The new player seldom escapes from this. He has to go through the various stages of initiation before he is 'accepted' as a regular player.

By now he will have made a few friends who will be in the same position. This group awaits with anguish the announcement of the team a couple of days before the match.

When his chance does come he would be sent at No. 9 to bat. Numbers 10 and 11 are always reserved for some worthies. He would be asked to bowl only when the last wicket remains to fall or not at all. He would drop the easiest of catches while fielding. If the match is lost the fielding is blamed for it, openly or covertly, while the 'seniors' would have dropped a number of catches, at slips or shortleg and would have let off many fours between their legs at cover or third man. The poor fellow who had come to forget some of his other worries and snatch a few moments of joy by playing would go home in sorrow. When the regulars meet for gossip after the match, a well meaning senior would remark that the novice should be dropped from the other matches, as he would be a bad influence on the others.

The neophyte would not get a chance in the league matches during the first year or two, for, that is the sacred preserve of the seniors, good or bad. Some members would even

suggest some other clubs which he could join to play in the league matches.

The genial player gets his chance earlier and oftener than the silent individual who is dubbed a bore. One must be a somebody or a somebody's son or son-in-law with a car, to gain regular chances in most clubs. If the playing capacities of the tender foot are limited, or if he has physical angularities or unusual proportions, he becomes the butt of all jokes.

There was once a player in a club who was very short. Nature compensated this want by making him very stout. He was bespectacled also. He joined the club with no less a reputation than being the opening batsman and pace bowler of VI Form A of his school. He had also captained a team, now defunct, of which he was the proprietor.

He was very chummy with everybody and his life was an open book. He took immense delight in narrating his life story to anyone whom he knew only for two hours. His perpetual boast was that he had been concerned in many long partnerships at the wicket to which his contribution would have been a nought in 100 minutes. During the first few weeks of initiation he was asked to officiate as the umpire. He derived inordinate pleasure in calling no-balls on and off as he liked. Many teams just ignored him. But not so one pace bowler, very well known in the locality, who recoiled from his follow through and was about to charge at the impudent umpire, but gave vent to his passion by cursing profusely. The bowler got himself changed to the other end. But when the offending bowler came to bat, the umpire had his revenge by giving him out stumped when the appeal was for LBW.

As a player he was zealous. Unluckily he had to work in a firm seven days a week. But somehow he

managed to get away from the office. Sometimes he had to be on night duty which he hated like the very plague. However he would be present at every match. In spite of his attempts to reach the club in time by auto-rickshaw or taxi he was invariably late. He would plead that he had no breakfast, had done duty during the night and had taken leave on loss of pay to play that day. His arguments were so convincing and his pleadings so pathetic that somebody would sacrifice his place.

As a batsman he was a joy to behold. Possessing only one stroke, quite original, he would go down on one knee and wave his bat at any passing ball. It always took the fielders by surprise, for there was much power behind the wave and the direction the ball would take after touching the bat, was uncertain. His ambition was to score double figures which he rarely did. Then he would stand everybody a round of coffee but he would have only a glass of soda, for which he had a partiality.

He took his cricket seriously and had many pet likes and dislikes. He swallowed a seer of halwa before every match to give him added stamina. To bring him luck he wore pads without the top straps. He took a short nap before going in to bat, for, Worrell did so. Though he always went in at No. 11 he took his block carefully and marked them meticulously on the crease and a yard before it. He surveyed the field with deliberation, as he said, to count if there were more than eleven men to field. He disliked the odd run and scored only in twos and fours, if he survived long enough. He had got out many times for 3 runs and dreaded that figure. He had a habit of getting out LBW very often and blamed the umpires for giving him out every time the ball hit the pads. He holds the club record for the many hat-tricks of zeroes he had scored. He himself would proclaim

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it loudly before others could make fun of him. All great players are said to have lean seasons and this character was so great that his career was one long succession of lean seasons.

As a fielder he was a balm to sore eyes. He believed he was a great fielder but every time he dropped a catch, he announced that that was his first miss of the season. If he dropped the catch near the wicket he said he was a good out-fielder. If he missed the catch in the out-field he would request to be posted near the wicket. He wandered about in the field and was at least twenty yards from where he was positioned at first. His chasing the ball was like Pickwick running after his hat. He reached the ball after it had stopped. When he stooped to pick the

ball his spectacles would drop to the ground and he lost sight of the ball. His efforts to find the glasses, put them on and pick the ball, would double up everybody in laughter. The batsmen too would join the merriment. His throw was only as huge and accurate as Leggat's.

He fancied himself to be a slow bowler next only to Gupte. But it was like Alabaster's. An inourable optimist, there was character in his game. He said he had forever to learn and to grow old with the game.

In a practical world, only the fittest survive in the long run. The efficient cricketer satisfies only the statistician and the antiquary. Men like our friend are the flesh and blood of cricket though they offend all the laws and cannons of the game.

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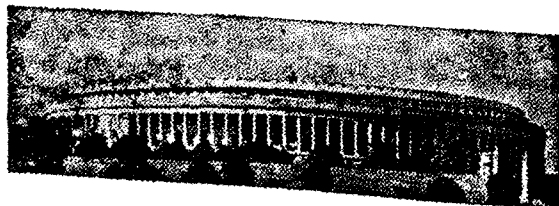
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NEW DELHI DIARY



By V. V. PRASAD

KRISHNA MENON'S appointment as Minister without Portfolio in the Nehru Cabinet is a great blow to the pro-capitalist section within the Congress Party and within the Nehru Cabinet itself. To speak of a "Socialistic pattern" without any Socialists inside the Cabinet was not a very happy thing to do. The Avadi resolution, properly interpreted, would have meant a directive to the Prime Minister to sack the then Cabinet, and reconstitute it with Socialists from both inside and outside the Congress Party.

If he was less brilliant and less able, Krishna Menon would have been in the Nehru Cabinet long ago. There would in that case not have been much opposition to his appointment from the mediocrities which abound in, and dominate the Congress Party today. Sheer jealousy and fear of change were responsible for the persistent refusal of the Congress politicians to welcome Krishna Menon into the Nehru Government. Nor are the opponents of Krishna Menon confined to the Congress Party alone. There are several in the External Affairs Ministry, who do not like the idea of a non-I.C.S. man like Krishna Menon being the Prime Minister's Chief Adviser on Foreign Affairs.

The appointment of Krishna Menon is not significant in the sphere of our Foreign Affairs. His appointment is important in the sphere of our economic and domestic policies. The leading characteristic of Krishna Menon is that he stands no nonsense.

What Pandit Nehru always lacked

is an exceptionally able lieutenant, who has the drive and the practical wisdom to convert the Prime Minister's words into deeds. Pandit Nehru said, "Hang the black-marketeers". It has remained a joke. He said, "These slums of Kanpur should be burnt down." Years have passed, but the slums are there still. It is not suggested, of course, that such actions are to be performed as isolated theatricals, but are to be the results of a profound philosophy of government. Chiang Kai-shek also hanged a few black-marketeers once, but it had no salutary effect, because Chiang was maintained in power by the black-marketeers. This is not the case with the Nehru Government. There is therefore every hope that a rational and beneficial economic policy will be evolved in the near future, which will produce immediate perceptible results for the welfare of the common man.

It is easy enough to lay down such a policy. But it cannot be carried out as long as there are within the Cabinet several Ministers who will actively work for the sabotage of such a policy. Thus it becomes imperative to bring about the formation of a homogeneous Cabinet, every single member of which is known to have stood for Socialism—if not for a Socialistic pattern—for the past ten years or more. Mere professions on the spot that one has always stood for Socialism will naturally be made by every member of the present Cabinet. But past actions should be better indications of their economic and general philosophy than present words. Krishna Menon's main task will be to help

Pandit Nehru to transform the present feudal and mediaeval Cabinet into a modern and twentieth century Cabinet.

Jaya Prakash Narayan has once again intervened in the Indian political scene with another sane statement. He has emphasized the obvious, but public opinion in our country is so immature and the newspapers are controlled by such yes-men that it is impossible to maintain a balance of public mind. The Bengal-Bihar merger was hysterically welcomed by Congressmen, who saw in it a great opportunity of defeating the possibility—which is verging on certainty—of a Communist majority in the West Bengal Legislature at the next general election.

J. P. was never more correct than when he said that the Government would appear to concede Bombay to Maharashtra because of the violence that occurred in that city, but that it would actually be conceding to what is rational. In other words, they should do the right thing because it is right, and not because right is backed up by might.

It is fairly obvious by now that it is not a practicable proposition to have mergers of different States. Somebody suggested that such mergers would solve border problems. But this is absurd. If Bengal and Bihar are merged, what happens to the problem of the border between Bengal and Orissa? And if Orissa is merged too, what about the border problem between Andhra and Orissa? And so on. India cannot be a unitary State ever.

Poor Gopala Reddi wants to swallow the whole of Maharashtra because he is afraid that the Congress Party will lose the next general election to the Communists in Andhra! How can you decide fundamental questions of culture and geography on political and party grounds? You should learn to walk before you run.

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PLEA FOR THREE TIER GOVERNMENT

By S. RAMANATHAN

IN the midst of the great confusion that is prevailing both in the economic and the political set-up in this country, a dangerous situation has been created consequent to the decision of the Government of India on the recommendations of the S. R. C. Report. Since the publication of the Government of India's decision, there has been an outburst of popular fury resulting in riots and disorders, and shooting down of people on a large scale. The urge of the people cannot be suppressed by resorting to police firings in the name of preservation of law and order. Attempts are being made to bring pressure upon the Madras Government for agreeing to the creation of a so-called truncated "Dakshina Bharat" by merely amalgamating with the neighbouring Kerala State which still has many predominantly Tamil speaking areas like Devikulam and Peermade in its jurisdiction. The right approach must be to first reorganise the States on the basis of linguistic realignment of boundaries, thereby conceding the right of Tamilians to have their cherished Tamil State and form the Kerala State which many prominent Keraleeyans are anxious to form.

It will be a sad disappointment to the people of Tamil Nad if the Tamil State is not formed forthwith with predominantly Tamil areas included in it and indeed it will be fraught with very grave danger if it is denied to them. The Congress High Command, having blundered seriously in their tackling of the problem of Bombay City, should not do anything which will infuriate the Tamils and create trouble in this State.

Therefore a simple decision must

be taken without any other consideration than only of language, the areas forming predominantly a linguistic group must be attached together into one State and the border areas should be given the option to join either of the adjoining States.

After the formation of these States, the Government of India must hold a conference of the Members of Parliament to be presided over by the Prime Minister in order to ascertain their views as to the way in which a zonal division of the country should take place and what powers and functions these zonal Parliaments should have. In that conference, the entire subject of redistribution of powers between the Centre and the zone should be thrashed out and defined. I visualise a three tier Government with the linguistic units (States) and with their assemblies as the basis and grouping of these States into zones which will each have a unicameral legislature and a cabinet as the second tier and the Federal Central Government with a Council of States or Senate to whom the President and his cabinet will be responsible at the top. The President will be a functioning President and not a functus officio President as at present and the Federal Centre should have the four important subjects of Defence, Foreign Affairs, Communications and Currency with power to co-ordinate and arbitrate in disputes between the five zonal governments. If a scheme of this type is to be conceived and put through, not only the unity of India which the Prime Minister is anxious to maintain will be preserved but also the growth of the country in economic and social matters will be stimulated further on an equitable basis in which the industrial and economic development will be on a regional basis benefiting the entire population.

FILMS

By V. P. SATHE

THE curfew has been withdrawn and apparently Bombay City has returned to normal conditions. As a proof of this as many as five new pictures were released this week in Bombay, though the opening day crowds and reception did not appear to be as enthusiastic as in normal days. Yet, for the first time since the outbreak of riots, there were crowds and long queues at the theatres and if nothing happens, the crowds are bound to increase in days to come. As it is, the attendance for the afternoon and evening shows is said to be satisfactory while the attendance for the last show is said to be very poor, being one-third of the normal days.

Meanwhile, the distributors are demanding rebate for the 'disturbed' period. The exhibitors as a rule are not in a mood to give any rebate. In some cases, though the theatres remained absolutely closed during the disturbances for four or five days the exhibitors are reported to be demanding full hire.

It is not yet known whether the disputes arising out of this issue would be discussed either by the Federation, the Supreme Council or at a joint meeting of exhibitors, distributors and producers. As far as the exhibitors are concerned, they are not ready for any discussion. They feel that they will be guided by their own legal contracts and nothing else.

If the exhibitors persist in this attitude the distributors, especially the 'small' distributors, would suffer a heavy loss and would continue to be bitter and frustrated against the exhibitors, who, barring a few excep-

tions, have taken a very narrow selfish attitude.

With the uncompromising attitude of the exhibitors, the distributors and producers are trying to explore every avenue to get some redress and compensation. Some of them are likely to file even 'test' cases to establish their claims. In any case, the distributors feel that in future at least they should not sign any contracts with exhibitors without making a specific provision for such an emergency.

Picture of the week

At last, I had an opportunity to behold *Pathar Pancholi*, the picture about which I had heard so much.

My own reaction to the picture was that it was extremely good. Though I could not follow the Bengalee dialogue, I was moved by two scenes in the film—the death of the grandmother in the jungle and its discovery by the two kids, and the death of Durga as well as the revelation of the same to her father after he returns with presents for her.

While watching the film, I had the feeling that I was watching not a fictitious story, but real life enacted by real persons. All the artists barring the husband, appeared to be very genuine; and the portrayals of the young kid who looked so uninhibited and unlike most of the so-called child stars and Durga were specially remarkable. Every gesture on their part, every prank they indulged in, were so innocent and yet so delightful that one was completely lost in watching them.

The scene in which Durga is accused of theft and beaten by her mother; the scene in which Durga and her brother quarrel and the latter follows her through the farms are outstanding in their own way. To me at least *Pathar Pancholi* appealed mainly because of the very normal and yet interesting portrayal of the two children.

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CONFLICT OF INTERESTS

THE Congress resolution on the reorganisation of States reads like the speech of a garrulous politician. All the conflicting principles that could be thought of on the subject have been put together and endorsed with modifications. The unilingual principle is endorsed with allowances in favour of the bilingual; and the bilingual with allowances in favour of the unilingual. The net result is that we do not know the mind of the Congress on this all-important issue. The nearest approach to a specific conclusion occurs in the statement that "the full development of a language and the culture associated with it can be secured, where considered necessary, by the proposal to have regions within a State, and the Congress therefore welcomes suggestions which have been made to this end." This could be construed into advocacy of bilingual States with special regional arrangements for regional languages, but the Congress leaders apparently have not the courage to stick to anything so definite. The resolution therefore proceeds to state that "unilingual States may exist, where this is considered desirable, but unilingualism cannot be made into a fetish over-riding other considerations." Such phrases as *where considered desirable*, or that this or that *cannot be made into a fetish* make a mess of the whole resolution, investing it with indeterminateness, wobbling and a chronic, escapist rush into provisions as refuge, and the final out-

come of it all is that we know as little of what the ruling Congress party is going to do with the S. R. C. Report as before the Congress session began at Amritsar.

Though no decision has been announced it is clear even from the carefully non-committal, voluminous wordage of the resolution that the Congress leaders would like to get out of the unilingual muddle if they dared. They would like evidently to form multi-lingual States out of areas with common economic interests, providing in each such State special facilities for the fullest development of the languages within it. The synchronisation of language with administrative boundaries is admitted as harmful to national unity and welfare, but the resolution does not pursue the logic of the discovery further. There could be only one reason for this. The Congress leaders dread the consequences of applying in practice the lessons of what they have learned and discovered in the recent past. It might be that they apprehend a storm which will throw them out of office.

The conflict is thus between the discovered requirements of national welfare and the political interests of the ruling party. Even in these days when abundant verbiage covers collective self-seeking, there can be no doubt as to which of the two should prevail if Congress pretensions of public spirit and patriotic endeavour should have any validity with right-thinking men.



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The picture is remarkable for the picturesque outdoors which give an air of lyrical charm to the whole screenplay. The director's emphasis on realism is most commendable; but his real achievement lies in the restraint with which he has handled even the most emotional scenes and thus saved them from being cheap melodrama. His success lies in the stress on facial expression and visual effect rather than on the spoken word. This is perhaps the first Bengalee picture I have seen in which the dialogue is subsidiary to the visual images; that is why, perhaps, the Bengalee critics have hailed it as "the first motion picture." Even the sound is cleverly used.

While paying tribute to its artistic integrity, inspired presentation, realism and portrayals, one cannot help feeling that *Pathar Pancholi* suffers from one weakness. The weakness lies in the fact that the story is rather pointless; it is undoubtedly a brilliant true-to-life presentation of an average poor family. And yet since its theme has no specific point or purpose it turns out to be a placid presentation of life lacking in dynamism and motivating force.

This criticism apart, *Pathar Pancholi* is undoubtedly an inspired piece of motion picture art destined to be classed among the all time bests of our screen.

Personality of the week

On Tuesday 31st January 1956 afternoon Mrs. Smirnova, the well-known Russian scenarist, Mr. Pronin, the Soviet director, accompanied by Miss Demurova, the interpreter, arrived in Bombay. They were received at the air port by K. A. Abbas, the producer-director, and stars Raj, Nargis, David, Manmohan Krishna, Achala, Jairaj (all of whom except Raj are expected to work in the film *Afanasi Nikitin*).

Mr. Pronin was visiting India for the first time while Mrs. Smirnova

had already visited India once during the International Film Festival held four years ago. The main purpose of their visit is to discuss and finalize the script of *Afanasi Nikitin* which is being jointly produced by Naya Sansar and Mosfilm Studio—the first co-production venture.

Mrs. Smirnova who has won the Stalin Prize for her screen writing is a quiet, amiable matronly lady. She began working on Wednesday morning on the script along with Abbas. Mrs. Smirnova who has many scripts to her credit, is a very fast and efficient writer with a quick grasp.

Mr. Pronin has no specific job to do. He has come to see India—rather feel the country which is to be portrayed in the picture which he will be co-directing along with Abbas. So, since his arrival in Bombay, he has been walking about on the streets for hours together every day, visiting art galleries, museums, book-shops, colleges, just to have the feel of the country.

Since their arrival, Mr. Pronin and Mrs. Smirnova have seen *Jhanak Jhanak* and *Shree 420*. *Jhanak Jhanak* they described as a "thing of beauty to behold." They have fallen in love with Gopi Krishna and Sandhya and their dancing. *Shree 420* they described as "a thing to be understood." They saw the familiar faces of Raj and Nargis and hoped they would be seen in the Soviet Union soon. They propose to see as many Indian pictures as they can during their stay in India.

News of the week

Deep Khosa and Pradeep Kumar have jointly launched the production of *Ek Jhalak* on Saturday 4th February 1956 at Jagriti Studios (Bombay). This Deep and Pradeep Productions' maiden venture will star Vyjayantimala, Pradeep Kumar, Anita Guha, Randhir, Pran, Johnny Walker, Mubarak, Bipin Gupta, Lalita Pawar and Om Prakash.

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ON THE COVER:

Srimathi Padmini, recipient of the prize for the best film actress for 1954 given by the Film Fans' Association recently, and Srimathi Lalitha, seen in a dance sequence.

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

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SIDELIGHTS ::

THE Chief Presidency Magistrate, Sri S. A. Aiyaswami Chetty, revealed a very high sense of duty when he convicted a hooligan, probably a student, to three months' rigorous imprisonment last week, for making an indecent assault on a young woman employed in the Record Office waiting for her train at the Egmore railway station. He said, in the course of his judgment: "For several reasons the number of girls working in offices in the City is increasing day by day and all of them are travelling alone by train and bus and they have necessarily to wait for a considerable time on the platforms and bus stops. The punishment awarded to the accused must therefore serve as an example to others."

Interviewed by Pressmen on his reaction to the case, Sri C. Subramaniam, the Education Minister, observed: "My own first reaction is that it is a matter for internal regulation by the students themselves. I believe in their imposing the right code of conduct on themselves rather than the police being brought in or imposing a code of conduct from outside except perhaps in the last resort." Is it contended by the Education Minister that the "last resort" is not yet reached when a girl is assaulted in a public place as in the Egmore case? The fortitude with which he has announced his belief that "it is a matter for internal regulation by the students themselves" will not be shared by any one in the City concerned in the protection of a daughter or a sister who has to go out alone in the streets for schooling or other business or to earn a living. The vast majority of people are more likely to feel as "Indignant Parent" does in his let-

ter printed (on account of its importance) on page 46 of this issue, though it happens to be already very widely publicised in the City's daily Press. They will feel doubly thankful to the deterrent, protective, judicial and socially purposeful attitude of the Chief Presidency Magistrate and bless their stars for him in the background of the executive nonchalance of the Education Minister.

It is of course no good being too squeamish over this age-old question of the attraction of the sexes. The love of beauty is implanted in every human breast and the most respectable persons indulge in it in ways sanctified by immemorial usage. When the masterpieces of painting and sculpture for which the State awards prizes attract pilgrims from all over the country and even across the seas, is it any wonder that originals in flesh and blood that could well have inspired them, that abound among the wayfarers thronging our thoroughfares, should thrill with excitement our susceptible youth and drive the more ardent among them to veritable craziness? Nobody can prevent attractive women when they present themselves in public places from being gazed at, like stars in the night, by impressionable young men with a taste for beauty. In the West the building of the body beautiful is to both the sexes an all-engrossing, unending preoccupation, and—the results of the effort are purveyed with pride and delight and provide in fact the basic opportunities for the cherished romances of marital love.

Our ways of living and those of the West are patterned differently,

(Continued on page 48)

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THE NEW BANDITTI



A YOUNG cad, who behaved abominably towards a girl in public, was sent to prison the other day. The Magistrate hoped that the punishment would have a deterrent effect, but I am not sure. The moral norms of such skunks are determined for them not by their inner convictions but by the debased conventions of their group. In the remote countryside untouched by our gimcrack civilisation, the impudent fellow who boldly stares at a woman would be thrashed to within an inch of his life by her husband or brother. And the community would send him to Coventry.

Of course you can't allow a city crowd to take the law into its own hands. The roughs and the outlaws would neatly turn the tables on the innocent: they would establish a reign of terror, taking on themselves the role of "The Four Just Men". It has been suggested that the decent folk queueing up at a bus stand can call the policeman if they find a young rowdy pestering a modest girl with his ogling. I hope I shall not be regarded as defaming the Force, but I am afraid that in such contexts our Dogberrys, like any other John Citizens, have a habit of looking discreetly the other way.

It is not that we are merely averse to making a fuss, even in a righteous cause; the malaise goes much deeper. The respectable householder

who every now and then covertly glances at the handsome wench sitting opposite him in the railway carriage, who is young enough to be his daughter, may not feel that he "hath committed adultery with her already in his heart". He would indeed be shocked if he saw some other fellow behaving likewise with his own daughter. Even if he had not the guts to protest, he would probably make haste to shift her to another seat where he might shield her more effectively from those lewd eyes.

But the remarkable thing is that the respectable father of a family can himself be guilty of this unspeakable vulgarity when he has a chance. I have always thought that there was in it a faint accent of disapproval which released an age-long inhibition. Though we may not practise purdah we dislike our women showing themselves in public unnecessarily. In the village women-folk go out to the tank or the temple; they congregate in marriages and on festive occasions. Otherwise they are not conspicuous. The woman who makes the door-step her boudoir and observation post is a modern and unloved phenomenon.

The atrabilious mother-in-law of legend is now a stock figure of fun. But it is a pity that the healthy

restraint imposed by her common sense is as much out of favour as the petty tyranny she symbolised. The old-type housewife graduated from bashful youth to serene matronhood under the discipline of shared responsibility. She was so happy with her domestic chores that street-gazing or playing the gad-about had little attraction for her. The decay of the village is not least to be found in the gnawing idleness that has overtaken the women of the middle classes. The popularity of the peripatetic cinema is a measure of the disorientation of rural life.

In the towns and big cities the maladjustment is even more distressing. It would be silly and superficial to blame education for it. But it must be said that, except for the handful who have a marked sense of vocation and whose education has by a happy chance taught them to follow their bent, the lumber with which high school and college education loads our girls is worse than useless. It encourages dream fantasies and the practice of a time-wasting ritual bor-

rowed at third hand. The middle-aged wives of hard-worked Assistant Secretaries, with parasol and vanity bag complete, who roam Connaught Circus the live-long day "shopping" are the depressing symbol of our pseudo-culture.

The male of the species is at heart more conservative. But it is not easy for him to identify the modern college girl with the archetypal mother figure, respect for whom is bred in the bone. Hence the impulse to slaver over every woman found in public as if she were a public woman beyond the pale of polite society. This is repressed in the more decent by a conscious effort of will. But our unbroken colts, let loose in co-educational institutions, are neither inhibited by traditional restraints nor governed by a truly cultivated mind. They will not be impressed by the lectures of Pericles who has his Aspasia or Solomon who has his harem. If women must learn and earn as men do, a conscious reconditioning of our social instincts and the enthronement of private virtues in public life are overdue.

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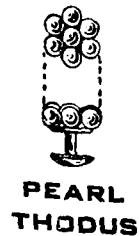
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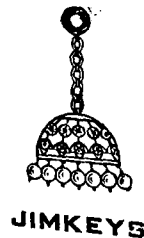
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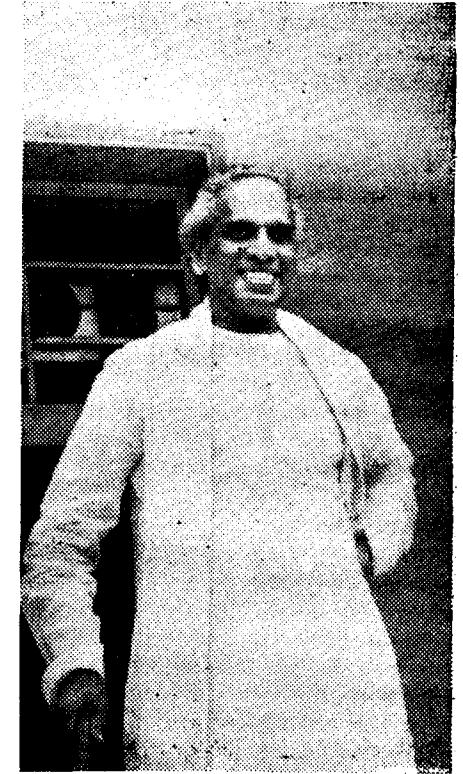
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Profile**V. K. KRISHNA MENON**

By C. G.

THE rise of Sri V. K. Krishna Menon from obscurity to international fame is both an undeniable fact and an intriguing mystery. Without conforming to any of the familiar and recognisable types of 'men of destiny', and at the same time disdaining to exploit the conventional weapons of publicity or propaganda, he has nevertheless managed to 'arrive' without having undergone the arduous and annoyances of the journey. Most of his early antecedents are unknown; and where they are known they are seen to be common if not commonplace. For the industrious zeal of retrospective, biographical inquisition has not gratified public curiosity with any of those stigmata of future greatness which genius is supposed to prefigure in the years of its precocious nonage. Whether he was a mystery-child as he is now a mystery-man, or whether he lisped in childish Malayalam to compose village squabbles or ease puerile tensions among his playmates of the *payal* school are unhappily shrouded in obscurity. Evidently greatness must have been chasing him with a leisurely, ironic and indulgent pertinacity until it succeeded in thrusting itself on him. And so at last a gaping world beholds him bearing on his stooping, unathletic shoulders the weight of the mightiest monarchies and the peace of the entire world with the nonchalant grace of a juggler balancing an assortment of disparate objects on the tip of his imperturbable thumb!

The first notable landmark in his career was as a schoolmaster under the aegis of Mrs. Besant. When after a suitable interval he got out of that rut, he gave the first authen-



V. K. Krishna Menon

tic proof of being a man of genius. By that very gesture he must have commended himself to the lynx-eyed notice of Mrs. Besant. She was not only the first foreign woman to wear the Benares saree with native grace, but the only one to transform it into a prophet's mantle. She had a unique tact for drawing round her a picturesque band of amiable eccentrics all of whom were agog for a vision of an apocalypse with the unconquerable hope of the Scholar Gipsy clutching the inviolable shade. Adyar became the centre and symbol of Utopia here and now. Mem-

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bership of the Theosophical Society was to be had for the mere asking, and yet the majority passed it by with its innate obliquity and incomprehension. For how could it guess that it offered amenities of an exclusive club, thrills of Freemasonry and the wonders of all occultism against the solid background of the age of Edison and Bell? Krishna Menon caught her eye, and his career thenceforth ceased to worry him.

Her breakaway from the Congress was signalled by the founding of the India League dedicated to the achievement of the status of a commonwealth for India within the empire, whereas the extremists were talking ominously of Purna Swaraj. The India League became her listening post in London, the more so as the Mahatma had wound up the London branch of the Congress organisation as otiose. Krishna Menon soon became its moving spirit having drifted to London under the influence of his star much as Aeneas drifted to Rome or Napoleon to St. Helena under theirs! Years passed and he stuck to his post of duty. Whether they were the years of his wilderness or the golden era of his conscious but secret preparation for his later and ampler role is another open question. But it has since been claimed for him that while his compatriots at home were enduring the prison, lathi charges, confiscations, expropriations, inquisitions and vendettas—all under the due processes of law—he kept the flag flying from the inspiring eminence of a soap-box installed in a corner of Hyde Park. In those years of his *ajñata vasa*, he hobnobbed with leftist groups, spoke little, did less but managed to nurse his halo until it expanded to outsize dimensions against future contingencies.

With the coming of Independence, he awoke one morning and, like Byron, found himself famous. For our Prime Minister was in a desperate hurry to plant embassies abroad

to signalise our new-found status, and pitchforked Mr. Menon into the London assignment with an intuitive comprehension of his fitness for the job. As High Commissioner of our country in London in a most delicate because transitional phase of our evolution, Mr. Menon proved himself wholly *persona grata* to Englishmen. Only here in India a few cantankerous people grumbled about him and his ways. They took hold of a minor episode in the complicated involutions of major diplomacy, and vented their spleen on him by holding him responsible for what they dubbed the "Jeep Scandal". A trifling sum of money was apparently lost, but then it was found that responsibility for it could not be fixed on any one in particular. However Pandit Nehru himself gave the quietus to all the whispering and smear campaigns kept up in certain quarters by declaring with all his unrivalled authority and prestige that the only scandal he knew of was to dub the affair a scandal. Cheers greeted his *ipse dixit* in the Lok Sabha, and the matter was closed.

But something more had to be done to demonstrate to the world his unbounded confidence in his *fides Achates*. So he gave Mr. Menon an extended tourist holiday (V. I. P. class) as our roving ambassador at large. Thenceforth until yesterday the UNO became the scene of his silent successes; and all the diplomatic moves and removes of the last lustrum in the international sphere have been unanimously ascribed to his flair, tact, expertise, *nous* and what not.

It was at the height of his career that the *New Statesman and Nation* of London published an elaborate blurb on him which made it somewhat difficult for one to determine whether it was a leg-pull or an exercise in romantic mystification. At one point he was described as 'Mephistopheles gloating over a phosphorescent crystal ball'—whatever that was intended to signify. If it

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was meant in sober earnest, there was something exquisitely ironic in the India of Gandhi being represented at the court of St. James by a mysterious and malign influence burrowing in the dark and loving the dark. The sketch also proceeded to admit that in the days of his obscurity, Mr. Menon was unkempt, bedraggled and much the worse for want of a wash or bath! But as High Commissioner he is said to have discovered expensive and exclusive tastes which were gratified in the furnishings and appointments of his official residence. Canons of financial propriety and rectitude vary from time to time, and place to place. It was said of the younger Pitt that he administered the finances of his country with a stringent and punctilious meticulousness that took note of and punished the slightest irregularity with a heavy hand; but that when he died, his personal affairs were found in a state of indescribable confusion. A grateful Parliament voted the funds needed to discharge the private liabilities of the architect of Waterloo. We in this country, who have the benefit of a higher philosophy, make no bones about scattering public funds to gratify personal tastes!

The secret of his vogue was also unveiled to public gaze by the *New Statesman* article. The writer of it proceeded to tell us blandly that Mr. Menon was known to be a 'fellow-traveller'. It is from this supreme circumstance that all his subsequent and stupendous importance arose. Since no direct contacts between the Western powers and the Communist bloc existed and since it was assumed that all birds of oriental feather would flock together, it was inferred that Indian diplomats knew more about Russia than their Western confreres. Russia and China were quick to capitalise this delusion, and allowed scraps of their intentions to be filtered to the West via Indian sources. That was how Messrs. Nehru and his lieutenants

came to speak for the Communists on important occasions with inside knowledge and authority. They acted as post offices; but the West became jittery with the feeling that India was on the highroad to become Communist and that they the Western nations should try their best to placate it and prevent it from falling into the Communist orbit. We thus played off one against the other to enhance our own influence, though in actual practice we have neither initiated any new policies nor arrested any dubious trends.

The non-inclusion of China in the councils of the UNO gave our leaders a standing and elevated platform from which to demonstrate their disinterestedness. If only American leaders could see beyond their noses, they could deflate and puncture the pretensions of honest brokers by allowing China to come into the world organisation. Russia, China and India can never work together or pull together or think together. The facade of their seeming identity arises from their whipped up opposition to the West. But once that illusion is shattered, the three will fall apart and function in Asia as England and France and Germany have behaved through the ages.

But that is a long-range view which is neither relevant to our present context nor likely to commend itself to any one—for the present. Let us next examine whether Mr. Menon has really been responsible for any vital or constructive move of the big powers in recent developments. Either Mr. Menon has been given credit for things which are not creditable or the big powers found it convenient for their own purposes to use him as an alibi. The truce in Korea was not due to Mr. Menon; for if it could have been so, how came it that he could not bring it about in Indo-China too simultaneously? Some day the Chinese sea will be restored to China—but no because Mr. Menon has been crying

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himself hoarse for it. Bandung is claimed as a feather in his cap; but it was actually a flop. For while it was summoned to sound the death-knell of colonialism, it was forced to denounce Red imperialism as well. The admission of sixteen members to the UNO has been hailed as a victory for Nehru and Menon and also Bulganin. Actually it was a typical example of horse-trading between Russia and America. The latter black-balled Japan while the former tabooed Outer Mongolia. The honours were therefore easy. Germany's admission to the League has not yet come up; but these diplomatic wizards whom our terrestrial gods inspire act on the principle of shouting with the loudest and at the same time letting sleeping dogs lie quiet. Our Prime Minister praises Mr. Menon, and Menon echoes his master's voice; the rest of the world watches the duet fascinated and joins in the chorus at the right moment.

Now that he has come into the Central Cabinet, it would be interesting to watch his progress through the labyrinth of regional and local pressure groups. The atmosphere of Lake Success is seemingly congenial to the art of speaking Panch Shila and acting Panch Tantra. It remains to be seen if that technique would meet with like success here. No leftist with taints of Communism in its protean forms and shades has so far been included in the Indian Cabinet. Mr. Menon is the first. It has been stated that the Prime Minister had long been keen on getting him into the Cabinet, but that he had been unable to effect it till now on account of opposition. What is the character of that opposition and how it has now been got round are questions which have been posed, but no answer has been suggested.

But what is most intriguing is that this enigmatic personality is not associated in the public mind with any original or memorable contribu-

tion to thought, word or deed that has been usual with politicians who have made their mark in the initiation or evolution of policy. What was his most famous utterance, his most felicitous *bon mot*, his smartest repartee or the best of his purple patches? Echo answers—What!

On the other hand, his last speech at the General meeting of the Assembly was a distressing hotchpotch of out-dated ideas, petulances and puerilities which the world press for a wonder mercifully ignored. For he complained of India being encircled by American machinations, spoke of irredentism without making it clear whether he was referring to Goa or Pakistan or Hongkong or Formosa and attacked the Seato and Baghdad pacts as threatening our freedom and security. One had to pinch himself hard to ensure that he was not reading extracts from some frenetic outburst of a Ribbentrop or Rosenberg.

There is only one higher role for Mr. Menon to fill and it is likely to materialise when our Prime Minister next goes out on one of his tours to some other part of the world. For then he may deputise for him in the first place. What more can any plaything of fate hope for?

A CORRECTION

A printing error occurred in Sri-mathi Santha Rungachary's article on A. A. Milne in 'Swatantra' last week. In the first column of page 35 the article contained the following sentence: "They are the thoughts of adults shrunk to the size of children or the imagined thoughts of children romanticised into a syrupy mess." The correct version is "They are not the thoughts of adults", etc., etc. The not was omitted, conveying a meaning quite different from the one intended by the author. We regret the error.—Ed. S.

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SCIENCE

RADIO ASTRONOMY

THE invention of the telescope by Galileo advanced our knowledge of the heavens by leaps and bounds. It gave a new fillip to the study of astronomy. The telescope helped to confirm the Copernican theory of the universe in which the Sun occupies the central position. Astronomy shed its heritage of Ptolemaic dogmatism and became scientific in outlook. Subsequent refinements in the telescope have not only contributed to the study of the galaxies and nebulae, and helped to verify theories of the origin of the universe and its age, but have contributed immensely to our knowledge of the structure of matter and allied subjects. At Mount Palomar, the famous 200 inch telescope is the acme of human achievement in the field of observational astronomy. With its aid scientists have been able to probe into the outer-most reaches of the universe and discover millions of stars. But the discovery recently that radio waves, which can be received by suitable apparatus, are emitted by astral bodies is one of revolutionary significance which puts into the shade even the most spectacular successes of the telescope.

K. G. Jansky, an engineer of the Bell Telephone Laboratories in the U. S. A., first discovered in 1932 that radio waves could be detected from sources outside the earth. But a systematic study of these was made only from 1940 with apparatus specially designed for the purpose. These new instruments have been designated 'radio telescopes' on the analogy of the optical telescope. The principle is the same in both. In the telescope light waves are gathered and concentrated whereas in the radio telescope radio waves

are collected and magnified by radio receivers. The development of radar and the great advances in radio techniques in the second world war enabled the construction of receivers capable of detecting and measuring the radio frequency radiation emitted by all bodies.

The potentialities of the radio telescope may be gauged from the fact that radio waves pass easily through clouds which are impenetrable to light waves. They can also pass through interstellar 'dust'. Objects which are too cool to emit light are brought into 'view' through radio telescopes because of their radio emission. These have been named, appropriately enough, radio stars. But there is a serious limitation in the use of the radio telescope. The wavelength of radio emissions being many times larger than that of light, the sharpness of location attainable with the aid of the optical telescope is not possible in the case of the radio telescope. The resolving power of a telescope is its ability to distinguish small objects which are close together. To match the resolution of the 200 inch telescope at Palomar, the radio aerial receiving at the one-metre wavelength would have to be as large as the earth's diameter.

Radio Astronomy is the new science which has come into existence by the study of radio stars. Enough work has been done in this field to justify the appearance of a massive text-book on the subject. Though barely fifteen years old, radio astronomy has added a great deal to the scientist's knowledge of the extra terrestrial system. A new map of the skies is in the process of being drawn. Many new stars whose existence was unsuspected have been located.

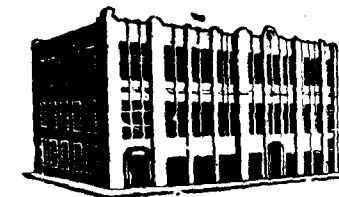
Studies of the Sun with the help of the radio telescope have given much new information regarding the atmosphere surrounding it. Sunspots which, as we know, interfere with the reception of our domestic radios are being studied, and much has been discovered about their origin. Temperature measurements of the Moon have been made with the aid of this new invention. Some startling new facts have been discovered. For instance, the radio energy of cygnus is so powerful that if it were concentrated and translated into heat, it has been calculated that it would supply all the earth's requirement of power and heat for the next trillion years. By a combination of the data obtained by optical and radio methods, a picture of the variation of the temperature and density of the Sun's

atmosphere has been provided. A two year survey by Ryle and his colleagues of the Cavendish Laboratory, Cambridge, demonstrated the existence in 1955 of 1936 radio stars. The rapid strides made by radio astronomy may well be imagined if we note that, in 1951, not more than 38 radio stars had been identified. In the survey above mentioned, Ryle calculates that only a fraction of radio stars can be seen through the 200 inch telescope. From a merely collating and classifying stage, radio astronomy is rapidly emerging into a branch of study which will contribute to the solution of many problems of cosmology. One among the many spectacular achievements of science in our century, the study of radio stars holds a very important place and a promising future.--
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STATE PLANS—ARE ECONOMIES NOT POSSIBLE?

By M. S. PARTHASARATHI

IN its draft memorandum on the Second Five-Year Plan, the Planning Commission has proposed an expenditure of Rs. 2214 crores out of the total planned outlay of Rs. 4,800 crores. These figures compare with an outlay of around Rs. 1,440 crores in the State sector out of a total of about Rs. 2,300 crores in the First Plan. The change in the pattern of distribution of expenditure between the Central and State plans only reflects the shift in emphasis from almost purely agricultural development to all-round—and, in particular, industrial—development.

In arriving at this figure of Rs. 2,214 crores for State plans, the Planning Commission had to perform the unenviable task of scaling down the size of the plans of State Government which as they originally stood totalled Rs. 5,741 crores. The Plan-frame, it may be recalled, had envisaged an outlay of just Rs. 4,300 crores in both the Central and State sectors. So the State plans (as well as the Central Ministries' plans) had to undergo drastic pruning before they could be fitted into the revised Plan size of Rs. 4,800 crores.

If this revised figure of Rs. 4,800 crores is the maximum the Government can safely undertake to spend, it is important that the country should get the maximum benefit from it. If, on the other hand, there is some basis for the fears that the country cannot afford deficit financing to the extent of Rs. 1,200 crores and cannot also expect to get foreign aid to the extent of Rs. 800 crores, then it is absolutely essential that the size of the Plan should be kept down as much as possible. It is necessary to bear in mind that of

the total of Rs. 4,800 crores needed, only Rs. 2,400 crores are expected to be realised from internal sources and can be said to be reliable resources.

Since outlay in the Central sector is mostly for industries and transport—and even the amounts proposed to be spent in these two sectors are described as being insufficient—economies (or cuts), if any, can be effected only in the State sector so that the other more important sectors may either remain unaffected or can receive bigger allocations. Particularly the case for making some cuts in the State plans seems to be strong as the prospects of the State Governments being able to raise, as expected, Rs. 225 crores from additional taxation do not seem to be bright—all the more so if some of the States should launch on a gradual programme of prohibition, as loss of revenue on this head will first have to be made up.

The total outlay of Rs. 2,214 crores in the State plans is distributed among the various heads of development as follows:—

TABLE I

Head	(Rs. Crores)	
	I Plan	II Plan
1. Agriculture & Rural Development	203	312
2. Community Projects and N. E. S.	58	187
3. Irrigation & Power	674	793
4. Village & Small Industry	41	127
5. Roads & Road Transport	111	180
6. Education	92	225
7. Health	101	177
8. Housing	30	63
9. Other Social Services	124	75
10. Miscellaneous	6	75
Total	1,440	2,214

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There are far too steep increases in some sectors while in others it is fairly moderate. In the case of Community Projects and village industry the increases are due to certain policy decisions and no economy seems at all to be possible. In regard to the other sectors we are entitled to ask whether the State Governments are capable of implementing schemes of the magnitudes proposed. Having regard to the failure of the State Governments to utilise fully the provisions made under the First Plan under most heads, it seems reasonable to suggest that the Second Plan provisions should be made after estimating the capacity to put them through. Otherwise money which could be better utilised for more urgent schemes in the industrial and transport sector will remain unutilized. Specifically it seems probable that there will be a shortfall in roads, education and health because of the lack of any central governmental control over the implementation of these schemes and also because these take some time for execution.

For other reasons too economies appear to be possible in some heads. For instance, there seems to be no reason why the Governments should bother about nationalising motor transport when the resources needed for this purpose can be more usefully spent on the other more important sectors which cannot be taken up by the private sector. Motor transport is a typical small-scale enterprise in which private operators will quickly respond to increasing demands if only the licensing authorities will not put obstacles in the way. Increasing motor services will also bring increasing revenues to the Governments in the shape of licence fees, tax on petrol and other taxes.

It should also be possible to make some economies in the amount of Rs. 312 crores set apart for agriculture. Quite a sizeable sum out of

this must be for minor irrigation schemes. In some States, like U. P., minor irrigation schemes are the main means of ensuring adequate water supply to the farmers and cultivation may be completely dependent on it. But a major portion of the schemes which may be undertaken under this head in other States may be rendered either superfluous or useless by seasonal rains. Major irrigation schemes, on the other hand, are multipurpose projects and will probably have to be in any event carried out as the power programme and the industrial programme dependent on it cannot be upset. Fuller use of fertilizers in lands assured of water supply may help the country to reach the agricultural targets without having to rely too much on minor irrigation schemes, whose value and usefulness are in the immediate future doubtful. Anyway, in case of serious adverse weather like droughts, these schemes may not help and the unemployed farmers can then be put on the job of creating minor irrigation facilities and relief rendered in the form of wages.

Similar economies should be possible in nearly every sector, but these economies need not mean that the schemes not included for immediate execution are thrown overboard. If it later turns out that the expected resources will materialise and that deficit financing to the extent contemplated will be feasible, they can be taken up.

A few words must also be said about the distribution of the total of Rs. 2,214 crores among the various States. Table 2 shows the pattern of distribution in the First and Second Plans and compares the allocations with the estimated population of each State in 1955-56. All the States except PEPSU will spend more on the Second Plan than on the First Plan. (In the First Plan of PEPSU a major part was accounted for by that State's share of

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TABLE 2

States	Population in 1955-56 (In Lakhs)	I Plan (In Crores)	II Plan State Pro- posals.	Final Allotment
Andhra	227.1	75.9	244.4	116.2
Assam	98.2	28.1	290.8	56.4
Bihar	421.9	104.4	642.1	192.9
Bombay	396.9	181.4	505.0	264.4
Madhya Pradesh	221.2	57.5	457.5	123.3
Madras	381.4	97.1	393.7	170.3
Orissa	151.0	86.2	121.2	97.3
Punjab	134.3	114.0	322.3	126.2
Uttar Pradesh	667.6	165.9	725.3	248.6
West Bengal	283.9	152.2	322.8	152.5
Hyderabad	1990.0	57.0	382.7	100.0
Kashmir	47.5	14.0	88.7	33.1
Madhya Bharat	83.7	32.4	184.6	66.5
Mysore	100.4	53.2	251.7	78.0
Pepsu	35.4	39.3	55.1	36.1
Rajasthan	163.5	62.8	167.7	96.8
Saurashtra	44.5	27.9	79.9	47.6
Travancore-Cochin	102.6	35.4	131.9	71.2
Part 'C' States (Centre's Share of D. V. C.)	106.5	49.9	404.6	134.4
				12.9)
Total:	3868.0	1440.0	5471.0	2214.0

the cost of Bhakra-Nangal). It is clear that no single criterion was used in fixing the share of each State. The area of a State probably weighed with the Planning Commission in deciding the budget on roads, the cultivable area in fixing the share of agriculture and the population—or that part of it which lacked these facilities—in fixing the outlay on education and health. Provision for housing must be almost entirely dependent on the industrial population though some amounts have also been allotted for rural housing. The allotments for irrigation and power are obviously governed by the availability of unused water resources and by whether the water stored and the power generated are needed and can be used.

Viewed overall, the Planning Commission's allotments for the various States are probably justified. But one cannot refrain from criticising the policy of the Central Government making "matching" grants for

some schemes in the social services sector. If it is insisted that the State Governments should find 50 per cent of the money required, the sufferers will be the poor backward States. It is not clear why Central aid should be given to the better-off ones when they can probably implement the schemes by themselves, while the poor States are to be penalised for being poor. If all the States are to keep in step and particularly if the underdeveloped States are to be raised to the level of the others, assistance should be given to the needy without any onerous and sometimes impossible conditions being imposed.

One further point needs to be made before concluding. One of the surprising facts of the revised State plans prepared by the Governments after the Planning Commission had fixed the initial ceilings is that the targets as indicated in the original plans (which amounted to Rs. 5,741

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crores) and in the revised plans came to less than half the original outlay) do not show much difference, except in the social service sectors. In any event, the lowering of the targets possible of realisation are much less than the cuts in the amounts proposed to be spent. How this feat of achieving, say, four-fifths of the original targets proposed at just about half the original estimated requirements is not clear. Either the targets given in the revised plans are too high to be rea-

lised and the authorities do not find it expedient to disclose the real practicabilities after the high hopes raised by the Plan-frame, or the estimates of requirements in the original plans were fixed at too high a level since the State Governments were sure that their plans would in any case be cut and the bigger the original plan the bigger the final allotment would be. Whatever was the reason, there is ample evidence of bad planning at high levels.

RESOURCEFUL ASIAN POLICE

Every week an audience of Asians living in London goes to a BBC studio to hear "Asian Club" broadcast. A distinguished speaker comes to the studio for the broadcast and the members of the audience, who have been told beforehand what his special subject is, are invited to ask him questions. In a recent edition of "Asian Club", which was also televised for British viewers, the speaker was Sir John Nott-Bower, Commissioner of London's Metropolitan Police, who is, incidentally, the first ordinary policeman to rise to the rank of Commissioner. Sir John served in the Indian Police for twenty-two years, and this was of particular interest to the many Indians in his audience.

Before the broadcast the producer of the programme, Philip Daly, thought it would be a good idea to get some Asian policemen in the audience. At the National Police College at Coventry he found a Deputy Superintendent from Malaya, a police officer from Sarawak and another from Singapore, and also a Chinese woman police inspector from British Guiana. He arranged that all four should come to London for the broadcast and as he was exceptionally busy on the appointed day sent his secretary to meet them at Euston Station, where they were due to arrive at four-thirty p.m. Fifteen

minutes later his secretary rang up in agitation to say that the station was thick with people of every nationality but that she could see no obvious overseas policemen amongst them. The producer told her to wait while he rang up Coventry to know if the policemen had left and to ring him again in a quarter of an hour. His secretary soon rang back to say there were no Asian policemen or Chinese policewoman and please what was she to do as it was very embarrassing going up to so many total strangers and asking them if they were the policemen for "Asian Club". Daly said, "Hang on a little longer and I'll come round myself" but when he reached Euston he found his secretary talking to the four visitors as happily as if she had known them for years.

When they had arrived at Euston and found no one to meet them the posse of police had rung the "London Calling Asia" offices to ask for a full description of the person who was supposed to be waiting for them at the station. They had received an exact description of the producer's secretary from one of her colleagues and from this had been able to find her immediately in the crowd, tactfully leaving it to the Chinese woman inspector to make the first advances! It seems as though Asian police are just as resourceful as their London counterparts.

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NEED FOR A NEW OPPOSITION PARTY

By KOUNDINYA

THOUGH the Congress party is the only organised party in the country, it is unfortunately too far regimented to be a true democratic organisation. The opposition to the British regime gave the motive force in the first instance for its cohesion. Once the opposition was wiped out, the people who were the ruling junta at the time took charge of the organisation and are now running the country according to their lights exploiting the name of Gandhiji, though he himself wanted its dissolution. Apprehensive of losing power, they have been hastily putting forward all sorts of ideas and schemes to keep the minds of the people occupied.

Very unthinkingly they first plumped for linguistic division of the country. They need not have so hurriedly declared in favour of such an objective. Now they are veering towards multi-lingual States.

In a very impulsive manner they had ruled complete introduction of Hindi within 10 years, altogether ignoring the views and fears expressed by an intelligent, discerning and thinking minority. Now they want to revise their opinion on the subject.

There was first of all no need of a States Reorganisation Commission. When its report was published finally, that it did not satisfy anybody was a very obvious and patent fact. That a report was issued was no reason why it should be immediately implemented. The consensus of intelligent public opinion appears to be that it must be shelved for the time being. The Government must be said to have forfeited all claims for foresight and discretion, when, unable to gauge public opinion, it

persists in putting the report into effect feeling fully sure that there is no organized party in the Opposition.

The nationalisation of Insurance is another hasty move. The vast powers of the Government should have been used to clip the wings of the unscrupulous directors, instead of at one stroke issuing an ordinance for nationalisation. As it is, the governmental machinery is very slow moving. The insurance companies, fearing public opinion, transacted business comparatively quickly. While everyone is aware of the notorious delay in effectuating refunds due to parties from the Government, it will be a wonder if they settle claims with celerity after the nationalisation of Insurance.

In the few instances where certain clauses in the Constitution were declared to be *ultra vires* by the highest judicial tribunal of the land, the Government got querulous, and their prominent spokesmen who ought to have known better have made remarks in public derogatory to the dignity of the highest court in the land. Is it any wonder at all that the subjects of the State follow this bad example, and violate the orders of the Government? Is not the old Sanskrit saying 'As is the king, so are the people' apt in this instance?

The people in power from the Prime Minister downwards, when it does not suit them disapprove in unequivocal terms of boys in schools and colleges taking active part in politics. But during the Congress session they are not averse to getting a corps of college cyclists—boys and girls—to help them to put up a pompous show. If today some of

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them take part in a Congress procession, with what face can the Ministers and others in power condemn these self-same boys and girls on another occasion for taking part in the Praja party or Communist party processions? Congressmen are neither consistent nor are they actuated by high principles of fairness and justice.

Look at the kalaedoscopic change of views and opinions in the matter of honours. First we had Pehla Verg, Dusra Verg, and Thisra Verg. Even before these poor orders had a chance of survival for a year or two Bhushans and Vibhushans—Padma or otherwise—have been ushered in with a pompous fanfare of trumpets and with the tantalising condition that the recipients should not sport them in public.

We are impulsive and emotional. We are notoriously inconsistent. While on the one hand we want to be in the front rank among nations in science and material progress, we are held back by cries of danger to our culture and spirituality. In spite of verses from the Upanishads and the Gita which we mouth freely, we are notoriously selfish and narrow-minded. We talk of art and beauty but we stick to the uneconomic sackcloth called khaddar.

We want a new organisation opposed to the Congress ideology but wedded to a laissez faire policy, a party which will not rush things, a party whose watchwords will be sobriety, balance and poise, a party which will concentrate on security and stability and will introduce measures of social progress and advancement in gradual stages, a party which will encourage private enterprise. We have to consolidate whatever gains we may have achieved so far. In the inexorable march of events the soil for the gradual introduction of reforms, both social and economic, must be so prepared that the gains will be appreciated and felt to be deserved.

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THE LANGUAGE OF SCULPTURAL FORM

By BARNETT D. CONLAN

IN a period like the present when something of the order of the Dark Ages appears to have settled down all over the world, it is highly desirable to turn to some of the great figures of the past—preferably to those that are in stone.

The highest type of sculpture always conveys a sense of the absolute, of what is permanent, of the things that are beyond change.

In ancient Egypt, India and China this consummate art was at its zenith. Since this far off epoch sculpture has been slowly coming down from the heights, and if we have had the Parthenon, the Cathedrals and the Renaissance one must admit that sculpture to-day is gradually dying out.

An exhibition of modern sculpture is likely to contain more iron than stone, more exhibits that resemble railway signals, bird cages or mouse traps than the human figure—unless it be one of Picasso's portraits. The artists who amuse themselves, rather than the general public, with this sort of ironmongery are for the most part sophisticated types quite ready to discard twenty centuries of sculpture as something that already dates. The art of Michelangelo, Rodin or Maillol we are told no longer corresponds with a scientific age like ours, when progress is moving at supersonic speed. We have only to ignore the snobism and fashion that surrounds this new art and we shall find that much of it can be reduced to the simple fact that sheet iron or copper wiring is cheaper than marble and much less expensive to transport. On the other hand one can admit that there are serious artists in these new forms but whether it be in sculpture or in painting there is

no doubt that abstract art is a language that has its limitations.

This upheaval in traditional art has made its appearance everywhere and is not perhaps astonishing. The West has gone through two great wars, since when it has moved into the atomic age. We are living as it were on a volcano, on a furnace of activity which tends to melt down the old forms and recast or replace them by others which correspond more closely to the accelerated life of a changing world. In all this, however, there is not a little decadence and a good deal of commercial astuteness.

I remember many years ago meeting with the famous French art historian Elie Faure, who was an old friend, and had just returned from visiting America, Mexico, India and China. After a few moments conversation he suddenly broke out in a rather dramatic manner:—"Europe is dead and finished" He thought that the thirty odd thousand painters and the army of art dealers in Paris had all been caught up in a huge commercial racket with the result that art was rapidly disintegrating. For him the day of the easel picture was over and destined to be replaced by some form of the film or television in the speeding up of the future. This conversation took place ten years ago since when there is very little to show that painting has receded. There are a hundred times more painters in the Paris of today than there were in the days of Courbet or Renoir, with perhaps a proportionate loss of quality. There is every reason to think that so long as Paris lasts art will always arise phoenix-like from its own ashes.

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Elie Faure however, was right, for whenever commerce takes control of art, as is the case in our time, it tends to kill the spirit. And the danger for the artist lies just here. No sooner has he achieved a notable success than he will find a whole organization, working on an international scale, ready to speculate with his work and commercialize it. The well known artist is now on a par with the film star and runs the risk of making a fortune—a risk which he generally accepts with alacrity. Picasso I believe spends many millions a year in films or other forms of advertising. It is clearly a case of gaining the whole world but losing one's own soul!

Commerce and Industry have now taken control of the planet, even Lhasa is being organized and modernised and as the network of transport and machinery extends the world gets more agitated and outwardly active so that the inner life is now looked upon as a waste of time and opportunity!

150 YEARS OF HAIRDRESSING

Hairdressing is one of the most ancient occupations, which the Egyptians and Romans practised many centuries ago, and there was even a Worshipful Company of Barbers in London in the thirteenth century. But the modern barber's shop, as such, is a relatively recent institution and the hairdresser's in London's Bond Street which recently celebrated its one hundred and fiftieth anniversary is believed to be one of the oldest in Britain. Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery is one of its most distinguished customers and he recently unveiled a plaque in the shop to mark its historic anniversary.

Donald Milner of the BBC talked to the Managing Director, Mr. E. L. Gifford, about the shop's beginning in 1805; it was then quite a small place to which men came to be shaved and to have their wigs dressed. At

Unless then some new form of moral understanding emerges the power engendered by atomic energies and unlimited speed must eventually wreck all spiritual life—at least for the great majority.

Asia is now waking to intense activity and anything may happen—even the best, which we are always inclined to doubt.

Some time ago when examining the head of a Bodhisattva in stone of the Sung period I was struck by a sense of the future. For this head had a mathematical poise and precision, like the beauty of a perfect motor, architecturally right, balanced, dynamic, disinterested. And it seemed to me to forecast some higher type, of coming times, half bodhisattva, half engineer.

It was the head of some future avatar capable by rapid decision of using the constructive side of science and machinery for the good of all.

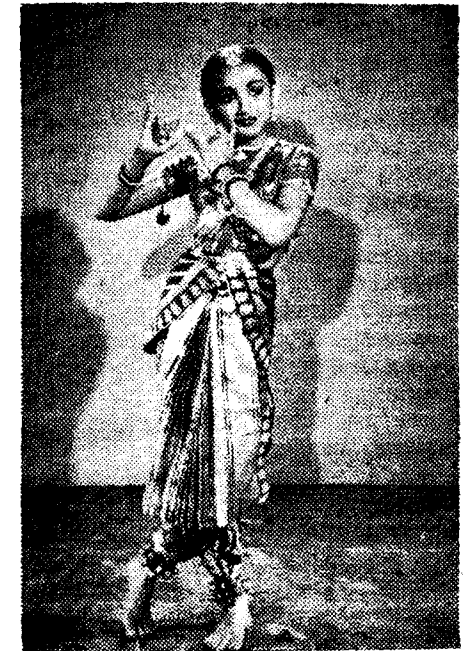
For such is the magic of sculptural form that it can speak to us across the space of ten centuries.

this period hairdressing was entirely a man's affair and ladies were attended in their own homes and would not have dreamed of going into a shop until the middle of the nineteenth century. In the early days, too, to judge from a painting hanging on the wall, the barber's shop had much in common with the coffee house, being a place where gossip was exchanged as much as anything else. Hairdressing saloons at that time had a very different type of equipment and heavy scents were used to mask unpleasant odours. One of the barber's regular and unsavoury duties then was the use of a very fine toothcomb to remove the lice that were unhappily to be found on many of his customers' heads; the elegant ladies and gentlemen who staff modern hairdressing establishments would doubtless walk out in disgust if asked to perform many of the tasks which were considered commonplace in 1805.

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KUMARI SUCHARITA

THE festival season sees the blossoming of some new flowers every year, in the field of music and dance. This year too, we had quite a good variety and quality. The most notable among the younger artistes was Kumari Sucharita, who made her debut on the dance stage just four years ago, and has carved for herself a place among the rising young dancers, with her finished performance. There is a lively quality in Sucharita's dance which marks her out as far above the ordinary. She is a trained disciple of Sri Chockalingam Pillai who is perhaps at present the senior-most exponent of the Pandanallur School, whose traditions are devoutly preserved and fostered by the Indian Institute of Fine Arts, under the indefatigable efforts of Sri Sarangapani Iyengar.



Kumari Sucharita

Not yet in her teens, twelve-year-old Sucharita, daughter of the eminent physician and cardiologist, Dr. Ratnavelu Subramanyam, took her first dance lessons at the age of five under Sri Chockalingam Pillai. At the age of seven her *arangetram* took place and she showed great promise as a rising young dance artiste. Accompanying her father in his visit to the United States last year, Sucharita hit the headlines and danced her way to fame in that country. Her first appearance in the States was at the Indian Embassy at Washington D. C. Thereafter innumerable invitations poured in from schools, art institutions etc. She visited Boston, Cleveland, Chicago, Rochester and Honolulu, and at every one of these places appreciative audiences applauded her art. Her proudest moment was when her recital was billed in the Carnegie Hall—that American temple of art,

much coveted and rarely attained by artistes—when she participated in a benefit programme sponsored by the South East Asian Committee in aid of the Prime Minister's Flood Relief Fund.

Sucharita's Bharata Natyam recital was a fitting finale to this year's Natya Kala Conference conducted by the Institute of Fine Arts, Egmore. She contributed to the success of the conference by turning out a sparkling performance, highly appreciated by a discerning audience. Her footwork and rhythm gave eloquent testimony to the excellence of the intricate and elaborate *adavus* characteristic of the Pandanallur style, while her *abhinaya* was full of life.

The future holds out brilliant prospects for this young rising star in the firmament of dance-art.

THE PASSING OF A PIONEER EDUCATIONIST

By ROHINI

YET another of the noble galaxy of outstanding educationists is lost to us in the death of the Grand Old Lady of Mysore—Mrs. K. D. Rukmaniamma. She lived to be 79 and no doubt died full of years. Poignantly enough, she lived to see domestic sorrows. The last of them was of a harrowing nature—the death by murder of the husband of her only daughter in the orgy of communal frenzy that took parts of Mysore captive years ago. The shock and sorrow of this bereavement threw a long shadow on the evening of her life. Those who knew her were aware of the silent fortitude with which she bore this misfortune.

Rukmaniamma lived to become a legend in her own lifetime. She strode the educational world of Mysore like a colossus for over 30 years. As a student of hers over quarter of a century ago, I can testify to the very distinctive manner in which she presided over the destinies of the girls entrusted to her care. She was Mysore's and also I believe South India's first woman graduate and she was in the earlier years referred to with veneration as B. A. Rukmaniamma. By the dignity of her carriage and her comparative tallness, she inspired respect and a wholesome fear that made the maintenance of discipline so easy for her. The most truculent of girl students (and even in the early thirties there were girl students whose impishness and energy manifested itself in the class room in sundry ways) felt compelled to bottle up her buoyancy in the bespectacled presence of august K. D. R.—though behind her back we talked of her as "Rukamma". She was a great principal, an uncompromising disciplinarian. More

than all this she was an outstanding professor. Her classes in history were models of lucid exposition and those who sat and imbibed the lessons of history at her feet could not, even through the long vista of years, forget what she taught nor the manner of her teaching. Her punctuality was disconcerting and the way she plunged into the lessons and lectures was remarkable. Her mastery over her subject was phenomenal. As we heard her approaching footsteps, with vague uneasiness we used to whisper to each other "Rukamma Barthare" in Kannada and settle down in our seats with the demureness of cats. To be a great teacher is to live through two generations at least—because of the esteem and love of those who learnt at the teacher's feet and who always cherish with gratitude the memory of the preceptor. The teacher has few material compensations in life and it is perhaps just as well that his or her memory inspires kindly and grateful thoughts.

Rukmaniamma had a rare talent for leadership. She was a fine and faultless speaker and she wrote an elegant steady hand even at an advanced age. I still preserve a beautiful letter she wrote me in 1951. She took an active part in the women's movement and was the organiser of the Women's Conference in Mysore. It was always my regret that a woman of her great talents and essentially unchanged Hindu ways did not after her retirement come into the All India scene. She distrusted the limelight and had a keen sense of proportion.

The Government of Mysore conferred on her the title "Lokaseva Para-

(Continued on page 28)

CALIBAN'S GUIDE TO PHILATELY

By N. S. RAMASWAMI

PHILATELY has been euphoniously described as the "king of hobbies" and the "hobby of kings". Since the precipitate and undignified deposition of His Majesty of Egypt, the latter vaunt has a somewhat hollow ring about it. But, even apart from this historical accident, the true philatelist, should he be an individual of moderate, if not straitened, means, will find it necessary to bring to his task of collection some very unkingly qualities. This voracious guide will take it upon itself to assert that, though the language may be considered vehement, it is the robber who prospers most at the gentle art of philately. It will be the endeavour of this guide to indicate some of the qualities necessary for success.

It is needless to say that these remarks are not applied to the affluent. They have only to motor to the nearest stamp dealer and, if possible, exchange a "Penny Black" for the easy equivalent of probably one lakh of rupees. But it is far different with the poor enthusiast. It is, however, a comfort that he can always bring adroitness, chicanery and, to put it plainly, fraud to his task.

It is a merciful dispensation that small, ignorant boys are often possessed of large and valuable collections. Their enthusiasm is high, but their knowledge of values small. It is a matter for infinite satisfaction that they can scarcely distinguish between a Queen Elizabeth half-penny and a South Australian Queen Victoria two pence. Of the higher mysteries of watermark, "mint" etc., it is needless to say, they are not so

much as aware. It is morally indefensible that such ignorance should be accompanied by such riches.

The virtuous collector, therefore, takes the first step towards augmenting his collection by inviting home one such ignorant boy. No means should be neglected of putting him in good humour throughout the ensuing momentous interview. Boys have a notorious weakness for confectionery and sweetmeats. These articles will no doubt form the staple of the allurements. But it is hardly necessary for this guide to labour this point further. It has no doubt that the practitioner has evolved and perfected a successful strategy. This guide, however, does take the liberty of offering the hint that, though the basic method may be the same, it is necessary to vary it in details in accordance with different individuals. Some boys there are, though this will be scarcely credited who have a soul beyond sweets. The strategy in relation to these monsters should be suitably modified. An eulogy delivered on the prodigy's infantile essay in his school magazine has been known to answer the purpose as well as a mountain of sweets in regard to a more mundane boy.

These are, however, details on which it is scarcely necessary to insist too much. One then proceeds to the vital task. The ignorant but well filled boy has been brought to a suitable state of amiability and well-being. He is scarcely in his usual argumentative mood when the negotiations for "exchange" formally commence. This process of "exchanging" one stamp for another or others is well known to all philate-

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lists, for it is as the breath of their nostrils. There is little need here to speak of the false amiability of the two participants at the beginning. This soon gives place to some sharp bargaining, when the Ten Commandments are not so much forgotten as completely obliterated. This phase is the highway robbery of philately. Very often the process concludes in vehement acrimony, not to say recourse to fistcuffs. Many lifelong enmities have been made as a result of an intended "exchange" of stamps.

It is a matter for satisfaction, for abuse and violence must of necessity be abhorrent to the gentle and philosophic soul, that in the present case these melancholy results are not likely to ensue. For, the ignorant and well filled boy is in no condition to offer resistance. Blithely and happily does he barter away his Cape of Good Hope triangles for a worthless collection of Argentines. No tremor shakes his body as, with a laugh, he parts with his Lithuania for seven George V India. This will be scarcely believed, but it is a fact that in his state of ignorance and somnolence a well filled boy has even been known to "exchange" his Leeward Islands for three Iran.

Such details are tempting, but this guide must interpose a warning here. It will scarcely do to rob the ignorant and well filled boy of all his riches. Prudence demands that the process should be delicate and moderate. For, if he should come to know of his losses, he will be scarcely induced to attend another performance of "exchanges". Well has it been said that greediness is the enemy of progress.

It is obvious that there are many other devices open to the poor enthusiast to increase and enhance the value of his collection. Here money is the essence of the matter. One may dream of bribing the Keeper of the Security Press at Nasik to produce a stamp with an inverted sign or such other mistakes which infal-

libly raise its value. But this guide fears that this splendid proceeding is scarcely feasible. It then is open to the poor enthusiast to bribe within the limits of his purse the *chaprassis* in big offices, where foreign envelopes are thrown away. It is also possible to rely upon the good nature of friends who may be in a position to lay hands on foreign stamps. But the melancholy fact is that the servants are apt to increase their prices and even more catastrophically the friends to become collectors themselves. These are the hazards of philately.

In a sense this guide is a superfluity. For, its suggestions may appear jejune to veterans of philately who combine in themselves the virtues and qualities of Captain Macheath, Napoleon and Jabez Balfour. It is, however, not without a humble hope that it will prove to be of some utility to those who have but lately fallen victims to the allurements of philately, that "king of hobbies" and "hobby of kings", King Farouk not excluded.

(Continued from page 26)

yane"—an appropriate and richly deserved distinction. But Rukmani-amma was greater than Maharani's College of which she was the Principal, greater than the title with which the Mysore Government honoured her. She carried the burdens and honours with ease and was neither overwhelmed nor pretentiously indifferent. Her scholarship, her capacity for lucid exposition, her understanding of the problems of girl students at a stage of social transition and her abiding humanitarian interests put her in the panel of great modern preceptors and principals.

She deserves to get a niche in the Hall of Fame to which belong Sir Seshadri, Sir M. Visweswaraya, Sir Mirza Ismail—as one who brought Mysore credit in the rest of India.

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KAFKA'S LETTERS TO MILENA

By M. JAYABAI

"WHAT you are to me Milena, are to me beyond all the world in which we live, cannot be found in the daily scraps of paper that I have been writing to you. These letters, as they are, are good for nothing but to torment, and if they don't torment it is even worse . . . What is decisive is my powerlessness, increased by the letters to reach beyond the letters, powerlessness towards you as well as myself. A 1,000 letters on your part and a 1,000 desifes on mine cannot disprove this to me" . . . FRANZ KAFKA.

The works of Franz Kafka once again prove that "it is among those who belong to the magnificent, the lamentable, family of neurotics that one finds the Salt of the Earth." The greatest works in literature and art are the gifts of afflicted genius; the masterpieces that blossomed in pain bear witness to what they suffered in the act of giving: Baudelaire's *Fleurs du Mal*, Wilde's *De Profundis*, Dostoevsky's great novels and Kafka's writing are testaments of beauty and suffering. Truly as Maurois says "There is a grace in sickness which brings us close to the realities which lie on the farther side of Death."

Kafka's inner vision was conditioned both by his illness and genius. He had a natural talent for portraying his dream-like inner life. His illness sharpened the faculties of self-scrutiny and fulfilled his wish for "an unthinking, reckless solitude, to be face to face with himself." An entry in his diary says "Any one who cannot come to terms with life while he is alive, needs one hand to ward off a little his despair over his fate, but with the other hand, he can note down what he sees among the ruins, for he sees different (and more)

things than do the others. After all dead as he is in his own life-time, he is the real survivor." Kafka's own life and letters are the best illustration of the statement.

In the diaries, which his friend Max Brod has edited with care and devotion, Kafka noted literary ideas, the beginnings of stories, general reflections, dreams which formed the germ of future literary creations, events that affected him, analysis of acts and emotions, and his attitude to the unfriendly world which he learned to shun and fear. They record not only the development of his literary taste and genius but also the working of his introvert mind, and the growth of an anxiety-fear-complex, which gradually cut him off from every kind of relationship with the outer world. The jumbled entries, for all their faithful recording of emotions and events, cannot be—by their very nature and form—anything else but fragments. Nor do they give more than a bare, disconnected outline of the story of his life or loves. But his letters are more comprehensive attempts at autobiography. In them he is, as he confessed, a memory come alive, and lays bare his very soul and conscience.

Again and again in the letters we come across his meticulously drawn self-portraits. The letter to his father—included in the volume containing "The Wedding Preparations and other Posthumous Prose Writings"—in which he gives an expert and explicit analysis of the father-son relationship and the origin of his fear-complex, is perhaps one of the truest psychological portraits of a neurotic ever drawn by himself. The letters to Milena, besides containing the most beautiful and profound

passages among all his writing, provide a series of superb psychological studies of the author as Man, lover, mystic poet and stricken genius.

In the winter of 1920, Kafka was for sometime in a sanatorium in Meran, a health spot in Austria, away from his hated job, a little blessed with the solitude he craved for. The only voice that reached him from the world outside, was the voice of Milena, talking to him about his works which she was engaged in translating into Czech. Kafka's acquaintance with her dated a little earlier, when she started to translate his short stories and early prose work. Milena Jesenska was twenty three, married, and already well known in the literary circles of Prague. She was just at this time living by herself in Vienna. Descended from an ancient Czech family in Prague, she had many of the patrician qualities of her countrywomen. Passion and intelligence predominated in her character. Willi Haas, the editor of the letters, and a close friend of Milena, knew her to be "reckless where her passion was involved and during her youth it was involved almost all the time"; "she squandered recklessly," he says, "her life, money, feelings, her own and those that were offered to her." Kafka evidently admired her intrepid way of living and her literary gifts. "I know in Czech," he writes,

"only one music of language, that of Bozena Nemcova, here is another music, but related to the former, in determination, passion, loveliness, and above all a clairvoyant intelligence." Milena with her astute judgement, recognised the quality of Kafka's genius and revered his poetic gift. The admiration and sympathy each felt for the other, as well as other circumstances such as Milena's ill-health, financial worries, estrangement from her husband and Kafka's serious illness, and conflicts about his finance, fanned the flame. It is no wonder that what began as a literary friendship between an author and his translator suddenly, and almost involuntarily became transformed into a passionate attachment. But little did they dream when they wrote to each other, that their intense, hopeless, and self-destructing love was to enrich literature with one of the most moving stories of love ever told in letters or autobiography. The value of these intimate and private documents are all the greater now, as they were never meant to be published.

Willi Haas mentioned, in the preface, that the love of Kafka and Milena, like the love of Werther or Kierkegaard, was essentially a letter-love. Both sensed from the beginning that they could never have a common future, that there was never the possibility of a shared life for

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them. Though Milena's was a slowly-dissolving marriage, she was still, in her own way, attached to her husband. Kafka, too had a fiance waiting for him at Prague. Later, even after he broke his engagement, he was not free. He was hopelessly drowned in fear, a fear whose nature he knew and explained to Milena as "the defensive instinct that would not tolerate the slightest degree of lasting ease and smashed the marriage bed even before it was set up." Thus had his three previous engagements come to nothing.

Between 1920 and '22, Kafka and Milena wrote to each other every day, often several letters a day. Their imprisoned love found an outlet through urgent expression. The mood of the letters passes from friendly sympathy at first to deepening interest and tenderness, then to despondent and tortured love, and finally to a craving for peace. The growth of this strange and unavailing love, its pattern and fervour, become apparent as the mode of address and signature changes from Dear Fraw Milena to Milena, from Kafka to Franz and 'Thine' while he gladly loses even his name and identity. Kafka's deeper and more sensitive nature endowed his love with many forms and expressions. Milena was to him 'mother', 'angel' and 'girl'; a mother who could never hurt her child, an angel that bade him live, and a girl who was 'as girl a one as he ever saw.' He, her child and lover, received love and courage from her, and offered her his heart's homage. Often he lost his identity and felt one with her; even his conception of time and place became confused as when he wrote from Prague to Milena living in Vienna, "you don't seem to realise, Milena, that we are standing side by side and watching this creature on the ground which is me; but I, as the spectator, am then non-existent." Or again, when he said in another letter, "By the most complete magic you are

here as much as I, and more intensely. Wherever I am, you are there, as much as I am, indeed more so."

Possessing a nature that never flinched at truth, whatever it might cost him or others, Kafka realised that so complicated a situation as theirs, would never yield a happy future. In spite of Milena's life-giving love, even the present was dark with forebodings. Milena's nature might allow lapses, but not his. There was her husband to consider, her love for him and his need of Milena. He would have been content to merely receive her letters and pour his own love into those he wrote, but Milena was impetuous and demanding. He bowed to her uninhibited bursts of anger and love and in letters which tore him apart, all night he answered her with his sleepless brain, appealing to her heart and head. He told her of the 38 year journey lying behind him, of the disease of the lungs which was only an overflowing of the mental disease. Of his vast weariness and restlessness, legacies of his Jewish origin, of his fear which was in essence "the fear of all faiths since the beginning of time." He compared himself to the dead and distant moon that desired the strong sea with its vast tumbling waters. He expressed his wonder and humility that such a love had come his way in inexpressibly moving words, "I can't shout, nor does anything shout within me, nor do I say a thousand foolish things, they are not in me, and the fact that I am kneeling I discover, perhaps only through seeing your feet quite close before my eyes and by caressing them." Could Milena or any other woman resist such letters?

In Kafka's relationship with the girls he was engaged to previously, it was he who was directly responsible for the impasse. He battered and suffered, but now it was Milena who caused the suffering, though he

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absolved her from all blame. But when he suffered, Milena too, suffered through him. The will to suffer was an essential trait in the Slav conception of a zest of life which Milena shared. It was also the only way of communicating with a soul like Kafka's.

Weak with insomnia and advancing consumption, Kafka was unable to endure the bliss and despair Milena offered through her love. As the unresolved conflict went on and on, the attraction of their opposite natures wore out. By the end of January '22, their relationship was, alas, slowly disintegrating. He noted down in his diary that "what used to be a dividing thread, is now a wall, or a mountain range or more correctly a grave". Among the last few letters written while the self-destroying flame burnt low, pleading for a little peace, there is one which is pure poetry, which I am tempted to, but will not quote at length. The poet speaks through the lover when he says, "I, an animal of the forest, lay somewhere in a dirty ditch, . . . then I saw you outside in the open, the most wonderful thing I've ever seen. I came close to you, cowered beside you, laid my face in your hands and I was so happy, so free, so powerful, so at home. I, belonging still to the forest, lived here in the open only by your grace, read without realising it, my fate in your face . . . I had to return to darkness again. I could not stand the sun, and like a stray animal began to run, as fast as I could, but always with the thought 'If I could only take her with me!' You ask me how I live. This is how I live."

Kafka was born and chosen to suffer, but his suffering was creative even in its self-torment. "After all sorrow is not the greatest evil" he confessed. Could we who have the legacy of his letters to Milena, dare to disagree with him?

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New Books

Inside Africa—John Gunther. Hamish Hamilton, London. 30 sh. net.

THIS book can be described adequately only in Dominie Samson's breathless and gasping exclamation: 'Pro-dee-gee-ous! It consists of nearly 1000 pages and more than half a million words. According to the author it has been the work of many years and naturally forms a stunning climax to a spectacular and successful series which Mr. Gunther has made his own. *Inside Africa* is a dazzling mosaic of encyclopedia, directory, gazetteer, who's who and annual registers dressed on top with the cream of international gossip. It contains besides sizeable chunks of ethnology, anthropology, folk-lore, exploration, and tit-bits of the manners and customs of a most amazing assortment of tribes and people ranging from primitive times to the most emancipated and sophisticated circles of the present. The kneading of this enormous and disparate mass into some sort of gleaming, fragrant and appetising consistency is achieved by a style of enviable ease and recurrent felicities of thought and phrase.

Like all reference books, you can open it anywhere and read up to any point and yet come away with a sense of having acquired a fund of new knowledge as an exhilarating experience. After a few sessions with the volume, we think we have come to understand the technique of its assembly. Glancing over the contents, our eyes caught the chapter entitled: A visit to Mr. Albert Schweitzer. Plunging into it we finished off 30 pages in one reading and then only realised that the life and ministry of this remarkable man as missionary, doctor and martinet—recently publicised by the award of

the Order of Merit to him by Queen Elizabeth II—had not much direct relevance to a history of Africa. What then was the justification for giving him such extended notice? The answer is quite simply that he had spent all his life *Inside Africa*! This is what may be justly described as the Puranic way of writing. As often as possible you begin at the beginning, and you make your progress by flying off at a tangent frequently. That is the secret of the massive size of the volume.

Mr. Gunther is the modern Ulysses armed with a journalistic flair which has been the gift to him of Athene and Clio combined; he has the entree into the most exclusive circles, has interviewed all the notabilities of the world and writes up his copy with a discreet tact and zeal for objective truth which are not often combined. The result is not a dull page or a dull sentence. Even statistics assume a character and personality depending upon the context in which they are deftly introduced. All his comparisons are themselves masterly epitomes of what in the hands of other writers might have led to otiose diffusion.

Everything about Africa is gigantic, and the world has not appreciated the fact. It is bigger than North America, Europe minus Russia, India and China all put together. Only ten per cent of its area is habitable; and its natural resources are beyond the wildest dreams of inflamed imagination. Its racial, regional, political and economic diversities make it at once the museum of antiquities and the laboratory of the present. It is the merit of Mr. Gunther's book that it helps us to see both the wood and the trees.

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Starting with North Africa from the Western end Mr. Gunther takes a leisurely eastward trip to Egypt, then dips south and east skirting the coast and surveying the countries of Egypt, the Sudan, Abyssinia, East Africa and reaches at last South Africa where he dissects Apartheid and its apostles at close quarters. Then up again through Rhodesia to the Western coast of the dark continent we get sketches of Belgian Congo and Nigeria. Thus the circle is completed, and the journey ends at the point where it first began.

Mr. Gunther's main preoccupation is political; but as background to a proper understanding of it, he gives us a profusion of other material which furnishes the craving. Colonialism is studied in all its gradations from French 'assimilation' to the ruthless atrocities of Leopold of Belgium. The Arab world is distinguished from the Moorish or Moslem agitation for self-rule throughout the coastal belt. Egypt and the Sudan are comparatively better known; but the summary of their history is both sparkling and up to date. East Africa is so treated as to bring us into the picture *mirabile dictu*, as the villain of the piece. The rising of the Kikuyus is darkly ascribed to the machinations of Indian imperialists with a view to drive the British away and make the country a colony for the surplus population of our country! Let us hasten to add that Mr. Gunther does not say so or believe it; but that is one of the lines of thought to which the distracted Blimps of the area are said to have succumbed.

The unfolding of the history of South Africa is after the manner of some Greek tragedy with a sense of ripening doom. The dilemma of the white settlers in the region is stated fairly; but the Cassandra note in the assessment of future trends is not avoided.

It is a more cheerful picture which we get of the countries and states

in the West—Congo, Nigeria and the Gold Coast. All these are either under U. N. Trusteeship or trained to self-government by a British Civil service which is consciously preparing for its own liquidation!

Biographical insets are as numerous as they are delightful. The Sultan of Marrakeesh and Sir Winston Churchill as friends hark back to an atmosphere in which there is, in Kipling's words, neither east nor west, but one world of strong men greeting and respecting one another. Naguib and Nasser are contrasted, and nationalism among the Islamic groups on the Mediterranean belt is shown to be monotonously anti-British or anti-French. Haile Selassie is a frail little man like a gnome who is said to be conducting a one-man show in his extensive dominions. Naturally such a juicy bit as the legendary account of the encounter between the Queen of Sheba and Solomon is rehashed for the mostly ignorant and hurried modern reader! Mussolini is described as a 'gorilla', while a cardinal is described as first-rate because of his sophistication! Nkrumah of Nigeria is described very closely and dubbed the Nehru of the West Coast.

There are countless other tit-bits, jokes, repartees and uncensored utterances of celebrities which can only be hinted at. In a final chapter, the author sums up the results of his long and exciting journey. Africa is on the march; it is dead set against colonialism, though it is still unable to stand on its own feet. If the more prosperous Western nations, and particularly the democracies, do not come to its rescue then Africa would infallibly go communist. The author ends on that lugubrious note. But that won't be the end of history or of the world; for even if the whole world did go communist, the struggle of man against man will still continue in some other shape and in relation to some other leading ideas.

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Another aspect of the book which also amounts to something of a bogey is the Arab element in Africa, specially in the Mediterranean belt. The prevailing fashion throughout the world today is to treat this phenomenon—by both friend and foe—as if it were sacrosanct. By and by, we have no doubt that people concerned will begin to ask themselves the question: What business have the Arabs to do—outside Arabia? Half the so-called Arab element—if not more—is Arab by cultural or linguistic affiliation or adoption. A few Sheikhs of true blue Arab blood are exploiting emotional and religious factors to make their own position secure in a world of change. It is as if the Tamils who are found scattered in different parts of the Near and Far East should set up the cry of Tamizhagam in danger, and claim for themselves in the lands of their adoption special immunities or privileges for themselves. The Arab world is in ferment no doubt; but so far as the bulk of the North African population is concerned their emancipation from colonialism might mean nothing more than their exchanging King Log for King Stork. They will doubtless find it out for themselves in due course.

The next feature of the book is its generous and appreciative reference to the virtues of British colonial rule throughout Africa—even including the area which has smudged their faces and blackened their names—Kenya. The role of the British as colonialists was both adventurous and honourable. Another fact about them to which we may draw attention is that they found India just when they lost the American Colonies, and have been digging their toes into Africa ever since it became clear to them that their hold on India would have to be loosened. So they have left a trail of good works behind them which still ensure them recurrent profits—both tangible and intangible.

Can Africa act together? Not for a long time to come says Mr. Gunther. The recent Afro-Asian Conference promoted on our country's initiative was a device of vicarious anti-colonial zeal from which the immediate losers are expected to be the imperialist powers and the remote gainers the natives concerned! Conditions vary so widely that a 'Quit Africa' movement can never hope to obtain the needed momentum or achieve the desired results in the near future. But it is like serving notice on the concerned powers 'to quit'.

The citation of sources and extent of documentation are impressive. Mr. Gunther quotes Sri V. K. Krishna Menon as saying—a propos—the West African people under Trusteeship mandate that the Trusteeship Council must take steps to educate their masters. Apparently Mr. Gunther does not know that the remark was made by an English liberal statesman soon after the passing of the first Reform Bill in 1832. It is singularly inappropriate to quote it in connection with backward people who have no sort of franchise to send delegates or members to the Trusteeship council direct.

If all the opinions in the book are segregated from all the facts and if the reader can distinguish which is which, then he can use it as a tool of priceless value.

Some Inner Fury. By Kamala Markandaya. Putnam, London. 15sh.

READING Kamala Markandaya is a grave pleasure. Though she has wit to lash incongruity or excess, she uses it sparingly and is all the time aware of the power for mischief and ruin that prejudiced and even fatuous people wield. With her we come to rest only in tragedy. People enter her book in faith, hope and charity, in the splendour of youth and in the delicacy of unsullied emotions. They are set

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against apparently enduring landscape: the strenuous, deep-rooted and lovable village of *Nectar in a Sieve* or the well-protected layer of rich Indian society of the first half of this century, from which the persons who work off *Some Inner Fury* are drawn. But then, with the dread inevitability of an ordained predestination, the skies darken, the storm gathers, thunder and lightning assault us with mounting force, and the fury of man against himself bursts over the landscape we love, like lava, burying everything under it. The world we knew and of which we were a part is not here any more; it has been destroyed, and we will never be the same again. And the horrible suspicion dawns on us that we are ourselves the destroyers of our world; that no natural fury can approximate to man's inner fury; we can rebuild a flood-devastated countryside or a burnt-out town, but we cannot rebuild ourselves.

It is this tragic sanity that distinguishes the novels of Markandaya from the work of a writer of her own country: R. K. Narayan. Narayan pursues a tragic fact beyond death in *The English Teacher*, but emerges from the task of breaking down the awful barrier between death and life in final triumph. In his other novels, Narayan is compassionate but amused, and his most recent novel is concerned with going behind the superficialities of a nation's thinking and with seeing things stripped of their conventional rhetoric. Narayan's temperament is a child of bright skies and tolerable weather, a weather that could have been much worse; Markandaya's temperament is that of a bewildered child who had known bright skies and fresh water springs once upon a time, but who has now only her memories of them left after the storm made her skies permanently dark and her springs permanently polluted.

India, of course, can hardly be contained in the combined vision of these two novelists. Take a third one, John Masters. His forte is the extension of our experience. He is what we may call a horizontal writer; an inexhaustible and fascinating explorer; he extends our experience into novel territories endlessly. He says little or nothing about the general moulds of human nature, but he is indefatigable in turning up curious (and rather archaeological!), out-of-the-way experiments of the universal Potter. Kamala Markandaya is not interested in extension of experience, and R. K. Narayan is with her in this; both of them seek the intensification of our experience, not its extension.

What has Markandaya in *Nectar in a Sieve*? The love of a wife for her husband. What has she in *Some Inner Fury*? The love of a woman for a man. The giant simplicity of Hardy's lines comes to mind:

Only a maid and her wight
Come whispering by;
But war's annals will fade into night
Ere their story die.

But the maid and her wight whisper in new tongues as the decades unroll, and their story, ever the same, is also ever different, and must be told again and over again. Markandaya has the mind and the heart for this recurring task. She has feeling, passion and flashes of power; she has a sensitive understanding of what words can do, and is very likely half in love with them. She did not appear to be so in her first novel, but reading the present book, we found ourselves often re-reading her sentences and savouring them in slow fashion, as lazily as we would eat the soft flesh of a tender coconut. This is an enviable talent which is denied even to a writer like Narayan.

It is also pleasing to find that the most obvious fault of *Nectar in a Sieve* (Continued on page 38)

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Short Story

By V. K. Subramaniam

KAMALA

Hereafter he would speak to Kamala only words of tenderness and love. Whatever she wished he would get her . . .

OUTSIDE, a wild wind smote the windows and a storm was raging. Inside, in his low-built room, Shankar sat, his head held in his hands, and looked out. The guava trees were swaying in the wind and dark rain-clouds rising up in the summer sky. As he watched the fury of Nature, foreboding an impending downpour, dim memories of a by-gone past forced themselves into his head.

He remembered his wedding day. Kamala was seventeen then. He was twenty-two. The thin slip of a girl, feeling awkward in her new-bound ties, had no place in his business-like, matter-of-fact mind then. She did not seem different from the several other things which had become his that day—the gold ring on his finger, the watch on his wrist, the woollen coat on his shoulders or the silken dhotie round his loins!

But a little scene that day came back to him rather vividly. As the *muhurtham* hour drew near, his brother had come to him and said "Come on, let us go from this wretched house, we don't want their girl. The rogues haven't given the two hundred they promised today. Come on, let us go!"

He had not paused to ponder over his brother's words but almost immediately followed him, oblivious of the dressed-up Kamala, the already-arranged wedding feast, the hundreds of guests who had come to watch the wedding. He had no discerning power then!

Back in their lodging house, they had sat grim and proud, seeking no mercy and granting none. "Let us

see what they'll do now," the elder brother said, spitting a mouthful of *pan*. What could they do? The vanquished had to fall at the feet of the conquerors. Had he no sense of shame then? Why did he have to wait for Kamala's father to come and beg at his brother's feet, in order to move his august person to the marriage *pandal*? Why? He did not know. Only after that shameful scene had he tied the *thali* round Kamala's slender neck. On her wedding day, how much of agony and anxiety Kamala should have undergone!

He recalled the scene when he took Kamala to his ancestral home. It was a dark night, and he had brought a country boat along the backwaters that stretched beyond Kamala's house. When he entered, Kamala and her mother were alone. Her father and brother had gone to a neighbouring temple five miles off to attend the annual festival. Trembling all over, Kamala came with a cup of coffee and a plateful of sweets. But he flatly refused them; and addressing Kamala's mother, said gruffly: "I have come over to take Kamala with me to her-er—to my home."

For a moment, Kamala's mother was silent.

"Her father and brother are not here—" she said in a faint voice.

"So what?"

"Couldn't you wait till they come? They'll be coming in 3 hours—"

Before she could finish, he had gone red with rage and cried, "If you are not prepared to send your daughter with me now, she can always

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remain in her maternal home," and without another word had walked off to the boat-jetty. How Kamala's heart should have fluttered at those words! How brutish he had been! And yet, when he reached the boat, he turned round to see tear-stained Kamala with all her things bundled up, coming to him. In his innermost heart, he wanted to be soft to her and ask her pardon; but his pride! It was master of him. Hence he still put on a serious countenance and told her: "Why did you come? You could have stayed at home!" Kamala answered with that silent glance of hers, from behind those long eye-lashes and gently put her things into the boat. It looked as if it happened yesterday.

He did not send her home for her first delivery. First delivery! Did he ever understand the agony of a woman, when she carried a child? How Kamala would have been in dire need of one dear to her, to comfort her, to smooth over the difficult days! How she would have ached to be near her mother for support! And yet she had to remain in that dingy, old ancestral home of his—with no one to give succour—but only jealous and angry eyes about her. Why did he not send her home? Why did he succumb to his family pride, to the dictum of his elder brother? What right had others to interfere in his affairs?

He had even refused to talk with Kamala's father who had come to see the first born child, for the fault of not being able to give, in full, the promised dowry! What was he?—A human being or a Mammon—And yet in those days, at the height of his youthful blood, he knew not what he did—he knew not—

When their second child Kumar was born, Kamala had expressed a desire to call the child by the name of her father. It was a simple request and there was no reason why he should have refused that simple

request of hers—a mere naming of the child. But he had found it wiser to consult his elder brother. And then so many objections were raised and he could not allow himself to accede to Kamala's desire. The old grudge against her father for his non-payment of part of the dowry remained strong in his family and he had to tell Kamala: "Why worry about naming this one now, Kamala? We shall see later." Kamala, the docile, never raised the question again. She always submitted to his will and pleasure... But he?—Did he ever satisfy a wish of hers?

He remembered how Kamala had wanted a new saree for the last Deepavali. After days of irritable behaviour, he had given her grudgingly twenty five rupees to buy a saree. How radiant Kamala felt then! But at the eleventh hour, he had clutched away the money and denied her his promise of a saree. How disappointed she would have been!

Now he would make amends for it all. Hereafter he would speak to Kamala only words of tenderness and love. Whatever she wished, he would get her. She should have no more heartaches. She has had her fill of worry and suffering. On her birthday which fell two days hence he

(Continued from page 36)

Sieve has been avoided in this book. There is a confusion between the author and the narrator in the first novel. The latter is a simple village woman, and though of heroic stature, is just not sophisticated enough to understand philosophically what is happening to her and about her. Marikandaya got herself mixed up with her character. But in *Some Inner Fury*, there is a perfect congruence between the narrator and the author. There is an almost autobiographical congruence. This may merely be the power of illusion, and if it is so, we can think of nothing better as a tribute to the novelist's achievement.

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would give her a surprise—a nice, new saree, which she had missed for the Deepavali.

He would tell Kamala all that he remembered at this penitent moment—of the mistakes of the past and vouchsafe to her kindness on his part throughout the remainder of his life.

He would tell her what a nice time she was going to have with her children and her husband doting on her!

"Kamala! Kamala! Come here for a minute" he called, exultant, eager to communicate to Kamala his change of mind.

Was Kamala busy in the kitchen or washing the children? She might be plucking the flowers for the flower

vase or watering the roses; or was she tending the cow? Kamala was incorrigible. She never kept quiet for a single moment. She would soon tire herself out. He must warn her...

All on a sudden, Shankar sat up with a jerk, shaken from his rambling thoughts. Where was Kamala? Then he remembered. She lay dead in the next room, and the children were wailing. Their mounting cries, mingled with the howling of the wind reached his ears. Madly, he ran to Kamala's bedside and knelt. Then he saw the placid face of Kamala, cold and still in the grip of death; it bore no ill-will, no resentment, no anger.

WONDER TREATMENT

When attractive Dora Bryan, a well-known British actress, walked before the audience at a fashion parade held in a famous London hotel she wore a beautiful green silk dress. She was offered a glass of wine by a page boy, a very unusual happening during a dress parade, took a sip of it and then, more unusual still, poured the rest down her skirt. The spectators gasped, as well they might, but they gasped a second time when Miss Bryan gave the dress a shake and turned round slowly to show that the wine had left no trace of any kind. This astounding demonstration was proof of what can be done when fabrics are given treatment with silicones, which makes them water repellent, resistant to stains, more lustrous and easier to drape and sew, gives them, in fact, almost every advantage that men or women could desire.

A. G. Anderson, reporting on this apparent miracle in the course of a BBC programme, said that the treatment can also be given to furs, shoe and glove leather and luggage, and treated goods will be on sale in British shops early next year. The fashion parade included clothes for men and children, too, and every

mother present heaved a sigh of relief at the thought of being able to buy children's light summer clothes that would resist stains and a shower-proof at the same time. Silicone treated knitting wool will make jerseys and pullovers that will need less washing; stockings will not spot so easily in the rain; velvet will become washable, and male members of the family will find that their cuffs and trouser turnups will not fray so quickly.

Silicone components have properties that are not possessed by any other substance. They can take a variety of forms, including rubber, resins, fluids and greases, and they form a sheath round the individual fibres and do not coat the fabric, which remains porous and is therefore comfortable and healthy to wear. The cost, which is very low, varies with the thickness of the fabric and the amount of impregnation needed. Silicones are produced in many countries but are more widely and variously used in Britain than anywhere else in Europe and the makers of the new product say that there is hardly an industry which does already or cannot immediately benefit from the use of silicones.

AN IDEOLOGY FOR PRAJA SOCIALIST PARTY

By G. S. BHARGAVA

"WHAT is wrong with the Praja Socialist Party?" For over three years now this question has been persistently cropping up within and without the party but till the recent second national conference of the party at Gaya a comprehensive and correct answer to it remained to be found. Dr. Lohia traced the cause for the trouble besetting his party to his personal rivals in the party and decided that their elimination would stop the rot. Others blamed it on the lack of self-discipline among the members, especially the highly placed ones, while a third version was that a towering leader of the stature of Jayaprakash Narayan could restore the party to its former vigour. No doubt, all these prescriptions were valid but only in part.

The chequered history of the party since, in 1947, it ceased to be a ginger group inside the Congress and embarked on an independent existence highlights a basic dilemma, to be or not to be, which manifested itself for some time as an inter-party debate on the need or otherwise of an ideology for the party and later on took the shape of a raging controversy on whether the party should be a corrective or alternative to the Congress, a pressure group in favour of speedy social change or an instrument of social revolution itself.

As the Congress Socialist Party, from its inception in 1934 till its secession from the parent body in the year of independence, it was a group of intellectual elite with selective membership and given to conversion of the Congress to Socialism. Though anti-Marxists like Dr. Sampurnanand and Dr. Lohia and

anti-Communists like Mr. Masani held leading positions in the C. S. P., its ideology was basically Marxist, thanks to Jayaprakash who was a Marxist then.

On the ground that the Congress could no longer develop into a fit instrument of Socialism, the organic link with the parent body was snapped in 1947. That had brought about a change in the role of the party itself, from that of being a Socialist corrective to the Congress to being an instrument of Socialism and an alternative to the party in power. As a handful of intellectuals could not fulfil that task, the party had to be broadbased with membership thrown open to all those pledged to Socialism. The alternative was to ape the Bolsheviks and go in for "democratic centralism" which, it became clear from the Soviet experience, would be unsuitable for a democratic party. Moreover, the Socialist Party had by then cut itself free of its Marxist moorings. Violent insurrectionary means had been ruled out, consistency of means with ends emphasised and utility of universal franchise and the ballot box capture of power recognised. In the circumstances a conspiratorial group governed by "democratic centralism" would be out of place, unless it had the flexibility of the Communists.

Therefore, in 1949, the Socialist Party became a mass party on the pattern of the British Labour Party, with provision for collective affiliation of trade unions, peasant organisations and youth bodies. Subsequently the collective affiliation clause was dropped from the party constitution on the ground that it was tending to bring the party under the thumb of

a few trade unionists whose outlook was limited to short-term economic gains for the working class. The net result of these rapid changes was that at the time of the 1952 General Election, the Socialist Party was a loosely-knit mass party, without an ideology and with only a handful of popular leaders at its helm. Lacking a comprehensive view of Socialism, the party concentrated attention on the economic and political aspects, reducing a philosophy to a set of slogans such as nationalisation of basic industries and redistribution of land.

The election debacle brought in its wake dispiritedness and demoralisation, especially among the leadership. An epidemic of defections at the top level followed, striking the party at its only strong point. The K. M. P. P., with which the party merged subsequently, supplied new leaders but instead of solving the problem it only aggravated it by sharpening the personal ambitions of men like Dr. Lohia. While the latter paralysed the party under an ideological smoke screen, former K. M. P. P. leaders like Dr. Prafulla Ghosh, Mr. Sadiq Ali and even Acharya Kripalani to an extent came to be smitten by political asceticism which had already claimed Socialist leaders like Achyut Patwardhan and Jayaprakash. Meanwhile chaos reigned in the party.

Efforts to compel truce between warring leaders failed completely, Dr. Lohia being basically opposed to "peaceful co-existence." Equally unfruitful were efforts to bring back to the helm of party affairs a towering personality like Jayaprakash. So followed a thirst for ideology which would obviate dependence on leadership for bringing cohesion and character to the party. This urge for an ideology overshadowed everything else, including personal loyalties to leaders and Socialist-Gandhian nuances. At Gaya, delegate after delegate stressed the fact that the party could not get on without both

ideology and leadership and that the aversion of European Socialists for a cut and dried ideology could not be shared by their Indian counterparts who had to operate in a society riven simultaneously into classes and castes, who had to contend with backwardness on one hand and revivalism on the other and, above all, whose political and economic slogans were non-controversial, unlike in Europe. It was pointed out that Democratic Socialism, as a philosophy and a way of life, remained to be developed, for, with the acceptance by the ruling party of the goal of "Socialistic pattern of society" its economic and political aspects ceased to be exclusive. In brief, there was no longer any grist for the mills of a Socialist party without an ideology.

The difference between Acharya Narendra Deva and other P. S. P. leaders is that his popularity in the party is more ideological than personal. It was a well-known fact that at the time of the Socialist-K. M. P. P. merger three years ago if his opposition to it had been known earlier delegates would have rejected it outright. Out of deference to Jayaprakash and Dr. Lohia, both of whom supported the merger, Acharya Narendra Deva had confined his views to his valedictory speech as outgoing Chairman of the Socialist Party. At Gaya, though it was clear that in his present state of health Acharya Narendra Deva—he is popularly called Acharyaji—would not be able to provide active guidance to the party, he was re-elected Chairman because it was felt his ideological direction was more important than the personal attention of all others.

And Acharyaji has justified, even from his sickbed, the faith his party men reposed in him. For the first time in nearly a decade, the party will now have, thanks to him, a comprehensive philosophy embracing all walks of life. It is not, as uncharitable critics had said, an amalgam of

the different streams of thought which have joined to make the P.S.P. It is, on the other hand, a beautiful blend of the ideas of Marx and Gandhi, a synthesis of the rich cultural heritage of India with the Western scientific approach to problems, a humanist superstructure on an egalitarian base. And in a country like ours with its genius for synthesis, there is nothing unnatural about it.

"Lucknow Thesis," as the policy statement prepared under the guidance of Acharya Narendra Deva is known, starts with a realistic appraisal of the objective situation in the country, that the economy is under-developed and enables exploitation of the producing masses by the property-owning classes, that caste prejudices surcharge the entire life and tend to undermine national unity and patriotic spirit, that the cultural life, rich in many ways, suffers from parochialism, scholasticism and sectarianism, that "there is a complete disintegration of our moral life," the old moral norms of a hierarchical character being unsuited to an age of democracy.

Then follows a description of the tasks awaiting the Socialists in the different fields, political, economic, cultural and ethical. But, the document stresses, "as in the era of foreign domination the question of political freedom had acquired primacy over all other questions, so in this era of capitalist domination the question of economic freedom has acquired primacy. This is because the concentration of capital in the hands of a single class forms the basis of all other forms of domination, and the economic wants of the toiling masses constitute the main impelling force of revolution."

This is, no doubt, a Marxian approach. But those who call themselves Marxists will not agree with Acharya Narendra Deva when he rules out insurrectionary means, cautions Socialists against undue stress on the general strike as a poli-

tical weapon in the Socialist armoury and opposes proletarian hegemony. Instead of "blowing hot and cold" about insurrection, Socialists should, according to him, make the best use of adult franchise to develop close contacts with the mass of the people and educate them in Socialist solutions to different problems, to fight elections and enter legislatures" to arraign the Government for its sins of commission and omission and to defend rights and liberties of toiling masses," and finally to capture political power "which may be used to promote the cause of Socialist revolution."

Thus, there is no change in the *modus operandi* of the P. S. P. Only instead of shifting positions like a rudderless ship on the high seas it will now have a philosophy of Democratic Socialism within the framework of which the party will function at the parliamentary and extra-parliamentary levels. Here also there has been no departure from the earlier position. The Socialist Party, when it accepted democratic means in 1948, defined them as constitutional as well as extra-constitutional, providing for recourse to Satyagraha and the General Strike. The P. S. P. in its basic merger agreement five years later re-affirmed that "non-violent class struggle such as Satyagraha and strikes are also a necessary method of democratic action."

One of the reasons why the Socialist Party had in 1948 rejected Marxism was its stress on proletarian hegemony, even as a transitional phase, and the subsidiary role it assigned to the peasantry. How could the peasants, who constitute 80 per cent of the population, be ignored in a country like ours? And how could a set-up which subordinated their interests to those of a minority of industrial workers be democratic? These were the considerations which weighed with the Socialists then.

The same un-Marxian trend of pro-peasant orientation is evident in the new policy statement which has been dubbed Marxist by some of its critics. Forced collectivization of land and subordination of agricultural economy to the urban sector are opposed. Immediate ending of ejectment of tenants, clearance of the present jungle of land tenures and their uniformisation, redistribution of land and consolidation of fragmented holdings are some of the principal planks of the party's agrarian programme.

The party's support to the Bhoodan movement will also be anathema to bookish Marxists. But it is not devoid of rationale nor is it in conflict with the class approach to problems. Because the Bhoodan movement promotes public initiative and a consciousness that property is socially owned, because it engenders social solidarity in the countryside, the P. S. P. supports it. But the movement is regarded only as a means to early land reform legislation, failing which "it should pave the way for mass Satyagraha." In this connection it is significant that the party does not think that in the urban sector where class distinctions are sharper social change can be brought about by change of heart.

The Socialists' flair for decentralisation, another un-Marxian trait, has been happily blended with the pro-peasant outlook. Holding correctly that centralisation of economic power is killing public initiative and hampering free growth of talent and human personality, the document has suggested a way out of the growing trend towards "Statism". According to it, "in the decentralised Socialist State, the village panchayat, elected on the basis of universal franchise, will be the chief organ of State authority in the area."

Stressing the need for fostering co-operative spirit in the country, the statement says "it is not possible through propaganda alone.

To that end peasants are to be engaged in voluntary, constructive, co-operative efforts in building a new village. Bands of land volunteers are to be raised in villages to dig wells, tanks and compost pits, to reclaim waterlogged areas, to construct roads, bunds, fences, etc."

The industrial policy of the party, besides reiterating the pledge to nationalise basic industries and regulate the others, stands for workers' participation in the control and management of nationalised industries to offset bureaucratism. It declares that "economic advance must be conceived not only in material terms of natural resources, capital, machines, technical skill or even production goods, but also in human terms in terms of human happiness, progress and dignity."

The party's attitude to the small-scale industry is governed not merely by the short-term consideration of raising employment potential but by the basic urge for decentralisation. To provide additional avenues of income to the under-employed in the countryside as well as to reduce pressure on land, the party wants the hereditary skill of the village artisans to be revived. But to increase productivity and eliminate drudgery it is suggested that technological progress should be brought to bear on cottage industry and modernize it.

The party's solicitude for the middle classes is not born of love of their votes. While acknowledging the importance of "independent vocations and intellectual professions," it emphasizes before them the unity of knowledge and labour as a cardinal principle of Socialism. This unity is sought to be achieved through proper co-ordination of general education and vocational training and a fellowship between manual workers and intellectual workers.

Definition of "Socialist culture" in a chapter devoted entirely to it, is

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as welcome as it is now, for hitherto Socialists considered cultural matters to be beyond their purview. Though, like the Communists, the P. S. P. does not believe in front organizations and camouflage tactics, its interest as a party in cultural matters will make it acceptable to even those who may not see eye with it on political and economic issues. Moreover, it distinguishes the party more sharply from the Congress and the Communists, the economic slogans of both of which tend to narrow down the dividing line. "Socialist culture" is based on the Marxist premise that social environment, more than geographical factors, moulds the culture of a people. It, therefore, rejects the Congress concept of a composite culture "which imposes an essentially feudal culture on a society intended to be democratic." At the same time, the P. S. P. is opposed to rigid uniformity in cultural matters.

From the policy statement, Democratic Socialism emerges not as a middle-of-the-road philosophy but as a positive ideology wedded to democracy and social justice. It stands for a thorough decentralisation of political power and elimination of "Statism" and bureaucracy, both of which are rampant today and will be inevitable in a Communist set-up. The equality with urban sector which Democratic Socialism envisages for rural economy remains to be achieved today and can never be the case if Communists come to power. Economically, it is pledged to diffusion of initiative so that the means of production and distribution are not the monopoly of either a few or the State. This is more than the nationalisation to which the Congress is partially committed. Together with the stress on small-unit machines, this constitutes the very antithesis of the Communist concept of centralised direction and rigid State control of the economy.

Culturally, Democratic Socialism enshrines humanism on the pedestal of a classless and casteless society. Class collaboration does not lead to this goal.

While theoretically the ideology may be sound its practical utility to a party so loosely knit and so badly lacking in internal discipline as the P. S. P. may be in doubt. From this point of view, the exit of Dr. Lohia and his followers has been a blessing in disguise. Dr. Lohia's fantastic idea that discipline is totalitarian no longer holds water in the party. Nor does anybody in the P. S. P. today believe in the learned doctor's formula of "discipline in action and freedom of speech", according to which Dr. Lohia could say things diametrically opposed to party policy and get away with it. On the other hand, Acharya Narendra Deva's appeal for self-discipline was well received at Gaya. This was in fact its greatest achievement.

The second point which is likely to worry doubting Thomases will be the opposition of influential leaders like Acharya Kripalani and Mr. Asoka Mehta to the new policy statement. But this does not forebode another split in the party, for the last three unhappy years of the P. S. P.'s existence indicate that there is no greater respecter of discipline than Acharya Kripalani. When he is in a minority he will readily abide by the majority point of view.

Last, but not least, the fact that Mrs. Sucheta Kripalani, Mr. Asoka Mehta and Mr. H. V. Kamath were, in the same order, the first three in the number of votes polled in the elections to the National Executive showed that narrow loyalties had no sway in the party today. Respectively, the three leaders belonged to the former K. M. P. P., the Socialist Party and the Forward Bloc, the complete fusion of which was opposed at Gaya. Secondly, they and still polled more votes than many supporters.

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CORRESPONDENCE

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

Girl-gazers and Girl-chasers

Sir,—There was heartening news in the press a day or two ago for parents and guardians of grown-up girls who have to go alone to schools, colleges, and offices daily. The learned Chief Presidency Magistrate, after sentencing a young man to undergo rigorous imprisonment for three months for having pulled the shoulder of a young woman clerk from behind at a bus stop, remarked that cases of this kind called for a deterrent punishment, as an example to others. He drew attention to the fact that the number of girls attending educational institutions and offices was increasing in Madras City day by day, and most of them travel alone by train or bus. Necessarily they have to wait, often for a considerable time, on railway platforms and bus stops.

Madras citizens will remember with shame the lewd hooliganism which prevailed recently at a students' rally at the Stadium during the visit of the Russian leaders. High school and college students behaved like loafers and cads by rushing on the grown-up girl students gathered there, and trying to catch hold of their hands and shoulders. Especially during the last three or four months, the nuisance of educated young ruffians dogging the steps of girls going alone, even in prominent roads, has increased. At bus stops they stand within two or three feet, and keep gazing fixedly at the girls, putting them to shame and confusion. The richer ones have cameras and snap these girls repeatedly. When getting into buses they bump into the girls as if by accident. Last week, a young cad from behind put both his hands on the shoulders of a girl who was a complete stranger to him, as she was getting down from the bus. A few days ago near a well-known women's college, when three girls were walking

along in broad day light, an unknown young man put his arm round the waist of one of them for a couple of minutes, and then ran away. A police official said recently that a young rowdy kissed a grown-up girl unknown to him, in a prominent place when many people were about, and that he could not be caught. These girl-gazers and girl-chasers, many of whom are reported to be students, will soon become a public menace. It will be recalled that, a few months ago, similar reprehensible behaviour on the part of evidently educated young men became so persistent in the Connaught Circle area of New Delhi, that one evening the authorities posted by surprise a large body of police men in mufti.

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They caught about fifty of these low-type, educated persons, and put them in the police stations for one whole day, after which they were released with a strict warning. It is reported that the nuisance stopped as if by magic!

In the public interest, because generally parents and guardians avoid taking strong action out of a mistaken notion that publicity of such events will adversely affect them, I give below my own, recent personal experience. For the last three weeks, my daughter and a friend of hers, both young college students, were repeatedly annoyed from the bus stop to their houses by two senior students of a local college on most of the evenings. With the ready co-operation of neighbours, one of the girl-chasers was caught two days ago as he was dogging the steps of my daughter, repeatedly talking to her, calling her names, etc. He looked deceptively respectable — with a fine bush-shirt, a Parker pen, a costly wrist watch, nice pants, and elegant shoes. After he had been handled none too gently by the neighbours and passers-by, I phoned to the Mylapore police station who promptly gave the help of a constable. The inspector in charge was alert and helpful, and within eighteen hours the culprit was abjectly begging the pardon of the Mobile Magistrate who fined him (or his parent?) suitably, registered him as an official rowdy (for future surveillance), and warned him that the next similar offence will mean imprisonment. The other, a final B.Com., student, is still absconding from the police.

I have cited my own example in order to appeal to the general public to follow it, and to start an offensive against these young loafers who seem to be thronging our thoroughfares nowadays. Unless parents and guardians and the general public are vigilant, co-operate with each other, and begin a campaign against this shameful menace to all respectable families, life for lonely girls in Madras will be a sad one. Especially, such of the general public who may also wait at bus stops and station platforms, should take interest in such matters, and give an active hand promptly to put an end to this personal annoyance which humiliates to our girls instead of saving them from it. They should be looking for the other way as if they have no sisters or

daughters. It is no use merely saying that the police will look after such things. No doubt they are efficient and helpful when approached, but they cannot be omnipresent. As a first step, let us promptly report all such cases to the police, even if we are unable to catch each and every miscreant.

Finally, the girls also should not be meek and docile, out of a false sense of modesty. They should make a fuss, protest, and ensure help from passers-by. Their Bengali sisters are known to slipper in public, strangers who may misbehave as above! In England and America, whose films may give a wrong impression to the Madras girl-gazers and girl-chasers, if a girl is followed by a stranger, she has merely to draw the attention of a policeman who will promptly cuff the delinquent to the nearest police station, where he will have to establish his antecedents and bonafides.

Madras,

INDIGNANT PARENT.

(Continued from page 6)

one being inhibitionist and the other exhibitionist. But intrinsic human nature is universal and it revolves round the mutual attraction that men and women have for each other. Civilization has imposed only a departure from the crude norms of caveman-tactics without bringing in any emancipation from elemental passions. The liberties of the individual in the twentieth century have to be more varied and comprehensive than in the middle ages. But its restraints also and its respect for the rights of others have to be more drastic. It is the function of the police and the magistrates to intervene with external pressure when the social sense of duty of stray citizens fails. Hence it is that upholders of social discipline with deterrent penalties, such as the Chief Presidency Magistrate in the case cited above, fulfil a valuable mission—a mission as valuable as it is rarely

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